

An English medical man who was sent out to Bulgaria to look after the health of English workmen on a railway had occasion to take a few stiches in the eye of his horse. To secure quiet on the part of his dumb patient, he proposed to administer chloroform, and called upon one of the engineers to assist him. The result of the experiment is told by the assistant:

"It was settled that we should take the horse into a shed thickly strewn with hay, and that I should administer the chloroform. This was quickly done, or rather commenced. The chloroform was poured on a thick cloth, and I held it to the horse's nose. At first he objected and tossed his head, but presently a contented look came over his face and he stood stock still.

"At this I said, 'It's all right, doctor; get ready, he will soon be off.' To which the doctor replied, 'I am rather astonished that he has not gone through the excited stage.'

"Just as he said this the horse gave a sudden plunge which knocked me over on my back in the hay, and then he commenced the most eccentric unhorse-like proceedings. He sat up on his tail and tried to reach the roof with his feet. Falling in this he jumped up and rushed into the corner, where he did his best again and again to run up the wall, tumbling over on his back at each attempt. Then he tried to put his head through between both his front and his hind legs, and so went head over heels forward.

"I bolted, but will it be believed that the unfeeling doctor held the door against me, and only answered to my entreaties to be let out, 'Hold it to his nose! hold it to his nose! Look sharp and hold it to his nose!' and when at last I succeeded in bursting the door open and making my escape I was greeted with contemptuous looks and words!

"A Rarey might have liked the situation. I am not a Rarey, and was very cautious how I went up to the beast, even after he had got over his flurry and stood stock still, looking very much astonished, as well he might.—Youth's Companion.

The Original Buffalo Bill. There is probably no better known name throughout the entire length and breadth of this country than that of Buffalo Bill, and there are but few who do not know that William F. Cody is the bearer of the title. Mr. Cody, however, is not the original Buffalo Bill. There is nothing underhanded nor illegitimate in his bearing it. He is fully entitled to it, but, for all that, he comes by it second handed. The original Buffalo Bill is now living, an aged, wealthy, prominent and highly respected citizen and the president of a savings bank at Wichita, Kan. His name is William Matthewson. He is high up in the order of Oddfellows.

Years ago Mr. Matthewson was a bold frontiersman on the plains, engaged in hunting and trapping for a living. He supplied the forts in Kansas and Nebraska with buffalo, and his success in this work was so great that he was given the title of Buffalo Bill. During this time he engaged a boy to work for him, and the lad was so diligent and faithful that he remained in Matthewson's employ until this latter quit the business to settle down to a more quiet life. As a reward the employer turned over the hunting contracts to the employee, who then followed in his late master's footsteps. That he was successful, that he earned honor, fame and wealth for himself cannot be denied when it is told that his name is William F. Cody. With the business rights he was given the title his former employer had borne. The world knows he has kept it bright and that neither stain nor tarnish has touched it.—Chicago Herald.

The Winds of the Mediterranean. The winds of this sea, though generally regular and periodical, have local characteristics which give rise to various names: "The Bizeones of the southeast coast of Spain; the Vent de Boiz, or Mistral, of the southern French coast; the Raffiche of Corsica and other mountainous islands; the Gregale of Sardinia and Malta; the Saffano and Bora of the Adriatic; the Tramontana, generally over the Levant, and the Levanters and Sirocco of the whole Mediterranean." In strong contrast to the frequent blasts of the well known Sirocco are the calms of this deep sea, the bonaccia of the Italian mariner, which in the days before the advent of steam compelled a loitering and weary voyage.—J. N. Hallock in Christian at Work.

A Sordid Soul. Jinks—Of all mean, grasping men I think Jinks is the worst. I don't believe he ever gets his thoughts off of dollars and cents.

Blinks—What has he been doing? Jinks—He's been asking me for a paltry \$10 I borrowed of him some years ago.—New York Weekly.

Shirt for an Esquima. When Sultan Saladin died he commanded that no ceremony should be used but this: A priest was to carry his shirt on a lance and say, "Saladin, the conqueror of the east, carries nothing with him of all his wealth and greatness save a shirt for his shroud and esquis."—Dry Goods Chronicle.

