TEN THOUSAND FARMERS WANTED
TO READ THIS.

A Committee of Farmers and Mechanics were appointed by the D. A. & M. Society, at the late Territorial Fair, to examine all Imported Wagons on exhibition at the Fair, and they recommended

THE COOPER FARM AND FREIGHT WAGONS
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And Spring Wagons, and other Light Vehicles, including the "Frazier," "Park," and "Road" Carts have a well established reputation in the Territory.

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Deering Junior Twine Binders,
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Are Second to None in the Territory and have only to be tried to be prized above all others.

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For one or two horses, has only to be seen to be admired, and is unsurpassed for Strength and Durability and cannot be beaten in the Hay Field.

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In two, three, four, five or six sections. Is the boss Harrow, never rot out, and will last a farmer's lifetime, and do better work than any other.

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Is the Best Machine for sowing any desired quantity of Grass or Lucern Seed, and small grain to the acre, that a Farmer can have on his premises, and after using it would not part with it at any price if he could not get another.

Grain & Seed Drills with Iron Wheels,

And Land Measure Attached, that will sow Grass Seeds, any Kind of Grain, Peas or Beans in any quantity you desire to the acre and with such regularity that your fields will look as pretty as a picture.

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Which you have only to try and then appreciate. For any of the First-Class Goods in large or small quantities, write or call on us for prices and terms. In addition to the above we carry a Stock of Wagon Hardwood and Plank, and do General Repairing of All Kinds of Vehicles in a workman-like manner and at

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$850 A good four roomed adobe and two kitchens, lot 2½ x 20, good outhouses, fenced; this is very cheap; in 15th Ward, on First South street.

$500 New brick house of two rooms, kitchen and cellar, lot 2½x10 rods, 21st Ward.

$4000 A 2 story brick house, 7 large rooms, 3 pantries, well finished, 3½ blocks west of Main st.; lot 5x15 rods.

$2100 A good new adobe house, 4 rooms, well finished, lot 5x16, good stable, 2nd South. Good business property and very cheap.

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$700 Adobe house of 4 rooms, lot 4x10 rods, fenced, stable etc., 5th ward.

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$1550 A new brick house of 3 rooms an large cellar, near Main Stree 13th Ward.

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$1200 A new adobe house of 3 rooms lot 3x8, nice orchard, close to Temple Block, 17th Ward.

If you have anything in the shape of Houses or Lands, Horses, Cows, goods or chattles you don't want, call at this office and exchange for something that will be useful to you.

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$600 Thirteen Acres of Good Lucern Land, half mile west of the city.

$1700 A small farm of 11 acres, 3 acres of lucern, 1½ acres in clover, balance good plow land; a new brick house, 2 large rooms, stables, etc., close to Lovendahl's station on U. C. R. R., south; will trade for city property.

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$5.00, house of four rooms, South Temple Street.

$16.00, house, 7 large rooms, 2½ blocks west of Main, on Sixth South street.

$5.00, house of 2 rooms, First South 2½ west of Main street.

$6.00, house of three rooms, 16th Ward.

$15.00, house of 6 rooms, on State road.

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THE GREAT NERVE TONIC.—Unsurpassed as a remedy for General Debility, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Broken-down Constitutions.

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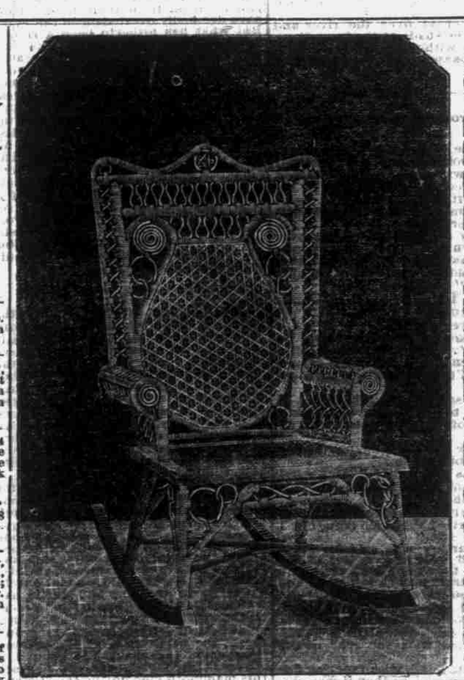
THE CAL. PRUNE LAXATIVE.

