

NEW ZEALAND DOGS.

Remarkable Intelligence Shown by the Animals.
New Zealand is a country that delves largely upon the labor of dogs as opposed to the toil of men, says the New York Mail and Express. A man with several dogs, trained one and all to a proper pitch, can cope with the duties of a large number of men without dogs in any work that is purely pastoral.

Last year sheep dogs were an important factor in the care of 16,000,000 sheep, which produced 80,000,000 pounds of wool. The dogs are almost as great a sight as the sheep on the four annual events of mustering, named respectively shearing master (November), stragglers—master (February), weaning master (March), autumn master (May). The master of every sheep on the run is imperative, and those are rare exceptions where less than four masters are deemed sufficient. A master is arranged on recognized lines. As nearly as possible the men work in line, within sight of each other. The top man drives the sheep gradually down to the man below him, who passes them on till they reach the man working the flats. There is no precise rule; as each man can keep his mob of sheep till the beat is sounded. All this time the dogs have been working in every course on the beat, not en masse, but each in his own sphere, as the shepherd commands. Should he have half a dozen dogs they would comprise two "heading" or "leading" dogs, two "driving" or "hounds" and two "handy" dogs. The "handy" dog is a dog able to turn its attention with equal exactness to anything. There is little erring; once his education is accomplished his owner can depend upon him in any crisis. The dogs used in this colony on sheep farms are selected from Scots and German collies and the Smithfield sheep dog, and vary as much in size and class as they do in price. A dog fitted for the capabilities of a small farm could be purchased for a sovereign, while men who are in residence on back-country stations of 200,000 acres repeatedly pay from £10 to £15 for their fancy.

HOW A SPIDER DISAPPEARS.

They Trust Entirely to Strategy for Their Protection.

On the borders of the Everglades, you often see a large yellow spider, says the Florida Citizen. He swings a strong web from two pliant twigs on each side of a path of clear space of ground and waits for his prey. The web is in the shape of a hammock and tapers at each end to a fine point, though quite broad in the middle. The bright color of the owner seems to mark him out for destruction—he is clearly defined against the white sand or dead leaves and you wonder what he would do for defense in case of attack. Approach quietly and he watches you intently. Now raise your hand suddenly and he will disappear. While you are wondering what became of him you see first a blur where he had been, then several spiders, then you catch sight again of the yellow ball you noticed at first. Repeat the performance and the stage effect is renewed. The disappearance is absolute—there can be no doubt about it, and the little magician trusts to it entirely for his protection. How is it done? As soon as he is threatened he starts the vibrations of his airy hammock; these become too rapid for the eye to follow and he vanishes. As these become slower you see a blur and then several spiders as the eye catches him at different points of his swing until he finally rests before you.

LONGEST DAY HE REMEMBERED.

Irishman Thus Writes to His Nephew When He Gave Up Drinking.

There was in those days a serious-mannered Irish member named Blake (not to be confounded with the ex-premier of Canada, sitting member for South Longford), who is remembered for a brief correspondence he read to the introduced a speech delivered in debate on the Irish Sunday closing bill. Mr. Blake had, he confidently informed the house, an uncle who regularly took six tumblers of whisky today daily. This troubled him, says the North American Review, and after much thought he resolved to write and remonstrate with his relative. The following was the letter:

"My Dear Uncle: I write to say how pleased I should be if you could see your way to giving up your six glasses of whisky a day. I am sure you would find many advantages in doing so, the greatest of which would be that, as I am persuaded, it would be the means of prolonging your days."

The uncle replied:

"My Dear Nephew: I am much obliged to you for your dutiful letter. I was so much struck by what you said, and in particular by your kind wish to lengthen my day, that last Friday I gave up the whisky. I believe you are right, my boy, as to the days being lengthened, for, bedad! it was the longest day I ever remember."

The Language of the Future.

A writer in a leading magazine has made the prophecy that in 300 years from now the world will know only three languages—English, Russian and Chinese. The English language will be spoken all over North and South America, in Australia, India, New Zealand and the islands of Australia and the Pacific. The Russian tongue will have conquered all Europe except Great Britain, and all Asia except India and China.

A Pyrenean Echo.

At a watering place in the Pyrenees, says a French journal, the conversation at table turned up a wonderful echo to be heard some distance off on the Franco-Spanish frontier. "It is astonishing," said an inhabitant of Garonne. "As soon as you have spoken you hear distinctly the voice leap from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier the echo assumes the Spanish accent."

CAT IN A PIPE ORGAN.

Unusual Experience of a Hotel Cat in a Music Box.

A few nights ago, when the big aeolian at the Great Northern began its usual evening programme, it didn't seem to work just right, says the Chicago Chronicle. The aeolian was doing its best to play the wedding march from "Hohenzollern," but made an awful mess of it.

The first strain, which everybody remembers goes "Rum-tum-te-tum," was followed by "meow-wow-wow." All the crowd looked up at the organ and tried to locate the spot where the unusual accompaniment came from. The next strain of the march was followed by a screeching yell that was heard clear up to the G floor. People at dinner dropped their knives and forks and looked nervously at each other and then at the doors and windows. Just as the third yell came out of the aeolian Proprietor Eden was seen on the second floor stealthily moving toward the instrument with a ladder in his hand. Mr. Eden crept up close to the aeolian and listened for a moment. Then he put his ladder against the right side and slowly made his way to the top. When he got up he reached over and put his hand down inside of the E flat pipe. There were no results at first. Then he stood on tiptoe and shoved his arm to the shoulder down the mouth of the pipe. Then followed a terrible yowling and scratching, but the colonel pulled and with a noise like the departure of a tight cork from the neck of a beer bottle he pulled the hotel cat out of the pipe and carried it down to the baggage room, where it belongs.

JUSTIFIABLE STEALING.

Why a Kentucky Judge Set Aside a Verdict of a Jury.

"I heard the late Judge John R. Grace, of the court of appeals of Kentucky, set aside the verdict of a jury once under circumstances that to my mind did him infinite credit," said Representative John S. Rhea, of that state, according to the Washington Post.

It seems that a poor woman, who was on the verge of starvation and who was the sole support of four little children, went into a neighbor's smokehouse and purloined a piece of bacon. The proof was positive and the jury reluctantly returned a verdict of guilty. When the finding of the jury was read Judge Grace, who at that time presided over the Fourteenth judicial district, rising to his feet, said in the most emphatic tones:

"The court orders that the verdict in this case be set aside, and I want to declare here that in all cases where an unfortunate woman is on trial for stealing food, taken to keep her offspring from starving, it will require 13 men to convict her of the crime in this court. The defendant is discharged from custody."

The announcement was greeted with applause from the spectators, and the general sentiment was that Judge Grace had acted not only as befitted a chivalrous man, but that his ruling was right. That to keep innocent babies from perishing of hunger can scarcely be called a crime."

VICTORIA'S HALLUCINATION.

For Years She Dreamt from Stepping Out of Her Carriage.

Victoria has not been exempt from the taint of insanity which is hereditary in her house, and at the death of her husband, 33 years after their marriage, she continued for several years in retirement, which was not wholly that of mourning, for during that time she was subject to hallucinations. One hallucination took possession of her every time she alighted from a carriage, says the Chicago News.

"Thank you," said the lawyer, according to the Cleveland Leader, "I am glad you admire my handling of the case."

"It was admirable, sir, admirable. And I am so glad that he was innocent, after all."

"Yes, so am I. By the way, if you or your friends ever get caught in any crooked way, give me a call, and I'll promise to make you just as innocent as the man who was accused a few minutes ago. Here is my card. Good-day, sir."

For long time the citizen stood there, apparently in deep study. At last he shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and said to himself:

"Well, by gum, I guess I know why justice is blind. It's because them blamed lawyers throw so much dust in her eyes."

Quinine Music.

In 1872 John Statte, of St. Louis, was seized with a bad attack of malaria, and took quinine to fight it off. One day, during a particularly bad chill, he took 62 grains at a time, and from that moment, it is said, he has not slept a wink. The enormous dose produced such ringing noises in his head that sleep had been impossible. Statte says that sometimes the noises resemble the roar of a great cataract falling hundreds of feet upon rocks below; again they sound like a sawmill where great logs are being ripped apart by buzzing saws, then there are crashes as of thunder and the hissing of escaping steam; always a myriad of hideous noises ringing and echoing through his brain.

Our Experts.

An annual report of Capt. Rodgers, of the Fourth cavalry, who is acting as superintendent of the Yosemite national park, states that the regular patrols have found that there is less trespassing in the park than in past years, and says the depredations committed by sheep and their herders are the worst they have to contend with. The game seems to be increasing, in number, and the deer and other animals show less fear of human beings than in past years. The rigid enforcement of the rule against carrying firearms in the park has produced good results.

Circus Men Taboo Whistling.

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