THE TERRIER AND THE LIONS.

He Did Not Count as Superfluous Ownership of the Cage.

Kinkoons is powerful with animals, but I have often been led to think that where kinkoons fails impudence conquers. In Lincoln park, Chicago, I saw a lady yet her hand on the heads of three lions in succession and stroke their eyes as if they were kittens. They growled when she pushed to leave, and when she returned they fought among themselves for the first chance of being petted again. But this lady had nursed these lions, and they seemed to know her as a child knows its mother.

There was a little Boston terrier in the cage with the same lions. He did nothing but bark and snarl and snap at them. One good swish of any one of the three tails would have wiped him out of existence. But he just ordered the big animals around as if he were the lion and they the rat catchers. They cleared, although with the long deep ramblings so of ruffled thunder.

He was not a pretty dog, nor was his voice calculated to make him many friends. He was in no danger of being wanted by anyone. I don't know that he had any moral qualities worth bragging about. But he was tenacious. He had the reputation of being a terrier as well as a terrier, and he had a broken leg. Perhaps as an invalid he appealed to the sympathies of his big companions. This, however, would not account for his insolent air of superiority.

He took the best of the food. He got the first and the last shake hands from the lady. His intrusive impudence was more powerful than all the kinkoons and attention of the gentle sex. And he gave nothing for his living except his bark. For the struggle of life he had no equipment but impudence, and yet he kept three lions in what must have been literally a condition of galling servitude. There is some consolation here for a moral. But Jim is dead. And when he lived he raised morals only to fables, where indeed they seem to belong.—Dunshee's Magazine.

THE TELEPHONE DEADBEAT.

How He Gradually Comes to Believe That He Owns Your Instrument.

"If there is a variety of deadbeats," said an earnest citizen the other morning, "which annoys me more than all others, it is the man who moves into your building because you have a telephone. At first he drops into your office and tells you his wife bade him order a stock before noon and that he had forgotten whether it was pork-bellies or strikes. He says that a family across the street from his house has a grippe, and that with your permission he'll just ring you up and have you send for Mrs. X. Well, that doesn't bother you much because you are thinking of the family across the street, but in a week or two Mrs. X. begins to call you up with the request that you drop across the hall and bring her husband to the phone. Then the husband begins to drop in to telephone his commercial acquaintances until two-thirds of his entire business is done over your wire. There is only one more step. One of his agents is up, say, at Mount Morris, and it is very necessary to communicate with him immediately. As much as $4 may depend upon a word. He hurries in and says of course you have connected with Mount Morris. It is marvelous how man's inventions put the miles at naught.

"While you are chalking up $5 cents to profit and loss he has become the possessor of your telephone. From that time on, if you are using it when he comes in, he waits impatiently and gives you a look when you ring off as much as to say, 'Sir, you are taking liberties with my property which I must resent.' There are but two things left to do—take out the telephone or move out yourself. I am fond of my office, so the telephone had to go."—Rochester Standard-Union.

A Cat's Breath.

All the feline possess poisonous breaths, intended by nature to act as an anesthetic on their prey. If a person dares to experiment by inhaling, for instance, a cat's breath, they can easily realize the truth of this statement. Carefully watch a cat playing with a captured mouse. You will discover that the mouse does not suffer, but is sort of stupefied, as if by chloroform. In the "Life of Livingstone," written by himself of explorations in Africa, he states that once when he was seized by a lion and his arm broken the crushing of the broken arm gave him no pain, so benumbed were his senses by the animal's breath. A cat seeks the child for its soft bed and the warmth of its bed and lies down on the chest of the infant. Its weight impedes respiration, its breath anesthetizes the child, and death follows. This circumstance has actually occurred, and medical records unanimously prove it.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Sir Richard Owen and the Fakir.

A novel story of the late Sir Richard Owen is going the rounds. A snake charmer of Cairo, unknown without his host, appeared before Sir Richard to go through a doubly performance with a cobra—the horned snap. The reptile was placed on the ground. Owen bribed it a moment, then snapped forward and pulled it up. Before the astonished performer could interpose the venom plucked from its head its projecting horns, which on closer inspection proved to be dentures. The fakir was somewhat discomfited at the rapid unveiling of an actually harmless animal, and the entertainment was withdrawn.—London Figaro.

Science Falls.

Husband—A great scientist says that women are less sensitive to pain than men.

Wife—I present it is so. I can suffer torments and go right along with a smile on my face, while you scream and roar around like mad if you bump your head while looking a collar button.—New York Weekly.

Cat Stories For Poetry.

The best cat story is not a true tale. A lame tale is valuable because it will grind hard, dry bones out than truth does usefully, but it can do anything with a fresh, green bone from the butcher. A lame tale will sell to one in a short time, as bones can be bought for less than meat. Bone are better than meat because with bone it takes strong teeth, strong and egg-forming green bone contains not only nitrogen, but phosphorus. Meat is largely composed of fine in a reliable form. The fine in every circle is laudable, and is not utilized by fowls if they can convert edible fine into egg shells and vice versa. Cats feeding and egg