Sweet Norine

"It was either their lives or ours, Norine," he said. "If they had captured us, they would not have given us so merciful an ending."

As he spoke, he began to descend the tree rapidly.

Norine proceeded to follow his example, but he called back to her to remain where she was for at least a few moments.

"Our great danger is by no means over yet," he declared. "We may have many foes still to face ere we gain freedom."

Ere the words had died on his lips, he leaped lightly to the ground, and, bending over the now motionless Pawnees, he proceeded to take from their pouch of rations, canteens of water, and two dark blankets, and all their bows and arrows. Norine watched him breathlessly from above.

In less time than it takes to tell it, he had regained her side, and was holding one of the canteens to her lips, begging her to drink, long and copiously, all forgetful that he himself had tasted neither food nor drink for almost forty-eight hours.

It was not until Norine had eaten would he take food or drink himself, and when he did so, it seemed to put new life in him.

"You must wrap this dark blanket around you, Norine," he said; "it was your bright coat and hood that came near costing us so dear."

"Can we not move on, Joe?" she pleaded. "My limbs are so cramped that it is hard work to sit here any longer."

"It would not be wise to do so, Norine," he replied, "for the reason that half a dozen scouting parties of redskins, attracted by the sound of the firing, may be hurrying toward this spot at this identical moment. If upward of an hour passes and none approach, it will be well enough to leave this hiding place."

Even exhausted as she was from her strained position, Norine said to herself that whatever Joe concluded to do must certainly be wisest and best.

Thus it proved to be, for almost as soon as they had appeased their thirst and hunger from the provisions and water of the savages, they heard the Pawnee warwhoop in the distance.

The sun had shown itself but for a brief half hour when it had arisen, and now it had entirely disappeared behind a huge bank of dark, leaden clouds, and it had begun to snow heavily.

Joe was thankful for this for two reasons—first, because the heavily falling snow would more effectually screen them from view, and secondly, because their footprints in the deep snow below would be obliterated very quickly.

"Heaven is merciful to us, and God is with us," he murmured.

As the sound of the approaching Indians fell upon Norine's ear, a great cry of terror broke from her lips.

"We are lost this time, Joe!" she cried, wildly; "we are lost! lost! lost!"

It was all that he could do to assure her that their chances of escaping discovery were far better than on the former occasion.

"Be brave, and control yourself," he urged, "and all will yet be well. Keep up, Norine—let that be my prayer to you—when they come within earshot. Remember, their hearing is keen—intensely keen. You must not betray our presence by the slightest sound."

"I will do my best to—to—be brave," answered the girl, catching her breath with a suppressed sob.

His eloquent look thanked her more earnestly than any words could have done.

Joe realized how exhausted she must be from the enforced position, and to how great a tension her nerves must be stretched, and he pitied her from the depths of his great, loyal heart. If he could have given every drop of that heart's blood to save her from the agony she was undergoing, he would gladly have done so.

It was the bitterest of torture to him to look on and see her in distress, with no means of alleviating her sorrow. He had wrapped the dark blanket around her, sheltering her from the cold, and made her as comfortable as he counld. He could do no more now than await the oncoming of the savages, hoping from the depths of his soul that there would be no more bloodshed for her innocent young eyes to behold.

Looking through the trees toward the westward, he saw them approaching, running forward, as fleet of foot as the forest buck, and a thousand times more ferocious to the gaze.

"Close your eyes, Norine, and you will not see," he whispered; "and if you could but close your ears, you would be spared the hearing of their wild shouts."

Norine closed her eyes, and pressed the heavy blanket down close over her ears, as he had suggested—to shut out, as far as was possible, the horrible sounds.

Onward came the Pawnees; when at last they sighted their three fallen comrades lying stiff and stark under the trees, their rage knew no bounds.

Joe knew full well that if they fell into the hands of the savages in that hour, they would show them no pity—no mercy. He could even decipher that much from their wild expressions, as they showed each other the wounds on the dead.

He heard them say: "Catch quick man and girl, and we eat hearts!"

Again Joe thanked Heaven that Norine did not understand their language, or realize their diabolical threats, as they faced each other in awful rage.

Norine did not see or hear, her head was so muffled up within the great, heavy folds of the blanket.

Then followed a most exciting expression of their feelings, as they held the customary war-dance around their fallen comrades, which signified that they should be most speedily avenged.

