

A CANINE TRAGEDY

Trouble Came In Bunches With the Purchase of a Watchdog.

ONE NIGHT OF WILD RUCTION.

It Taught the Battered Master of the Wrecked Home That Under Some Circumstances a Burglar May Be Better Company Than a Mastiff.

"If a man is afraid of burglars," said Quackenbush, "he can't have a better safeguard than a good watchdog."

"But where is he going to get the good watchdog?" Inquired Clinkenbeard. "Such animals don't grow on trees, and they are not advertised by department stores."

"Of course, if you go around telling that you are in the market for a watchdog every man who has a chicken killing pup he wants to get rid of will tell you that his critter is just what you are hunting for. But you'll try out a million dogs before you find one that will get down to brass headed nails and do police duty."

"Two or three years ago there was a burglar scare out in our suburb. Several houses had been entered and some false hair and things carried away. So my wife got so nervous she couldn't sleep at night. She was sure some masked bandit would break in and steal the 'What is Home Without a Mother' chrome from over the mantel, and just to give her a sense of security I bought a big mastiff and took him home and chained him to a tree in front of the house."

"Along about 12 o'clock at night that dog got to thinking over his misspent life, and remorse gnawed at his heart-strings, and he began lamenting the past. He had the most bloodcurdling voice I ever heard. Every yell he let out froze the marrow in my bones. He'd begin with a sort of plaintive wail and wind up with a howl that would remind you of a hyena in a graveyard on a rainy night. My wife said the uproar would have to be stopped and I'd better bring the dog into the house. He'd probably be quiet there."

"So I slid into a foxg rag and went downstairs and into the yard. Just as I approached the dog old Billshaw, who lived next door, opened his bedroom window and threw an old frying pan. Of course he meant it for the dog, but his aim was poor and it caught me in the bread basket and knocked the wind out of me."

"I sat down on the grass and gasped for breath, and a shower of bottles and bootjacks and stove wood came from Billshaw's window, and every blamed item hit me in one place or another. When I finally got my breath I yelled to Billshaw to let up, for he was murdering me, and he said it was just what I deserved for keeping such a menagerie where it would give the whole neighborhood the horrors."

"After I had rubbed my bruises for half an hour I took the dog into the house and went back to bed. I was just dropping off to sleep when I was roused by the all-fired racket. It sounded as though the side of the house was falling in. My wife was shrieking that the dog was upsetting all the furniture and ruining everything. So I went downstairs again, quoting a few passages from Webster's Dictionary."

"I had forgotten about the cat when I took the dog into the house. But the dog had discovered the pet and was chasing it through the house, and you never saw such a scene of wreckage. Everything that wasn't nailed down had been overturned, and nearly everything was broken. The gas light was burning, and there was the cat hanging to the gas fixtures and the dog standing on his hind legs trying to reach her."

"My memories of what followed are rather confused. I seem to recall grabbing the dog by the scruff of the neck to take him outdoors, and he bit a sample from my shin, and then we mixed things on the floor. I managed to stuff the pincushion into his mouth so he couldn't bite, and we resorted to Greco-Roman wrestling."

"Then the cat came down from the gas fixture and took a hand and clawed most of my scalp off, and my wife came to the rescue with the poker. She said afterward that she was trying to hit the dog. I reckon I'd have been on ice next day if the neighbors hadn't come in with shotguns and pruned books and such things and pried up apart."

"That experience was enough for me. I'd rather have forty burglars on the premises than one watchdog."—Walt Mason in Chicago News.

Stationers.

When pens and ink and other writing materials came into common use a great many years ago they were sold by peddlers from house to house. After awhile a few dealers in writing materials opened stalls and remained stationary at their place of business. To distinguish the two classes of paper sellers the man in the stall was called a stationer, and the goods he sold came to be known as stationery.—Wisconsin State Journal.

Foiled.

A mother of four daughters, one of whom had recently married, cornered an eligible young man in the drawing room. "And which one of my girls do you admire, might I ask?"