The only perfect fruit remedy for Constipation and Biliousness. Mild and effective in its action. Safe for ladies, children, and weak constitutions. Purifies the Blood, tones up the Stomach. A pleasant substitute for nauseous pills. Sold by all Druggists and Country Dealers. Large bottles, 75 cents.



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EVENING NEWS.

Saturday . April 10, 1886

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

"Helen, my dear, said Mrs. Herbert to her daughter one morning, "do you know I have heard it said that John Kendall is forming habits of dissipation? It grieves me deeply, my child, to tell you this, but it is well, to be warned of danger before it is too late, and in a matter of this kind, where your whole life's happiness is at stake, it becomes my duty, as your mother, to inform you of these rumors; and when even his own friends are forced to acknowledge that he is sadly changed of late, we too have reason to fear that he is listening with a charmed ear to the syren whose song ends in destruction. You have heard these reports, my daughter?" And Mrs. Herbert regarded Helen with a grave and anxious face, as she awaited her answer.

A slight quiver came over the lips of the girl, who stood silently before her mother, as pale, certainly, and as beautiful as a marble statue. Lifting her soft eyes to her mother's face, while a dark, unwonted fire kindled in their gray depths, she answered: "Yes, mother, John's enemies have not been slow in bringing such cruel reports to my ear. I know what they say—I have heard all, but I do not believe them." The lovely, innocent girl spoke as she truly thought. In her heart she could not, nay, would not believe that one whose nature was so noble, so generous —who evinced so many correct feelings and principles, and who possessed, in an eminent degree, all manly qualifications, could yield, by any possible temptation, to the baleful influence of the Destroyer, and so degrade the dignity of manhood below the brutes that perish. And why was it, amid the censures and harsh judgment of the world, the secret regrets of his friends and open attack of his enemies, she only enshrined deeper in her heart the image of the man to whom she had given her whole heart's affection which only shone brighter as the dark shadow of evil closed 'round her idol.

Constancy is a striking and peculiarly beautiful trait in the character of woman, and in a nature and love like Helen's there is surpassing strength. It has nothing gross or earthly in its yearnings, for its source is the purest fountains of the heart. Alas for the priceless riches laid on the altar of love! It is seldom worthy of its fostering.

But time passed on, and at length the bridal day was fixed—for Helen did become the bride of John Kendal, and I was present, as an honored guest, at their wedding. I marked the smile of conscious triumph and exulting love, as before God's holy altar, he plighted that deep and solemn vow to be to her a true and kind husband, a comforter and protector forever. And she, the gentle being at his side, I saw her look of entire, trusting confidence when she gave her hand to him with whom she had chosen, above all others, to tread life's stony pathway. And I watched the widowed mother, too, when she gave her only darling to an untried guardianship. There was sorrow in the tones of her fond and tearful blessing on that fair young bride, who was thus, in tenderest years, leaving the safe shelter and loving guidance of a devoted mother's heart, to make her home with him in whom she believed she realized her fondest dreams of exalted manhood, to be rudely broken! I heard her mother! Dreams, alas, which were only too soon o'er's solemn injunction, as she committed her precious charge to his keeping, that he should deal kindly and truly with her, as he hoped for God's blessing. I heard all, and I turned aside to conceal the tears which were unconsciously creeping into my eyes. An ill-omened melancholy came over me, which I strove to banish, for why should I dim that lovely picture with my tears? Helen was my niece, my sister's only child, and scarcely less dear to me than my own children.

