

A CANINE HERO OF THE FLOOD.

How He Saved His Mistress from Death in the Overwhelming Water.

A large crowd of people attracted my attention about 6 o'clock this evening on Main street, says a Johnstown letter to the Philadelphia Inquirer. On going closer I noticed that a number of men and women were surrounding a dog, on which each and every one of the crowd was anxious to lavish with attentions and endearing terms more appropriately bestowed upon a favorite child than an animal.

Come here, Romeo, my noble old dog," said one woman.

"Give me a kiss; there is a dear." "Ah, Romeo, said another, "it was pity Johnstown had not more such noble creatures as you are, and there would not be so many people dead here now."

The dog, a beautiful water spaniel whose fur was clipped so as to give him the appearance of a miniature lion, stood solemnly and dignified among the people as if he understood each word addressed to him, taking the evidence of appreciation as matters of course which he had every right to expect. Soon I understood what it all meant.

Romeo belongs to Mrs. C. F. Kress, of Washington street, Johnstown. The day the flood-gates of the South Fork reservoir broke loose that lady went to the house of her sister, Mrs. C. Bress, on Main street, taking the dog with her. While there the awfully disastrous waters came sweeping down upon them from Conemaugh, so that all the people in the house were compelled to get upon the roof. There were seven in the party and Romeo made a good eighth.

But soon the terrible waves and floating debris raised horrible havoc with the building. Suddenly a big wave dashed upon the roof. Mrs. C. F. Kress was knocked off her place of refuge and rapidly floated along with the wild stream. No human being attempted to jump after her or make any effort for her rescue, because the surging flood had already dragged her beyond all human reach. But Romeo, the lady's dog, forgetful of his own danger, had apparently been expecting what was coming.

The waters had no more than closed above the sinking lady when the dog jumped after her, and when her dress again appeared above the surface he immediately grasped it between his teeth. It was a heavy burden, but the animal seemed to make a double effort. Holding the dress in his mouth he gently but firmly pushed her forward through the waters toward a frame house, which was still defying the waves. Romeo's noble efforts proved successful, and in a few moments Mrs. Kress was able to lay hold of one of the spars on the frame house and drag herself into comparative safety.

But alas! It was only temporary safety. Even before the woman had realized her escape the devastating waves came mountain high, rushing against the frame house. This time the building could not withstand. With a terrific crash the wooden sills seemed to be bursting apart, and once more the woman and her dog were at the mercy of the flood.

The noble brute, however, was not to be daunted. Again he clung to his mistress very closely, not as if he were to rescue her from a watery grave, but as if his whole life depended upon her safety. Constantly swimming by her side while she was borne upon the current he contrived to keep her head above water so as to prevent her drowning. For over half an hour the dog battled with the waves for her preservation. His noble, faithful endurance was at last rewarded. He succeeded in directing his valiant burden toward Alma Hall and here Mrs. Kress was pulled out of the water.

As she reached the roof unconsciousness overcame her, and during all that time Romeo, who seemed to think the woman dead, barked and howled in the most frantic manner. Only her returning breath pacified him and then he quietly and contently lay down at her feet.

This was the story gleaned from the people surrounding the dog, and when I called to see Mrs. Kress at her sister's home she verified every particular of the above.

A Risk in Shaving.

At this time of the year men have a way of cutting off their beards altogether, or making some new adjustment of the hair upon their faces. In this way very startling effects are often produced, disguises thrown off, and astounding revelations of character made. There is Major Blank, for example; I have been meeting him all winter, more or less, and inasmuch as he has a red face, a jovial eye and a hearty manner, I have been inclined to set him down as a sincere, whole-souled sort of person, but in an evil hour he cut off his mustache, thus revealing a very bad mouth. In his present aspect I consider the Major a man to be feared and avoided. I should hesitate to lend him \$10; if any underhand villainy were perpetrated I should at once suspect him of being at the bottom of it; and—at least until snow flies again and the Major resumes his mustache—I shall keep his name on my index damnatus.—Taverner in Boston Post.

