

WELL WORTH HIS KEEP.

"I say, Dick, why on earth do you have that wretched dog always sloshing along at your heels? He makes you look like a tramp."

"What's wrong with the poor fellow? I'm sure he does no harm to any one."

"Harm? Does he do any good? One doesn't keep a dog just to do no harm. I'll tell you what, Dick, a beast were to go following me about like that I'd hang him on the spot, if only to get him out of the way."

"Well, I wouldn't, you see," answered Dick, rather sharply, "so that makes all the difference."

Dick Pemberton, who, though only eighteen, had already a pretty strong will of his own, had lately startled all his friends by adopting a new and very singular pet. He had encountered on the outskirts of the village a few weeks before a poor, half-starved, shaggy-looking dog, which the children, with their customary humanity, had pelted and driven out for no better reason than that it was starving and in need of help.

The hunted animal, almost wistfully up in Dick's bright, handsome face as he went straggling past, and then, apparently encouraged by what he saw there, stole silently up to him, as if asking help and protection.

That mute appeal went straight to the young fellow's warm heart. He brought the outcast home with him, fed and took care of it, and in spite of the utter degradation of the whole neighborhood and the upbraiding jibes of his own family, allowed it to accompany him in all his walks, although as his friend had very truly said, his gaunt, ugly figure, ragged and unkempt appearance and unmistakable breed made it a much less fitting companion for a tramp than the son of the richest man in the village.

But if Dick Pemberton's adoption of this four-footed ragamuffin was an offence to his friends and neighbors, it was a far heavier sin and affliction to the aristocratic "trained dogs" at Dick's home. The very pointers appeared to lose heart and to do their work in a spiritless fashion when they saw this ill-conditioned canine tramp, which its new master had very aptly styled "Vagrant," start out along with them to accompany their young master on his shooting excursions, and when any other dogs of the neighborhood happened to meet them in such disgraceful company, they hung their heads shamefully, and seemed to feel very much as some dogs might do if compelled to walk the streets with a beggar.

But as has already been stated, Dick Pemberton had a will of his own, and a pretty firm one too. When someone had made up his mind to breed this outcast creature, he contrived and jokes were equally thrown away on him, and as Dick was a general favorite with the village folk, they would let off making fun of his new pet. Moreover, Vagrant himself, now that good food and kind treatment had given him back his lost strength, was willing to take care of his own affairs, and any one, whether boy or dog, who would not molest him, generally got the worst of it in the end.

One evening, a study fellow, who was known in the village as "Squinty," at his dog a novel letter, signed "Vagrant," he passed by, expressing an easy victory. But "Squinty" was a bit of a philosopher, and he was not so easily contented with the easy victory. He was a bit of a philosopher, and he was not so easily contented with the easy victory. He was a bit of a philosopher, and he was not so easily contented with the easy victory.

Thus matters stood when, one evening in the early autumn, Dick was coming back from a day's shooting, with a game bag much heavier than he looked for, somehow or other, he had had an unusually poor sport that day. He had ordered his dogs to go off home, the well-trained animals obeying at once, and had the time to mind Vagrant go after them, but the outcast animal had seemed so strangely unwilling to leave him, that our kind-hearted Dick, little dreaming what he was about to do, thought that he might just as well let him remain.

Finding himself nearly two miles from home, Dick thought that he would save, to his great vexation, that he was likely to arrive home at a late hour. Knowing that any animal that would follow him, he would not mind the outcast animal, and he would not mind the outcast animal, and he would not mind the outcast animal.

Now this Black Marsh was a perilous morass in the winter, and all the more dangerous because the passage seemed so easy. Men had crossed its whole breadth in safety, and then been swallowed up, just as they were about to spring on to the opposite bank. Cattle and horses had slipped from the edge into the Black, fathomless slough beneath, and had perished within a few feet of the firm ground which might have saved them.

As Dick Pemberton neared the marsh, Vagrant suddenly darted off in pursuit of something—probably a bird or rabbit—and was out of sight in a moment, but Dick, in his haste to get home, hardly noticed the dog's absence, and springing lightly from tussock to tussock over the treacherous surface, was soon more than half way across.

ABOUT FIRE ENGINES.

What is, perhaps, the oldest known fire engine for pumping water, is mentioned in the Spiritus of Hero, about 150 B. C. This engine had two single-acting pumps, the plungers of which were worked by a single beam pivoted between the two. The streams united in a single discharge pipe, passing up a trunk in which was an air chamber, and out at a nozzle which could be turned in any direction. This description might stand for a great many forms of hand fire engines used even to the present day, writes Joseph Sachs in Cassier's Magazine. The early Romans appear to have paid quite some attention to fire extinguishing apparatus and had an organized fire brigade.

