HYDROPHOBIA A FAKE

SO SAYS SUPERINTENDENT HANNIGAN, OF THE A. S. P. C. T. A.

He Knows a Good Deal About Dogs and Doesn't Believe That Many of Them Die Mad—Hydrophobia Is Incapacitating Some of His Experiences With Canal.

"Can a man scare himself to death after having been bitten by a dog which was mad?" I asked Superintendent Hannigan, of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, one day, as he sat in his little office on Twenty-second street.

Mr. Hanlinson is a good natured looking man with reddish hair, who is afraid of nothing and nobody; certainly not of hydrophobia snarks.

"Why, certainly," he said, with decision. "That man down in Asbury Park who was bitten by a cur was scared to death. He never had hydrophobia. He died of nervous prostration brought on by worry over an imaginary danger. His friends were all praying him and hoping he wouldn't die, and phosphorying that he would, and he was a mass of nervous tissue, and he simply killed him. I suppose he read up in the books about hydrophobia and it turned his head. That's all there was about it. Do you remember what a great howl there was about those Newark boys who were bitten by a 'mad dog,' and who were sent over to Paris to be cured?"

"Why, of course, who doesn't?"

"Well, it's quite easy to cure a disease that never existed. Those boys never had hydrophobia and never would have had it. The dogs didn't have it. During that excitement we went to Newark and found a lot of dogs and took up. We asked to be allowed to take them away to our stables, but the people wouldn't have it. Do you know what was done with those dogs? After the excitement was all over they were given back to their owners, every one of them. Not one was killed. Not one of them had anything worse than a fit. Why, our men are constantly handling dogs, get bitten again and again, but they never dream of having hydrophobia. It's a myth. There isn't any such thing."

A CASE OF IMAGINATION.

"Then you don't believe in the existence of such a disease?" I asked, thinking that, as Mr. Hanlinson probably knows more about animals than any other man in America, he must be good authority.

"No, I don't. There may be such a disease, but I don't believe it. I never saw a case or heard of one positively."

"How about those doctors who cure it?" I asked.

"They don't cure anything. I tell a man who makes a specialty of treating hydrophobia, as a matter of fact, I never saw one single case of hydrophobia to which several cures, Hanlinson to answer, but he told me this story: 'A man came to him one day in terrible distress. He had been bitten by a dog, he feared madness, he could not sleep at night and was afraid he was going to die. He begged the doctor to treat him. The doctor said it was too late, the period of incubation had passed, and it would be no good now. If he had hydrophobia there was no way to stop it.'

"The man went away, but came back the next day nearly frantic. He hadn't slept a wink and begged the doctor to do something for him. So the doctor took the man into his operating room and gave him a hypodermic injection of water—just pure Croton water. He went away, slept for the first time in two weeks, and came back the next day for more water, and again the week and was seen perfectly cured. The doctor told me this himself, and he professed to cure by hydrophobia.

BOSS WAS MAD.

"Why," continued Mr. Hanlinson, "I've had a woman in hysterics right in that chair you're sitting in because a dog had bitten her. She wanted me to kill the dog. I wouldn't do it. Then she screamed and fainted. When she revived I said to her: 'Madam, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. A woman of your intelligence! You've interrupted the business of the office and drawn a big crowd under the window to listen to your yelling, and all for a whim. Somebody told you you were going to go mad, and now you think you ought to go mad and you'll be mad if you don't go mad. You just go home and say nothing about it and you'll be all right.' And she did it.

"Another woman brought her boy. He had been bitten by a mad dog, and she wanted it shot, she said. The boy looked perfectly well.

"'Now, look here,' said I, 'you've been talking a good deal to the boy about this, haven't you? And the neighbors have too? And you've been telling him that he's likely to have hydrophobia, haven't you?'

"'Yes, of course, we've talked about it,' said she.