An Odd Recommendation.

The note writer of the St. James Gazette says: "When a coachman or other servant leaves his place, through death," he does not, as a rule, advertise for another place. But there are exceptions to every rule, as the following advertisement\* from the Times shows: "The Hon. Mrs. Mitford wishes to recommend her coachman. Ten years' personal character. Leaving through death. Total abstinence. Age 33. Married. Address A., Cavendish square, W."

"Of course the poor fellow, when the ten years' service is ended, through death, is now a total abstainer; but whose eye is this advertisement meant to catch? I was not aware that the Times circulated in other worlds than ours."

He Believed in It.

Miss Spook Chaser—Do you believe in second sight, Mr. Peck? Mr. N. Peck—You just bet I do. My marriage was a result of love at first sight.

The Clyde seamen and firemen, who have been on a strike, have resumed work on the owners' terms.

While trying a wife-beating case last week, Magistrate Smith, of Philadelphia, laid down from the bench this proposition: "It's a woman's right to sass her husband."

FOR HIM WHO RUNS.

New Paragraphs Got Up on the Rapid Transit Plan.

A herd of elk numbering 1,000 head was seen on a point of the mountains near the residence of Mr. Robinson, on Upper Elk, Wyoming, one day last week.

Wrights Burke, of Troup County, Ga., has fourteen children—twins five times, triplets once and one solitary and alone.

John A. Phillips (colored), of Chepachet, Mass., has spent thirteen years in State prison on two sentences. In each case he was convicted on the testimony of his own wife and daughter. Now it has been ascertained that the women perjured themselves, and that he is an innocent and terribly wronged man.

Lima, O., has a Eagin, who offered a wash to the one of a gang of 10-year-old boys who would bring him the most stolen brass in a certain time. They have all captured the wash in the city jail, but they will carry no more coals to Newcastle in the shape of brass to Eagin.

Mr. McKibben, of Henry County, Ga., captured a turtle in Walnut Creek the other day that weighed eighty-eight pounds. "It's head was as large as a dog's," says a local newspaper man, "and when cut off snapped in two an inch plank which Mr. McKibben placed in its mouth."

John Barrett, of Perry Township, Ind., aged 74, is in jail for chastising Mrs. Barrett (aged 70) with the poker.

In Russia every man found inebriated in the public streets is imprisoned, and when he is recovered from his intoxication is set to sweep the streets for a day.

Over two years ago at Grenola, Ia., young lady named Edith Pierce. He betrayed her and left Grenola, going to Olathe. His hallelucination now is that the girl he betrayed is persecuting him.

A Waldo County correspondent of the Portland Press writes: "In the town of Troy, Waldo County, a man by the name of Gracelon owns a mare that has given birth to four colts within one year. They are all alive and doing well."

LENGTH OF LEGS.

Abraham Lincoln's Views on the Important Subject.

Talking about John Hay, formerly Private Secretary of President Lincoln, the Graphic tells this new and original story of the latter: Stephen A. Douglas, short and stout, and Owen Lovejoy, of medium size, were once gossiping together in Lincoln's presence upon the proper length of a man's legs. "Now," said Lovejoy, "Abe's legs are altogether too long, and yours, Douglas, I think are a little short. Let's ask Abe what he thinks of it." The conversation had been carried on with a view to Lincoln's overbearing it, and they closed it by saying: "Abe, what do you think about it?" Mr. Lincoln had a faraway look as he sat with one leg twisted around the other, but he responded to the question: "Think of what?" "Well, we're talking about the proper length of a man's legs. We think yours are too long and Douglas' too short, and we'd like to know what you think is the proper length." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "that's a matter that I've never given any thought to, so of course I may be mistaken; but my first impression is that a man's legs ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

A Peculiar Epitaph.

