New Styles in Ladies' Strap Slippers just received—75c to $2 a pair.

We figure this way.

We do not want to carry over any **Tan Shoes** to another season and in order to close them all out this month we must cut the price.

Every Tan Shoe and Oxford in the store reduced in price.

Big Cut in Bicycle Shoes!

Three tables of Bargains in Ladies' Low Shoes—79c, $1.23, $1.39

H. B. Merritt, 17 N. Saginaw St. Pontiac.

"CRAZY!"

I should say yes.

The boys and girls are all wild over the fine display of Fireworks that W. R. Owen has in his store and windows. The largest stock and greatest variety ever brought into Oakland County. You should see his funny goods, and do not forget to look at his Hammocks from 75c to $4.50. Croquet Sets cheap as ever. Call and see him.

Yours truly,

W. R. OWEN, Pontiac, Mich.

REGIMENTAL COLORS.

FLAGS THE BOYS CARRY ON TO VICTORY.

Each Regiment Is Distinguished—Standards Borne by English and Continental Soldiers—Great Variety of Design and Color in Some Armies.

(Washington Letter.)

INSIGNIA of some kind have been carried by troops from time immemorial, and a soldier's interest in his regiment is, to a large extent, centered in a piece of wood and silk, for which he is willing to sacrifice his life rather than to allow an enemy to capture it.

In the United States army and in the state troops each regiment carries two colors—one the national color, the other what is commonly known as the regimental color.

The national color of the United States army is of silk with yellow silk fringe, is four feet four inches high and five feet six inches wide, and is made with a casing through which passes the staff, the color being held firmly by a leather strap at the top and bottom of the casing. The spear head is a heart-shaped figure of excellent design, and under the present regulations nickel-plated. The colors of the infantry regiments have tassels attached to them of blue and white silk. The cavalry regiments now carry no tassels; the artillery regiments carry red and yellow tassels. The stars on our modern colors are embroidered with almost mathematical accuracy, the result of this kind of work being that the stars are the same on both sides of the blue, and because of the relief which the embroidery gives them, they stand out much more distinctly than the ordinary stars of linen or other material. On the middle red stripe is embroidered the name of the regiment, which, of course, reads correctly on only one side, the stripe being of a single thickness of material.

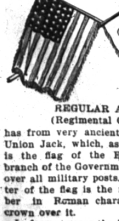
The regimental colors of the United States infantry regiments are of blue silk, showing the eagle bearing on his breast a shield with the arms of the United States. The eagle carries in one talon a branch of laurel with red berries and in the other a bunch of arrows. Over the eagle's head is an arc of sun rays semicircular in shape, between which and the head of the eagle are 13 stars. In the eagle's mouth is a scroll with the words "E pluribus unum." Underneath the eagle is a scroll on which the regimental name is embroidered.

The general design of this color is good, but the execution of the eagle is very poor. It is a pity that the name on the scroll and also the motto "E pluribus unum" are not embroidered on separate pieces of silk, so that the back side of the flag should at least have the lettering so embroidered as to read straight and not backward.

The cavalry colors are like the infantry colors, but considerably smaller, the regimental fringe being yellow and very handsome, but with the same effects in design as the infantry flag. The artillery national color is like the infantry color; the regimental color is red with two crossed yellow cannon. Of this and of the flag of the engineer battalion (which is also red, but with a white castle upon it), the less said the better. It would be difficult to imagine two uglier flags.

The state regimental colors are usually of blue silk, although some states have white and some have red flags, with the coat of arms of the state embroidered or painted upon them. Some of them are very rich, and, like those of the Connecticut militia, for example, very handsome in design and execution.

In England each regiment carries two colors—the Queen's color and the regimental color. The Queen's color has from very ancient times been the Union Jack, which, as is well known, is the flag of the English military branch of the Government, and is flown over all military posts. Upon the center of the flag is the regiment's number in Roman characters, with the crown over it.



REGULAR ARMY.
(Regimental Colors.)