Their wild howls, which deepened into demoniac yells, were horrible to hear, in their blood-curdling shrdillness. Then, as suddenly as they had begun, they became quiet, and one of their number seemed to be laying out a course of procedure.

Although Joe did his best to hear and understand, this time their language got the better of him; not one word could he comprehend.

The snow had been falling so heavily that all footprints had been speedily obliterated, and then, too, it was beginning to drift—a very fortunate occurrence for them, Joe told himself, thankfully.

Although they examined the ground about the fallen braves as carefully as they could, it did not seem to occur to them to look up into the tree. By the way they pointed through he trees, Joe surmised that they were discussing the probability of their having fled in that direction.

This conviction was deepened when four of their number turned and disappeared through the underbrush toward the point designated.

With bated breath, Joe watched and waited in painful anxiety to see what they intended to do next. How long would the two sentries which they had left behind them remain under the tree?

Fire upon them he dare not, for by this time the forest was probably alive with scouting parties.

There was another thing that troubled Joe intensely, and that was that neither Norine nor himself would be able to hold out much longer; exhausted nature would slowly but surely assert itself, and the result would be that they would become too benumbed to maintain their hold upon the branches much longer or their seats upon the limb of the tree, which the oncoming wind storm was beginning to sway forward and backward.

If the wind freshened into a gale within the next half hour, all would be over with them; they would fall headlong down—ay, down to the feet of the sentries standing motionless beside their dead at the foot of the tree. Already Joe felt a lassitude creeping over him which he seemed unable to shake of.

CHAPTER XXXII.

But at the moment when verything seemed darkest, a bright gleam of joy brightened their hearts, for the savages suddenly determined to quit their vigil.

Before doing this, however, they took great care to carefully cover their fallen braves with great heaps of snow.

Joe's cheeks blanched as he watched them. He knew full well why they had taken that precaution; they realized that the wolves that infested that heavily wooded forest would soon put in an appearance, and their own safety demanded that they should leave with a little delay as possible. The way in which they packed the snow about the bodies told Joe that, and the great pains they took to scrape away every vestige of the discolored snow and heap clean snow about it. This completed, with a strange, uncanny chant, that sounded horribly weird, they retreated slowly in the way in which they had come.

Norine watched her companion mutely, and he knew the question she would ask, and answered it.

"Yes, we will leave our perilous hiding place, but the danger we may meet will require all our fortitude. Whether we go or stay, the danger is the same. Are you equal to it, little Norine? It is only for you I fear—only for you."

"Wherever you lead I can follow," she answered, with attempted bravery.

Without another word of comment he helped her down from the tree in which she had found refuge for so many long hours.

For a moment her limbs seemed so benumber that it was with the utmost difficulty that she could take a single step.

Joe noted it, and it wrung his honest heart with the keenest pain; and, weak as he was, he would have carried her in his arms, if she would have permitted him to do so.

Every step they took was fraught with the gravest danger, but Joe did his best to let Norine's mind dwell upon this. He saved her from every pang of distress possible.

"If we can but reach the main road, all will be well," he whispered to her over and over again. "Four stages cross the mountain daily, you know, and we would not have so long to wait to catch one of them."

Joe dared not follow the main path; the danger of meeting some stray band of Pawnees was too great, so they threaded their way through the thick underbrush, with much difficulty, making very little progress. If he had been alone, he would have pushed onward with much more speed; having Norine to care for, he was obliged to continue the journey.

The redskins and the beasts of prey were not the only foes he feared; the mountain forest was the home of the deadly moccasin snake, and many other venomous species, as well.

That they did not attack prey in the winter months— being at that time in a comatose state—had been disproved by full many a traveler who had nearly lost had nearly lost their lives along that mountain road by coming suddenly in contact with a nest of them hidden beneath some shelving rock.

For an hour or more they made their way onward, Joe cheering her to continue her efforts by cheery words.

But at length, tired nature asserted itself.

"I cannot go any farther, Joe," she faltered; "I am so tired—so tired."

He could see that she spoke the truth. She was too exhausted to proceed another step; there was nothing for it but to let her rest.

Parting the branches of a great, heavy bush, he bade her seat herself, murmuring: "You shall rest here, my poor little girl, and I will watch over you."

Seating her, he proceeded to wrap the blanket about her with as much care as a loving mother might have done.

