

A Remarkable Dog.

Oscar, my Newfoundland dog, once brought home from Edenmouth a wild duck's nest full of eggs, which he hatched out. When he conceived that the nestlings were of an apt age he carried them to the curling pond, where he superintended their education in swimming. When they grew up he brought Mr. —, a local sportsman whom he often accompanied, to the spot, and his purpose obviously was to acclimatize wild ducks within easy distance and save the walk to the mouth of Eden. This appears to be good evidence of rudimentary reasoning powers in the dog. He was very fond of a cat named Peter, whom he would often take out for long swims on his back when the weather was fine. Unluckily, a storm arose one day. Peter was swept overboard and drowned. Oscar brought the poor animal in, dead, buried him above high water mark, erected a biscuit box to his memory and often visited the sepulchre with offerings of bones.

He Wanted Solid Comfort.

"Say," said the man with the correct clothes and the bowed back and the horny hands of a farmer, to the restaurant waiter, "have you got pig jowl and greens here? An' buttermilk? An' corn bread? An' kin I shovel the truck in with a knife and take my coat off?"

The waiter told him he could be accommodated in all particulars.

The ex farmer removed his coat and sat down opposite a man who looked as if he might be willing to listen, and explained:

"It's been two years now," said he, "sence we struck gas on the farm, and I ain't had a square meal sence. Been fillin' up on Charley horse ruins, so-fay de allakazam, an' all them French dishes ever sence. That's what comes of marryin' a woman who believes in keepin' up with the procession when you got the price, as she puts it."

"I should think you would have rebelled long ago," said the listener.

"Would, but, you see, about three years ago I was so deep in debt that I had to put the farm in her name. I sneaked away to-day an' left her at one of them fine hotels. I'm goin' to have an orgie on old-fashioned vittels, saspriilly pop, an' mebbe a beer or two, an' go back an' tell her what I've did, an' ef she wants to git a divorce she can git it. Old Eli will hev had his day of freedom for a few glorious hours, anyway!"

A Decorative Distinction.

A woman with a new dress is less an object of interest to herself than a man who, after reaching maturity, succumbs to the bicycle wave which is sweeping the world. He was standing up in the middle of the room while his wife criticized his attire. Season after season she had had new dresses made and he bestowed on them no further attention than to comment that they were very pretty and perhaps to add a word or two about the expense. But, to return good for evil, she was criticising in detail and giving him suggestions.

"That's very pretty," she said.

"You mean that golf stocking?"

"No. I don't mean the whole stocking; just a part of it."

"Which part?" he demanded.

"Why—I suppose it must have a name. It's the part you turn over, you know. What do you call it?"

"It isn't anything I know of but just stocking."

"It must have some name, I know!" she exclaimed. "It all depends on the way you look at it. If you regard it as the top of your stocking, it's a frieze; but if you consider it the bottom of your knickerbocker, it's a dado."

Applying Her Method.

The professor is very punctilious about the use of language. His youngest daughter has learned to ride a wheel, and the fact is very apparent in her conversation. Now and then he moved uneasily in his chair, but he made no comment. After a time he said:

"Lucia, would you mind closing that door. I am getting as cold as an Ike."

She arose to obey and then turned with a puzzled look and inquired:

"As cold as a what?"

"As cold as an Ike."

"I don't understand you."

"That is very strange. It seems to accord with your theory of verbal expression. If a bicycle can consistently be called a 'bike,' I see no possible objection to my alluding to an icicle as an 'Ike.'"

There was a young lady whose beau Never knew it was time he should gear; As it struck twelve o'clock, He received quite a shock, For her pa helped him out with his teau.

"I'm not troublin' meself about the new woman," hicoughed O'Murter, making his way deviously homeward at 3 a. m. "It's the culd woman that's worryin' me!"

A Tragedy.

A WOMAN WHO KEPT HER CHILDREN IN IGNORANCE OF THE WORLD.

There are tragedies in nearly all people's lives, though some may never know them by that name. We find them, too, in most unexpected places. Which reminds me that one day I stopped for dinner at a house in the Cumberland mountains, so deep in the fastnesses that I had to employ a guide to show me the way to the first road that would take me out to the county road. The family consisted of a man and his wife, with six daughters, and a more ignorant lot of people I think I never saw. After the dinner of bacon, beans and corn bread, the man and girls went back to the fields, and I talked awhile to the woman before resuming my journey. She was a typical mountaineeress, tall, angular and sallow, but there was a gleam of intelligence in her face, quite unlike the lack-lustreness of the usual woman of the mountains.

"Don't you get very lonely, away off here to yourself?" I asked her as she busied about the table.

"I reckon I mought, ef I had time," she replied, "but I don't give myself no time to think about things like that."

"And what about your girls? Don't they want to get out among people?"

"Not ez I ever heerd 'em say."

"Do they go to school in winter?"

"No."

"Have they never been?"

"Not yit," this half apologetically.

"Do they have anything to read?"

"They can't read."

"Can't read?" I repeated in surprise, for even though the older mountaineers cannot read or write, as a rule the younger ones, under a more modern civilization, can.

"No, they can't," she said, as if irritated by my tone.

"Are you so far from a schoolhouse that you can't send them?" was my next question.

"It's two miles, and they could go, but I won't let 'em."

This was a new phase, and the matter became more interesting.

"Why not?" I asked, with a persistence that was risky. She stopped her work and turned to face me.

"Them gals," she said, "don't know nothin' but these here mountains, and that thar river down thar; they don't know what is goin' on in the world outside; they never seen no steam oars, ner boats, ner telegraphs, ner telephones, ner fine houses, ner beautiful clo's, ner gentlemen, ner ladies; they don't hardly know thar's such, but I do, fer I've saw people as has seen 'em, and they've told me; maun's the night I've gone to bed and cried myself to sleep in the loft that wuz my bedroom, thinkin' about what thar wuz in the world that I couldn't even hope to git a look at; I got so I could read, an' then I read about 'em all, and that made it wuss; thar wuz nothin' but mountains and loneliness and silence fur me, and I couldn't help myself nohow. Then I married Jim, and we come here; Jim can't read ner write, and the pore feller is satisfied, fer he don't know no more than the gals does and they're company for each other. The gals might git like I wuz of they larnt readin' and writin', and how could they ever git away from this place and go among sich different things? They couldn't, jist the same ez I couldn't, an' ef I kin keep 'em from knowin' whut's away off whar the mountains ain't, ner the lonesomeness, ner the silence, I'm a-goin' ter do it, and let 'em live and die right here whar they air a heap better satisfied than ther mother has ever been, though they never heerd her say nothin' about it, one way ner t'other, ner they never will."

The hard lines of determination had come into her face when she began speaking, and I could see they were pressing back the tears of disappointment, as she talked to me; and when she turned to her work again she brushed her eyes hastily, while I sat there, thinking of the silent heroism and uncompensated sacrifice of this woman, longing in the solitude of the mountains for the breadth and the beauty of the world beyond them, yet never voicing her wish; walking straight through the darkness of ignorance, knowing of the light above it; standing fast with her family about her, as the millions rushed on toward the higher attainments of life; crushing her soul down into its narrow confines and keeping it there because she realized that for her and for hers this was the earth and the fullness thereof.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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