In former years the English infantry regiments, by regulation, had colors corresponding to colors of the facings of their uniforms, so that there were blue, green, yellow and buff flags. Regiments with black, white or red facings had either a black flag with a red cross upon it or a white flag with a red cross. The upper corner near the staff was always occupied by a small Union Jack. By a recent modification of the regulations the regimental colors do not show the "jack" in the corner. They are merely a silk flag with the name of the regiment on it within a large laurel wreath, upon which are badges showing the regimental battle honors.

In Continental Europe it is usually the custom for the regiments to carry flags which are wholly different from the national colors. Thus the Austrian army flag is a yellow or white flag, bearing on one side an embroidered figure of the Virgin Mary and on the other side the imperial arms, a double-headed eagle with various coats of arms. The flag itself is very handsome. The Russian colors are very complicated in design, and are also quite different from the national flag. The same holds good in Germany. The reason for this difference between these flags and ours is that the war flags of the European crowned heads are supposed to be the flag of the Prince and not the flag of the country—a survival of a very ancient custom.

Curiously enough, in Belgium and Italy this rule does not hold good, the armies of both nations having their national colors, in Italy with the royal arms on the middle stripe, and in Belgium without anything to indicate royalty in any way. Of course

ENGINEERS AND ARTILLERY.

in France the red, white and blue flag of France is carried. In Russia and Germany, as in England, there is the greatest variety of colors.

Another peculiarity of our flags and of those of England is that they are not nailed to the staves. Nearly all the continental colors are nailed to the staves (there are only a few, or of the smaller states, not so nailed). The ceremony of nailing the silk to the staff is in some countries of great importance—second only to the presenting of the colors. The effect of a nailed color is better than that of a color with a lance casing, because the silk fits snugly about the staff (which, of course, is not tapered,) and the gleam of the gold-headed nails adds to the effectiveness of the colors.

But in all this, and no matter how rich these colors are, there are none more beautiful than our own national colors; and added to this we have the oldest flag of any nation, except, perhaps, Spain and Portugal. Our thirteen stripes date many years before the English Jack or the French "tricolore." Besides, we have clung to our army colors with that curious conservatism which is such a strong trait in our national character. Our present war will give another reason for not changing the old regimental flags.

WILD BIRDS IN LONDON.

Twenty years ago who would not have laughed at the suggestion that it might be necessary to place a wire entanglement around the trunk of the tree in the Bank of England courtyard to prevent the Bank of England cat from eating the wild wood pigeons nesting therein? It would have seemed almost as reasonable to muzzle the lions at the Zoo for fear they should catch and eat the dodo, or to barricade Exeter hall during the May meetings to keep out the uninvited boa constrictor. Yet the wild wood pigeons of the city of London are an accomplished and very familiar fact. In Leicester square, which some of us remember as a derelict tangle of weeds with the riderless horse of a broken equestrian statue in the middle, there are now trees from which the nesting wood pigeons survey the passing traffic, and descending to scramble with the sparrows for the contents of a cab horse's split nosebag. In St. James' park the "shy ring-dove" woos his mate "coram publico" with an absence of shyness that would be ridiculous were it not welcome testimony to the wisdom of our civilized protection of wild life. In the country a man has only to hold an umbrella or walking-stick gunwise to make the wary wood pigeon three fields off arise and fly to a safer distance; in Leicester square or St. James' park a man might carry a whole bundle of guns, and, provided that he had also breadcrumbs to distribute, the wood pigeons would come to his feet to eat them. A very interesting struggle for existence is destined to take place in the near future between the ordinary London pigeon and the wild wood pigeon, in which it is not easy to say which will triumph.—London Globe.

An Expensive Thermometer.

The most expensive thermometer is in use at the Johns Hopkins University. It is known as Prof. Bowland's thermometer, and is valued at $10,000. It is an absolutely perfect instrument, and the graduations on the glass are so fine that it is necessary to use a microscope to read them.

"Always pay as you go," said Uncle Dudley. "But, uncle, suppose I've nothing to pay with?" "Then don't go."—Tit-Bits.

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

CURRENT NOTES OF DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

An Instrument of Queer Make—A Galloping Gun Carriage Invented by an Earl—Glaciers and Their Movements—Heat as a Medical Measure.