"Close your eyes and try to sleep a little. Norine," he said: "there is nothing like sleep to freshen one up."

"I know it, Joe," she answered; "but it seems as though I would never be able to close my eyes again. Tired as I am, they will not shut."

"You must shut them resolutely, like this, and keep them closed," he answered, throwing himself down on the ground at a little distance from her, and closing his eyes, by way of example.

Heaven only knew how it happened, but even while he spoke to her, the words trailed slowly toward the last of the sentence, and ere they had scarcely died away on his lips his head fell gently forward and Norine saw that the poor fellow had dropped into a deep sleep.

"Poor, faithful Joe! it is I who will watch over you," thought Norine, noticing how pale and wan he looked.

Exhausted though she was, she did not seem to be able to close her eyes to rest them, despite Joe's earnest advice.

As she sat there, her thoughts reverted to Clifford Carlisle, and his falsity and desertion of her.

She wondered that the blow of finding out how little he really cared for her had not killed her.

She seemed to have but a confused idea of all that had taken place on that memorable occasion between her false lover and Chowsky, the half-breed; she remembered the unexpected encountre and that Clifford Carlisle had ignominiously fled from her. What else had happened at that time, try as she would, she could not recall.

In that hour she had realized that her grandfather's estimate of the handsome, debonair stranger had been but too true.

The knowledge that he did not love her—could never have truly loved her—had been a death blow to her happiness.

"It has broken my heart—I can never love again," moaned Norine, her lips quivering with pititul emotion.

She realized poor Joe's love for her now as she had never realized it before; but alas! when one loves another, there is no affection to give elsewhere, deep as her pity might be for him.

She looked at Joe's careworn face, and her heart ached for him. As yet she had not had the opportunity to tell him how cruelly he had been misjudged by his friends and neighbors—that they quite believed he had absconded with the express company's money —never dreaming that he had fallen into the hands of the desperate Pawnees.

And as she followed this thought out, she remembered suddenly the half-breed's expressed determination to destroy the village of Hadley and massacre the inhabitants.

Oh, God! had their nefarious design been put into execution.

They had not a moment to lose; they must push on; she must awaken Joe, and tell him the awful story.

She tried to spring to her feet, but her limbs refused to obey her; nor could she utter the cry on her lips; her every nerve seemed paralyzed.

And as the moments passed, the world seemed to slip from her; the deep snow seemed to melt and stretch away into green pastures, where bright-hued flowers rioted in the sunshine and birds sang the sweetest of melodies among the green, waving branches. At her feet a purling rivulet leaped over its white, pebbly bed, dancing onward with a whirling rush, pausing not to admire the snowwhite lambkins that cem down to its mossy brink to slake their thirst as they stood knee deep in the sweet, pink clover. Then, slowly, the singing of the little rivulet at her feet seemed to cease, the birds' notes were stilled, and the terrible stillness around and about her seemed to grow oppressive. Something shone like twin scintillating diamonds at her feet, among the wild flowers. The sparkling jewels seemed to wave to and fro — to— and— fro— impelling her almost unconsciously to sway to and fro to keep time with them. The blood seemed to recede from her heart, leaving her as cold as ice; her hands hung powerless at her side. She could not have moved a muscle, stirred hand or foot, if her very life had depended upon it. Suddenly, a whizzing sound rent the air, and Norine realized no more.

When she returned to consciousness, a little while after, she found Joe kneeling beside her, vigorously rubbing her face and hands with snow.

"What was it?" she asked, wonderingly. "Did I fall asleep, Joe? I did not mean to, but I was so tired—so tired I must have drifted off without knowing it."

He looked at her, striping manfully to repress his deep agitation, as he answered:

"You came near falling asleep never to awaken again, Norine. This is what came near doing the mischief. See?"

As he spoke, he held up before her startled gaze a huge black snake, fully ten feet long, minus the head, which had been shot off.

"He had charmed you so completely that you were entirely in his venomous power, and he was just about to strike. Instead of watching you, as I had promised to do, I fell asleep, awakening with a terrible start, a subtle premonition of impending evil, just in the nick of time to save you. Oh, Norine, how can you ever forgive me for so failing in the trust imposed on me? If anything had happened to you, I would have shot myself here at your feet; life would have been over for me."

"Do not look at it," he added, noting how she was trembling, and gazing at it still with fascinated eyes. "It is beyond the power of annoying you further. It has paid for its temerity with its life."

