

Lincoln County Leader.

J. F. STEWART, Publisher.

TOLEDO..... OREGON

Early Medical Education.

In a certain country part of Russia the art of medicine was not much advanced twenty-five years ago. At that time the son of the local doctor, who had spent a winter in St. Petersburg, asked his father for means to go take a course of study at Paris. If the truth must be told, he was more anxious to see the charms of the gay city than to secure a physician's diploma. "Nonsense," said the old man sternly, "I never graduated, and yet I do fairly well. Follow my practice and advice and let Paris go."

The lad sighed at this rude dispelling of his dreams. "All that is necessary," resumed the parent, "is to look thoughtful, and when you are called in to attend a case feel the patient's pulse with a grave air and meanwhile throw your eyes at the kitchen hearth. As a rule you will see there a lot of swept up turnip peels, end of cucumber, cabbage stalk or something of that kind. Having noted this, tell the patient he has been guilty of eating such things. He'll wonder how you could know it. Prescribe some hot drink or other, tell him to be careful of his diet, collect your fee and depart. I've saved thousands by just such means."

The student took the lesson to heart, and when his father died fell into the practice. For a long time the parental rule worked without fail, and on one occasion being called to attend a fever case, he was equally astonished and embarrassed at seeing the hearth swept quite clean.

He must, however, find something on which to base his treatment. So noting an empty halter and set of harness lying by the grate generally used by the only sort of steed the family possessed, and taking heart at hope he charged the patient accordingly. "The trouble with you is you've gone and eaten a donkey!" "What?" yelled the patient; "donkey? Get out of this house instantly or I'll really make your word good by eating you!"

And jumping up he so belabored the unfortunate physician that the exercise broke the fever and wrought a quick and perfect cure.—Philadelphia Times.

Two Affectionate Friends.

Colonel D. K. Tate, of Bellefonte, owns a cow, Daisy, and a little black dog, Beaver, between which there exists a remarkable degree of affection. No matter where the cow is seen or what the condition of the weather is, Beaver is the companion of her travels. From the time she leaves the stable in the morning until her return at night he is playing about her. If other cows come about while she is grazing he quickly clears the field, and Daisy has no fear from the stones of the small boy, for they all respect the rights which her little protector demands for her.

When she becomes drowsy Beaver lies down beside her, and there he stays until she is ready to get up. Should she decide to stray away from home at night no better guard could she have than the little black canine. In the stable, if it is cold, he sleeps huddled up between her fore legs, and when the weather is warm he makes his bed in some part of the stall with her. So strong is the attachment between these two creatures that if Beaver is accidentally locked out of the stable at night he makes night so hideous with his mournful howls that some one is only too glad to get up and let him in.

The only reason which Colonel Tate assigns for this strange affection is the fact that when Beaver was a pup he was kept in the stable, and unfortunate in being born in the winter he found a warm nest near the cow. His gratitude to Daisy for the warmth which she provided him has prompted the devotion which he now daily exhibits.—Centre Hill (Pa.) Reporter.

The Other Man's Hat.

A very amusing incident occurred in one of the local churches Sunday. As a visitor entered the church he was shown to a seat by one of the sextons, and after seating himself quietly and placing his hat beside him on the seat, he became an attentive listener to the proceedings. As time passed on, however, he became nervous and uneasy, and reaching for his hat was about to leave, when he was stopped by some person, who tapped him on his shoulder from behind. Thinking it was the sexton who wished him to remain till the close of the service he waited; but in a few minutes he again reached for his hat, and was prevented in the same manner as before.

He now came to the conclusion that the service must be an important one, and that the sexton did not wish him to disturb the proceedings in any way, so he again seated himself. After waiting for some time longer he resolved to leave at all hazards. He made another grasp for his hat, and was again tapped on the shoulder; but he did not heed it and arose to leave, when a voice from behind him exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, but that is my hat you have."

The visitor made a hasty apology, picked up his own hat, which had fallen upon the floor, and left, while the observers tittered.—Buffalo Express.

Superstitious Great Men.

