

RAT WITH A WOODEN LEG.

New or Inventive and Humane Philadelphian Boy Fitted Out His Captive.

A rat with a wooden leg is a curiosity, as curiosities go nowadays. Yet such an animal can be seen any day at the residence of a man named Dugmore, in the southwestern section of the city, reports the Philadelphia Times. About a month ago Willis Dugmore, a lad of 12 years, found the little rodent in a trap in the cellar. His first impulse was to brain the pest with a baseball bat, but the rat looked at him so pleadingly that Willie's heart was touched, and he decided to take the trap and an adjoining vacant lot and liberate the animal. This he did, but instead of scampering off, as he expected, the rat limped painfully up to him and began to lick his hand. Willie then discovered that one of the animal's legs had been almost severed by the trap.

Taking the rat home, he cut the leg off and then bandaged the wound, using as a liniment a little vaseline. He then put the rat into a cage and nursed it for a week. He then removed the bandage and found that the wound had completely healed. The rat was, however, unable to walk, and Willie decided that he would make for it an artificial leg. Going down to the cellar, he obtained a piece of pine, and after some whittling succeeded in making a leg. This he fastened on with a string, and was delighted to see that his plan was entirely successful. The rat is now the family pet and can be seen any day hobbling about the kitchen or teasing a little Irish terrier, of which it has made a lifelong friend.

HOT WATER WELLS.

In Some Cases Temperature Rises Twenty Degrees in a Single Night—Cause of the Phenomenon.

The wells in parts of Arizona have recently become producers of hot water, and apprehension is felt by many of the residents of the region affected that they are about to become participants in a grand volcanic drama. In some of the wells the temperature of the well water rose 20 degrees in a single night. A few of the phenomena disappeared soon after its appearance. In a majority of the cases, however, the wells steamed from their newly-acquired heat. The first known of this curious state of affairs was a report that the wells at Maricopa, on the Southern Pacific railroad, 30 miles south of Phoenix, had suddenly become hot, says the *Ornitho-Bee*.

It was four days thereafter that the phenomenon first was noticed a dozen miles west of that city. A test at one well showed a temperature of nearly 100 degrees. No difference is noted in wells in the immediate vicinity of Phoenix.

The line of subterranean heat wave follows the general direction of the Sierra Estrella mountains, a volcanic chain lying immediately south of the Gila River. Thence it appears to continue in the direction of the Harquahala mountains, near which are a number of large and modern volcanic cones and hills of drifted volcanic ash. Further to the east the lava flows are so geologically modern as to have overwhelmed in a number of places the cliff dwellings of the ancients.

BARGAINS IN CLOTHING.

Some Good Suggestions as to What to Buy and Wear at a Minimum Expense.

For some reason which we cannot understand there is, perhaps, as much ignorance as to what constitutes a valuable bargain in clothing as in any other line that could be mentioned. There is no one item, except food, on which men have to spend as much as on their clothes. While this is true, most men exercise so little caution or judgment in purchasing clothing that a large ratio of loss to the consumer is the result. It is a standard of civilization, when we find men anxious to dress well. To do so at a minimum expense is the highest art, says the Textile Manufacturers' Journal.

The first qualification that the buyer must insist on is a fast color. In purchasing a foreign-made article he must bear in mind that the color particularly is liable to give him trouble. A color that stands very well in Europe or England, that does not give way under English skies or foggy atmosphere, will soon succumb and look cheap and mean in the warm, clear atmosphere and pure sunlight of our latitudes.

A maker or seller cannot deceive a buyer as to cut and fit if he has his eyes open. If a man has ordinary taste and uses the faculties of observation to notice the cut that looks neat and natty, and yet not loud or extreme, he will be able, when he buys a suit for himself, to hit pretty near the mark.

Rations of Spanish Soldiers.

The Spanish soldier is a frugal liver, his commissariat allowance being two meals a day—one at nine a.m., the other at five p.m. In some corps coffee and soup are served out in the early morning. A pound and a half of bread per man per day constitutes the government ration. He gets little meat, and keeps in excellent condition on a chunk of dry black bread, a little oil, and a clove of garlic a day.

A Spendthrift Town.

Gran, the archiepiscopal residence of Prince Primate of Hungary, a town of 30,000 inhabitants, has overseen its debt limit and has been provided with a "judicial council" to look after its expenses. Judiciary councils in countries where the Roman law prevails are appointed for spendthrifts; the application to a municipality is a novelty.

Duck Sausage as Food.

A Chinese athlete says that the brains of the duck are the most strengthening food it is possible to eat.

A WOMAN'S TACT.