As he spoke, he caught the hideous reptile up with the end of a long stick and hurled it from them, far into the underbrush.

He did not tell Norine that there was sure to be another reptile of the same species near about—that they always traveled in pairs—but each instant he expected to be confronted by its mate.

"Come, Norine," he said, lightly; "we have not rested long, but time is so precious that it is almost a sin to waste one moment in loitering here."

He assisted her to her feet, noting with an aching heart how weak she was growing through the constant strain on her nerves.

"Are you able to go on a little farther, Norine?" he queried, anxiously.

"Yes," she answered.

"And will you?" he murmured, noticing that she made no attempt to stir from the spot which had been replete with so much danger to her.

"If I may lean on you, Joe," she replied, faintly.

It was pitiful to see the expression that came into his face—it was almost like a glory.

He took her hand in silence and drew her toward him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

I do not ask thee for thy heart,
For that would be a vain request;
I only ask for friendship's part—
The safest corner in the breast.
Young love is selfish, fickle, blind,
And soul-consuming in desire—
It had been known to rob the mind
Of young ambition's vaulting fire.

Capricious love is bound to change,
And change is ever linked to loss;
So love may grow so dark and strange
That it becomes a leaden cross.

It seemed to poor Joe that the pinnacle of earthly happiness was reached when Norine leaned so heavily against his heart—the true, noble, manly heart that beat only for her.

He forgot their surroundings in the great peaceful joy that flooded his soul. All that he had suffered was forgotten in the supreme happiness of that moment.

Many another who loved as fondly as Joe did could not have refrained from breathing his love to her then and there.

But Joe Brainard was too noble for that.

Never until after he had placed her in the arms of her good old grandfather and his old wife would he tell the girl how much she was to him, and plead with her to let him protect through the years to come her life, which he had saved not once, but thrice.

He made no attempt to converse with her as they walked along, content to feel her so near him, and to pick out the best steps for her trembling feet, with the prayer in his heart that they might always walk through life just so closely together.

On and on they walked, pausing to rest now and then whenever Norine showed signs of weariness.

At length, much to Joe's alarm, he noticed that the sun was fast sinking in the west over the belt of trees.

(To be continued.)

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ARE YOU WORRIED?

Read this Article and See if it Isn't Nerve Exhaustion.

"I know of no greater misery into which one can fall than the anxiety of studying the symptoms, real or imaginary, or the symptoms of the illness from which you suffer." So writes Mrs. E. B. Lendsworth, of Lynn, Mass. "I am a dressmaker, and can assure you that sewing brings a far greater strain upon one's system than is usually suspected. Often I am compelled to work with tremendous haste, and try at night to keep my health by drinking strong tea or coffee. Frequently during the night I would awaken with heart fluttering and find myself cold and trembling. Then my appetite failed—I grew thin and pale, and was perfectly wretched. Then I began to watch for this and that system, until I fairly became haunted by foreboding and nervous anxiety. Now that I am well, I wonder at it all—but this I know—I wouldn't have been able to last another year had I not restored my health by Ferrozone. In every way Ferrozone did me good, braced up my nervous organization, gave me strong blood, good appetite, ruddy color and enabled me to sleep well. In ways that every woman can understand Ferrozone did me enormous good. I will always use it."

No nourishing, strengthening medicine so potent, so certain to rebuild as Ferrozone—try it—one or two tablets at meals. Sold by all dealers, 50c. per box, six boxes for $2.50, by mail, from The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ontario.

GIVES CENT A DAY.

Rich Des Moines Man Makes Offer to All Iowa Boys.

To every boy in Iowa who will take a pledge to use neither tobacco nor liquor Samuel Saucerman, a wealthy DesMoines resident, will give $1, a cent a day for three years and another dollar at the end of the three years.

At the same time he urges the boys who accept his proposition to save the nickels and dimes they would otherwise have spent for tobacco and alcoholic drinks and put them with their accounts. He has figured out that if the boys will do this none will arrive at the age of twenty-one years without having enough to take him through college or give him a good start in life.

Mr. Saucerman is reported to be worth $1,500,000. The new organization he is perfecting to help boys is to be known as "The Trimmer Band." To demonstrate his earnestness, he has deposited in the name of "The Trimmer Band" $5,000, which is drawing interest.