Superstition has not only prevented mankind from attaining a superior eminence of happiness, but what is more deplorable, it has added in a great degree to an already extensive catalogue of earthly miseries. It is not by the ignorant alone that superstitious beliefs are entertained, but by many eminent men of the past and present. Dr. Samuel Johnson was a firm believer in ghosts and second sight. Josephus, the great Jewish historian, relates that he saw the extraordinary sight of an evil spirit being induced to leave the body of an afflicted mortal upon the application of Solomon's seal to the patient's nostril. James VI. who was noted for his intellectual attainments and theological learning, was a firm believer in witchcraft. So deep a hold did this absurd notion have on him that he published a work upholding this doctrine, and actually punished all who opposed the belief.—Hebrew Messenger.

A Civil Railway Porter.

At one of the Leeds stations there is a man who has been a porter for many years; he attends to the booking lobby, and waits on passengers arriving by cars, etc. He is an old favorite of constant travelers, and rumor says that he can retire any day on his past earnings. His little fortune has been made by civility; and there are probably many more all over the country that can say the same. It is certainly true that porters who are advanced in life get the lion's share of public favor; but they are young ones, and have served an apprenticeship which has taught them something to their advantage.—Chambers' Journal.

ENGLISH FOLKS AT THE SEASIDE.

Visiting for Pleasure They Waste No Time in Going to Bed. A man charged, with begging once declared that he had not been in bed for thirteen years; he took his rest in doorways and passages. This is not a bad record, but many of the homeless class could probably beat it. Certainly there are thousands—not only in England, but all over the world—to whom such a luxury as a bed is unknown; unfortunately are obliged to lay their heads in the oddest places imaginable to prevent their being rudely awakened by the police.

A sad ne'er-do-well told the writer that this was his principal thought for more days than he could count. Where should he sleep that night? And he had a theory that if he had for having this object constantly in view as he tramped over the monotonous pavements of London he must have lost his reason. He laughed himself after days when he thought of some of his experiences at dozing out.

Even he, however, never slept in a stream, which was what some thirty persons of both sexes did at Buda-Pesth a few years back. The water, which was warm, flowed from a mill, and the vagrants got into it and converted a number of stones into temporary pillows.

Even people with homes could tell some strange stories on this head. Of course in some countries beds are unknown. The Japanese, for example, sleep on the floor, crumpled in a great wadded coat and with a block of wood for a pillow. But, confining ourselves to England, just talk to the dwellers in the slums on this subject. Why, going to bed there during the summer months is positively a living torture. Many places swarm with them, and consequently those who live in them find it more comfortable to sleep anywhere rather than in the proper place—even on the doorstep.

The manager of the Isle of Man hotel remarked a few months ago that "visitors" never went to bed. His servants are often asked to provide breakfasts at 3 or 4 a. m. Certainly the streets of Douglas are pretty lively any time during the season.

One Gentleman is Fond of relating that a night a select party settled not far from his bedroom window and created the most discordant din imaginable. He bore it with exemplary patience for about five hours, and then, dressing himself, he went out and mildly expostulated, saying he wanted some sleep.

"Sleep?" roared one of the gang, blowing a terrific blast on a toy trumpet; "then what did you come to the Isle of Man for?"

They say at Blackpool, too, that if you arrive at any hour of the day or night you are just in time for something or other. The story goes that early one morning a dance was in progress on one of the piers, when a shipwrecked sailor, who had been drifting about on an spar and had fortunately "landed" on the girders below, crawled up the steps. The M. C. came forward—they are never surprised at Blackpool—smiled, bowed and said: "Pardon me, sir, but I can't find you a partner."—Cassell's Journal.

An Impudent Emperess.

Emperors and kings when at home are very much like other people, and it is doubtless in the small amenities of life that their real character shows itself most truly. An incident of the visit of the emperess of Russia to his father-in-law, the king of Denmark, at the palace of Amalienborg is creditable to the czar, though it put him for a moment in a ridiculous light.

Early one morning, soon after the arrival of the czar at Amalienborg, the sentinels who were guarding the garden of the palace were astonished to see the emperess come running out of the palace in slippers and shirt sleeves, gesticulating wildly and shouting loudly.

The soldiers knew not what to do. Had the autocrat of all the Russias lost his reason or been attacked by some mysterious enemy?