I have said that she became John Kendal's wife; and, alas! she became his victim also. The blight fell on the early rose, and the worm revelled among the leaves. We need not trace John Kendall in his erring, downward path of folly and dissipation; enough that he did bow down his high spirit at the shrine of intemperance. But Helen—she, who in the earnestness of her own heart, had thrown all on the "venture of his vow;" she was made to feel the perishing of all that was bright, noble and elevated—it was hers to feel in its most refined bitterness, the keen and withering disappointment, when she looked on him she called her husband. For many years her believing spirit sustained her heavy trial; for one hope hung even as an anchor to her soul, the hope that he would reform. He loved her too well, she thought, to make her unhappy. Pity the poor, deceived woman! Love may be strong, but the wine cup hath yet a mightier power. But the truth, in its hideous colors, came at last, and that which Helen, in the pureness of her heart, thought it a sin to think of, stood before her, a lamentable and sure reality. Her husband was an irreclaimable drunkard!

She did not long survive the dread reality. She died young, but not before hope's last ray was quenched in that stricken bosom, and a death-like withering had come over the heart—not until every beautiful flower of affection had drooped and stifled away in her outraged soul, and every generous and devoted feeling had given place to loathing and indifference. Her last moments were unsoothed by a husband's tender affection, though at times, indeed, a bloated visage, with haggard, expressionless eyes, would bend over her couch and mutter words of disgusting and inebriate fondness; but, with a look of abhorrence, she motioned him away—he who had once been her idol, the beloved of her heart, the delight and blessing of her fond fond eyes.

Oh, girls, who may read this sad story; oh, wives, who may, in the bitterness of your hearts, recognize the truthfulness of the picture, neither marry yourselves, nor give your daughters in marriage with any man who is accursed with that fatal love of strong drink. Let woman, lovely, devoted, woman, avoid even the appearance of evil. Let her beware of the revel, the wine cup, the feast, for vice and intemperance ever follow in their train. Let her remember that in uniting herself with a drunkard, she is drawing on her self a fearful doom and incurring the heavies curse of Heaven. Her own destiny will be a sad one, her whole life ruined, and her children, born with that fatal inheritance, will grow up to cause her additional sorrow and shame. The marriage of a pure and lovely girl with a drunkard is like uniting truth with perfidy, the dove with the vultures; it is the wedlock of purity with pollution, beauty with pestilence. Let woman beware of the intemperate, if she values her self-respect, her honor, her whole life's happiness.—*Biblical Record.*

WEATHER WISDOM IN BIRDS AND NATURE.

The man who is out of doors at sunrise can form a pretty accurate opinion of what the day will be. If just before sunrise the sky—especially in the west—is suffused with red, rain generally follows is the course of the day. In winter, often snow. If, however, it be frosty weather, the downfall is sometimes delayed. On the other hand, if the sky be a dull grey, and the sun rises gradually dispersing the vapors, it will be fine. If he retires behind the clouds, and there are reddish streaks about, it will rain. Should the sun, later in the day, shine through a grey watery haze, it will passably be a rainy night.

The sunset is very unreliable. Often a beautiful sunset will be followed by a bad day. After a rainy day, suddenly at sunset, in the far west, will appear a magnificent streak of crimson (not copper-color)—this generally foretells a fine day. A tinted halo round the sun at setting occurs in long-continued rainy weather. A halo round the moon, especially if some distance from it, is a sure indication of downfall at hand.

Rainbows are unreliable, except they occur in the morning, when rain may be expected. Sun-dogs and fragments of prismatic colors during the day, show continued unsettled weather. A dazzling metalic lustre on foliage, during a cloudless day in summer, precedes a change.

Huge piled-up massas of white cloud in a blue sky, during winter, indicate snow or hail. If small, dark clouds float below the upper ones, moving faster than they, rain will follow, as it will if, in the morning, low-hanging, pale brown, smoke-like clouds are floating about. Red-tinged clouds, high up, at evening, are followed by wind, occasionally by rain.