Nature's Handicraft.

A traveler thus describes an ebbing and flowing well at Alibag, a few miles south of Bombay. The well was occasionally affected by the tide, and is situated about twenty or twenty-five yards from the high-water marks of spring tides, although the surface washed light objects nearer. During the monsoon the sand dunes were saturated by heavy rains and the fresh water poured out at ebb tide from their seward base. When the spring tide happened to occur at heavy rain times, the water in the well rose a little later than the tide, and several feet higher. The taste of the water was not affected. The surface of the well at such times was two feet higher than the floor of the writer's house. The domicile, he remarks, was a regular death-trap, and when he was endeavoring to get it condemned and pulled down his attention was directed to the ebb and flow of water in the well.

An interesting illustration of natural engineering is the well-known heavy dike on the Holland coast, which was built by the winds themselves. Invention. The sand formed between the jetties, becoming dry in sunny weather, and the surface blown ashore on the wind blowing in that direction, it was desired to build a strong dike to connect with the sand dunes, and this was accomplished by setting in the sand, in rows about one foot apart, tufts of dune sea grass near by. The tufts thus placed, consisting simply of little handfuls of grass, were put each one into a cavity dug out with the hands, the tufts being set into this and the sand pressed around. The whole surface of the dry, sandy beach above high tide was covered with this plantation, and just back of it, at the highest point of the existing sandy area, one or two rows of reeds were set in the sand, their tops cut off and the stalks left standing about four feet above the sand—the latter drifted along over the surface, catching and in one day almost burying the tufts of grass and standing up one foot along the row of reeds. Then another plantation being made, and another, a massive dike was thus built up to the height of the adjoining dike. In high storm tides the waves eat into the top of the slope and pull down the sand, but, by the same process of building, the dike is again restored to its former size.

Heat as a Medical Measure.

Medical journals occasionally take up the subject of treatment by means of heat. The method has not met with extreme favor because of errors in applying it. This form of alleviating pain and curing disease is by no means new, having been successfully practiced by some of the laity for many years. The heat must be extremely dry to have the best effect; steam or moisture is incompatible with success, for as soon as a sufficiently high temperature is reached the steam renders it unbearable to the patient. One of the best and simplest ways to apply dry heat is to fill bottles or cans with boiling water, wrap them in pieces of cloth and place them as near to the patient as can be borne. Neuralgia, rheumatism and digestive disorders have been known to vanish as if by magic under this treatment. All that is necessary is to refill the vessels as often as required. They must be absolutely water-tight and not a drop of moisture must touch the wrappers, as this would create the steam, which is so objectionable. Congestive headaches and severe nervous attacks have been removed at once by this means. Where medical facilities are not easily obtained a number of cans or bottles kept expressly for the purpose of holding hot water will be found of great advantage.

Instrument of Queer Make.

This violin was made from an old tin kettle. The handle of a spade, broken off, supplies the handle. The stock of the kettle is used as a shoulder support. The bow is part of an old umbrella, stocked with hairs kept tight by means of corks at either end. The instrument produces an excellent tune, and the performer plays several airs in very good style.

Glaciers and Their Movements.

In regions of perpetual snow, enormous quantities of this material fall and drift into ravines and rest upon hill sides. Day after day it accumulates until it forms a mass truly amazing in weight and bulk. As the warm season approaches the earth underneath feels its influence and water begins to trickle from below—first in some places there are springs that never stop running. This perpetual moisture underneath and the weight of the snow causes the glacier to slide, giving it a motion of several inches during the day. In some instances these masses of ice and snow have been known to travel sixteen inches in twenty-four hours. By this means a large amount of debris and silt is carried down to the valleys, rendering them extremely fertile. The constant grinding of these glaciers cuts up and breaks up rocks and everything else underneath them. As the snow falls in packs, becomes warm from the sun, and settles together. This process long continued creates a weight that after a certain distance compresses the snow into solid ice. Glaciers drift with more or less rapidity, according to the conformation of the ground over which they pass. Sometimes the glacier becomes blocked between projecting points in the hills, then the accumulated force may part the glacier with reports that are like cannonading, forming great crevices and fissures in the ice. Light snow falls over these, making them exceedingly dangerous to those who attempt to traverse the mountains.