She Drew a Pair of Opera Glasses on the Court and Got Into Trouble.

A Detroit lady once had an experience out in western Kansas that she will never forget. Just after her wedding trip her husband was called to that section on business, and they decided, like sensible people, that both should go. Out of spite, a typical real estate shark of those days had the husband arrested because he declined to stand quietly by and see himself swindled.

The prisoner was taken before a justice of the peace who knew a good deal more about the reports of a six-shooter than those of the supreme court, and who could have drained the fountain of knowledge had he drank as copiously there as at some other places. The angry bride insisted upon attending the trial, and in the midst of it she so far forgot herself as to level a pair of opera glasses upon the court, whose big head bore striking resemblance to a brush heap. It was a new one on the justice and too much for him. He swiftly ducked under the table and shouted:

"Disarm that woman." After getting the drop on her the officer secured the glasses and laid them gingerly before the court, who promptly roared that the woman was fined \$1,000 for contempt.

But she did not lose her head. Asking the right to speak for herself, she went to the "bench," explained the glasses had the justice look out over the plains with them and then, after a few pretty words of apology, gave them to him. He hit the table a mighty blow to reconvene court, opened the drawer which contained his personal arsenal, and fined the prosecuting witness \$25 "for insultin' a visitin' lady and gent in contravention to law and order."

ONE OFFICIAL FAVOR.

That Was At Mrs. Cleveland Asked of Her Husband During His White House Days.

All during Mr. Cleveland's two terms as president, Mrs. Cleveland's most intimate associates were those whom she knew before marriage, says a writer in the June Ladies' Home Journal. One of them was the wife of a clerk in the treasury department, who lived in one of the most modest little homes in Washington's most unfashionable district. This made no difference to Mrs. Cleveland. Often the white house carriage called to "pick up" the friend for a drive. Another of her intimate friends in Washington was a young woman who taught music to support herself. Mrs. Cleveland obtained many pupils for her. Another was the wife of a struggling lawyer, and each week a bouquet of white house flowers came to cheer the home of the friend of schoolgirl days. A fourth was the teacher of a small kindergarten, who, when the Cleveland children reached a suitable age, transferred her school to the white house, and the children and grandchildren of the cabinet members, and of the families of Mrs. Cleveland's friends, and of the friends of the president, became her pupils. The only "official" favor which Mrs. Cleveland asked of her husband while he was president was the appointment to office of the husband of her college roommate.

Steered Him Wrong.

"Heard a good one when I was in St. Louis," relates the fat drummer with a penchant for story telling. "You know, that the St. Louis and Anchor line failed some time ago and many of its assets were sold at auction. Among them was the magnificent looking water pitcher that the people of Baton Rouge had presented for use on the boat named after that city. The story told among a few of his acquaintances by an old river pilot was that 168 citizens of the town contributed silver dollar each, that these coins were melted down and out of the material the pitcher was made. It bore appropriate inscriptions, and had some additional value because of its associations."

"Those who had been posted by the old pilot kept quiet and at the sale were on the lookout for the pitcher. It was run up to \$40 and knocked down to a friend of mine."

"Made a good thing of it, didn't he?" "I should say not. There wasn't a grain of anything but pewter in the pitcher and now my friend is impatiently camping on the trail of the old pilot."

When Wellington Was Mad.

Czar Nicholas' visit to Windsor in 1844 afforded Murray an opportunity to be present at one of the few occasions when the duke of Wellington lost control of himself. He did it at a review before the queen, her imperial guest and the royal family, when, contrary to his orders, issued for the queen's convenience, the guns were fired. The hero of a hundred fights stormed in a "most violent manner."

When the prince tried to pacify him by saying it was doubtless a mistake he replied: "It is very good of your royal highness to excuse it, but there should be no mistakes; military orders should be punctually obeyed, and so long as I command the army they shall be obeyed!" The emperor was astonished, and the suites looked at each other with blank faces, while the artillery was ordered off the maneuvering ground.

Sacred Plant.

The plant known as vervain, which is not distinguished for its beauty, and which grows nowadays utterly disregarded, was so sacred to the Druids that they only gathered it for their divinations when the great dog star arose, in order that neither sun nor moon should see the deed.

No Long Sermons.

Court chaplains, when they preach before the German emperor, must condense the sermons so that they can be delivered in 15 minutes.

TODDY TREES.

They Grow in South America—Bees Get Drunk by Tapping Bark—Other Arboral Tricks.