Puzzle—I say, old fellow, how do yer like me suit? Bought it at Bangs' misfit garters. Great shape, isn't it? Muzzle—It's the most successful case of misfit I ever saw.—Clothier and Furnisher.

How the Men at the Khedive Lode Were Revenged at Lightning Speed. In the mountains the miners frequently make their descent into the valleys by using a piece of "quaking ash" bark as a toboggan, but oftener rely on the tenacity of their heavy canvas overalls.

To some this method of transportation may seem absurd or impossible, but it is a fact nevertheless; men do go down the fearful slopes on the soft snow from the top of a two mile ridge in that manner faster than they ever did on a sled when a boy.

At the Khedive lode the miners had long borne a grudge against the superintendent, an overbearing ignoramus; so they swore they would get even with him some day.

The Khedive was located just two miles above the old government road leading to Gothic, at a bend called "The Crook," and it required an hour's hard climbing on foot to get up to the mine from there.

One morning the superintendent came as usual to "inspect," as he termed it, but really to curse and rant around because the men could not make \$100 ore yield \$1,000.

The miners were just about tired of his tyranny and several suggested the propriety of giving him a pounding. However, Providence, who sometimes advocates the cause of the poor miner as well as that of the rich nabob who owns the property, came to the men's assistance at this critical juncture.

The obnoxious superintendent was expecting some important instructions from headquarters, and gave orders that if a telegram came to dispatch a clerk on horseback until he reached "The Crook," and there to discharge his pistol.

While tearing around, cursing the miners as his wont, suddenly a shot rang out on the clear air and, looking down into the valley, all saw a messenger waving a paper.

The anxious superintendent was in a fix; he wanted that telegram in a hurry, but knew that the steep trail would demand an hour's hard work to reach there.

At this moment the way of the crew stepped up to him and offered a big iron scow shovel, suggesting that if he sat in that he could go down the hill quickly and safely.

The superintendent had often seen the descent made on the snow as stated, but he did not see the roughish twinkle in the man's eye as he took the proffered implement.

His trousers were thin, so grasping the handle and sitting in the concave part of the shovel, he shot down the declivity; faster and faster he went until he fairly flew.

His seat by the terrible friction grew warmer and warmer as he sped recklessly on, but there was no stopping until the bottom was reached. He was literally roasted; but the miners had their revenge.—Kansas City Globe.

Ninety-six Feet of Snowfall in Colorado. Did you ever stop to think and figure up how much loose snow actually falls in the course of an average mountain Colorado winter? If you have, didn't the amount amaze you? At Kokomo in 1884-5, by actual daily measurements, something like ninety-six feet of the beautiful fell between Nov. 1 and June 1. Of course it kept on settling all the time, and when spring opened up there wasn't more than six or seven feet on the ground. The snowfall at Kokomo is generally twice or three times what it is at Dillon, yet the amount that fell here during the winter of 1889-90 sounds like a big yarn, but the figures given below are absolutely correct and were carefully recorded daily by Mr. Pratt at Ryan Gulch, just north of town.

Amount of snowfall, gauged at a point one mile north of Dillon, between the first day of November, 1889, and May 10, 1890: November, 38 inches; December, 31 inches; January, 31 inches; February, 41 inches; March, 70 inches; April, 22 inches; May, 17 inches—making a total of 292 feet 10 inches. About eight-tenths of this snow fell during the night time, and nearly one-half of it was very damp, settling rapidly as it fell. These figures seem preposterous, yet Dillon is not much of a place for snow either, and gets less of the beautiful than any other town in the county.—Dillon Enterprise.

Metal in Bookbinding. Metal has for some time been very advantageously used in the binding of books as a substitute for cardboard. A special preparation is first necessary, and the leather may be bent and straightened again without perceptible damage, a course of treatment that would destroy cardboard covers. The metal is covered with any material that taste may dictate, and the finished book shows no difference in appearance excepting in greater thickness of the cover, which is always desirable.—New York Telegram.

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