Something like the more modern fire engine appears to have been brought out in the early part of the sixteenth century, and is described as a "water syringe." This was mounted on wheels and was worked by levers. Fire engines of this kind were apparently much used in Germany. In England, during the latter part of the sixteenth century, large brass syringes were employed, holding several quarts of water and operated by three men, two holding the syringe at each side with one hand and directing the nozzle with the other, and the third operating the plunger. After having discharged the water the syringe was refilled from a cistern or well near the fire, or from buckets. Later, these water squirts were fitted to portable cisterns or tanks.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century a portable engine, mounted on a cistern or tank from which the water was drawn, was introduced in England by Newsham. This engine was, in many respects, similar to the modern hand fire engine, and continued in use in England up to 1832.

The Newsham engine was, perhaps, the first successful fire engine, and really was the pioneer of modern, manually operated engines. The pumps were of various sizes and designs, and were, in most cases, operated by levers. Various forms of engines, similar to the Newsham engine, continued in use as late as 1850.

According to experiments made in Germany, trees containing starch are more liable to be struck by lightning than those containing fatty matter. Of starchy trees, the oak, poplar, plane, elm, ash and willow may be mentioned, and of fatty trees, the lime, walnut, beech and birch. Poplars are often struck with lightning, and, indeed, are planted near buildings to act as natural lightning rods. One should be careful not to take shelter under a poplar in a thunderstorm, especially if there be water at its base and one is standing between the trunk and the water. This precaution, in fact, applies more or less to all trees, and even buildings. According to Franklin, it is safe enough to stand at some little distance, say forty to fifty feet, from the tree. Fir-trees, which are starchy in summer and fatty in winter, are more likely to be struck in summer than in winter. Soft hairy leaves on a tree lessen the chances of its being struck, as the hairs act like the discharging points on a lightning-rod; hence, perhaps, red beeches are not often struck.

While upon the subject, we may mention that whenever a person is found insensible, and apparently dead from lightning stroke, every effort should be made to resuscitate him or her by artificial respiration and stimulating the circulation, as in cases of drowning, for the space of an hour at least. It has now been discovered that persons believed to be killed not only by lightning, but by a powerful shock of electricity, however produced, are often not really dead, but only in a state of suspended animation, and the fact cannot be too well known, as many lives have probably been lost through ignorance of it in the past.

Owing to the advent of the grip, a New York newspaper has secured the services of a prominent physician to prescribe daily for the suffering public. Here is the "sure cure" for cold in the head. "The cold in the head, which obstructs the general circulation. The nostrils are distended, the mucous membrane is swollen, and the back part of the throat becomes 'cuppy' and dry. Nothing is better than a hot foot bath and a hot drink, followed by a dose of Dover's powder. All of this is to stimulate perspiration. Then one grain of quinine, with one-quarter of a grain of red pepper, should be taken every two hours for twenty-four hours. By that time your cold will have disappeared." As the above prescription is written by one of the best known nose, throat and ear specialists of the city, it should be about as good as the other sort, which sometimes comes high.

Over forty different kinds of surgical instruments were found in the house of a surgeon at Pompeii. Some resemble the instruments now in use, while others are so completely different from anything of the kind now employed that their use is entirely conjectural. All were inclosed in brass or boxwood cases, and some even retained the exquisite polish that they had when buried.

Rats often desert a house before it falls down, because it is probable that the settling of the beams and stones causes noises that, inaudible to human beings, may be perfectly so, and very alarming besides, to the rodents. Rats have been known to desert mines shortly before earthquakes or cave-ins occurred, probably for the same reason.

The theatres in Japan have a novel method of pass-out tickets which are positively not transferable. When a person wishes to leave the theatre before the close of the performance, he goes to the doorkeeper and holds out his right hand. The doorkeeper then, with a rubber stamp, imprints on the palm the mark of the establishment.

A woman in Allmont, Mich., wears a pair of earrings which have been in the possession of her family 160 years.

The famous "dragon" tree on the island of Tenerife is 5,000 years old.

JACK RABBITS CAN FIGHT.

Recently a battle to the finish between two rabbits was witnessed by at least a dozen leasemen, all of whom state that they had never witnessed a more novel or interesting contest between man or beast.

Cassara received from Trapper Browning of Merced, two specimens of "jacks" a few weeks ago that for some reason are on very unfriendly terms, owing possibly to the fact of having been caught in different localities. They represent different tribes of the genus Lepus. However, the hares, properly called, have become very belligerent, and battles royal are almost of daily occurrence in the park. Recently the patrons of the leash were afforded a splendid opportunity of seeing a contest to the finish between two of the new arrivals, and a descriptive report for the San Francisco Call.

