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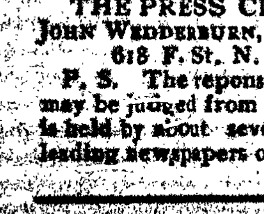

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## NO DOG IN HER HOUSE.

**A Boarding House Keeper Tells Why She Has Made This Rule.**

Persons with dogs and other pets meet with a cold and clammy reception in New York boarding houses. They may occasionally steal into fashionable flats, where the landlord or agent has no direct means of circumventing them, but when it comes to the boarding house things are a little more definite.

A nice looking married couple went into a Twenty-third street boarding house the other day and were made comfortable. After the first dinner the lady was observed scraping together some dainties from the board to take to her room. The landlady, who is a woman of great decision of character, heard of it, and her knock was shortly afterward heard at the door of the new boarders. The latter were immediately notified that either they or the dog must vacate at once.

"If I cannot keep my darling Xenophon, we'll move," protested the owner of the dog, who practiced the principle of "Love me, love my dog."

"Then you'll have to move," said the landlady firmly. "I'm not keeping a dog kennel."

"How in the world they ever got that dog in here without my seeing it," said she, after the obnoxious Xenophon had been disposed of, "is more than I can understand. I've had all I want of dogs. A gentleman used to keep a small but ferocious bulldog in his room where I once lived. He was the ugliest brute I ever laid my eyes on—the dog, not the man. That dog wouldn't let anybody but his owner tamper with him. The man used to lug him around with him everywhere he went. One night, when the man came in, he was feeling so oblivious to earthly things that he left his dog locked in the vestibule. The next boarder who came in got no farther than the vestibule and landed down the steps with a square yard of trousers missing. He was soon joined by another boarder, who wanted to come to bed. They rang the bell until several of us came down to see what was the matter. On opening the door the dog sprang for us as if he hadn't been fed for a week and wanted anything that came handy, but we slammed the door to again just in time. As we could not awaken the owner we had to leave the dog there till morning, and those who were outside had to go to a hotel. In the morning everybody had to go and come by the servant's entrance until the owner of the animal came down and got us out of the fix."

"What did he say?"

"Say! Why, he abused us all as a set of brutes for keeping his dog locked up there and gathered it up under his arm and took it up stairs as if had been a piece of Dresden china! And the boarders who had been locked out left the house for good the next day. We got rid of the dog, but not until it had half depopulated the establishment."—Chicago Tribune.

**The Awakening Tiger.**

Between the drowsy sleep of the nocturnal animals and the hypersensitive sleep of those which spend their lives in constant fear of their enemies a place must be found for the form of slumber enjoyed by the large carnivora and that of domestic animals. The former have no enemies to fear except man, and the latter, protected by man, enjoy to the full the blessing of natural rest.

Tigers are frequently found fast asleep in the daytime. Native hunters have been known to track them after a "kill" to the place in which they were lying fast asleep and gorged with food and to shoot them as they lie. When taking his midday repose in districts where it is little disturbed, the tiger does not always retire to a place of security, like the bear, or even the leopard, which usually sleeps on the branch of a tree. It just lies down in some convenient spot, either shady or warm, according to the weather, and there sleeps almost regardless of danger. They have been found lying in dry nullahs, under trees and even in the grass of the hillsides unobserved until their disturber came within a few yards of them.

General Douglas Hamilton, when shooting in the Dandilly forest, came upon a tigress and two cubs lying fast asleep on their backs, with their paws sticking up in the air, under a clump of bamboos. When he was within a few yards of the group, one raised its head and without moving its body quietly looked at him along the line of its body between its paws. Tigers kept in captivity awaken gradually, stretching and yawning like a dog.—London Spectator.