Mists at evening, over low-lying ground, or near a river, precede fine and warm days. If a mist in the morning clears off as the sun gets higher, it will be fine; but if it settle down again after lifting a little, rain is at hand. No dew in the morning is mostly followed by rain; and a heavy dew in the evening by a fine day. Rain follows two or three consecutive hoar frosts. A shower in the daytime is usually followed by frost at night. If, after rain, drops of water still hang on the branches and twigs, and to window-frames, the rain will return; but if they fall, and the woodwork dries, fine weather is at hand.

Stones turn damp before wet; at the same time it must be observed that the fact of their doing so does not invariably indicate rain, for they will do so occasionally before heat.

Smoke descending heavily to the ground is a sign of very doubtful weather.

Objects at great distances, which are generally indistinctly seen, or even not seen at all, sometimes loom out clear and distinct. When this happens, bad weather or change of wind ensues. A well-known instance of this is the Isle of Wight, as seen from Southsea. If the opposite shore is clearly seen, there is rain soon. If, at night, after being blown out and exposed to the outer air, the wick of a candle continues to smolder a long time, the next day will be fine. Green-colored sky betokens unsettled bad weather, often long continued.

If, on a fine day, the dust suddenly rise in a revolving, spiral column, rain is near.

The howling of the wind indicates, in most houses, but not invariably, that downfall is near. In some houses, owing to their construction, the wind always moans. Wherever the wind is at the time of the vernal equinox, (March 21, and thereabouts), that will be the *prevailing* wind throughout the next three months.

If the stars appear unusually numerous, and the "milky way" very clearly defined, with the surrounding sky dark, or if there be a misty appearance over the stars, rain is coming, while if there be but few stars, and those very bright and sparkling, in a pale steel sky, it will be fine.

Swine, before rain, are unusually noisy and restless. Swallows in fine weather will fly high, and at the approach of rain, close to the ground; but the latter does not apply if the day is cold, in which case they hawk very low.

Common sparrows washing vigorously in a puddle on the road, or at the edge of running water, is a sure sign of rain. A baker, who kept a parrot in the dry atmosphere of the bake-offices, noticed that a few hours before rain the bird took an imaginary bath, fluttering, as if sprinkling water, and preening her feathers.—*Cassell's Family Magazine for April.*

MOSQUITOES IN ALASKA.

HUMAN LIFE ENDANGERED AND ANIMALS KILLED BY THEM.

A fair wind one day made me think it possible to take a hunt inland, but, to my disgust, it died down, after I had proceeded two or three miles, and my flight back to camp with the mosquitoes I shall always remember as one of the salient points of my life. It seemed as if there were an upward rain of insects from the grass, that became a deluge over marshy tracts—and more than half the ground was marshy. Of course not a single of any game was seen, except a few old tracks; and the tracks of an animal are about the only part of it that could exist here in the mosquito season, which lasts from the time the snow is half off the ground until the first severe frost, a period of some three or four months. During that time every living creature that can leave the valleys ascends the mountains, closely following the snow line, and even there peace is not completely attained, the exposure to the winds being of far more benefit than the coolness due to the altitude, while the mosquitoes are left undisputed masters of the valleys, except for a few straggling animals on their way from one range of mountains to the other. Had there been any game, and had I obtained a fair shot, I honestly doubt if I could have secured it, owing to these pests; not altogether on account of their ravenous attacks upon my face, and especially the eyes, but for the reason that they were so absolutely dense as to render it impossible to see clearly through the mass in taking aim. When I got to camp I was thoroughly exhausted with my incessant fight, and completely out of breath, which I had to regain as best I could in a stifling smoke from dry, resinous pine knots. A traveler who had spent a summer on the lower Yukon, where I did not find the pests so bad on my journey as on the upper river, was of the opinion that a nervous person without a mask would soon be killed by nervous prostration, unless he were to take refuge in midstream. I know that the native dogs are killed by the mosquitoes under certain circumstances, and I heard reports, which I believe to be well founded, both from Indians and trustworthy white persons, that the great brown bear—erroneously but commonly called the grizzly—of these regions is at times compelled to succumb to these insects. The statement seems almost perposterous, but the explanation is comparatively simple. Bruin, having exhausted all the roots and berries of one mountain, or, finding them scarce, thinks he will cross the valley to another range, or perhaps it is the odor of salmon washed up along the river's banks that attracts him. Covered with a heavy fur on his body, his eyes, nose and ears are the vulnerable points for mosquitoes, and here of course they congregate in the greatest numbers. At last, when he reaches a swampy stretch, they rise in myriads, until his forepaw is kept so busy, as he strives to keep his eyes clear of them, that he cannot walk, whereupon he becomes enraged, and, bear like, rises upon his haunches to fight. It is now a mere question of time until the bear's eyes become so swollen from innumerable bites as to render him perfectly blind, when he wanders helplessly about until he gets mired in the marsh, and starves to death.—*Lieut. Schwatka's Travels in Alaska.*