The plan as outlined by Mr. Saucerman is to take boys from the age of nine to sixteen and organize them into plants or companies of 50 to 100. He would have these boys hold monthly meetings, at which time they would discuss and be taught economy, finance and how to earn money, clean living and everything in line with industry and morals.

Each boy on joining the club will receive $1. The boy must deposit with his dollar 50 cents, to show good faith. Starting his bank account with $1.50, each boy will receive one penny per day for three years, and at the end of that period he will receive an additional $1. This will give him $12 if they have not saved one cent themselves. He urges them to save their nickels and dimes so as to be prepared to start life right.

The pledge each boy takes on joining "The Trimmer Band" is to abstain from tobacco in any form, intoxicating liquors, gambling of any kind and profane and slang language.

FROM A SHADOW TO ROBUST HEALTH

Is the Change Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Made in a New Brunswick Woman.

Anaemia—bloodlessness—is a trouble confined largely to women and growing girls. Its victims are pale; they lose all strength—the least exertion greatly fatigues them and they suffer continually from headaches and depressed spirits. Nothing will cure anaemia so quickly or so surely as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—they have cured thousands of cases, not only in Canada but throughout the whole world. They do this because they make good blood. Among those cured by these pills is Mrs. T. Chalmer Hartley, East Florenceville, N. B., who says: "At the age of sixteen I fell away to a mere shadow. I had scarcely any blood, and suffered from all the distressing symptoms of anaemia. Doctors did not help me in the least, and, acting on the advice of a friend, I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They effected a remarkable change in my condition; indeed, I really believe they saved my life, as I have been well and strong ever since I took them. I also recommended the Pills to a neighbor's daughter who was similarly run down, and they also completely restored her health."

Every woman and growing girl should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills occasionally. If you are ailing from any of the many troubles which afflict your sex they will cure you; if you are not ailing they will protect your health and keep you well and strong. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or direct at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Hog Family Yields $600.

The nine hogs of one litter which brought A. G. Mathias $411.28 will return their purchasers a much lower sum should they convert them into pork chops and lard. It has been estimated that the animals, after the disposal of every part, will be worth more than $600. There will be 360 pounds of hams from the nine porkers and an equal amount of shoulders. The butchers will cut off about 325 pounds of pork loins. The entrails, cleaned for use for sausages, will tip the scales at 135 pounds, while the blood, which finds its use in sausages also, will weigh nearly 100 pounds.

The hams will be sold for $100. Many housekeepers will phy the $90 which will dispose of the shoulders. The amount of lard that will come from the hogs cannot be approximated, but will be several hundred pounds, which will be sold at the rate of 14 cents a pound. The pigs' feet will easily bring 5 cents apiece, because of their sizes. In addition to the leaf lard, the entrails will be steamed to obtain a variety of lard. Even the hair will be sold for use in making plaster.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Day They Celebrate.

Ojibways of the Mississippi band have regularly each year since 1868 celebrated their acceptance and occupation of the White Earth Reservation in western Minnesota.

Within the limits of its boundaries in northern Minnesota these people have come out of barbarism into an advanced stage of civilization. From being American wards and helpless children they are now citizens and owners of the land, with deeds duly signed with their own signatures proving their claims.

Even to this year the days of June 15 and 16 are celebrated instead of July 4, though it is possible that hereafter the Americans' Independence Day will be accepted as their own time of rejoicing.—Fur News.

New Santa Fe Trail.

A modern highway 275 miles long through the "short grass country" in western Kansas would not only prove an illuminating object lesson for the entire State but for all the country as well. The people of western Kansas have started a movement to afford the world just that object lesson in road building. From Newton to the Colorado line it is proposed to construct a continuous boulevard along the Arkansas River and call it "The New Santa Fe Trail."—From the Kansas City Times.

Fine Carving.

An Italian jeweler has carved a single pearl into the shape of a boat, which has a sail of beaten gold.

RABIES IN DOGS.

Hints From The 79th Annual Report of the Royal Society

For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London, England.

The eccentric habits of some dogs are often mistaken for symptoms of rabies; therefore, it is necessary to remember any peculiar actions of a dog when inquiring into its condition of health.

Moreover, dogs are subject to maladies which are very often mistaken for rabies. Epileptic fits, for instance, have been taken as signs of the madness. In an epileptic convulsion the dog falls on its side and emits a frothy saliva from its mouth; the attack lasts only a few minutes, and the dog entirely recovers in half an hour.