**Utica's Unique Tollgate.**

Utica enjoys the doubtful distinction of being probably the only city in the United States which has a tollgate within its boundaries or anywhere near it, for that matter. The old days of toll roads and tollgates have passed away, and it is well that they have. The company which maintains the Deerfield gate has a legal status that cannot be done away with without the consent of those who own the property. The last legislature passed an enabling act which makes it possible for the parties interested to do away with the tollgate, and it is something to which the attention of the authorities may properly be directed.—Utica Press.

**Puzzled Him.**

"I don't see why I lose so many places," said Jimmie, the ex-office boy. "Dey ain't a smarter kid on de block dan me. Dey ain't a single one of 'em kin smoke a cigarette and whistle at de same time like I kin."—Indianapolis Journal.

For over 400 years Nov. 18 was observed in England as a festival. It commemorated the death of Hardicanute and the accession of Edward the Confessor, by which the country was delivered from the yoke of the Danes.

Amulets are now worn by royal noble families in India that are believed to have been handed down from father to son for nearly 1,000 years.

## TONIGHT.

Tonight I almost envy you
Your quiet bed that seems
Too narrow for the coming in
Of any noise or dreams.

So when the earth is not too hard—
A moist and pleasant mold—
With dandelions here and there,
Like scattered bits of gold,

Then maybe I shall break my way
The earth and grasses through,
And smiling with my drowsy eyes
Shall come to sleep with you.

—Bertha G Davis in Kate Field's Washington.

## FAMOUS ENGLISH SWORDS.

**Some Noticeable Weapons That Are Exhibited In the Tower of London.**

Whoever visits the London Tower may enjoy a veritable feast of swords, but amid the numberless array of weapons there are one or two that are especially worthy of notice. There is the sword of state, which is girt on the monarch's side after his anointing at the imposing ceremony of coronation, which girding is more honored in the breach, one would suppose, when the monarch is a lady. The sword is first consecrated by the primate, and by him handed to the lord chamberlain, who completes the function. It is a two hand ed weapon, with rich decorations on hilt and pommel and scabbard. Of scarcely less importance is the "sword of mercy," borne before the sovereign in the coronation procession. This sword is named Curtana, but though undoubtedly very ancient it can hardly claim to be the original Curtana forged by the famous Munifican.

This original Curtana was the magic weapon of Ogier the Dane, bold knight of Charlemagne's most warlike days. Our own Curtana is in any case many centuries old. It is square pointed, with the look as though the point had been broken short, hence possibly its name. A fine gold wire covers its handle, and the scabbard is remarkably ornate. Two other swords are carried at the coronation ceremony—swords symbolical of spiritual and temporal justice, the first with an obtuse point, the latter sharp. Curtana and these two justice swords are not often called upon to make a public appearance. It is happily more than a half century since they were last required at a coronation, but whenever the sovereign opens parliament in person the sword of state first mentioned is called from its repose.

The lord mayor's sword is even more familiar to the general public, and not only London, but most other corporations, have their sword and sword bearer. It is a picturesque survival of the middle ages, which one would regret to see abolished—part of the ritual of state customs, which ritual is by no means meaningless. Public action must often be of a figurative character. Such is the mode by which the city of London sometimes does honor to those who have rendered the nation good service, presenting to them swords of honor. These civic swords have been given to men like Lord Napier, Lord Clyde, Lord Wolseley. Wellington received one in his day, and so did the Prussian Blucher.—London Standard.

**Golf.**

A game with a history of more than 400 years must necessarily have some interesting records. Golf has been greatly liked by kings. In the time of James I it was generally practiced by all classes. The unfortunate Charles I was devoted to golf. While on a visit in Scotland in 1641 as he was deeply engaged in a game news was brought him of the breaking out of a rebellion in Ireland, and the royal golfer threw down his club and retired in great agitation to Holyrood House. When he was imprisoned at Newcastle, his keeper kindly permitted him to take recreation on the golfing links with his train. It is said that Mary, queen of Scots, was seen playing golf in the field beside Seaton a few days after the murder of her husband. In 1837 a magnificent gold medal was presented to St. Andrew's by William IV, to be played for annually. One of the earlier kings forbade the importation of golf balls from Holland because it took away "na small quantitie of gold and silver out of the kingdome of Scotland," and at one time "golfe and futeball and other unprofitable games" were forbidden in England because archery, so necessary in the defense of the nation, was being neglected in their favor.—Exchange.