The czar soon answered the question by rushing to a corner of the garden where a great barking and howling was going on. From the widow of his sleeping room he had seen one of his big dogs make an attack on the favorite black cat of King Christian of Denmark, and without waiting to summon a servant or even to put in a coat he had rushed out to rescue her cherished pussy. He saved the cat, and no doubt earned the lasting gratitude of the king, his host.—Youth's Companion.

The Unkindest Cut of All.

"I understand your new paper is not to come out again?" said Miss Cynicus. Young Renfield bowed his head in assent. He had come to her for sympathy, and his grief was too deep for words. When his paper suspended the day before he felt that he had had the chance of his life and failed. Only an author filled with youthful ambition could realize how he had burned the midnight oil when he made the chance for him to make a strike for home fame. But it was of no avail, and after a few weeks his little sheet went the way of many a better paper. After the first great pang of his sorrow were over he had come to her he loved the best in the world, feeling sure that she could ease his pain.

"It isn't for myself alone I feel so bad," he went on. "The publisher was very good to me. He lent a great deal of money in the venture, and while I did my best I can't help feeling that I was the cause of his misfortune. What I lost in comparison was nothing."

"Of course it wasn't," she replied. "I understand just how it was you lost nothing. You put in the brains."—New York Evening Sun.

The Cleanly Beach.

Contrary to the usual supposition, cockroaches are quite cleanly and devote a great deal of time to the toilet. It is an interesting sight to watch a crotchet bug carefully cleaning first its antennae and then its legs by passing them through its multiple mouth parts.—Professor Riley.

DEBATES IN CONGRESS.

REPORTS OF THE PROCEEDINGS HAVE GROWN BY VOLUMES.

One Reason for the Increase in the Number of Printed Pages Is That Many Written Essays Are Set in Type Instead of Being Delivered on the Floor.

The reports of congressional proceedings are growing or have already grown so large as to be burdensome and in imminent danger of becoming useless. There are two specific reasons for this increase, one is the printing of every trivial detail with stenographic exactness, and the other is the permission in both branches of using written essays instead of making actual speeches in debate.

In the beginning of the government, and for many years thereafter, the habit of speaking from a manuscript in either branch of congress was unknown. On every important measure that came before congress, on the expediency of which members differed in opinion, there was an actual debate, in which positions were affirmed and contested with old hand speech. In every conflict of this kind the members of congress were, as a rule, in their seats, many taking part, and the mass so interested as to sit continuously through the debates.

The habit of speech has greatly changed. At this time any one who will take his seat in the galleries, or the senate as the senators assemble will be interested during the "morning hour," which is often marked by what may be called a sharp debate; but when the "morning hour" expires and the "regular order" is announced the speaker will very probably see a gentleman rise and unfold a mass of manuscript and begin to read.

He will next set out of the eighty-eight senators probably seventy-five and possibly more, if the senate be full, absent themselves from their seats and retire to the committee rooms to write letters and transact both public and private business until the pages shall inform them that the reading of the manuscript, in progress when the senators left the chamber, is about to close.

SATURDAY ESSAYS.

In the house of representatives the speaker, when he seats himself in the gallery, will probably see repeated, as nearly as the analogy of proceedings in the two branches will allow, all that has been said of the senate, with the addition of a habit which is not extensively, if at all, practiced in the senate—viz., the permission to print speeches, not one word of which has been delivered, and also the setting aside of odd afternoons, generally Saturday, for debate only, which means that some one deputed by the speaker will preside, with the understanding that no business is to be done and that any member who chooses can come there and deliver a speech upon any subject he may select, whether it is pending before congress or not.

The essays which are thus read on a single Saturday would often fill a large single octavo, more extended in point of matter than a volume of Bancroft or Motley.

Few have reckoned the magnitude of the increase in the reports. The general presumption is that it comes from the increased membership of both branches of congress. This accounts for part of the increase, but it is not a sufficient cause for the whole.

The senate is larger than fifty years ago by a little more than one-half—fifty-two then, eighty-eight now. The house today is not one-half larger in membership than it was fifty years ago. But the volume of the reports of either house today compared with those of fifty years ago is prodigiously great.

The reports of proceedings in the Twenty-sixth congress—March 4, 1839, to March 4, 1841—take scarcely one-sixth of the space given to the reports of the Fifthth congress.

But if we go back only half of fifty years a striking illustration will be found. Take both houses of congress from 1861 to 1865, embracing the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth congresses, and covering the entire period of the war. One would suppose that the proceedings in two congresses, with an extra session in one of them, during such a period as 1861-65 would be extraordinarily voluminous.

Both houses were filled with remarkable debaters, and the subjects that were continually before each branch were so absorbing in interest that almost every senator and every representative desired to be heard.

As the form in which the proceedings are reported has changed since that time the comparison of different periods can be made with approximate exactness by stating the proceedings in uniform pages of 1,000 words each. From March 4, 1861, to March 4, 1865, the number of pages filled by the proceedings was 25,400. Ten years and six months afterward the Fiftyth congress convened. It lasted from March 4, 1867, to March 4, 1869, and the report of proceedings filled 28,500 pages.

In an uneventful period, then, with nothing especially to excite or disturb the country, the number of pages filled by the proceedings of a single congress is greater than during the whole period of the war, with all its mighty issues at stake.

Other comparisons of interest may be made readily. One of the most exciting congresses—supposed to be one of the most important ever held in the ante-bellum period—was the Thirty-first, beginning March 4, 1849, and ending March 4, 1851. The compromise measures of 1850, involving all the phases of the slavery question as it then existed, called forth a debate which for thoroughness and ability has perhaps never been equaled, certainly never surpassed, in the history of the government.

Men who naturally belonged to a former period—Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Cass—were there in full vigor, and the younger men of prestige and power—Senators Douglas, Chase, Jefferson Davis, Rankin, of Texas—were also there in all the strength of mature manhood.

The first session of the Thirty-first lasted until Sept. 29, and that of the Thirty-third until Aug. 7, and the proceedings of both congresses filled only 23,000 pages, less by 1,400 pages than the record of the proceedings of the first session of the Fifty-first congress.

To make a comprehensive and most suggestive comparison, let it be stated that from the inauguration of Washington in 1789 to the close of the civil war in 1865 the report of the proceedings of congress for the entire seventy-six years employed 177,490,000 words. From the close of the civil war in 1865 to the first day of October, 1880, being twenty-five years, the number of words employed in reporting congress was 281,000,000.

Hence the congressional reports for the last twenty-five years contained 103,500,000 words more than all the reports from 1789 to 1865.—James G. Blaine in Youth's Companion.

A CHAPTER OF QUEER ACCIDENTS.

Perplexities of a Nearsighted Man Who Left His Glasses at Home. A nearsighted bookkeeper carelessly left his eyeglasses at home the other morning, and had a half day's experience that he will not forget or care to repeat as long as he lives. He was in a great hurry to catch the car, and rushed out of the house shouting farewell to his wife as he passed through the door. There was a large sized puddle in front of his residence, and the first step that he took off the curbstone was directly into it. That utterly ruined the polish on one shoe, and imagining that he saw a firm place ahead of him he made a leap for that and went into the mud with the other foot.

He narrowly escaped being run over by a team hitched to a brewery wagon, and almost missed the rail of the car as it passed by him. As he scrambled to the platform he trod heavily upon the pet bunions of a stout old gentleman, who uttered a howl of anguish, and turning to apologize knocked a dinner basket out of the hand of an office boy going to his work. When the conductor came to collect his fare he offered him a three cent piece and then a nickel penny. By this time those who were near looked pityingly upon him. He searched through his pockets for his glasses, and to his great annoyance discovered that they were missing. There was no help for it, and he decided to keep on to the office and send a boy back for them.

When the car arrived at the corner of Bank and Superior streets he hastened to alight and almost embraced a stern female, who gave him a look that would have petrified him had he been seen. He raised his hat and begged her pardon for the collision, and as he did so the conductor bent forward to assist the lady onto the car and knocked the hat out of the nearsighted man's hand to the ground. The latter peered blindly forward in the direction in which he thought the hat might lie, but could not discover it. The conductor jumped off the car, and picking up the hat restored it to its owner.

The bookkeeper reached his office without any further accident. He sent the office boy to his residence for his glasses and sat down at his desk to work as best he could until the messenger returned. In five minutes he had written with red ink upon the wrong book, and as he reached for the eraser he knocked over another ink bottle, and the contents thoroughly saturated a pile of statements that he had spent the entire previous day in making out.

While attempting to stop the flow of ink he dabbed it upon his coat and cuffs, and finally sat down in the corner, lit a cigar, and painted the air blue until the glasses came with the messenger. He hurried to catch the street car cost him about twenty-five dollars, to say nothing of wear and tear of nervous energy.—Cleveland Leader.

Worrying Ticket Sellers.

"What are you doing that for?" asked the writer of a downtown elevator boy, who was industriously hacking the edges of a nickel with a sharp knife.

"Puttin' up a job on one of de 'L' rakes," he replied, as he started the elevator with a velocity that doubled up the knees of a puny looking man who wanted to go to the top floor.

"Who are the 'L' rakes?" He left two girls on the second floor, and blew a chewed wad at a messenger boy on the third; then he answered:

"De rakes are de fellows wat pull in de coin at de elevated station windows. dey tink der mighty slick in makin' change, and de lassy way dey slide it out makes you tired. But we fellers are on to 'em. We whittles sharp edges on a coin like dis and fings it down hard on de wood. De man paws it, but it don't rake. He tries it again, but his fingers slip off. It's fun to see him get rattled when ders a big crowd waitin'." Tree of de fellers had a man wild last night. We mixed up in a 7 o'clock racket and each of us had a cut coin. De crowd man was slidin' change his purtiest when a lad chucked down a nickel with whiskers on. He pulled at it six times and then had to pick it up.

"After a few people had passed I struck him wid a sharpened dime. It took him a minute to rake it in and gimme change, and a Holium train went up wid a big crowd pushin' to get through de gate. Den de money slipped all right for a minute, but another of de gang set down a fixed piece. It struck fine, and de man was so mad de station trembled. It's de last joke out—nint' floor!"—New York World.

A Gorgeous Curtain.

The curtain at the English Opera house is one of its sights. As it hangs closed it looks like a magnificent pair of golden gates. It was made by Messrs. Heilbroner, of Oxford street. It measures thirty-three feet high and is forty-eight feet wide. A special wareroom had to be hired for it to be made in. The base is gold colored silk, on which has been worked an applique of a darker tone of the same color. The applique—a floreated adaptation of fruit and foliage, pineapples and pomegranates, conventionally treated—is of the Renaissance period, and is from a design by the architect, ingeniously carried out by Messrs. Heilbroner.

The applique is outlined by a fine cord of silk, a fringe with tassels decorates the foot of the curtain. The silk is about a yard wide and there are between five and six hundred yards of it, and more than thirty gross of cord have been used in the curtain. The silk was made in Lyons and the cord and fringe in London. The lining is of yellow satenee, and the substance of the curtain is obtained by layers of wadding. The valance is also applique work in bright reds, blues, yellows and browns, and has been carried out by the same embroiderers.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Classified Sinners.

"Eight sinners came forward for prayers last night," said a gentleman conducting revival services in this city; "eight sinners, some of them of the very highest social standing, and some of no standing at all." What would John Wesley have said to such a speech as that, or what his inspired brother Charles? Social standing discussed at the altar!

A story is related that when one day the Duke of Wellington was kneeling at the altar to partake of the communion a peasant kneel by his side for the same religious purpose. An officious person standing by whispered in words the Iron Duke could not but overhear: "Come away from the altar. Don't you know you are kneeling by the side of the Duke of Wellington?" "He remains," interrupted the Duke, "is no rank at this altar."—Times-Star.

Contracted the Habit of Begging—You're charged with it.

"Magistrate—You're charged with begging." "Magistrate—I wasn't beggin', yer honor." "Magistrate—But you were seen to beg out your hand." "Beggar—It's this way, yer honor, I had to hold out my hand so much that now I can't break myself of it."—London Tri-Bit.

HOW SAFES ARE MADE.

FIREPROOF MATERIAL IS PLACED BETWEEN IRON SHEETS.

James Conner, a Type Founder, Made the First Iron One in 1829—Many Kinds of Mixtures Are Used for Filling—Burglar Proof Safes.

The earliest style of safe known was made in heavy oak or other hardwood boxes or chests. They were bound on the corners and across the top and front with iron bands studded with nails. Iron plates were eventually made to cover the outside of the chest and nailed to the wood. The foundation of the plan upon which fireproof safes are still constructed was laid by Richard Scott in 1801. The improvement previous to 1825 was to make the chest of soft wood, in thicker body, soaked in brine. After thoroughly soaking both the inside and outside shells sheets of iron were fastened inside and outside with large nails or spikes.

The idea and principle was that the moisture in the wood upon the application of heat would produce steam and prevent the interior and its contents reaching a temperature of 212 degrees. Below that point the steam would be produced from the moisture of every description will be produced from damage either to the fiber of the material or to the writing which may be upon its surface. These principles of the steam producing quality and the reliance upon this quality is the principal element in the manufacture of all safes of the present day, though different materials may be used to produce the same result.

James Conner, a type founder of this city, about 1829-32 invented an iron strong box with a double shell, having as a filling plaster of Paris mixed with water. Later the shells were lined with sheets of mica pasted on paper and filled with burned clay or sawdust and charcoal. Plaster retained the moisture successfully, but was so destructive to the thin iron shells that its use was abandoned. Conner allowed his invention to lapse, and a man named Fitzgerald in 1843 obtained new letters patent on the same kind of a safe.

SOME OLD SAFES.

William Marr, of London, in 1834, was the first to patent a method of construction for safes. In 1838 Charles Chubb, of the same city, used concentric linings of iron plates filled in between with wood ashes or other slow conducting materials of a nature to retard the transmission of heat. In 1843 letters patent were granted to the Messrs. Tann for the use of powdered alum and gypsum, previously heated and cooled, as a fire resisting medium. In 1840 Thomas Milner had patented a plan to fill the jacket, formed by the double plates, with sawdust in which were packed a number of small tubes filled with an alkaline solution and hermetically sealed, or crystals of alum or soda combining from 40 to 60 percent water crystallization.

In case of fire the safe heating tubes would burst and the crystals would melt and saturate with water the sawdust. Steam thus produced by the heat would pass into the inner safe and protect its contents, if inflammable, for a long time. George Price, of Wolverhampton, England, in 1855, tried the plan of coating metal surfaces exposed to the filling with a compound to prevent corrosion, and then used powdered alum and sawdust as a filling. Previous to this, in 1849, dry plaster and a common grade of alum or potash alum was found to be of value as a non-conductor of heat. Plaster was used for its non-conductor quality and alum for the large proportion of water it contains in crystallization. The same heat which produced steam also fused or disintegrated alum, releasing the moisture and producing the requisite steam qualities.

The principal argument that might be used against this combination would be that alum in fusing almost entirely disappears. Thus a vacuum is left, to take the place of which there is nothing to support the outer frame of the safe. The outer frame must remain intact in order to retain the steam.

MODERN SAFES.

In another mixture of similar character at this time was included marble dust and the refuse of soda manufactures. When this material was heated it was supposed to produce carbonic acid gas. The gas was to subside or extinguish fire or flames in the immediate vicinity by reducing the temperature. Still another material used as a filler was pulverized hydraulic cement, which embraced the several qualities of the plaster and alum.

This material is a non-conductor of heat and contains water in large quantities. Unlike the dry plaster and alum it is a solid, having a crushing strength in itself of several hundred pounds to the square inch. The extraction of the moisture by any degree of heat that can possibly be produced in an accidental fire leaves the filling solid and intact. The volume is neither increased nor decreased, so there is no strain on the frame which covers it.

Most of the fireproof safes of the present day are made of wrought iron plates and angles on the outer and inner frames. The usual thickness of the walls is from five and a half to six inches. Combination locks are used almost universally; yet locks are the exception. The number of safes produced by the manufacturers has largely increased in later years.