"The married one," was the prompt reply.—Argonaut.

The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life.—Browning.

HIS CURIOUS FALL.

It Wedged Him Head Down in a Slit In a Steep Cliff.

A personal experience of a highly sensational character is recorded by A. H. Savage Landor in his book "Across Unknown South America."

"The forest near the Secondary river was at first overgrown with dense vegetation that gave us a good deal of work and extra exertion, but after that, when we got some distance from the water, the forest was fairly clean, except of course for the fallen trees. We found troublesome ravines of great depth where streamlets had cut their way through."

"In going down one of those difficult ravines I had an accident that might have been fatal. The ravine, the sides of which were almost vertical, was very narrow—only about ten metres across. We let ourselves down, holding on to a liana. When we reached the bottom we found a tiny brook winding its way between great round boulders that left a space about two feet wide for the water. I began to climb the other side, and I had got to a height of about thirty feet. In order to go up this steep incline I had set one foot against a small tree and I pulled myself up by a liana. Unluckily the liana suddenly gave way. The weight of the load that I had on my shoulders made me lose my balance so that my body described a complete semicircle. I dropped down head first from that height on the rocks below."

"Providence once more looked after me on that occasion. On the flight down I already imagined myself dead; but no—my head entered the cavity between two great rocks, against which my shoulders and the load became jammed, while my legs waved wildly in midair. I was forced so hard against the two side rocks that I could not possibly extricate myself. It was only when Benedict and the new man came to my help and pulled me out that we were able to resume our journey. I was much shaken and a good deal bruised, but otherwise none the worse for that unpleasant fall."

WEIRD DREAM STORY.

The Startling Vision That Saved the Life of Lady Vernon.

The following dream story is told in "The Story of My Life," by Augustus J. C. Hare. The story was told to Mr. Hare in Rome in 1870:

"Lady Vernon dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, crossing the entrance hall, and she awoke with a great start. After awhile she composed herself to sleep again, and she dreamed—she dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, on the middle of the staircase, and she awoke with a great shock. She got up. She thought she could not be quite well, and she took a little sal volatile. At last she fell asleep again, and she dreamed—she dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, standing at her bedroom door, and she awoke in a great terror, and she jumped out of bed, and she said, 'I'll have an end of this; I'll have an end of these foolish imaginations.'"

"And she rushed to the door and threw it wide open. And there just outside stood the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other. And when he suddenly saw Lady Vernon in her white nightdress, with her hair streaming down her back, he was so dreadfully frightened that he dropped the candle on the floor and rushed off down the staircase and off to the stables, where there was a horse ready saddled and bridled, on which he meant to have ridden away when he had murdered Lady Vernon. And he rode away without having murdered her at all, and he was never heard of again."

Clews to His Writing.

Sometimes the worst of handwriting becomes intelligible when one grasps the rules, for a man's script—particularly an author's—is frequently made difficult, chiefly by his deliberate or unconscious inversion of the accepted rules of calligraphy. Henry Ward Beecher had a daughter who acted as copyist, and she read him with ease simply by remembering three principles—that in her father's manuscript no dotted letter was meant for an "l," no crossed letter stood for "t" and that no capital letter ever began a sentence.

Two Bored.

"Well, dear Emmi, do you not think that there is a peculiar marriage state with our neighbors? He is always traveling and leaves—ah—his poor wife alone. That must bore her terribly, the poor woman!"

"Well, it is just as one takes it. You are always at home; that is a still greater bore."—Flegende Blatter.

Easily Settled.

"Pa, the doctor at the hospital said that he would have to have a lot of cuticle to cure Mamie's burns."

"Well, tell him to telephone to the nearest druggist for all he wants and charge it in the bill."—Baltimore American.

Drawing the Long Bow.

Hokus—I once saw an Egyptian smoking an Egyptian cigarette. Pokus—I'm a better liar than you are. I once saw a Turk taking a Turkish bath.—Judge.

The Missing Cog.

Stranger—Upon what plan are your city institutions conducted? Citizen—A sort of let George do it system—without any George.—Puck.