An observing lawyer said the other day: "I have often heard of peculiar inscriptions on tombstones; but one came under my observation a few days ago that I think decidedly out of the common, and while the sentiment was praiseworthy and a commendation devout to be wished, had a strong element of the ludicrous in it. It was passing along Main street in Germantown, and I stopped at the corner of Queen street for a moment to look at the old-fashioned stucco and stone church there. Its old steeple and clock are landmarks. It is the old Trinity Church, and it stands in the centre of a grassy plot about half an acre in extent. Part of it is used as a burying ground. There are three graves close together, but only one of them is marked with a tombstone. On this are the name and date of death of the deceased occupier, and beneath it is the rather remarkable inscription: "When shall we three meet again?"

The designer evidently thought it biblical and not Shakespearean, and he had probably never read the accompanying line, "In thunder, lightning or in rain?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

He Made a Mistake.

He—My dear Miss Angel, will you not partake of just a little pale, pink cream and one bonbon, which I fear will not be so exquisite as you are accustomed to in Boston? She—What a break! I'm not from Boston. I live in Kansas City. He—Well, I am a fish! Here, waiter, bring us a double order of pork chops and some turnips with the peeling on."

A Wise Expedient.

Maud—So you are going to marry your father's cashier? Isabella—Yes. Papa says that if he runs away with the bank's funds, the money will still be in the family.

Frederick T. Roberts, M.D., Examiner in Medicine in the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Eng., in speaking of Bright's Disease, says: "Death is usually hastened by uric acid poisoning, serous inflammation, bronchitis, pneumonia, dropsy, or by apoplexy." Warner's Safe Cure is a guarantee against fatality from these terrible maladies, because it cures the cause (diseased kidneys), and puts the kidneys in a healthy condition, enabling them to expel the poison or waste matter from the system.

The trouble with most of the mothers who are trying to make Little Lord Fauntleroy of their boys is that they begin on the outside.

Between 15,000 and 16,000 children are lost in London every year, but nearly 98 per cent. of them are restored to their parents through the aid of the police.

Gaston Plante, inventor of the electric accumulator, is dead. He was a brother of M. Francois Plante, the musician.

What one man thinks is fun another thinks is folly. That is what gives such picturesque variety to coquetry.

THAT SMALL BOY.

And Yet, With All His Faults, How We Love Him.

The small boy is the same the world over. He has the universal language, and if he landed during the marble season in Timbuctoo he'd be perfectly able to make the algebras and tors. This small boy is a demagogue—fine clothes do not obtain with him; indeed, they are rather scorned, and a well-dressed boy is at present grabbed by his fellows and taunted with being "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and asked in a whining tone: "Why doesn't 'oo go home to dearest?"

There is no sentiment about the small boy. He is all things to all men, and that is impudent. No pavement is too sacred to keep him from writing his opinion in white chalk upon it, and no lamp-post is too high and no step too much decorated for him to occupy it and view any passing and that is dogs. Cats he holds in utter contempt, regarding their tails merely as an appendage by which to swing them, and girls he loathes and in his heart wonders what they were made for.

For a few years he will run away from them, and after that time or until he gets married he will run after them. The small boy is an institution we could ill-afford to dispense with, says a writer in the Louisville Courier-Journal, and, like a great many other institutions, he occasionally needs a thorough warming up. I would like to suggest to his guardians that nothing is so efficacious for this purpose as a very high-heeled slipper; the heel affords quite so much support because of this, as you draw the slipper on, the creature in your grasp. The clergy comment this, for it draws the blood from the boy's head and lets him coolly think out the right and wrong of his actions, while it quickens his conscience.

An Able Little Saleswoman.

I heard a story about a pretty little widow the other day which contains a hint to young women who are suddenly thrown upon their own resources. This little woman lost her husband, and in the course of time it became necessary to do something to support herself. After trying a good many places she was given a position in a State street dry goods store, with the handkerchief counter as her department.

