My Dog "Sport."

I have always loved dogs, and dogs have always loved me. I cannot recall a time in my life when I was afraid of a dog, and I never knew a dog to be cross to me. We understood each other. Dogs, like people, soon find out who their friends are, and all the sympathy of their dog nature warms up to them. I endure cats, I fancy birds, I like horses; but I love dogs with a real human love. I have been the owner of a good many, and their memory is fragrant with me yet.

But the best and loveliest of them all was Sport. He was as handsome as a picture—of a rich brown color, with large, liquid eyes, full of inexpressible tenderness, long, silken ears, that reached nearly to the ground, a short pug nose, and square, intellectual head. He was a rare beauty. People would always stop and look round at him as he passed. Thieves tried to steal him; but he was too cunning for them.

He understood language, as far as his range of words went, as well as a man; yes, better than some men I know. He would watch my every motion, and at the slightest hint would be off like a shot to do my bidding. If I told him to take a man's hat off in the street (which, I am sorry to say, I have done), he would give a spring to his shoulders and bring me that hat before the man had time to get over his scare and look round. Sometimes, if I left home and had forgotten something, it would be enough to say, "Sport, 'handkerchief!' 'pocketbook!' 'gloves!'" when away he would go, soon after returning with the article in his mouth.

I was once bathing in the Delaware. After I had dressed and gone a mile from the place, I found that I had left my necktie. I looked at Sport, pointed at my neck, and said: "Bring it." Before the words were fairly spoken he was off, and in a quarter of an hour returned with the tie in his mouth.

I used to play hide and seek with him. I would turn him out of the room and then hide my handkerchief. He always beat me. I would put it under the carpet, inside the piano, stuff it down behind the sofa-seat; but he always found it. Once I put it on top of the curtain-cornice. He had a long hunt that time; but at last he mounted on a chair, looked up, gave a long sniff, then wagged his tail and winced. He couldn't get at it, but told me plainly enough where it was.

One Sunday night I came home from church very tired, and thought I would see if he could get my slippers. I took off my boots, and, pointing to my feet, said: "Sport, slippers!" It was a new word to him. He looked at me sharply; then at my feet; then away he went to my bedroom and brought my nightgown. Seeing my boots off, and knowing it was near bedtime, he thought that was what I wanted. I shook my head: "No, no;" and again pointed to my feet. "Slippers, see!" showing the uncovered foot. Away he went the second time, returning with the bootjack. I said. "No, no." He looked at me again inquiringly, turned his head on one side, then dashed off the third time, with a sharp yelp. This time he got them; and oh! how glad and proud he was when I patted him approvingly. He never made a mistake about slippers after that.

Of all dogs he was the most faithful. If I put anything in his charge, he would guard it for hours, and I believe he would have sacrificed his life rather than desert it. Put him beside a sleeping child and say, "Watch!" and woe betide any one who should disturb that child.

Once I came to the city in a steamboat. I put my valise on the fore-deck and told Sport to watch it. He lay down with his paw upon it and his sharp eyes unclosed. When the boat reached the landing a colored porter rushed up to me, crying out: "Baggage! baggage!" "Yes," I said, "take that valise," pointing to it. He sprang for it; but Sport made a snap at him that soon drove him back. He tried in vain to get possession of it by artifice. I stood by, laughing.

The porter saw the joke and went ashore to get a comrade. "Here, Pete," he said, "take that gen'lman's valise. I'm full." Away the second fellow went for it; but Sport's teeth rattled more furiously than ever. I offered him double fare if he would get it; but it was of no use. Sport was too much for him; and even after I had called him off duty he eyed the man suspiciously, and never left him till the valise was safely home.

Once only was Sport disobedient. He was subjected to a temptation too great for even his great dog heart. We had sailed across and down the river in a large yacht; when anchoring, we took a small skiff to hunt in the reeds for ducks, bidding Sport remain on the yacht and keep watch. We were gone about an hour, had fired a few shots, and then returned to the yacht. But Sport was not there. We called him, whistled for him, fired our guns; but in vain. We spent hours seeking for him among the reeds. Fruitless search! He was not there. We thought him lost to us forever, and, with sad hearts, at nightfall returned home. But Sport was ahead of us. He was lying on the grass at the landing, waiting; but too weary to rise even. He could only wag his tail, and that faintly.

