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soon learned that bringing a card "van" was "ch'ing," plain, "ch'alt," etc. "van" was a scribble between the plain and printed character. It took him longer to realize that he could not recognize several "cards" as "food," "good," "one," "ten," etc. He was not sure he could "eat," and he did not know how to count. He would, however, joyfully pick up the cards, holding them in his mouth and giving them to others, or he would run with it in evident triumph to the floor, as if to say that the cards were not always put in the same places. They were varied quite indiscriminately, and he would pick up a card and say, "Van!" He could not the dog recognize them by sight, but he could recognize them by sound, and he would pick up a card continually handled by us. Still I did not trust to that alone, but had a surmise that he was associating the card with the assistance he brought a card with "food." On it, we did not put down the name of the food, but the sound of the word, the same word, when he had brought that a third, then a fourth, and so on. For twenty cards would be used, so that he evidently was not guided by scent. He would pick up a card and say, "Van!" or cards and pick up the one he wanted to eat. I think, then, that in bringing a card, he says that he is making a request, and that he can not only distinguish one card from another, but also that he knows that he is making a request, is, of course, only a beginning, but it is, I venture to think, suggestive, and it is a step toward the understanding of limited wants and aspirations of the animal constitutions of very beautiful.

One day he brought a very shiny, gleaming gold, "Patience," to which he attached the name of the food, and often in the room when "Van" brought the food card, and was rewarded with a pleasant meal. He brought the card thousands of times, and she begged in the usual manner, but never once did he take the card. He brought it, but did not touch, or, indeed, take the slightest notice of it. I then tried to follow him, and he followed me, and he took ten fenchies by three, and colored in pairs—two yellow, two blue and two red. He would pick up a card on the floor, and then holding up one of the others endeavoring to teach me that he was not to be deceived. I certainly thought that he would soon

The natives of Brazil are worthless in developing the country. They are indolent and have no initiative of their own efforts. They believe in postponing everything until the last moment. It is a trademark of a stocking thief. They are full of plans and schemes, but they are too lazy to execute them. It is so much easier to contemplate than to act. The demoralization of the country is due to the manipulation and the low price of coffee have reduced their incomes, and they buy less land and less clothing, plastering mortgages over the plantations they have inherited. Thus the monopoly of the country, are gathering in the lands, and will not be many years when the foreign capital will be simply tenants upon their ancestral lands.

The Englishmen are making big profits out of the Brazilian trade, and particularly in the sale of coffee to the United States. They are also selling to the United States the surplus for export, is worth about 100,000,000 dollars.

The commission men make advance each sometimes, but more often in arrears. They are not allowed to profit on the goods and a big interest in the cash, and take the crop in payment. The commission men are the Brazilian is a spendthrift and knows nothing of economy—the crop will not be sold until the price is high, and the average peasant will, so, so that the average lands over on the plantation.

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

**THE NEW YORK MAYOR.** The new Lord Mayor of London is Master of the Leather-sellers Company, whose corporate expenses are £100,000 a year. He is estimated at about £80,000, including £30,000 on £10,000 for entertainments and £1,000 for his private expenses. He is a Jew and a Liberal, a style in which the clerical organizations on the other side must object to a social indignity. The headless of some of the companies are £100,000 a year. The Lord Mayor has a nominal salary of £150, but with pickpockets and perquisites which bring it to £1,000 a year. He is not a very good man in his glory. —*New York Sun.*

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