**The Hawaiian Islands.**

The Hawaiian Islands have been found to be richer in animal life than was formerly supposed. As the result of a year's investigation by the British association, through its committee, it has been found that of birds there are 78 species, of which 57 are peculiar to this group. All the land and fresh water shells are peculiar, and of 1,000 species of insects 700 are not found elsewhere. It thus seems that these islands have by no means been populated from the continent, but have been centers of independent creation.—Independent.

**How He Was Wounded.**

Pension Agent—I see you have been drawing a pension on the wounded list when the record shows that you were drummed out of the army for desertion.

Pensioner—Yes. That is so.

Pension Agent—Well, how were you wounded?

Pensioner—My feelings, colonel, my feelings.—Atlanta Journal.

**Negotiations Not Complete.**

Customer (female and unfair)—I ordered ten yards of dress goods here yesterday to be sent. Has it been out yet?

Shopwalker—No indeed. The assistant said you hadn't been in yet to change your mind.—London Globe.

Whenever you see ingratitude you may as infallibly conclude that there is a growing stock of ill nature in the breast, as you may know that man to have the plague upon whom you see the tokens.

Niobrara, the name of a river in Nebraska, is said to mean "wide water."

# DINNERS IN FRISCO.

## CURIOUS COSMOPOLITAN RESTAURANTS ON THE COAST.

**One May Dine In the Manner of a Different Country Every Night In the Week. A Dirty Italian Restaurant on the Water Front That Is Very Popular.**

One of the features of cosmopolitan San Francisco is its restaurants. Every foreign colony boasts of a place where its native cooking can be had, and adventurous San Franciscans who care to look these places up can dine in the manner of a different country every night in the week. If an elaborate Chinese dinner, with its numberless impossible courses, each accompanied by sweetmeats, proves unattractive, a Hawaiian dinner, with poi and salted fish, can be had by walking a few blocks. For those who like highly spiced dinners there are the Italian and Spanish restaurants to choose from, and for those with small appetites, who look for novelty in service, there are the Turkish restaurants, with their unpronounceable dishes and delicious coffee.

The most popular of the foreign restaurants are the Italian. There are several of these scattered about the Latin quarter, which are much frequented by San Franciscans on account of the excellence of the cooking. Most of them are dirty, very dirty, as to floors and walls, and the Italians are not oversqueamish regarding the table linen. When a party of Americans enter, however, there is a general shuffle among the waiters to secure the service of the table and the prospective tip. The question of precedence being settled, the wine stained tablecloth is whisked off and replaced by one not always newly laundered or else suspiciously damp.

These restaurants are rarely on the main streets and have to be approached through dark alleys. One situated behind the county jail occupies the back room of a small Italian grocery store. In going there one is reminded of dark deeds and sharp stilettos, but the dinner is worth the journey. The chef of this place is famous for cooking "italiarini," a paste made by himself and cut in strips and cooked with a sauce made of tomatoes, spices and mushrooms. It is extremely rich and very peppery, but all Italian dishes are strongly dashed with chili peppers.

The dinner is attended with great ceremony. A bottle of their sour claret is served with each dinner. Every Italian drinks about two quarts of it with his dinner, so the bottle supply sometimes runs short. In this event the waiter goes to the bar, fills an empty bottle from a demijohn, drives in a cork, and then carries the bottle to the table where it is needed, sometimes four feet from the bar, and impressively producing his corkscrew draws the cork as carefully as though he were handling the finest burgundy. His demeanor is so serious throughout the performance that one dare not look amused.