It is not possible to make a statement on paper of the symptoms of rabies which cannot be misunderstood; therefore an owner should obtain the advice of a skilled person as soon as he becomes alarmed by his dog's manner and illness.

A dog will lap water, for it does not dread fluids, when rabid; it never suffers from hydrophobia. (Note—Rabies is the disease in the animal; hydrophobia is the disease in the human being.) Foaming at the mouth, raging madness, and fits, are the last forms of rabies. The first signs are seen in habits—the dog's behaviour is entirely changed, and its countenance is altered. An affected animal becomes dull, gloomy, and taciturn, and tries to hide itself in out-of-the-way places; or, when spoken to by its master, it looks up apparently with an effort to be cheerful, its countenance dropping the moment afterwards into an expression of wretchedness, and its eyes staring with a sad void in them; sometimes it collects dirty pieces of rope which it hides; or it is restless the moment it lies down, finding no place comfortable, "seeking rest but finding none"; or, it seems to be under fitful delusions, and fancies it sees things, or hears sounds, and starts at them, and subsides the moment afterwards into supineness. Its temper generally changes from natural sociability to disagreeableness. In many instances it vomits, the ejected matter being streaked with blood. Though surly, it is not vicious at this stage of the malady, but, on the contrary, it is unusually affectionate; and yet its expressions of love seem tinged with a melancholy which impresses a careful observer with the unhappy thought that the poor creature is conscious of its serious condition, and of a danger to its friends that it may be the agent of. Sometimes it shows distrust, preferring solitude to the company of those it has loved; at others, an imploring, despairing appeal is made to its master to save it from impending disaster. Its master's voice always has a semi-magical influence on it. In more decided cases, it snaps at the air, apparently seeking for something it cannot find, and scrapes incessantly. These are bad signs, especially if at the same time the poor creature becomes fastidious in feeding, or refuses food which it formerly was partial to, and, instead, shows a morbid disposition to eat carpet, wool, earth, stones, excrement, etc. When the above signs are present, or any of them are sufficiently present to alarm its owner, the animal should be isolated, and a veterinary surgeon should be called in, and no child should be permitted to go near it. When the peculiar noise is heard, which is neither a snarl, nor a growl, nor a bark, nor a howl, but all of these, in which the howl predominates, then no doubt can be felt. Generally a rabid dog tries to escape from its master, probably fearing to injure him and others whom it loves; and then it wanders—moving along with no visible object or aim, but still going on and on, frequently at a quick pace until its strength fails.

DO NOT KILL A DOG THAT HAS BITTEN ANYONE.

It is needless in this paper to refer to the succeeding stages of the malady; but the reader is cautioned against the superstition that an occult relation exists between a rabid dog and a person bitten by it. This notion often leads to the immediate sacrifice of a dog, whether it is rabid or not, instead of to the isolation of the animal, and allowing an interval to elapse in order to test its real condition. How freequently would this course, if adopted, relieve an injured person from terror and even uncertainty, and save a valuable animal! (Note—A dog suspected of having rabies, especially one that has bitten other dogs, or people, should be captured and placed in confinement and its condition carefully studied for, at least, ten days.)

Reduce the number of dogs. Every year thousands of absolutely useless animals are born, and allowed to grow up and breed.

The objection to the muzzle as a preventive measure consists in the circumstances that it cannot be kept on an animal night and day, and always. People muzzle their dogs when they take them out into the streets, and remove the muzzles on returning to their homes, in order that their dogs may be more comfortable, and may be enabled to take food; for no muzzle has yet been constructed that, when on, will permit an animal to eat its food, while being also a real protection against bites. It is a curious circumstance, and bears strongly on this argument, that in Germany, where dogs are muzzled all the year round, and elsewhere during the time dogs have been muzzled by police order, no rabid dog has ever been found with a muzzle on its head; but many rabid dogs have been caught wearing or carrying broken or damaged muzzles so that they could easily bite other dogs or men.

Must Have Electric Lights.

The locomotives of the State of Indiana, except those used for switching purposes, must be equipped with electric headlights.

The Manhattan Bridge.

The total length of the new Manhattan bridge connecting the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn is 6855 feet. The total cost of the bridge, including real estate, is $15,833,600. The weight of the cables is 6300 tons.