"We were chatting over the prospects of next day's course and commenting on the weather," said the speaker, "when a jack was seen crossing the field in the direction of the escap; with another 'jack' in hot pursuit. At first I thought some stray dog had got into the field at the south end and was driving the hares toward the breeding paddock. Suddenly here No. 1 turned in its track and dashed at its pursuer. They telescoped, so to speak, and then the fight was on. You should have been there to see the fur fly. There was no fake about this match; it was for blood and fur.

The two rabbits rolled in the mud after the first charge, and as they regained their pins they rose quickly on their hind feet and slashed at each other with their front paws in a manner that would have made the champions of the prize ring feel as if they were as slow as a snail in their movements. I positively never have seen such fierce fighting. At each stroke the fur would be seen to fly in bunches, and the blows, if they can be termed such, were fast and furious. After a minute's contest the pursued hare made an effort to run, but it was so badly crippled that it lost its equilibrium and fell in the slush, where it received still further punishment from its opponent.

"We thought that the jig was up with No. 1, and moved slowly toward the spot where the conflict had taken place. When within fifty yards of the fighting quadruped the hare we supposed was dead or dying leaped to his feet and fought more viciously than ever. The contest did not continue much longer, as the hare which had challenged its opponent fell back as if hit with leaden pellets and lay apparently dead on the field of battle. After driving the successful competitor away and picking up the prostrate animal we found that both of its eyes were completely destroyed and its face horribly lacerated. We easily captured the 'conquering hero' and had the two little pugillists cared for as well as circumstances would permit, but they were too severely punished to survive their wounds and that evening the proprietor of the park found himself minus two of his imported flocks—they had kicked the bucket."

The sportsman further states that when forwarding hares to this city from where they are shipped the trapper must provide coops arranged in such a way that the rabbits are separated from each other by compartments, otherwise they would fight until death would end their trouble.

John Dugan, of Newark Park, lost a valuable lot of hares previous to the inaugural meeting held some years ago. Shipping hares by express was a new venture at that time and no precautions were taken by the shippers.

An old story, but not a bad one, was told the other day by an officer of the navy who heard the argument repeated in it. While Gen. Arthur was President, and during one of the summers of his administration, he was on board of the Dispatch, at Newport, and Secretary of the Navy Chandler was pestering him to consent to naming the new dispatch boat, afterward the Dolphin, the Concord, after the first battle of the Revolution. Gen. Arthur was disposed to quit Chandler about his proposed name. He preferred the name Dolphin, as being more suggestive of speed at sea. When Chandler argued the importance of keeping in mind the heroic resistance of the colonial militia, and the brilliant opposition offered to Pizarro's men, Gen. Arthur asked him:

"What is it that you propose to call this ship?"

"The Concord," answered Chandler, giving the approved New Hampshire pronunciation.

"There," retorted Arthur, inviting the attention of Capt. Reeder. "Do you hear that? Conquered. Do you think that a good name to give a ship-of-war? Then suppose you change the pronunciation, and call it Concord, just as it is spelled. Does it not strike you, Chandler, that there is a degree of inappropriateness in the suggestion of Concord in the presence of a vessel of war?"

The new ship was called the Dolphin, but the Concord appeared after Gen. Arthur had ceased to have influence in naming the ships of the navy.

The journey was long, and the old lady with the plaid shawl thought to beguile the time by a conversation with the tailor-made girl who sat with her.

"Live in the city," inquired the old lady.

"Yes, work there," answered the girl, and said nothing more.

"Might I ask what you work at?"

"Figures,"

This seemed discouraging, but the old lady plucked up her nerve and asked: "Figures? Livin' pictures or book-keeping?" Indianapolis Journal

Apologies of the admission of women to the Medical Association, an English surgeon consulted an American examiner on the subject of professional women, and received the following very smart reply: "Well, sir, in our country we have a great many female doctors, female formulators, female preachers and female in all classes of professions and trades; but what we want is more female women."

COUSIN ELISA'S LESSON.

My cousin Elisa had, I am sorry to say, grown into a provocative woman, with a dirty complexion, and a tendency to hint on insufficient evidence, that men whom she met were in love with her. She gave these hints to a confident, and the confident always told the men, and the men as a rule were very angry. Sometimes they complained to me. She was just pretty enough to make her story probable, and this was exasperating. I pointed out to them that Elisa was the kind of a girl that had to do something to make her mother suffer, that there was no authentic instance of any one who knew her well having taken her seriously, and that it was best to bear quietly with the ways of women. I did what I could. I told her that it was vulgar to pose as the ear of Juggernaut; but, although she is quite vulgar enough to consciously avoid vulgarity, she would not see it. I came upon her late one night at one of her mother's parties, when nearly every one had gone. She was wearing the most affected clothes, liquid eyes and a small pout.

"Poor little me!" she said, in her favorite girl-of-four manner; "what have I done? I feel positively certain that Mr. Wysloup will kill me."

"Yes?"