The first day she was there a gentleman came along and stopped at her counter to look at the goods. She felt that she ought to sell him something, so she went at it energetically, and though the man tried in every way to elude her he couldn't do it, and was finally forced to buy a half-dozen handkerchiefs. When she got her salary at the end of the week she found a substantial increase over the figure at which she had been engaged. She asked the cashier the reason.

Because of a sale you made the first day you came. If you remember, you sold half a dozen handkerchiefs to a gentleman after making a long talk."

"Yes, I remember." "That was Mr. Partridge. He thought your salary ought to be raised." The lady is happily married again. The lady is sure that a girl who can sell goods to the proprietor of the store will not be any too long in getting a husband, and a good one, too.—Chicago Mail.

The "Question" is Called.

George—Amelia, I have a question. Amelia—Pop it, George.

A small fishing craft came ashore at John Ritchie's, Amberst Island, yesterday morning. It was empty. It is thought to belong to one Ainsley, of Picotou, or Indian Point, aged 59 years. He was at Bath Monday with a load of fish, which he disposed of, and filled himself up with whiskey before leaving in the evening. It is probable that he was drowned. In the boat were a sail set, and a hat. The craft had not been capsized.

About 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon whilst Ella Brown, an 11-year-old daughter of G. R. Brown, merchant tailor, Bellefonte, was picking flowers on the high western bank of the river she fell into the water and was rapidly borne down stream by the swift current. Simon Sanford witnessed the accident from the opposite shore, crossed the footbridge, plunged into the stream and rescued the drowning girl just as she was being carried under the sawlogs which dam the river for some distance at this point.

Eugene Emery, a farm hand, employed near Oak Orchard, near Medina, N.Y., and aged about 40 years, had been paying considerable attention to Cora, the 13-year-old daughter of John Grimes, a well-to-do farmer of that place. The young girl's parents forbade Emery going with her, and on Monday evening, when the father and mother were away, and when only Cora and her little brother were at home, Emery entered the house and, with a large club of wood, commenced an attack on the defenceless girl, and beat her till life was extinct. Emery was arrested yesterday morning at Albion.

A happy little lamb that no evil knew nibbled a rose-branch that above its pasture blew. On that the briar, for what the little lamb had done. Nipped from its fleece a lock of wool, but only one. The girl held fast the little lock on sharp thorn bent. When came a nightingale on nest-building intent. Said she: "Unloose thy hold and give the lock to me. And once my nest be built I will sing thanks to thee. It gave, she took, she built, and lo! while yet she sang. From out the briar for very joy a rosebud sprang.

A burglar entered the house of John Webber at Laerose, Wis., on Wednesday night through the window of a room occupied by his two daughters, Kate and Lena. The girls were awakened while the robber was searching their clothing, and Lena, aged 18, attempted to escape. She fell, and before she could arise she was seized by the burglar, who plunged a knife into her body below the tenth rib. The knife was pulled upward, and a deep gash nine inches long was cut, exposing the heart, lungs and intestines. The assassin then made a thrust at the other girl, who managed to escape the knife. The family were aroused by the noise but the burglar escaped. Lena Webber will die.

AN IMPROMPTU WEDDING.

It Was a Joke on James, But He Evolved Equal to the Emergency.

James Gordon, of this city, was considerably surprised last night when three amuses from Newark and the surrounding country alighted at his boarding house. As they poured in on him and began to mingle congratulations, with requests for an introduction to "the bride," he was staggered, and explained that as he had not yet secured that very necessary participant in a wedding there must be a mistake.

Thereupon his unexpected guests produced invitation cards and accused Jim of trifling about a serious subject. At any rate, they did not think it fair that he should disappoint his friends.

It was evident that some practical joker had been putting in his fine work, and the party convinced Jim that it was his duty to get even.

"A good-looking fellow like you should be able to find a girl willing to marry him," suggested one of the party.

"Well, I'll try," said James. "Amuse yourselves for half an hour, while I see what can be done."