"'Exactly,' said I. 'You've been telling the precise course likely to drive him mad or make him think himself so. You have been trying to scare him to death. If he were to go crazy it would be your fault. How is it, boy,' said I, turning to the little fellow. 'You don't expect to go mad, do you?'

"'No, he didn't think he should, he said. He didn't feel any different. He was a brave little fellow. So I sent them home, too, and that was the last I heard of it. The dog had had a fit, that was all. It's amazing the way people will show valuable dogs just for a fit that might result in a cured or avoided."—New York World.

A Married Look.

Mrs. Grumps—Your friend, Mr. Ballpate, did not mention his wife the whole evening.

Mr. Grumps—Wife! He's an old bachelor.

"Well, I declare! I took it for granted he was married."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. He has a sort of a married look somehow."

"He used to live out west, and now he was tired for three days and three nights by a grizzly."—New York Weekly.

An Instance of Honest Life.

"I saw a woman spade in hand, working out her poll tax as I came to town this morning," said George W. Jones, of Gogo township. "It water proved on my some of the eternal fitness of things, or I'd put her tax for her."—Nevada (Mo.) Mail.

THE TASTE FOR POETRY.

How Our Author Discovered His Love for Verse at the Age of Fifteen.

It would be interesting, were it possible, to know what proportion of people really care for poetry, and how the love of poetry came to them and grew in them—and where and when it stopped. Modern poets whom one meets are apt to say that poetry is not read at all. Byron's Murray counsel to publish poetry in 1820, just when Tennyson and Browning were striking their orchestra. Probably Mr. Murray was wise in his generation.

But it is also likely that many persons even now are attached to poetry, though they certainly do not buy contemporary verse. How did the passion come to them? How long did it stay? When did the Muse say goodby? Transport poetry came with Sir Walter Scott, for one read Shakespeare as a child, rather is a kind of dream of fairyland and enchanted isles, than with any distinct consciousness that it was occupied with poetry.

Next to Scott, with me, came Longfellow, who pleased one as more reflective and modestly sentimental, while the reflections were not so deep as to be painful. I remember how "Hiawatha" came out, when one was a boy, and how delightful was the free forest life, and Minnehaha with Pauguk-wees and Nokomis. One did not think how that same charm, with a yet finer flavor upon it, was to meet one later in the Idylls. But at that time one had no conscious pleasure in poetic style, except in such stirring verse as Scott's and Campbell's in his patriotic pieces.

The pleasure and enchantment of style first appealed to me, at about the age of fifteen, when one read for the first time

"Scott, by long the ruler of my youth
Still the best friend of my maturer years
Still unbroken by the restless sway
Still unbroken, I repeat, dear friend."

Next I tried Tennyson, and certainly a new light of poetry dawned, a new sense was exhibit, a new gut came into my mother of a Pactolus, a god never to be dethroned. "Who merely knew how beautiful life is?" Shelley says. I am convinced that we scarcely knew how great a poet Lord Tennyson is, no less made him too familiar.—Andrew Lang in Scribner's.

A Complicated Conceit.

If the bewitching sin of the Knighthood is their facetious love of Etiquette, the curiosity is fostered by their very wholesome fear of the Inferior, which results in such minute substitutions of property that the one inscribed and nine-tenth chase of a field, or the fifteen of a small garden, containing, perhaps, a dozen apples and a few plantains, be come a fruitful source of legal embarrassment, of quarrels and of crimes. Erasmus Tennyl mentions a case in which the farm was for the ten thousand five hundred and twenty-fourth share in the property of his uncle's widow.

To illustrate this sort of Etiquette the Rev. R. Spence Hardy quotes an interesting case in disputed property, in which the case of the plaintiff was to Editors of Independence Day, rather than entitled to one-fourth of one tenth of moonlight. Through my mother I am further entitled to one-fourth of one-third of one-eighth. By purchase from my wife of sixteen I am entitled to one ninety-ninth, from another set also one ninety-ninth, and from a third one ninety-ninth more. Finally, from a fourth set of sixteen I have purchased one one hundred and forty-fourth of the whole." There is a new question to solve on a landowner can begin to till his field or reap its produce!—National Review.