"Indeed, yes, and yes, and yes! He would take me into supper, and ever since, if I said a word to any other man he has scowled at me in a positively murderous way."

"Elisa," I said, "I will give you six lessons in the art of implication for one shilling. It is cheap, but I hate to see you doing things inartistically. It is all right with me, of course, but I fancy that you had better not tell other people that Wysloup is in love with you."

"I never said he was. And why mustn't I tell?"

"Because Wysloup is dangerous."

"Oh! Why dangerous? Then I 'bunk' him."

She did, and Wysloup heard of it. He is connected with the proprietor of the Wysloup multiplex sock. The multiplex sock is, if one may trust the advertisement, an added luxury to life, and can not wear out. It has certainly conferred more fortune than honor upon the nephew of the proprietor. If in your ignorance you cheerfully ask Wysloup if he is connected with the multiplex sock he will tell you frankly that he is its nephew. But when once he knows that you are aware of his connection he does not permit any further reference to it. For instance, Denner happened once to be talking at the club about the possibility that he might have to leave his house. A certain railway had a great envy to go through his front garden. Some one asked him if he felt anxious about it.

"Yes," said Denner, "I'm in a state of the most awful suspense, like my multiplex socks." Wysloup was present and heard this, but said nothing. Later, at what Major Birdmont—who is all liver and suspicion—was coupled with Wysloup against Drisdorf and Denner.

The Major is quite unable to believe in extraordinary luck at what unless it happens to come to himself. He would distrust his own mother if she had seven trumps, consequently it was unfortunate that Denner commenced by dealing himself the whole thirteen. With great difficulty the Major held his tongue and spoke nothing, but his face darkened. Denner was greatly surprised. Wysloup smiled a faint ghost of a smile. Presently Denner noticed that the Major was watching him intently. As Denner is a perfectly ordinary and honest man he was naturally annoyed. But, in spite of his honesty, when it came to Denner's turn to deal again he dealt himself eleven trumps, with the ace and king of another suit. He could hardly believe his eyes. He flung down his cards and won the rubber. As the Major rose to go he said: "My children had been meaning to take me to the Egyptian Hall to-night, but what's good enough for me." No man, probably, likes to have it implied that he is cheating for the sake of shilling points at what. Denner was furious, and lost no time in making the Major very much less vague and very much annoyed about it. Of course, it may not have been Wysloup that was responsible, but I have noticed that those who vex him generally get punished, and he can do anything with very busy losing money to the Major at cards on the following day. Now, the Major cannot play cards and Wysloup can. This was the only occasion on which it had occurred to me that Wysloup had the battered relics of a conscience.

I was curious to see how he would take my cousin Elisa's audacity. She had hinted at Wysloup's devotion in a conversation with young Cecil Banks. Banks is a repeater. He told Wysloup all about it. Further, he told me that he had told Wysloup. Now, I thought, Wysloup will cut her dead and make no secret why he does it or he will set some scandal afloat about her. He did nothing of the kind. He treated her with the most delicate and respectful attention. He took every chance of meeting her. He seemed at first to desire nothing more than to be forever humble and silent worshipper. Once or twice as she stepped from the carriage up the strip of carpet to some party to which Wysloup had not been invited, she saw him standing in the crowd, half in shadow, cloaked, watching her with rapturous eyes and a romantic air as impressive as the advertisement of the multiplex sock. On the occasions when he did meet her he took with humble gratitude as much of her society as she vouchsafed to him. He remembered, and showed her that he remembered, every word she said, and every preference that she expressed. He was very serious and dignified with her. His manner was per-

DEFINITIONS OF A BABY.

A London paper awarded a two-guinea prize for the best definition of a baby. The lady who won the prize sent in this answer:

A tiny feather from the wing of love dropped into the sacred lap of motherhood.

The following are some of the definitions given:

The bachelor's horror, the mother's treasure, and the despotism of the most republican household.

The morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler.

The only precious possession that never excites envy.

The latest edition of humanity, of which every couple thinks they possess the finest copy.

A native of all countries who speaks the language of none.

About twenty-two inches of cocoon and wiggle, written and screamed, filled with suction and testing apparatus for milk and automatic alarm to regulate supply.

A quaint little craft called Innocence, laden with simplicity and love.

A thing we are expected to kiss and look as if we enjoyed it.

A little stranger with a free pass to the heart's best affections.

That which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, peace busier, nights longer, days shorter, purses lighter, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, the future brighter.

The sea-horse is a wonderfully shaped animal. It has the head of a horse, the wings of a bird, and the tail of a snake. In swimming it assumes a vertical position; and when wishing to rest it attaches itself to a vertical stalk of seaweed by means of its tail.

The greatest waves known are said to be those of the Cape of Good Hope, where under the influence of the trade winds the sea is driven up to a height of 20 feet.

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