Invented by an Earl.

A trial took place the other day in Windsor park of the galloping gun carriage invented by the early of Dundonald. One of the principal merits of

the gun carriage is its extreme lightness. Its weight, inclusive of gun, is less than 400 pounds; whereas that of the ordinary Maxim carriage is upward of 900 pounds.

As a result of the lessened weight only one horse is required instead of two, while a single man can, if necessary, move the carriage a considerable distance. A notable feature of the carriage is its rotary ammunition carrier, which has capacity for 1,250 rounds.

Luminosity in Plants.

Many instances have been recorded of flowers being luminous at night. They only seem to do this on rare occasions, hence they are to be envied who have the good fortune to witness the phenomena. Though the writer has often endeavored to get fortune's favor, she has never smiled on him but once, when she saw the phosphorescent glow from fungi in a hollow tree, just like the glow of a match when rubbed in the dark. A German naturalist, Herr Haggen, seems to have met with a number of instances in his country—or rather the night watchman he employed did. He concludes the phenomena is more likely to occur when it is dark after rain following a sunny day. July and August gave the most instances. Occurrences began soon after sunset, and there were none after dawn. He could not decide on the cause of the luminosity.—Meehan's Monthly for July.

Moon Blindness.

A curious case of "moon blindness" is reported from Boston. It occurred in a sailor 19 years of age, who had slept on deck between 2 and 4 a. m., while somewhere between the equator and 5 degrees north latitude during the first week in June, 1895. It is the custom of the sailors to carefully protect their eyes from the moon's rays while sleeping on deck, but the man had uncovered his face during sleep. Between 7 and 8 o'clock the following evening he had difficulty in seeing his way about, although the moon and stars were shining brightly. For a long time after he was practically blind after sunset. Recovery was gradual after cessation from work.

Touch-Button Umbrellas.

Self-opening and closing umbrellas are being made in Germany, the handle and stick being formed of three telescoping tubes with a coiled spring in the upper portion of the stick, which is set after the umbrella is opened or closed in order to reverse the movement by touching a button in the handle.

WASHING THE TIGER.

Heroic Feat Performed by a Cossack in Moscow.

A good story has been copied in the papers from La France du Nord about a Cossack, ignorant of the French language and equally ignorant of fear, who was hired at Moscow by the lion tamer Pezon to clean the cages of his wild beasts. Their understanding or misunderstanding was arranged by means of gestures and dumb show, as that unfortunate Tower of Babel hindered intelligible speech between the Frenchman and the Cossack, and Pezon thought that the man thoroughly understood what he had to do. The next morning the Tartar began his new duties, entering with bucket, sponge and broom, not the cage of a tame beast, as his master had done, but of a splendid untamed tiger lately asleep upon the floor. The fierce animal awoke and fixed his eyes upon the man, who calmly proceeded to wet his large sponge, and, unterrified, to approach the tiger. At this moment Pezon appeared upon the scene and was struck with horror. Any sound or motion on his part would intensify the danger of the situation by rousing the beast to fury; so he quietly waited till need should arise to rush to the man's assistance. The moujik, sponge in hand, approached the animal, and perfectly fearless, proceeded to rub him down as if he had been a horse or a dog; while the tiger, apparently delighted by the application of cold water, rolled over on his back, stretched out its paws, and purring, offered every part of his body to the Cossack, who washed him as complacently as a mother bathes her infant. Then he left the cage, and would have repeated the hazardous experiment upon another savage from the desert had not Pezon drawn him off with difficulty.

VALUE OF SENSE OF HUMOR.

Labouchere Considers It the Most Precious of Gifts.