"Where."

Most people who read a paper would like to have it come to their hands without any typographical or editorial errors. This is quite possible when all the following conditions come together:

When the contributor has written correctly.

When he has written the correct thing distinctly.

When the compositor has only the correct letters to the different cases.

When he does not take leaves from a wrong case.

When he sets them correctly.

When the "reader" corrects every error.

When the compositor corrects the "rough proof" properly.

When the "reader" reads the corrected proof correctly.

When the compositor corrects the second proof properly.

When the revised proof is carefully "read."

When the "reader" has sufficient time to do this.

And when a dozen other circumstances work together for good.—Exchange.

Cement Stronger Than Stone.

From a number of careful tests made to ascertain the precise strength of another bolts set in Portland cement in the ordinary way, the fact appeared that the joint was really stronger than the stone. In one instance a 2-inch iron rod was set into the stone some 16 inches, and then subjected to the test. The first rod had a screw thread to improve the grip of the cement, and the cement held fast to yield at a load of 22,000 pounds, the breaking of the stone taking place at 26,000 pounds. With a plain smooth rod it was found that the cement began to yield at a load of 24,000 pounds, but the rock broke at 47,800 pounds. Thus, though the strength of the cement joint was not developed, it was inferred that, in a suitable setting, the cement joint on a smooth rod might be made to break the rod.—New York Sun.

Trials of Sudden Wealth.

Mrs. Gossell—I just makes me mad. Here I go out shopping to my $7,000 Worth dress, and just loaded with diamonds, yet folks think I'm poor.

Mr. Gossell—They don't.

Mrs. Gossell—Yes, they do. I went into Arlidge, Dodge & Co's grand store today to get some furniture for the new house, and at first they didn't show me anything but a lot of old second hand stuff that looked as if it had come over in the ark.—New York Weekly.

A surgeon reports that a young lady swallowed a hairpin while dressing. Three doctors said it was only imagination on her part. The hairpin was eventually found to have become lodged in the back part of her nose.

It is stated that the flesh of animals killed by electricity is much tougher than if the animals are killed in the ordinary way. This is apparently the case in regard to fowls.

CHINA HUNTING IN NEW ENGLAND.

What One Division of Rare Porcelain Represents Relating to Country Homes.

When the possession of rare and fine specimens of porcelain and pottery the only good thing which came from the long days of country ranging and farmhouse searching spent in these quests, Philistines might perhaps spell of the waste of time and energy, but which due that to good have I found, I fought into human nature, love of my native country, knowledge of her rare and beauties, acquaintance with her old landmarks and historical localities, familiarity with her history, admiration of her noble military and naval heroes, and study of the noblest manners, customs and traditions of her early inhabitants, have all been fostered, strength ened and indeed almost brought into existence by the search after and study of old china.

How vague were my scholarly historic notions of Percy, of Lawrence and of Decatur, until I saw their likenesses on some Sèvres Liverpool pitchers in an old cellar! Not, I hasten to add, exactly every word of history, every old song and ballad about them. How small was my knowledge of old "table manners" and table furnishings until I discovered, through my china studies, how one accounts its and served their daily meals.

How entirely powerless was I to discover the story of human nature or feel in the commonness until my inquiries in country towns after old china made me a second. Lecturer in reading the possibilities of successful purchase in case the questioned, one chanced to own any old porcelain heirlooms. How few of our solid ancestors had such heirlooms! I desire through there searching for old farmhouses that might contain some storage of treasure or teapots.

And not only do we learn of America through our china hunts, but of England as well, for nearly all of our old tableware was English, and the progress of the production of English china can be traced as easy in New England as in old England. Few of the more costly pieces come across the ocean to us, but smaller specimens perhaps show equally well the general progress of the manufacture.—Alice Morse Earle in Scribner's.

Value of New York Newspapers.