FANCY SHOOTING ON THE STAGE.

TRICKS OF PHENOMENAL MARKMANSHIP—EASILY DONE WHEN YOU KNOW HOW.

A noted professional shot, who, with his wife, traveled with a wild west show, thus explained to a party of acquaintances how the fancy rifle shooting is done on the stage: One of the oldest is the bell trick. This is done by having a target placed on the stage with a very small quarter-inch hole as a centre, through which the marksman is supposed to put his bullet. Surrounding this is a piece of black cloth, and back of the cloth a saw-plate. If the marksman hits within eight or twelve inches of the centre the bell, or rather the plate, which is set loosely, will ring, and the audience will naturally suppose the bullet or bullets penetrated the bull's-eye. This explains how the stage shots placed from twenty to twenty-five shots in the bull's-eye in so many seconds.

The next trick is the match trick. This is done by placing a large number parlor matches in a circle, with the heads of the same pointing inwardly. If the marksman hits, or rather puts the bullet, which is not difficult to do, any place in the circle, he must light one of the matches, and thus lighting the circle. This trick is always done at the back of the stage, and the audience cannot see any of the matches, and suppose naturally, it is but a single match. Another is to fasten a single match on an iron plate, and if the marksmean shoots any reasonable distance near it, it will light from the splash of lead on the solid plate.

In the glass trick the marksman is supposed to shoot the ashes off a cigar held in the mouth of an assistant. The trick is generally a bona fide one, but can be done by having a wire run through the cigar to the ashes, and at the report of the gun have the assistant touch the wire with his tongue and thus light the cigar. Shooting a silver dime from the mouth, and between the teeth, of an assistant, is done by having one marked by a bullet, and showing one not marked to the audience; the assistant changes at the report of the gun and spits out the marked one and shows it to the audience.

The thimble trick is done by placing a thimble on the assistant's head with a thin string attached, and as the report of the gun it is pulled off by another assistant behind the scenes. Shooting through the ring of a watch is done by shooting over the ring, and then, before showing it to the audience, placing the ring of the watch over the hole made, and on a ball placed there beforehand.

Snuffing the candle, which looks so difficult, is done by having the candle close to a solid block of wood. The concussion of the bullet puts out the light, although the bullet hits within three inches of the candle proper. The professor gave an exhibition at one time in a Pennsylvania town where the authorities strictly forbade the firing of solid bullets, and gave as good satisfaction as though he were firing and drew the thick bond fide. So much for stage rifle shooting.—*New York News.*

The beautiful red plumage of a South African species of birds has been chemically examined and found to be due to copper. When the birds are kept from food containing copper they entirely lose the tint produced by that mineral.

The Crank Defended.