From the London Truth: I regard a sense of humor as one of the most precious gifts that can be vouchsafed to a human being. He is not necessarily a better man for having it, but he is a happier one. It renders him indifferent to good or bad fortune. It enables him to enjoy his own discomfiture. Blessed with this sense, he is never unduly elated or cast down. No one can ruffle his temper. No abuse disturbs his equanimity. Bores do not bore him. Humbugs do not humbug him. Solemn airs do not impose on him. Sentimental gush does not influence him. The follies of the moment have no hold on him. Titles and decorations are but childish baubles in his eyes. Prejudice does not warp his judgment. He is never in conceit or out of conceit with himself. He abhors all dogmatism. The world is a stage on which actors strut and fret for his edification and amusement, and he pursues the even current of his way, invulnerable, doing what is right and proper according to his lights, but utterly indifferent whether what he does finds approval or disapproval from others. If Hamlet had had any sense of humor he would not have been a nuisance to himself and all surrounding him.

Gladstone's Magnanimity.

Prof. Jacob Cooper, in an article on Gladstone, says: "No public man in any country, unless it was Mr. Lincoln, has been so much or so coarsely slandered. Yet he fail to find a word of vituperation or complaint against his enemies. Even those of his political household who abandoned him because they could not accept his radical measures for the relief of the oppressed, or were bought off by patronage and then lifted their heels against him, were either upbraided for their treachery nor had their motives questioned. He was as kind and fair to those who plotted for his overthrow as though they all supported his policy. There is a notable instance in point. Mr. Chamberlain was, for a long time, one of his stanchest colleagues, but abandoned him at a time when such action could most injure his cherished measures. With no conceivable reason but personal gain he denounced his late chief with unstinted severity. This abuse elicited no reply, nor did Mr. Gladstone's kindness toward him abate. A clever man, Mr. Chamberlain, entered parliament, and signalized his debut as a speaker by a shameful tirade against the venerable statesman, almost four times his own age. The father of the young orator was present and calmly listened to the abuse so bitter that it recoiled upon the speaker. At the conclusion of the tirade all waited breathlessly, when Mr. Gladstone rose to reply. He spoke of "the great promise of the young member," praised his "maiden" speech in most cordial terms; and in the happiest strain congratulated the father of such a brilliant son, expressing deep sympathy in the pride which his former colleague must feel in the success of his son, which they had just listened. Though Parliament is a body not much given to sentiment, there was no one present except Mr. Gladstone who did not evince deep emotion. In the case of sire and son, even tears of shame could not suffice. None who witnessed that scene can forget it, or fail to note that the Grand Old Man was as superior to the motives which control men generally as he was in ability and culture."

The Lowell Memorial Assured.

The net sum raised for the Lowell memorial Park at Cambridge was $37,427. The fund insures the purchase of the Elmwood lands offered, with a surplus of $2,000, which an act of the legislature will be used to buy additional land. Our war has brought Lowell prominently into the public mind, and made every noticeable how peculiarly representative of national sentiment his poetry is. He has been more quoted in the newspapers and elsewhere during the last two months than all our other older poets put together. It is interesting to search out of his letters his impressions of Spain and the Spaniards formed during his stay as American Minister in Madrid. He said, in a letter to Mr. Howells: "Spain is as primitive in some ways as the books of Moses, and as oriental. Spaniards have, I believe, every possible fault—and yet I love the jades for a' that. . . . Their indifference to legitimate profit is a continual comfort, and they have no more enterprise than an Old Cambridge man."—Harper's Weekly.

ONE OF THE THREE.

Dollie knocked at my door.

Dollie is my niece and my goddaughter, and it is always a pleasure to me to see her, but when she wakes me up at 3 o'clock in the morning to give me that pleasure I cannot say that it is wholly an unmixed one.

"Auntie, may I come in?"

"You are in," I answered tartly, for she had opened the door.

Evidently she considered this an invitation, for she closed the door behind her, put the candle down on the table, and sat down at the foot of my bed.

"Auntie," she said penitently, "I wouldn't disturb you unless it was for something really important. But I can't sleep."

"What has been taking place?" I asked.

"It isn't what has taken place, but what will take place. Auntie I must marry me."

"Extremely sudden. I see no immediate necessity."

"Ah, will sound crude. I am in love with three men."

"Not bad for your years. Do you propose to marry all three?"

"No—but I propose to marry one of them. The question is which."