We saw at once what was the matter. He had heard the shooting while on the yacht, and in a moment of excitement had forgotten the command to stay, and jumped into the water. Not being able to swim through the reeds to us, he returned to the yacht; but the sides were too high to climb up. After, probably, many fruitless efforts, he started for home on the side of the river—a long swim against the current; but he accomplished it. It cost him dearly, though. He grew quite deaf, and lost his ambition from that day.

Soon afterward, while walking on the railroad, and, unable to hear an approaching train, he was run over and killed. How sad we were! I felt that I had lost a friend to whom I was all the world. I wonder sometimes if there is no after-life for one like him. The line between his instinct and a soul's intelligence was very faint. The depth of his affection was wonderful. Poor dear Sport! Would that my arms were around thy neck and thy soft, silken ears were resting on my cheek now! Thy place can never be filled.—*Rev. Thomas Street.*

THE western farmers and speculators have discovered what their predecessors discovered in the Crimean war, that no one nation can permanently benefit by the misfortunes of another. The immense fortunes which were expected to be made out of the Russo-Turkish war by the fluctuations of the markets have proved to be mere castles in Spain. The Chicago *Tribune* says "that the war has utterly failed to create the demand for the products of the West that was expected."—*Pittsburgh Commercial.*

WHEN another speaks be attentive.

The Mission of the Fly.

No doubt many people have wondered more than once, "what flies were made for." The following from *The Alliance* will help to answer the question:

A respected correspondent, not satisfied with the entomological opinions of the scientists, has peered through the lens of a microscope to learn more of flies. He has ascertained that they are lovers of gum, and that they buzz through the air in pursuit of that luxury. The gum does not come ready made to the fly, but is at first the invisible animalculæ of the air, which gather to the glutinous wings, limbs and trunks of the little insects, and are worked over into shape for mastication. The fly is therefore a useful scavenger. "Watch a fly," he continues, "that has been soaring around the room gathering in these minute insects; wait until he settles upon a lump of sugar, and then see him divest his accumulations with his feet and eat gum, animalculæ and sugar with equal gusto." "'Tis true," sadly admits the investigator, "if you will allow plenty of garbage around, the flies will gather on it and 'whittle' on withered cabbage and cheese rinds instead of eating gum. Flies force the slovenly housekeeper to a certain degree of cleanliness to escape annoyance from them, for if she keeps her apartments perfectly clean and sweet then there will be no animalculæ to make gum of, and no flies to eat, you see. On the contrary, if her house is untidy and unsavory, the fly will go through a deal door and a pair of stairs, you see, to get this gum, and he will use her face or the sugar-bowl as a dish to eat it out of."

The correspondent enforces his opinion by quotations from the English chemist, Mr. Emerson, who first discovered the fact that flies eat gum, and who ciphered out the problem by the algebraic formula of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 and n. Mr. Emerson saw a fly on a lump of sugar. Instead of "condemning it," he set to work to find out why "the insect's minute trunk or proboscis, which is perfectly refractile, and which terminates in two large lobes that are spread out when the fly begins a meal on sugar (and gum), should be passed over its body so frequently while the fly dined; or in other words, why the fly should lick itself like a cat, since its trunk was not made for licking, but for grasping and sucking." The chemist fell to thinking. He caught the fly and put it under the microscope, and saw the insect was covered with insects. Here was something to be looked into. He caught another fly, with a like result, and in this case found the insect eating the vermin which had been worked over into gum. "A glance through the microscope," says the chemist, "showed that the operation was not one of self-beautification, for wherever the insects were, thither the trunk went. They were disappearing into the trunk. The fly was eating them." The chemist grasped a paper, waved it frantically and mysteriously through the air, put it under the lens, and found it thickly covered with the same kind of vermin that he had discovered on the flies. "Here is something definite," he said. "The puzzle is solved. Eureka! The fly is a scavenger." Mr. Emerson made investigations with flies taken in filthy and unhealthy places, and found them fat and saucy, while insects caught in clean and well-ventilated apartments, where they could get little gum, were as lean and lonesome as a park bummer after a night in a bar-room.