Burglar proof safes are distinct from fireproof safes in material, construction and the object for which they are built. The walls are composed of high and low grades of steel, which, when tempered will resist the most powerful drill. But it is an error to suppose that a safe which provides security from the burglar's drill is for that reason sufficiently protected from burglars who are properly fitted for an attack upon a bank safe or vault.

Recent experience has demonstrated that other methods are more expeditious, involving less risk for the operators, and frequently more certain of success. We inserted across one edge of a door driven home by repeated blows of a mallet retain on each wedge the compressive strength of each blow struck. The inclined plane of the wedge, being the foundation principle of all mechanical art of safe burglary, has proved in numerous instances.

CATFISH HAD ANOTHER EYE.

Bullying Rangers of the Ponds That Were the Scavengers of the Seas. "Professor Brown Goode compares the taste of catfish meat to pate de foie gras," Professor Bassford Dean, of the College of the City of New York, says in a paper in the fish commission's report. The catfish is a quarrelsome, hardy and mud loving fish. Fish culturists affect to despise it because it is ugly and a fighter. It grows sometimes to three pounds in weight, but ordinarily it ranges from half a pound to a pound. Nearly all fish die when confined a short time in muddy, stagnant water, but when the vivifying oxygen is exhausted from the water the catfish rises to the surface, thrusts its snout out of the water and sucks air into its stomach. Through its porous skin also it takes in the oxygen of the air. Like the frogs, the catfish hibernates, refusing food after November, and burying itself in the ooze at the bottom of the pond in December. It reappears in February or March, or after a thunder storm, some naturalists aver. Then it is thin and ravenous.

Catfish were planted not long ago in Lake Ronkonkoma, and fishermen complain that they are ogres—as Thoreau wrote, "a bloodthirsty and bullying set of rangers, ever with lance at rest." They pause in their roving, sink head foremost in the mud and wait for their prey, with their black muzzles just protruding from the ooze, while their little black eyes glance restlessly in every direction. The catfish will bolt anything for a bit of salt mackerel to a piece of tin. Its destruction of the young of other fish is enough to breed a fish famine in a lake or pond. Of their own young, however, they are very careful.

The adult fish always swims with the young fry wandering near, exactly as chickens accompany the mother hen, and at the sign of danger the little bullheads hustle to the mother fish and get behind her for protection, while the older, who waves defiance with her whiskers. When aroused catfish give hidden and fearful battle with their barb. They fight most in the breeding season, males battling with males. Of two quite recently observed by Professor Dean nine showed marks of terrific strife. The soft parts of their fins and tails were torn to tatters and four eyes were destroyed, one old male catfish being blind in both eyes, while the lower third of its tail and half of the left pectoral fin were missing.

Professor Dean finds evidence that the catfish has a rudimentary eye in the middle of its forehead. There is a median skull opening which appears to connect the surface of the head with the brain. There are evidences that a lens once existed, and it is believed from microscopic examination of the brain that the opening affords light to the eye. He argues that the catfish is a monster placodermous in the nature of the scale, the logical speech; that from the nature of the catfish in burying itself in the mud with only its nose sticking out of it must have been in its original rible scourger of the sea, able fore, behind and above, while ready to dart on its prey.—New York World.

Brain Catches a Cold.

An organ grinder who traveled through the country late before he had stopped before a farmer's afternoon, and after a night's rest, his performances mission in stay all night, placed in the barn for the night the family, a terrible noise in the barn was screaming and "simply help!" and apparently engaged for life.

The farmer hastened followed by the organ grinder, mates of the house, and was with a man in his hand, while the organ grinder frantically to escape.

The bear was muzzled at a man no serious injury, though from being comfortably examined it proved a fine calf. In the darkness the over brain, who had seized his fist.

The organ grinder, learning at once, called out, "Hag! hag!" the bear enjoying the sport and squeezing him numerously, though he had been expected when he spread his town to be a perfect specimen.

But the bear was not to be trifled with. He was a fine specimen of his kind, and his strength was such that he could easily have crushed the organ grinder's skull. He was, however, very tame, and he allowed the organ grinder to be examined by the farmer's son, who was a young man of about 15 years of age.

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