I should say The Times is worth $2,500,000. The Tribune is worth that too. Each has a fully building that represents a large investment and yields an income about dividing the newspaper profits. Mr. Dana's plan for The Sun, three years ago, was $3,000,000. That was when it was a six page paper, just recovering from the setback of 1884, and only beginning to make room for enlargement for an extensive advertising business. I imagine Mr. Dana's price now would be quite $7,500,000, and when the new thirty-two story building is up, perhaps $10,000,000.

Mr. Bennett, it has long been understood, values The Herald at $10,000,000, and I suppose he would not take less for The World. Here are five newspapers worth, say, from $60,000,000 to $70,000,000. The Sun-Sering should be in the list too. It would add, perhaps, $3,000,000. Altogether the daily newspapers of New York are worth some from $60,000,000 to $70,000,000. Some figures do not represent capital invested; they stand for the principal, upon which the income of the journals named would be a fair return, and that, certainly, is what these journals are worth.—Elbert Hall in New York Truth.

A Soap for Metals.

An improved kind of soap for metal work has lately been developed, of some special advantages, it is said, as compared with those usually employed in the line—that is, mixtures of sassafras, shale oil and fat, emulsified with a small quantity of ammonia, which, when freshly prepared, leave nothing to be desired, excepting, unfortunately, that such compositions soon turn rancid and become unfit for use.

The new article now brought forward is stated to be free from this objection and is made from common kitchen fat in the following manner: The grease of the butter are melted in an iron vessel, together with a little water, to this mixture being added, with constant stirring, 180 grams of shale, 87.5 grams of alum and the same of cream of tartar and of white lead, respectively.

The mixture prepared in this manner is then poured into moulds and allowed to solidify. This soap is made into a paste with water and rubbed over the metal to be cleaned, and finally removed by a dry rag or chamois leather.—New York Sun.

Tame Adirondack Bear.

The deer of the Adirondacks are evidently increasing rapidly in number and becoming less timid. They are very frequently seen not far from home, crossing the roads and sometimes pasturing with the cattle. A few days ago a small herd of them were browsing along the side of the distant hills and could be seen from the streets of the city by the aid of a field glass. One Sunday a large buck swam across Canada lake and in very range of the cottages. Captain Balloo, who has a small steamer on the lake, was out with a pleasure party. He turned toward the deer and could easily have run him down after circling around him several times and coming so close that the gentleman touched him with his oars. He was allowed to swim to the shore and soon bounded out of sight into the depths of the forest.—Gloversville Cor. Albany Journal.

Publication Postponed.

Wife—What are you writing?

Colonel Rampod (war correspondent)—A magazine article showing that General Halstead did not win half the battles he is credited with. It's about done now.

"All ready for the printer?"

"Oh, I won't print it until after he is dead."—New York Weekly.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of James Madsen, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

E. A. SMITH, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. ALLEN, Deputy.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Rocky Bell Mining Company, Location of principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John Sims, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THOSE [illegible]

ELIZABETH A. SIMS, Administrator of the estate of John Sims, deceased.

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST.

WHEREAS GEORGE A. NOBLE AND [illegible]

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JULY 18, 1891.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

[illegible]