"And where does my part come in?"

"You must decide for me," pleadingly.

"Bless me, you are to marry them—him I mean—the one"—I said confusedly, "not me, therefore surely you ought to be the one to choose."

"How can I be both judge and counsel? And I want to plead the cause of all three."

"Plead away, then." I was getting curious now.

"First, there is Mr. Acton."

"A clever barrister, from all accounts. What do you find to love in him?"

"He is so clever, so ambitious, so strong, and keen, and cold. Auntie brain is a grand thing. And it is so delicious to lose all one's own small identity and individuality in such a large one—to merge one's paltry ambitions in another's great one. Think of the pride of hearing a man like that say, 'That is my wife.' Think of the pleasure of assisting his work, of standing between him and the everyday disturbing annoyance of life, above all, the pleasure of having him to look up to and admire. Admiration for a man is a luxury so rarely possible to women nowadays. And I admire everything about him, from his clear cut features and keen eyes to his enormous brain and wonderful eloquence."

I was so much astonished at Dollie's own unwonted eloquence that I could only blink stupidly for a minute or two. Then I said, "Does he want to marry you?"

"They all want to marry me"—tragically.

"You have pleaded one cause so well that I fail to see where the other two can have any advantage. Who are they?"

"Well, there is Claude Brown."

"Then explain the quality of the essence poured forth for him."

"He makes me feel like a saint. He

"I HAVE BROUGHT HOME JACK."

believes I am the most perfect woman living. When he sits and talks to me I am a throned queen and he an humble worshiper. I am a single, tall, white lily in a field of grass. I am a white-robed nun, a spotless, pure white maiden. I feel as if my hands held charity and the kindliness and the peace of the world, and no vileness could live near me. I am something set apart. I sit in a charmed circle with his love and reverence making a white wall between me and the world, sins and temptations of the world. I am raised above the commonplace. Storms can rage all round me and not touch me. The world struggles and fights while I sit on a white throne holding its ideals and high hopes pure and undefiled."

Dollie's candle and my night light shone on the pink ball dress and made her jewels sparkle. But the jewels were nowhere compared to her glistening eyes. I had forgotten now that I ever had a down pillow and a hot water bottle.

Twenty-year-old Dollie had reached the two extremes of woman's bliss—oh, wasteful fates—while some women never have either. But where in the name of the holy St. Valentine was she going to get in a third?

"And Claude Brown also wishes to marry you?"

"They all want to marry me," she repeated, more tragically still.

"And I am judge." I ejaculated, looking at the rosebud face and sweet perturbed blue eyes. "Well, I should be sorry to have the responsibility of giving the casting vote now, and I have another cause to listen to. Who is the third?"

"The third is Jack."

"Ah, then, what has Jack to offer besides a fair income and his handsome face? A luxury of admiration? Or a white throne? Or something original on his own account?"

"No. After all, I think Jack might be struck out first," she said, meditatively. "Only he says, 'Doll, old girl,' and pushes my bicycle up all the hills."

"Marry Mr. Acton," I suggested.

"Yes, perhaps I will," said Dollie slowly. "But I cannot help thinking it is a pity to be a pillow all one's life, knowing that one could have reigned a sainted queen."

"So it is," I responded cheerfully. "Marry Claude Brown."

"Well, I may," said Dollie, without enthusiasm. "But isn't a sainted queen a lonely person?"

"A very lonely person," I decided. "Marry Jack."

"That," answered Dollie promptly, "would be reverting to the commonplace."

"Dollie," I said, "go to sleep and dream. And marry the one you dream of."

Fortunately Dollie was pleased to see the wisdom of this remark.

"Well," she answered. "That is a good idea, for it does away with the responsibility. Good night, auntie."

"Good night, Dollie," I replied, falling back on my pillow gratefully. The next morning Dollie popped her head in at my door when I was dressing and said in a voice that carried the despair of nations in its tones:

"Auntie, I dreamt of all three. I went to church to be married, and there they all were—frock coats with white buttonholes and all."

Dollie was out shutting all day. I hate cold, so I spent the afternoon by the library fire reading, and was deeply engrossed when Dollie woke me—I mean disturbed me—again.