A very popular restaurant is Bazzuro's, which is situated near the water front. This is greatly patronized by the Italian fishermen, who file in after their day's work, still wearing their gum boots and smelling strongly of their craft. It is also frequented by the Italian vegetable gardeners, who drive in from the outskirts of town, and after disposing of their stock stop to dine. When the place is reasonably well filled, there is a babel of voices. They are all talking at once, and out of the confusion the word "scudi" is distinguished above all others.

This means money, which the proprietor says, with a shrug, "they talk about all the time, all the time." The fishermen bring the best of their day's catch here, and the gardeners offer their choicest vegetables. The chef, whose kitchen is back of the dining tables and in full view of the room, is a merry fellow, and between his juggling feats, tossing his pan into the air to turn the cooking fish or meat exchanges gossip and jests with the diners. This place is kept comparatively clean. The floor is covered with sawdust and the ceiling festooned with gaudy colored paper cut in fanciful designs. Two parrots add to the general din, and all sorts and conditions of cats prowl around the floor.

The restaurant is conducted by two brothers, one of whom waits on table, while the other attends bar and looks after the cash receipts. Every Italian after dining stops at the bar for a chat and a drink. Instead of a liquor, the host pours generous glasses of claret for himself and his guests, and these are speedily tossed off. A casual visitor, after witnessing this ceremony about 25 times in quick succession, is apt to grow nervous about the health of the host, but he appears none the worse for his conviviality at the end of the evening. The younger brother sometimes relieves his brother at the bar. He is quite as hospitable, and his invariable drink being absinthe and seltzer his case seems even more alarming.

This restaurant, at 7:30 in the evening, when dinner is in full swing, presents an odd sight, the Italians sitting around the tables, most of them with their hats on, gesticulating and talking excitedly across the room, while they roll the spaghetti round their forks and dexterously transfer it in yard lengths to their mouths. A butcher, with all the marks of his trade about him, occupies a table with the policeman on the beat, who gets the best service of all; a few men about town, who have heard of the chef's fame, and forget the unsavory looking company in their enjoyment of the plates, and often a table or two taken by young society girls with their chaperon and escorts. The girls consider a dinner at Bazzuro's a tremendous lark.

The Americans do not venture on the claret so generously served with the dinner. A flask of Chianti is ordered in its stead, and the proprietor always proffers the empty flask to the youngest member of the party as a souvenir.—San Francisco Letter.

## NEW FIELDS FOR NOVELISTS.

**Why Does Not Some Writer Use an Eskimo as Heroine?**

The division of the earth among contemporary novelists has not as yet included Greenland, where some new writer can lay the scene of a story in which the heroine will wear sealskin trousers and calm her troubled heart with mighty drafts of train oil.

Neither has any novelist seized upon China, where great things may yet be done by a story teller who really knows something of that modern and multitudinous sphinx, the Chinaman.

But with these exceptions there is very little desirable territory which is not pre empted. This of course greatly hampers new novelists who are compelled to write novels dealing only with English men and women at home.

England is the common possession of everybody, and even the American writer who does not wish to imitate either Mr. Harte or Mr. Howells is compelled to lay the scene of his stories in London or in some one of the many little English colonies to be found in continental cities.

The English novelist who wishes to write a story characterized by some little novelty is reduced to inventing Dodos or other fabulous creatures, an attempt which fails more frequently than it succeeds.

This state of things is so plain to every writer that I wonder that no one has rushed in to occupy the Greenland or the Chinese field.

A Greenland story would at once attract attention because of its novelty, and we who have never been to Greenland could warmly recognize the truth of its local color, and the profound knowledge of Eskimo character shown by the writer.

An advanced Eskimo maiden with a wild desire to wear petticoats instead of trousers and to drink tea instead of train oil could hardly fail to charm the reader.

I am afraid, however, that the advanced Eskimo maid would not survive beyond the first four or five chapters, for I understand that whenever an Eskimo woman exhibits symptoms of advanced thinking she is immediately set adrift on an ice floe.—W. L. Alden in Idler.

## BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

**An Easy Matter to Float on the Surface of the Thick Water.**

The Dead sea, or more properly the Salt sea, is also called in Scripture the sea of the Arabah; in the Apocrypha, the Sodomitish sea; in the Talmudical books, sea of Salt and sea of Sodom. The name Dead sea seems to have been first used in Greek, and the Arabic name is Bar Lut, or the sea of Lot. It has a length varying from 40 to 46 miles and is only about three miles across at its broadest part.

From the analysis of the United States expedition it appears that each gallon of the water, weighing 12¼ pounds, contains nearly 3¼ pounds (3.319) of matter in solution, an immense quantity in view of the fact that sea water, weighing 10¼ pounds per gallon, contains less than one-half pound. Of this 3¼ pounds nearly a pound is common salt (chloride of sodium), about two pounds chloride of magnesium and less than one-half pound chloride of calcium (muriate of lime). There does not appear to be anything about it inimical to life, and the story of a recent tourist confirms this. He says:

"As for the Dead sea, it will, in contradiction of the name, forever preserve a green and living memory in my mind. No fish can survive in it, we all know, but for a place for a swim, or, above all, for a float, commend me to it beyond all the Winnepesaukees in the world. How it bears you up in arms! How it annihilates the tiresome ponderosity and dignity of the laws of gravitation! How it introduces you into the inner consciousness of dainty ariel and thistledom and all other airy, fairy creatures! The more you weigh the less you weigh. There is the real hydrostatic paradox. An elephant in the Dead sea would feel himself a gazelle. Then what a mirror its steely surface was that morning, and how beautiful its reflections of the mountains of Palestine on the one hand and of Moab on the other!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Electric Lights.**

A Vienna professor gives it as his opinion, after much research on the subject, that all delicate persons and those who suffer from nervousness should never remain long in a room lighted by electric lights, its effect on the nervous system being such that after awhile they generally become uneasy and depressed and find it impossible to concentrate the attention for any length of time. Young persons, on the contrary, and those with strong nerves find the influence of the light extremely beneficial, especially when the brain is overworked and tired, the effect being much the same as that of strong coffee—i. e., increased activity of the nervous system.

**Through Algerian Spectacles.**

In a delightful paper before a club recently Mrs. Fannie C. Barbour, the writer and traveler, gave a description of her visit to some Algerian ladies. Through the interpreting friend who accompanied her the hostesses conveyed their polite pity at her extraordinary costume. "Where," they asked in plaintive pity for the unfortunate American, "are her Turkish trousers?" When told that she came from America, they asked where that was, and on hearing that it was across a great sea complacently remarked: "Not so great as our Mediterranean. There is no sea like that."

**Food For Man and Beast.**

"We read sometimes," said Mr. Billtops, "of people 'eagerly devouring' a newspaper, but horses sometimes do that literally. Twice lately I have seen horses eating newspapers. Perhaps this might come under the head of 'taking in every word.'"—New York Sun.

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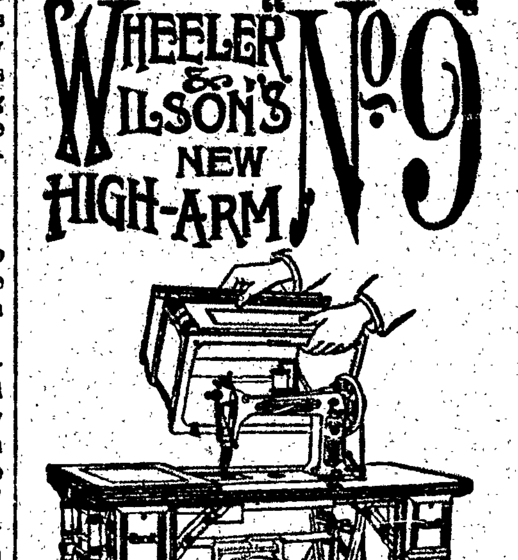

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