He called upon Miss Lizzie Emmons, a neighbor, and explained his pressing necessity. The sudden proposal almost took her breath away, but, recognizing her neighborhood duty, she amiably consented, and said she would get on her best dress meantime, rushed back to her friends and told them of his luck. It was too late to get a minister, but a justice of the Peace in the party volunteered to tie the nuptial knot. Other guests went out into the highways and byways and gathered in a German cornetist, an Irish fiddler and an Italian harpist, with "lashin's" of etables and drinkables. The bride came to time promptly, her health was toasted in many a brimming beaker, and after the feast there was a merry dance until past midnight, when the newly-paired couple departed on a bridal tour and the guests rolled home in deep content.—Bridgeport (Conn.) letter in New York Press.

A Feeble Effort.

A Scotch clergyman of the old school tells this anecdote: Early in life, while occupying another charge, he invited a clergyman, whom the unregenerate would call consorted and dull, to preach in his pulpit. During the sermon our old school preacher dozed away in the sweet old way till he was suddenly called on to conclude the service with prayer. Accustomed to regard himself as the humblest of his Creator's instruments, and forgetting that he had not delivered the sermon, he began with "We beseech Thee to accept the weak and feeble effort that has been addressed to Thee, and more richly to endow Thy servant in the grasses he so greatly lacks."

Women May be Dentists.

A woman dentist is somewhat of an innovation; but that she is likely to make her mark in the profession is indicated by the high standing of the young woman who has just been graduated from the Boston Dental College. According to the announcement of the Dean she stood No. 1 in a class of between thirty and forty, and in the race she has run she was so far ahead of her classmates that she could hardly hear the tread of the fellow next behind her. The dentist's chair is not exactly a synonym for everything that is comfortable and inviting, but the presence of a gentle woman operator promises to detract something from its terrors.—Boston Herald.

Called.

Van Doodle—Waggs called me a fool to-day, don't'chevknaw. Van Simp—Aw, weally? What did you do, don't'chevknaw? Van Doodle—Oh, I got even with him; I happened to have an old chestnut bell in me pawcket, and I wung it at him weal hawd, don't'chevknaw. Van Simp—Baw Jaww! Thawt was awful good, chawppie.

Tempora Mutantur.

His First. Jenkins—By the way, Bjonas, how old is that baby of yours? Bjonas (promptly)—One year, two months and eight days.

His Sixth.

Jenkins—By the way, Bjonas, how old is that youngest baby of yours now? Bjonas—Oh, hanged if I know. A year or so. Ask my wife.

The Royal Agricultural Show at Windsor, Eng., is a remarkable success. While on the grounds I heard great regret constantly expressed at the absence of the usual Canadian exhibit, this being the finest show the society has ever held. The Colony of Victoria this year sent an exhibit of produce, not for competition. "Mihars" cheese is the only sample of Canadian produce hitherto shown. I met very few Canadian buyers of live stock.

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell has built a house boat, in which he will cruise in Nova Scotia waters this summer. It is put together in catamaran style, and contains large parlors, billiard rooms, etc. On board Mr. and Mrs. Bell will entertain many friends.

They have a new way of planting orange trees near San Diego, Cal. They bore a small hole and drop in a dynamite cartridge, the explosion of which makes a hole big enough for the tree, and loosening the soil to the depth of several feet enables the tree to take root easier.

Mark Twain's forthcoming book, "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court," is said to be a satire on English nobility and royalty.

Mrs. Margaret Quinn, who died in New York the other day at the age of 110 years, smoked vigorously a strong pipe and possessed with which was the marvel of the neighborhood.

Mr. Wm. Stilling, a Wellington street (London) baker, left home on Thursday evening, as he said, to pay a visit to the Sons of England Lodge in London West, and before starting handed his money to his wife. Since that time nothing has been heard of him, although the most diligent inquiry has been made. Mr. Stilling was a man of strictly temperate habits and his family relations all that could be desired. His friends can imagine no good reason for his disappearance.