The fly correspondent closes with the following peroration: "One word for the mosquito. When the summer sun dries up the stagnant marshes, he sends the gay and festive mosquito to warn you to close your windows against the miasma that will bring chills and fevers, and if you will not listen to his gentle roundelay, he inserts his little bill as a gentle reminder of the doctor's bills which may follow, compared with which it is as Titania's wand to Goliah's club.

THE fast trains are to be withdrawn, and one of the shortest railroad wars on record is over. One week more of fast trains rushing across the country at reckless speed, wearing out cars, engines and tracks in a foolish rivalry which brought no return to the companies, and only made railroad traveling more dangerous for passengers, and the old time-tables will be resumed. With the old time-tables will be resumed the old rates of fare. Verily these great railroad wars sometimes resemble the spats of school-children. Here within a few days the rates of several great roads have been suddenly dropped and then as suddenly raised again to their old level; the time of trains between cardinal points has been suddenly shortened and then as suddenly restored to its old length. It is cheap wisdom to say that this caprice and this uncertainty damage the railroads and demoralize the calculations of the business public. No remedy has yet been found against the recurrence of these wasteful contests, of which this was one of the least excusable but happily the least destructive. The day may come, however, when railroad managers will not be able to indulge in any such preposterous fooling at the community's expense.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM?—It is commonly supposed that engineers get so accustomed to fast running that they are unmindful of the perils which beset them during every minute of their journeys. This is a mistake. They appreciate the dangers of their occupation, and, though it is rare that an engineer falters in his duty, they do not, as a rule, like to exceed a certain speed. This aversion to extraordinary running was illustrated in the remark of an old engineer, yesterday, when informed that he must take out one of the fast trains on Monday. Removing his slouch hat, and running his fingers nervously through his hair, the old engineer, who has made all sorts of time, in daylight and darkness, for twenty years, said: "All right, boss, I'll take her through, but who'll take care of my wife and five children if anything should happen?" The remark showed that engineers sometimes, perhaps often, think of their families at the same time they are watching their engines, and that there are some things that they like better than running fifty miles an hour.

THERE was one survivor of the crew of the Turkish monitor which was blown up by the Russian shell last week on the Danube. There was also one survivor of the Custer massacre, which occurred a little less than a year ago, and in which nearly the same number of men met their death. It might be called a coincidence.—*Cincinnati Gazette.* Why, dear me! so it might. Then there was Thermopylæ, too. How very strange! This reminds us that the name of Middletown was derived from Moses by simply striking out the "oses" and inserting the "iddletown."—*Enquirer.*

The Blackfeet Indians.

The Blackfeet, taken as a body, are still the most numerous and powerful of the nations that live wholly or partly in North America. In person they have developed an unusual degree of beauty and symmetry. Though of less stature than many other Indians, they are still tall and well made. Their faces are very intelligent, the nose aquiline, the eyes clear and brilliant, the cheek bones less prominent, and the lips thinner than usual among other tribes. The dress of the men differs little from the ordinary costume of the Indians of the plains, except in being generally cleaner and in better preservation. The Bloods dress more neatly and are finer and bolder-looking men than the Blackfeet, who, in turn, surpass the Peagins in these respects. The Bloods are said to have among them many comparatively fair men, with gray eyes, and hair both finer and lighter colored than usual in the case of pure Indians. This tribe is supposed to bear its savage name, not from any particular cruelty of disposition, but because, unlike the other tribes, its warriors do not steal horses, but only seek for the blood of their enemies, whom they generally overcome, for they are among the bravest of all the natives. The faces of both Blackfeet men and women are generally highly painted with vermilion, which seems to be the national color. The dress of the latter is very singular and striking, consisting of long gowns of buffalo skins, dressed beautifully soft, and dyed with yellow ochre. These are confined at the waist by a broad belt of the same material, thickly studded over with round brass plates, the size of a silver half-dollar piece, brightly polished. The Blackfeet, however, in common with other Indians, are rapidly adopting blankets and capotes, and giving up the beautifully painted robes of their forefathers. The ornamented robes that are now made are inferior in workmanship to those of the days gone by.

The mental characteristics of the Blackfeet resemble closely those of Indians everywhere. Similar circumstances give shape and force to thoughts and emotions in all. Intellectual vigor is manifested in shrewdness of observation, and strong powers of perception, imagination and eloquence. They are quick of apprehension, cunning, noble-minded and firm of character, yet cautious in manner, and with a certain expression of pride and reserve. They are strong and active, and naturally averse to an indolent habit. Their activity, however, is rather manifested in war and the chase than in useful labor. Pastoral, agricultural and mechanical labor they despise, as forming a sort of degrading slavery. In this they are as proud as the citizens of the old republics whose business was war. Their labors are laid upon the women, who also are, upon occasions, the beasts of burden upon their marches; for the egotism of the red man, like that of his white brother, makes him regard woman as his inferior, and a predestined servant to minister to his comfort and pleasure. The Blackfeet have, moreover, both a local attachment and a strong patriotic or national feeling, in which respect they differ favorably from all other tribes. In their public councils and debates they exhibit a genuine oratorical power, and a keenness and closeness of reasoning quite remarkable. Eloquence in public speaking is a gift which they earnestly cultivate, and the chiefs prepare themselves by previous reflection and arrangement of topics and methods of expression. Their scope of thought is boundless as the land over which they roam, and their speech the echo of the beauty that lies spread around them. Their expressions are as free and lofty as those of any civilized man, and they speak the voices of the things of earth and air amid which their wild life is cast. Their language being too limited to afford a wealth of diction, they make up in ideas in the shape of metaphor furnished by all nature around them, and read from the great book which day, night, and the desert unfold to them.—*H. M. Robinson, in Appletons' Journal.*

Shining Twenty Miles.

If the new colossal statue of Liberty to be erected in New York harbor could depend on one of the Pennsylvania gas wells to keep the great torch burning which it will hold in its right hand, the sublime effect would owe as much to nature as to art.

The Bradford *New Era* says: The immense vein of gas was struck on the night of October 4th, at a depth of 810 feet, and was so strong as to render further drilling impossible. The well is about two miles from Bradford, on the Bruce Rodgers' farm. Running from the well are two two-inch pipes, attached to which are three gas jets of the same size, the gas belching forth from these pipes with such a terrific rush and noise as to render conversation, pitched in the ordinary tone, inaudible for fully one-fourth of a mile away, and the roar can be heard five or six miles away.

The blaze from each of the three pipes is sent by the force of the gas to a height of from twenty-five to forty feet, the heat being so intense as to melt the snow entirely away for a distance of at least one hundred feet, and also keeping the ground so warm during all the cold weather of the winter, that grass, strawberry vines and other plants may grow. In many places, where the crowd of sight-seers have worn the ground, it is very dusty.

The light is so strong that a newspaper may be read half a mile away. On very dark nights the illumination is grand. The light has frequently been seen in Ocean, Salamanca, and other towns twenty miles away.

SIMPLE WANTS.—Mr. Ruskin certainly practices what he preaches. He says that his father left him $600,000, besides a great deal of real estate and many valuable pictures. His mother also left him $185,000. He gave $85,000 to his poor relations—O, most excellent man!—sold the pictures, bought Brantwood, assisted a young relation in business at a cost of $75,000 on harness and stables, and has given $70,000 to St. George's Company, besides having spent $350,000 variously. He is at present worth $270,000, and announces that he intends to give his valuable Marylebone property to St. George's Company, his Herne Hill estate to his cousin, and the $60,000 which will remain to him he will invest, and live and die upon its interest.

A STRATFORD old lady, who had never been on the cars before, recently rode by rail to New Haven. On her return, being asked what she thought of it, she exclaimed: "It's the most m-o-n-o-t-o-n-o-u-s thing! Why, I believe coming back they went through the identical places they did when they went down."

A Solace for the Aged.

In the decline of life, as the vigor of the system wanes, and infirmities attack it to which in early life it was a stranger, the use of a safe medicinal stimulant is highly advisable. Nothing, as experience shows, is so admirably adapted to the wants of old people as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is a real solace to the aged, and the best safeguard they can possibly use against the complaints to which they are peculiarly liable. It invigorates the body and cheers the mind, is pure, agreeable and effective. Rheumatism, lumbago and gout are more frequently developed in age than in youth or in middle life. Hostetter's Bitters are an excellent remedy for those painful disorders, and also fortify the system against them. They never create undue excitement, are gentle in their action, and are infinitely purer than the unmedicated stimulants of commerce.

An Antiseptic Burial Casket—New Method of Embalming

Dr. Samuel Rogers, of San Francisco, after having experimented for several years, has made a discovery which is of great interest to science, and to the medical profession in particular; and which is destined to effect an entire change in the present systems of embalming, or preserving the bodies of the dead. All the methods hitherto in vogue, although varying slightly in detail, depended upon the injection of preservative chemicals into the veins or arteries. Although this in a measure answered the purpose, it was not entirely successful, as the features were liable to change and discoloration, the method expensive and its success greatly dependent on the skill of the operator.

Dr. Rogers employs for the purpose desired a casket of peculiar construction, and a newly discovered compound with which the body is washed. The casket is made with double walls, or with a recess in the bottom in which the chemicals are placed. After the subject is placed in the casket and the lid is sealed, by drawing out a small valve the chemicals begin slowly to evaporate and their action preserves the body. Before being placed in the casket the body is washed all over with the solution, and the process has the effect of preserving the body for an indefinite time without its showing any signs at all of decomposition.

During the experiments in this direction by Dr. Rogers, extending over a period of years, the bodies of sheep, dogs, etc., were used, and it is only of late that any attempts with a human body were made; but the result of the experiments with the former leaves no doubt of the success of the process. If there had been any doubts they are removed now by the method having been applied to a subject obtained in a legal way from the city and county hospital, for anatomical purposes.

We examined this subject last week, some 50 days after death; there was no sign of decomposition apparent. There was no odor whatever, and the limbs and joints are as pliable as when in life. The solution applied to the surface of the body passes in by the law of endosmosis, and seems to act upon every part of the body. The flesh appeared moist and natural in color. The viscera had not been removed, as has to be done in ordinary embalming. This subject was preserved under unusual difficulties, as it had been exposed to the action of the air during the entire time since death, as it was necessary to examine it frequently as a matter of experiment.

As will be seen, this discovery is quite simple in the means employed, rapid in the time required, and requires no expert to apply it. The natural appearance is not dried out of the body, nor is it at all mutilated. This subject has been critically examined by several members of the medical faculty of this city, who concur in the expression of their satisfaction at the result of their examination, which was conducted in a thorough manner. Among the physicians alluded to were Dr. Wythe, Professor of Anatomy in the Medical College of the Pacific, Dr. Titus, ex-president physician of the City and County Hospital, Dr. Albertson, Vice-President of the State Homeopathic Society, Dr. Henry Gibbons, Sr., editor of the *Pacific Medical Journal*, and Dr. Parry. Several incisions were made, and it was found that the blood was still as fluid as if the man had only been dead an hour or two, whereas fifty days had elapsed since his decease.

The process is entirely accomplished by the external application of chemicals without injecting the circulatory system, as in ordinary embalming. And still the body is kept in a perfect state of preservation. The process has proven for a period of seven weeks to be perfectly antiseptic in its action, and also a perfect disinfectant in its effects, as there is no odor emanating from the body. For the purpose designed by Dr. Rogers, of preserving bodies for transportation to the East or Europe, this discovery merits the attention of the public and especially of the medical profession. For preparing bodies for anatomical purposes, when not needed for immediate use, the present condition of the body referred to warrants the assumption that the process keeps them in a better state and is superior to any method practiced in the different medical colleges, as published or now known to anatomists.—*S. F. Scientific Press.*

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