ORIGIN OF METALS

Varied Theories as to How the Ores Are Formed.

NATURE HIDES THE SECRET.

Science Has For Centuries Tried to Wreat It From Her, but Geologists and Mineralogists Are as Yet Unable to Agree Upon the Process.

You have read of that legendary Indian who while chasing game on a Bolivian mountain side seized a bush to prevent himself from falling, and the bush being pulled loose from its scanty hold on the rocks, he saw its crooked roots grasping masses of gleaming white ore and thus became the discoverer of the famous silver mines of Potosi.

You have also read, perhaps with itching fingers, of prospectors picking up nuggets of gold worth a thousand dollars each or opening veins of quartz all shot through with heavy threads of the yellow metal.

You know that ores of gold and silver or of any other precious or useful metal are not to be found in everybody's back yard, but must be sought for in certain favored parts of the earth.

But has your intelligent curiosity ever led you to inquire how those ores came to be where they are and nowhere else? Have you ever wondered what makes a gold nugget?

Possibly you think that gold and other metals grow somewhat as fruits do—in soils and climates that are especially suited to them. Well, there is considerable truth in that idea, and the word "grow" is, in one sense, surprisingly applicable to such deposits.

But there is a great deal more in the matter than you would imagine, and on no subject has science fought more battles royal than on this of the origin of metallic ores. I think that there are some geologists who would rather find out this secret to the very bottom than discover the richest lode that the ribs of the earth contain. If they could do both that would be perfection, and we must not forget that knowledge is power.

Until about 400 years ago everybody who thought about it at all believed that veins of precious ore were distributed under the influence of the planets. At that time astrology held the place of science.

Finally George Agricola, a German mineralogist, who lived about the time when the gold and silver of Mexico and Peru were making Spain the temporary mistress of the world, hit upon a theory which came in substance very near the truth. He taught that water, penetrating into the earth and becoming heated, took up scattered minerals in solution and afterward deposited them as ores in cavities in the rocks. The mineral solutions he called the earth's "juices."

A couple of hundred years later the German geologist Werner set forth a view that became very famous under the name of the "Neptunist theory," from Neptune, the god of the sea. Werner's idea was that as the earth cooled down from the primeval nebula out of which it was formed it was enveloped in a universal hot ocean, holding in solution all kinds of minerals, and that when the rocky crust was formed the water leaking down into it deposited its metallic contents by chemical precipitation in veins and lodes wherever the circumstances were favorable.

But a hundred years ago the Neptunist theory, which had swept everything before it in the minds of men of science, met its Waterloo at the hands of Hutton, the Scottish geologist, with his "Plutonic" theory (from Pluto, the god of the infernal regions). Hutton's idea was that the materials which fill the metallic veins were melted by heat and forcibly injected into the clefts and fissures of the strata from below.

The "Neptunists" and "Plutonists" had a hard fight, with the latter holding the upper hand, until their theory had assumed a kind of compromise form, with water again playing the principal role. The American geologist, Van Hise, is the author of one of the latest theories, according to which meteoric water (condensed atmospheric vapor) penetrates deep into the earth's crust, and, with steadily increasing temperature, takes up mineral matter into solution. Spreading, as it gets deeper, the water reaches larger openings in the rocky crust, in which it ascends, with decreasing temperature and pressure.

There it deposits the ores, whose materials it has collected in its wanderings and carried along in solution.

But this is not the last word, and in recent years there has been a partial reaction toward the Plutonist theory. Besides, a great deal seems to depend upon the nature of the ore whose origin is in question.—Garrett P. Serviss in New York Journal.

He Knew.

Mrs.—Oh, Jack! Dolly told me the most exciting secret and made me swear never to tell a living soul! Mr.—Well, hurry up with it. I'm late to the office now.—Cleveland Leader.

Axiom in Economics.

As a rule, the money a man doesn't save by remaining a bachelor would be more than enough to support a wife and ten children.—Chicago News.

Life without industry is guilt.—John Ruskin.

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