FISHING AND FLIGHTING.

A Satirical View of Angling-Fumblers.

A favorite delusion of mankind, in youth, or even in middle age, is that there is pleasure in fishing with the lady. About this last there be no error; says the London News. If you do not care about catching trout, and if the young lady is young and conventionally handsome, "as our father Watson says, go fishing with her by all means. In exactly ten minutes the following things will occur: First, she will entangle your lines and flies with her hair. Next, she will wind her own cast all round her, and in her dress and in her hair, hang in the coils of the casting line, like Salammbô in those of her serpent. You will extricate her, and hand her your rod, but long before you have disentangled her flies, she will have hooked yours in the bottom of the boat. You snap the line with a jerk, and make a new cast, the boat meanwhile drifting on shore. You push off again, and begin casting, and by some accident you hook a trout. Then the fair one perhaps crosses, averts her face, and calls you by a number of terms expressive of a tender and feeling, but indignant regard, or she gets wildly excited, and twists the ear into your line. If the trout is firmly hooked she goes for him with the landing net, and if one thing more than another tries the human temper it is to see a woman hacking with a landing net at his line. She frightens the fish away several times, and then catches the net in the holly, hits the head dead trout on the nose, breaks the cast, and permits him to join his relations, with a piece of gut and an artificial fly in his mouth. The horror of trying to troll with woman-kind, the extent to which all the many hooks of a phantom minnow get inextricably inter-twined with her garments, ought not to be described by persons of feeling. If any one these recreations, let him be assured that he is no fisher, but a lover. If any one who does not want to fish can keep his temper in the midst of these distractions, he is no husband, but a saint. "All hope abandon, ye who fish with ladies," might be written over all Highland boat-houses. The only thing to do is to abandon hope of sport, and cast the time carelessly, not toying with the tangle of fly hooks in Nearer's hair. Land on an island, lunch, smoke, touch the light banjo, exchange sentimental confidences, but do not think to fish with a woman in a boat. And then, after all, when you come home she will mock you for not having caught any trout. As if Mr. Francis Francis, or Mr. Thomas Tod Stoddard, or Maui, who invented barb for trout, could have caught trout with a lady in the boat. Her presence may have other advantages, that is a matter of private taste and content, but to loath fishing women is simply fatal. But her presence in a boat on a loath is a great lesson in the difficult art of grinning and bearing it. Fishers are now warned. Angling is quite difficult enough, thanks to weather and wariness of fish; to add the perplexities caused by woman is merely wasteful. On the other side, he who has a woman with him on the loch has a beautiful and charming substitute for all the other excesses in which failure and incompetence find refuge.

Her wealth of tangled yellow curls. Her eyes cerulean blue. The crimson dye of lips and cheeks. O'er the rainbow's tints.

Two dimples nestle in her cheeks. And one imprints her chin. Her sunny smiles play hide and seek. To chase them out and in.

What a refreshing picture of youthful beauty and sweet temper! And Gretchen owes it all to the splendid health she enjoys. Wise beyond her years, she very sensibly avoids the ills and maladies which beset the weaker of our land, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for women's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by all druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers. For conditions, see wrapper around bottle.

First Kansas Tramp—Bill, I'm goin' off to the road in a few days. Second Kansas Tramp—What air you goin' ter do for a livin'? Not gittin' ter work. First Kansas Tramp—No, I'm goin' ter start a new town.—Time.

Method in His Silence. "Bolton told me he had borrowed some money from you. I was surprised, because I never heard you say anything about it." "No, I still hope to get it back."

\$500 offered for an incurable case of Catarrh in the head, by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A London paper advertises: "Lady wanted to dress at home, original designs for furniture."

DO L. 28 89.

LADIES' SARAVIA, the great Mexican Remedy female irregularities, and permanently cures all immediate. Price \$1. Send for circulars to N. York.

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP. With your name, to print cards, mark books, lines, etc. Send for circulars to N. York.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND.