

HIS TROUBLESOME DOG.

ONE THE OLD SOLDIER GOT AT THE TIME OF THE CIVIL WAR.

He was the Only Dog he Ever Owned and was his Companion in Many a Weary March—A bad Habit which Finally Resulted in the Dog's Death.

"The only dog I ever owned," said a civil war veteran "was one I got in the South when I was in the army. It was a very small pup when I got him, and I was told that he was a bloodhound. I didn't really believe that, but I think the bloodhound idea rather appealed to me, nevertheless. "He was a tremendously clumsy little chap but no trouble until some sort of an insect bit him right square on the top of the head and made a sore spot there. I didn't know anything about the care of dogs, but somebody told me that a good thing to put on it would be wagon grease, and so every day I used to go down to the wagon train and get a little wagon grease from where it had worked out on the end of a wheel hub and take it back and cover the sore spot on the dog's head with it. I don't know whether the wagon grease healed it or whether it simply served to keep flies from making the place worse, but anyhow it finally got well.

"The dog wasn't old enough or big enough at first to stand marching, and more than once I carried him in my haversack, the food all being eaten out of it. At first he went into the haversack easy and with something to spare, but it wasn't so very long before he made a very snug fit in it and I had to crowd him a little to get him in, and then he was pretty heavy to carry. Then he got so big that I couldn't get him into the haversack at all, but then he was big enough to keep going himself.

"When I got him the regiment had only a few months to serve, and while he'd grown a good deal, still he wasn't a very big dog when I got him home, but from that on he grew very rapidly, and soon came to be a big dog; that is, big in height; but he was a dog very furiously built; he had an extremely thin, narrow body, and great big long legs; he was built a little something like a carpenter's horse. He had a long, smooth tail and big, floppy ears, and he was now by far the clumsiest dog that ever lived. He'd fall over himself sometimes. Bloodhound? Yes; he was a bloodhound, sure.

"But he was a friendly, good-natured, loving dog; he tried in every way to show this disposition toward every member of the family. And they all liked him; the only thing they didn't like about him was his appetite. I think they thought it was scarcely consistent with his constant manifestations of friendliness toward us to eat so much as he did—the mere cost of feeding him was quite an item, to say nothing of preparing his food. And then, I think, they were kind of irritated too, because they couldn't see how he could eat so much; how he could stow away so much as he did in that thin narrow body of his; but finally they came to the conclusion that his legs must be hollow; and after that so far from regarding the dog with any coldness of feeling they regarded him with all the greater affection, for it was the case instead of carelessly gorging himself at our expense they knew he had in reality been stinting himself on our account, his legs were so big and long.

"But he did have one characteristic that was not agreeable, and that was his howl. I've heard a good many dogs howl, but I have never heard a dog howl as he could. And we never could stop him. I don't know; it seemed as though he had to howl, and he always howled at night. The first night we ever heard him he woke us all up with it in the middle of the night. My goodness! I never heard anything like that! Snakes! It was the howl of a distressed demon. There never was anything like that.

"I went downstairs and found him, and he was glad to see me, and he swung his tail and flapped his ears, and there was nothing the matter with him—he was all right; but the first thing I knew back went his head—I don't believe he could help it—and he howled another of those hair-lifting howls. Gee-whizzlums squazzlums! It was the most awful sound I ever heard.

"Well, we tried every way we knew to stop him, but it was no use. He would howl, and finally we had to put him outdoors at night. We built a kennel for him in the yard and put him in that, and we thought that maybe that had cured him, for he didn't howl at the usual hour that night, but along about 1 o'clock in the morning he did howl; the wildest, most unearthly howl we ever heard; and then we realized for the first time what putting him outdoors meant. You could hear him, out there, for blocks. He woke up the neighborhood.

"We could hear windows going up all around and then everything was still, and we knew the folks were listening. And then the dog howled again. And then we heard the folks all around slamming down their windows to shut out the sound. The next day my next door neighbor who knew what the sound was, told me that I put the dog out again at night he'd shoot

him. We didn't put him out, because we didn't want to disturb the neighbors and we didn't want the dog hurt; we kept him in the house. But a few days after he strayed away somewhere in the daytime, and never back. We never knew for sure just what became of him, but we never had any doubt."

A Hopeless Invalid.

SUCH WAS THE CONDITION OF MISS RODD, OF BROOKLIN.

An Editor relates the Story of Her Illness and How a Remarkable Change in Her Condition Was Brought About.

From the Gazette, Whitby, Ont.

For some five years the editor of this journal has made weekly visits to Brooklin in search of news. One of his earliest recollections of the village was in noting that Miss Levina Rodd was very ill. Miss Rodd was well known, and as week after week rolled round, it was natural to ask how she was getting, on and the reply always came that she was no better. Time went on and it became a settled fact that Miss Rodd was a confirmed invalid and that such she would continue until a kind Providence took mercy on her by allowing death to end her sufferings. None of the villagers anticipated any other ending. Our astonishment can better be imagined than described, therefore, when Mrs. Bert Wells hailed us one morning with "Well, editor, we have some news for you to-day." "What is it?" "Why, Miss Rodd has gone on a visit to Columbus friends." "Why, I thought she was a confirmed invalid?" "So she was, but she has been improving so much lately that she is now able to help herself a good deal, and it was thought a change of scene would do her good." "That is certainly news," replied the quill-pusher, "and good news too; but what cured her?" "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," replied Mrs. Wells. We then decided to ask Miss Rodd upon her return for an interview, but it was some time before it took place, owing to the limited time at our disposal between trains, and partly owing to a desire to wait and see if the improvement was likely to prove permanent. However, after many put offs, we finally called at the home of Mrs. Doolittle, a sister of Miss Rodd's, who has carefully cared for her during the long illness. At the request of the editor Miss Rodd made the following statement:—"I am fifty years of age and have lived in Brooklin ten years. Five years ago I was taken ill with acute rheumatism, and have not done a day's work since. The trouble began with my feet and the swelling extended to my arms, wrists and shoulders, and finally settled in my neck. I had such pain that I was obliged to use a walking stick to ease me in moving about, and two and a half years ago the stick had to make way for a crutch. At this time I used to get up a little each day, but it was not long before I was denied even this privilege, and the next six months I was perfectly helpless and bed-ridden. I could not even turn my head or put a cup of tea to my mouth. I got completely discouraged after ineffectually being treated by two physicians and trying the different medicines recommended for my ailment. While I was in this helpless condition my niece came in one day and prevailed upon me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking two boxes I felt a slight change for the better so I continued to take them, with the effect that I continued to improve slowly ever since. I now sleep well, have a good appetite and have gained in flesh. I can stand now, walk about, and even get in and out of the buggy upon the occasion of my late visit to Columbus. Since that time, too, I feel stronger and my reason for still using a crutch is on account of my knees being weak and a desire to not overtax my strength. Jubilee Day was the first time in twenty one months that I was able to put my foot outside the door and I am satisfied had I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the first place instead of other medicines used, I would have been spared much suffering. I am sure I owe my improvement to these Pills alone." Mrs. Doolittle, who as we have previously stated attended her sister through her trying illness, was equally strong in her recommendations as to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills having effected the radical change, and the three of us agreed that it would be only just that this case should be brought to notice of suffering humanity in the hope that it might prove a blessing to more than Miss Rodd, who still continues to improve and who hopes to again be able to do her full days work at no distant date.

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BREATHE UNDER WATER.

Observing Sport-man Astonished by the Beaver, Otter and Muskrat.

It is generally understood that the beaver, otter, mink and muskrat are semi-aquatic in their habits, but it is doubtful whether any one can say to what extent they are able to dispense with the regular respiration, so essential to life in all warm-blooded animals, and, of course, impossible for them while beneath the surface of the water. A bit of information upon this point would be of great interest to me, and I presume, to many of your readers as well. In my hunting expeditions through various sections of the West I have talked with many experienced hunters on the subject and have found that there is a common belief that the animals mentioned share with the fishes an ability to draw a supply of oxygen from the water, but the fallacy of this idea is apparent at a glance. The respiratory organs of the otter and mink differ in no way from those of the raccoon and rabbit. So far as I can see their lung capacity is comparatively no greater. How, then, can the otter stay so long beneath the surface when the rabbit can hardly survive a momentary submersion?

While camping on Reelfoot Lake in western Tennessee some years ago I was afforded an excellent opportunity of observing the habits of a mink which resorted for fishing to a shallow pond near at hand. The pool was probably 100 feet wide and double that length, hardly two feet deep in the centre and quite clear. It was full of small fish, principally perch and jack, and the mink undoubtedly found it a very acceptable larder. At all events I found him there three evenings in succession, and on each occasion he took hurriedly to the water, dived beneath the surface, and evinced a strong determination to "stay there." The first evening of his disappearance puzzled me somewhat, for the bottom of the pond was everywhere discernible, and yet the closest scrutiny failed to show his hiding place. I stood for several minutes awaiting his reappearance, but eventually grew discouraged and turned away. The next evening I was more successful, and was able to follow the little fellow with my eyes as he shot, arrow-like, to the centre of the pond and sought shelter beneath some submerged limbs that had previously escaped my notice.—Sports Afield.

Bagley's Ensign Last Words.

A private letter received at the Navy Department in Washington gives a pathetic incident of the death of Ensign Bagley on board the torpedo boat Winslow at the engagement off Cardenas. Bagley had been fearfully wounded by a shot which practically tore through his body. He sank over the rail and was grasped by one of the enlisted men named Reagan, who lifted him up and placed him on the deck. The young officer, realizing that the wound was a fatal one, and that he had only a short time to live, allowed no murmur of complaint or cry of pain to escape him, but opened his eyes.

"Thank you, Reagan."

These were the last words he spoke.

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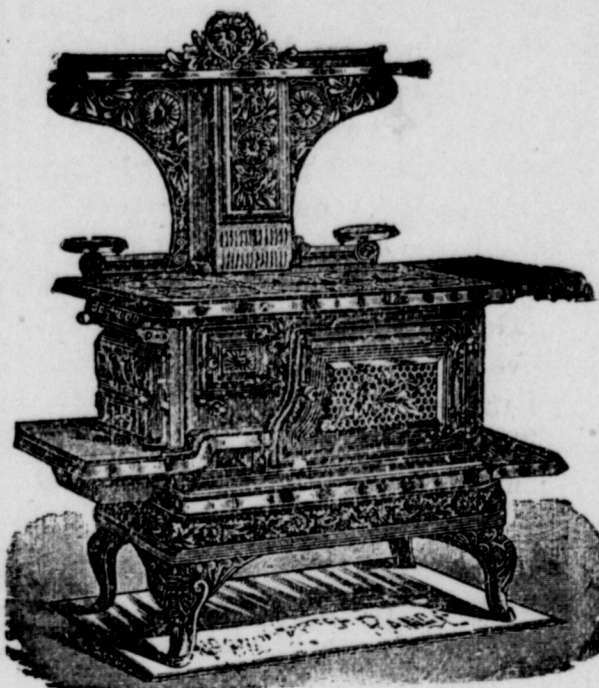
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