NAME.	No. of Shares.	Amount Delinquent.	Amount.
Chas. S. Dodge.	[illegible]	5,000	$2,000.00
D. F. Wilcox.	[illegible]	1,000	200.00
H. C. Sass.	[illegible]	6,000	1,200.00
John T. Burns.	[illegible]	1,000	200.00
W. H. Beck.	[illegible]	1,000	200.00
Chas. H. Stiles.	[illegible]	10,000	4,000.00
Geo. S. Final.	[illegible]	11,000	2,200.00
H. Sampleman.	[illegible]	1,000	100.00
H. Sampleman, Trustee.	[illegible]	22,000	4,000.00
Rosa Fox.	[illegible]	1,000	200.00
J. C. Thompson.	[illegible]	5,000	1,000.00
J. C. Thompson.	[illegible]	4,000	1,000.00
A. P. Dentmuth.	[illegible]	4,000	1,000.00
J. H. Young.	[illegible]	1,000	200.00
A. Lyons.	[illegible]	1,000	200.00
H. Sewell.	[illegible]	4,000	1,000.00
H. Sewell.	[illegible]	4,000	1,000.00
E. D. Sessions.	[illegible]	1,000	200.00
E. D. Sessions.	[illegible]	1,000	200.00
E. F. Wilcox.	[illegible]	1,000	200.00
E. L. Lyon.	[illegible]	1,000	200.00
J. Harris.	[illegible]	1,000	200.00
F. C. Hoss.	[illegible]	5,000	1,000.00
C. Dodge.	[illegible]	200	20.00
J. M. Harris.	[illegible]	200	20.00
E. E. Rand.	[illegible]	1,000	200.00
C. H. Goodale.	[illegible]	500	100.00
J. S. Fairbanks.	[illegible]	500	100.00
W. P. Lynn.	[illegible]	400	100.00
L. A. Hamlin.	[illegible]	300	70.00
Arthur Brown.	[illegible]	200	40.00
J. Youngquist.	[illegible]	100	20.00

[illegible]

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JULY 18, 1891.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Hannah Brown, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT [illegible]

E. A. SMITH, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. ALLEN, Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the estate of Alfred H. Cheek, Deceased.

Order to show cause why order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

MARGARET A. CHEEK, THE ADMINISTRATRIX [illegible]

Dated September 11, 1891.

E. A. SMITH, Clerk.

By C. E. ALLEN, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE

THE REGULAR ANNUAL MEETING OF [illegible]

Graefenberg PILLS.

They cure Headache, Biliousness, Liver Complaint and Indigestion. No griping or nausea. These

PILLS

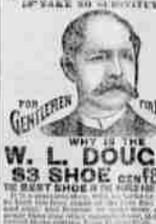
Tone up the system and restore health to those suffering from general debility and nervousness. Sold by all druggists. 25c. per box.

Best for Women.

GRAEFENBERG CATHOLICON

Cures all forms of Female complaints, weakness, nervousness and general debility. Sold by all druggists.

Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept. Wholesale Agts.



$5. [illegible]

$4. [illegible]

$3. [illegible]

$2.50 [illegible]

$2. [illegible]

Boys' [illegible]

Ladies' [illegible]

JEROME HIRSCHMAN, 160 S. Main St.

MEN'S CLOTHING.

40 OFF

ALL

Summer Weight Goods

AT TEASDEL'S.

A FEW of DUSTERS and ALPACCA COATS at LESS THAN COST AT

TEASDEL'S

Lumber Yard & Steam Planing Mill

TAYLOR, ROMNEY, ARMSTRONG CO.,

One Block East of the U. P. R. R. Depot.

-320- THE BOYS! -36-

JOHNSON, PRATT & CO.

Carry Everything in the DRUG Line.

FINE .·. WINES .·. LIQUORS .·. AND .·. CIGARS.

-MAIN- Wholesale and Retail. THEY WILL TREAT YOU RIGHT. -STREET- Mail orders solicited.

Early Sale of FALL AND WINTER GOODS

SPECIAL SALE OF CLOAKS AND DRESS GOODS,

Beginning Monday, Sept. 14th, and Continuing One Week!

S. KELLNER, Wasatch Block

205 & 207 Main St.

ECLIPSE! ECLIPSE!

The general verdict is that the Eclipse Grocery and Fruit Company carry the very best goods in their line to be found anywhere in the city, and that, coupled with the courteous treatment and obliging manners of their salesmen, make it one of the most attractive places of business in town. We invite our friends and the public generally to call and see for themselves.

JAS. SAVILLE, JAS. H. BARLOW. TELEPHONE No. 888. D. S. EMERY, A. H. WOOLLEY.