What would we do if it were not for the cranks? How slowly the tired old woald move, did not the cranks keep it rushing along! Columbus was a crank on the subject of American discovery and circumnavigation, and at last he met the fate of most cranks, was thrown into prison, and died in poverty and disgrace. Greatly venerated now! Oh, yes, Telemachus, we usually esteem a crank most profoundly after we starve him to death. Harvey was a crank on the subject of the circulation of blood; Galileo was an astronomical crank; Fulton was a crank on the subject of steam navigation; Morse was a a telegraph crank. All the old abolitionists were cranks; the Pilgrim Fathers were cranks; John Bunyan was a crank; and any man who doesn't think as you do, my son, is a crank.

And, by the bye, the crank you despise will have his name in every man's mouth, and a half complete monument to his memory crumbling down in a dozen cities, while nobody outside of your native village will know that you ever lived. Dear gently with the crank, my boy. Of course some cranks are crankier than others, but do you be very slow to sneer at a man because he knows only one thing and you can't understand him. A crank, Telemachus, is a thing that turns something, it makes the wheels go around, it insures progress. True, it turns the same wheeel all the time, and it can't do anything else, but that's what keeps the ship going ahead. The thing that goes in for variety, versatility, that changes its position a hundred times a day, that is no crank; that is the weather vane, my son. What? You nevertheless thank heaven you are not a crank? Don't do that my son. Maybe you couldn't be a crank if you would. Heaven is not very particular when it wants a weather vane; almost any man will do for that. But when it wants a crank, my boy, it looks very carefully for the best man in the community. Before you thank heaven that you are not a crank, examine yourself carefully, and see what is the great deficiency that debars you from such an election. —*Bob Burdette.*

Tell and Gessler are Myths.

The story of William Tell and the shooting of the apple from his son's head, is now generally acknowledged, even in Switzerland, to be legendary. It first occurs in the chronicle of Melchior Russ, who wrote at the end of the fifteenth century, i. e., about 170 years after its reputed occurrence. The absence of any reference to it in contemporary records caused doubt to be thrown upon it three centuries ago, Guilliman, the author of a work on Swiss antiquities, published in 1598, calls it a fable, but subscribes to the current belief in it because the tale is so popular. The race to which he belonged is not yet extinct. A century and a half later a more fearless skeptic, who said that the story was of Danish origin, was condemned by the canton of Uri to be burned alive, and in the well timed absence of the offender his book was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. But the truth is great and prevails. Gruon Wyss, the Swiss historian has pointed out that the name of Wilhelm Tell does not occur even once in the history of the three cantons, neither is there any trace that a Vogt named Gessler ever served the house of Hapsburg there. Moreover, the legend does not correspond to any fact of a period of oppression of the Swiss at the hands of their Austrian rulers. The lesson, however, that it teaches is a good one.

An Electrified Crowd.

A broken electric light wire at State and Harrison streets, Chicago, became connected one night recently with an iron pillar. This passed the electric current along a hand railing, and it returning by another railing made a complete circuit. A negro came along and leaned wearily against the railing. Then he bristled up with energy. His arms was closed around the railing and his body was bent like a letter S. He had no idea what was the matter with him, and being unable to let go his hold, cried out loudly that he was dying. A dozen men ran to his assistance and were soon experiencing the tingling effect of the electricity. Some laughed, others cried and many cried for help. A crowd soon gathered and a few additional victims were hanging to the railing. Finally the crowd numbered nearly 500. Cars were stopped and no one could get past. A police wagon arrived "just in an emergency" man had discovered the cause of the trouble and released the victims by disconnecting the wire.

A BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.—A gentleman advertised for a boy, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Ott of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation." "You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he has a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in answered my questions promptly, showing that he was gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it upon the table; and he waited quietly for his turn instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honorable and polite. When I talked to him I noticed that his clothes were brushed, his hair in order; when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger-nails were clean. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give more for that I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters he might bring me."—*Christian Union.*

According to the *Fireman's Journal*, some one advertised in a certain German local paper that another locality possessed a threshing machine which was also very effective as a fire engine. The next number of the paper contained the following explanation: "Any one who advertises that at this locality we have a threshing machine which can also be used as a fire engine is a liar. said advertisement is only for the purpose of ridiculing a mistake our noble fire brigade made at the late fire. They were in great hurry and in place of hitching their horses to the fire engine, they hitched them to a threshing machine standing near, and drove quite a distance before they found out their mistake." And so it turns out not to be a combined fire engine and threshing machine after all.

Wise Words.

If we had but more faith, we should have less care.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors.

Death is the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell.

It takes two women, his mother and his wife to make a great man.

A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

If we can not live so as to be happy, let us at least live so as to deserve happiness.

If thou desirest ease, in the first place take care of the ease of thy mind, for that will make other sufferings easy.

Hurry and cunning are two apprentices of Dispatch and Skill, but neither of them ever learn their master's trade.

Some are brave one day and cowards another, as great captains have often told from their own experience and observation.

Learning maketh young men temperate, is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty and serving as an ornament to riches.

Let us remember those that want necessaries, as we ourselves should have desired to be remembered had it been our sad lot to subsist on other men's charity.

At the gates of the forest the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city's estimate of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he makes into their precincts.

The memory, like the hands and the tongue and the other members, is a willing servant, and will do what we bid it do. If we train it to do honest yeoman's service, it will continue to do it; but if we let it fall into a careless way, it will be difficult, and may be impossible to break it of the habit.

HOW A BABY WAS LOST.—The Gridley (Butte county) *Herald* vouches for the following:

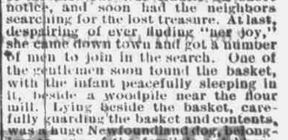
Monday afternoon a devoted mother in the western part of town put her baby, aged six months, in a market basket and set the latter on the porch, in the sunshine. A short time afterward she went to see how the little darling was getting along. The basket and baby were gone. Like the majority of mothers she was frantic on short notice, and soon had the neighbors searching for the lost treasure. At last, despairing of ever finding her joy," she came down town and got a number of men to join in the search. One of the gentlemen soon found the basket, with the infant peacefully sleeping in it, beside a woodpile near the flour mill. Lying beside the basket, carefully guarding the basket and contents, was a huge Newfoundland dog, belonging to one of the family's neighbors, and with which "baby" is in the habit of romping. Inasmuch as the dog, at command, picked up the basket with his mouth and promptly carried his precious burden home again, it is generally believed that the sagacious brute was responsible for the little one's runaway escapade.

SAGACIOUS DOG.—The Virginia (Nevada) *Chronicle* says:

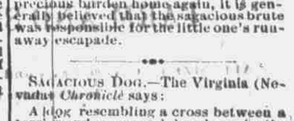
A dog resembling a cross between a terrier and a spaniel has been in the habit of following the regular policemen on their beats in this city for the past seven years. The animal will not follow any person but a police officer decorated with the star of authority. After Lincoln was suspended the dog followed officer Jewell every night on his beat, and would scarcely notice Linehan. Since Abbott superseded Jewell, the animal follows the former and refuses to recognize his predecessor. The dog has been named Judge, on account of the judgment it displays when an officer is watching the movements of any suspicious character. On such occasions Judge will crouch close in the shady side of a doorway behind the policeman, and watch the tactics of the suspected evil doers with apparently as much interest as is manifested by the public guardian. People who have observed Judge closely for several years, say they never heard the singular creature bark.

A woman without a laugh in her is the greatest bore in existence.

LOOK WELL
TO YOUR



Horse's Feet.



The above drawing was made from a photo showing the lamination of iron in the Cold Rolled and Shearing process.

This drawing was made from the nail taken from the hoof and coffin bone as shown in Figs. 1 and 2.

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