There was a clash of skates in the hall and the sound of a girl's rippling laugh and a man's deep voice.

Then Dollie came into the library. Her eyes sparkled and danced—her cheeks were daintily rose-tinted—her wide hat brim sheltered a different face from the one that had departed by the light of a night light.

"Auntie," she said, "I have brought home Jack."

"Ah," I remarked, "then you have reverted to the commonplace after all."

Dollie didn't even mind.

"Yes," she said happily.—West End Review.

TRAVELING BY RAIL IN PERU.

Crew Is Never in a Hurry and Time Cuts No Figure.

From the New York Sun: The railroads in Peru are unlike anything of the kind elsewhere in the world. We Anglo-Americans, especially we Californians, hear a good deal about Henry Meiggs' wonderful railroad up the Andes. No doubt it is a great piece of engineering, but it seems to me that the most wonderful part of the railroad is the fact that the Peruvians ever let anyone outside of their country make a fortune or achieve any result in Peru. The management of the Andean railroad is unique. There are no timecards that we could ever discover. We were simply told that the train would go north or south in the morning or afternoon of a certain day, and we had to wait for it. The natives stretched themselves out on the railroad station platform and slept until the little train came in, with a locomotive twenty years behind the times and cars that we used to see in the United States along in war times. There is always all the deliberation in the world about starting the train from the station. No one cares for time among Peruvian railroad men. The engineer jokes with the loafers about the station and deliberately oils and looks over the locomotive. Stops of twenty minutes at ordinary stations are common. Nearly all so-called accommodation trains are run three times a week. The trains rattle along at twelve miles an hour and will stop for the night at a station. Then the next morning the engineer will stoke up his locomotive and the train will joggle along again, stopping for rest when night comes on. I don't believe there is a train run in the night on Henry Meiggs' railroad in Peru. A man at Lima told me that a few weeks ago a locomotive ran off the track and rolled down a thirty-foot embankment, and that it was ten days before the locomotive was put on the track. The workmen worked leisurely in the day time and quit at each night fall. Meanwhile traffic on that branch of the road was suspended.

RARE CANINE INTELLIGENCE.

St. Bernard Wanted the Little Pug Released.

A striking instance of the intelligence of a dog was demonstrated Sunday night in Maplewood, at the residence of Col. W. S. Moore, local agent of the Miami Powder company, says the St. Louis Republic. The incident has set all Maplewood to talking. A St. Bernard pawed on the door of Mr. Moore's residence and whined and growled in such a strange manner that the people in the house concluded to investigate. They had observed that his face betokened a look of distress rather than fierceness. Col. Moore and others started out to follow the dog. As soon as the St. Bernard perceived that he was being at least partially understood his whole attitude changed and he frisked about in a joyful manner. He watched the colonel and his party carefully to see that they were following him and led the way to a neighboring house about half a mile distant. When this place was reached his motives were at once understood. There, wedged tight between the bars of a porch railing, was a small pug dog, that, in his struggles to secure his liberty, had twisted himself in such a position that he was rapidly choking to death. The St. Bernard stood by and watched with interest the efforts of the party to extricate the unfortunate pug from his perilous position. This was only accomplished by breaking the bars of the railing. As soon as the pug was freed the St. Bernard manifested his appreciation by jumping on the shoulders of Col. Moore and licking his hands in gratification. Then he trotted complacently from the place and was soon lost to view. No one in the vicinity had ever seen the St. Bernard before, but all expressed admiration for the high canine intelligence that he displayed.

An Extraordinary Animal.

Science is continually discovering new wonders. An artesian well driven at San Marcos, Texas, recently found not only water, but a kind of animal inhabiting the water, which is found nowhere else. Specimens have just been received for study at Cornell University. The creature proves to be a blind salamander, nearly white in color, with long slender legs and toes useless for locomotion, but valuable for feeling in the blind darkness of the underground waters. They have been given the graceful name of Typhlomolge.

The 1895 Rules.

"It is the war that has knocked baseball out."

"You mean it is the lack of war."—Indianapolis Journal.