Nature has her rum shops, her moonshines. She produces plants which devote themselves to the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. The South American toddy tree is well known to naturalists. It is well known also to the South American beetles, the coyotes, herculans. When the latter goes on a spree, he never gets it alone, after the unneighborly habit of the human drunkard. He collects his friends and acquaintances to the number of 30 or 40; the whole crowd run their short horns through the bark of the toddy tree, revel in the outflowing juices and, while inebriated, are easily caught by the human natives says Lippincott's.

The toddy tree parts with its liquor free of charge. There are other plants which are less generous. They exact no free penalty that the death of the unfortunate drunkard. And what do they do with the body? Strange as it may seem, they eat it. In this manner they obtain the food which nourishes them and sustains their healthful existence.

At the end of each of their long green leaves these plants have a pitcher-shaped receptacle. We might style the growler, but it never needs to be rushed. It is always full of what with special appropriateness might be called bug juice—a watery liquor, sweet to the taste and inhaling to the senses. Only in fine weather is the growler open for business. On rainy days it firmly shuts up to keep out the rain that would dilute and spoil its contents. Nature's saloon keepers do not water their stock.

THE GINGER HABIT.

When Once Formed It Is an Erroneously Difficult Thing to Get Rid Of.

"What is it I am chewing?" asked the man coming out of the drug store in response to a query from his companion. "Why, it's ginger root, and it is a fine thing to nibble on between meals. It is a great tonic, too, and a digestor. Will you have a nibble?" and he extended a bit of the root to the other man.

"Thanks, no," said the other. "How long have you been doing it?"

"Couple of years, or such a matter."

"Have you tried to quit it since you began?"

"Of course not. Why should I?"

"Suppose you try to quit?"

"Why?"

"Simply to test the strength of the ginger habit. I had it once. A friend of mine asked me to just as you are doing, and I, thinking it was a harmless kind of thing, bought a nickel's worth and tried it for indigestion, I think it was. Anyhow, whatever it was, I tried the ginger, and before I knew what I was about it was as necessary for me to have ginger root to chew as it is for a tobacco chewer to have tobacco. Its stimulating effect had become a need I had to meet, and as soon as I felt the force of the habit I proceeded to break myself of it. I did it, as any habit almost may be got rid of, but I want to tell you it was no easy job, and if you doubt me, just you throw that away you have and try going without it for a week."

DEHORNED COWS.

Here Is a Story About One Old Woman Who Wanted Her Cow to Be De-Tailed Also.

Dehorning cows has been all the fashion lately, says an exchange. It's astonishing how many claim that their cow had the hollow horn, simply as a save for what appears to be a hard-hearted practice. In most instances the deed was done before the parties had even learned that their cattle even had the hollow horn. Hence, this not being the motive for the deed, they should not mix it into a save to soothe their wounded consciences.

A good old sister said: "No, I'll not have my cow dehorned. The Lord made her with horns and He knew better than you. Another was the wife of a strutting lawyer, and each week a bouquet of white house flowers came to cheer the home of the friend of schoolgirl days. A fourth was the teacher of a small kindergarten, who, when the Cleveland children reached a suitable age, transferred her school to the white house, and the children and grandchildren of the cabinet members, and of the families of Mrs. Cleveland's friends, and of the friends of the president, became her pupils. The only "official" favor which Mrs. Cleveland asked of her husband while he was president was the appointment to office of the husband of her college roommate.

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Identified by a Thumbmark.

A remarkable instance of the "thumbmark" method of identifying a criminal is recorded in Bengal. A prisoner had committed a murder which seemed to leave no clew behind it whatever, but, in turning over the papers of his victim, he had by chance smudged an atlas with his thumb. In Bengal they preserve an impression of the thumb of everyone who has been convicted of a crime and the atlas was sent off for the inspection of experts.

Divorce in Canada.

In Canada the man or woman who wants to sever the bonds of matrimony must go before the Dominion parliament, when the committee on divorce in the senate takes up the case and goes over the details very thoroughly, and if, in the opinion of the committee, the testimony warrants the granting of a divorce the report to that effect is made, and both houses concur in a bill giving the required relief.

Name Name for a Mile.

A Burman mile is about equal in length to two English miles. The word "mile" in Burmese means "to sit" and a mile is the distance that a man goes before he considers it necessary to sit down.

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ANNONCES JUDICIAIRES.

VENTES PAR LE SHERRIF

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Vente de Propriétés du Cinquième District.

Dodd & Freie vs. Felix Bornet.

COURE CIVILE DE DISTRICT POUR LA paroisse d'Orléans—No 55,410—En vente d'un droit de saïte et vente à moi adressé par l'honoréable Cour Civile de District pour la paroisse d'Orléans, dans l'affaire ci-dessous intitulée, à procéder à la vente à l'enchère publique à la Bourse des Encastreurs à Paris le 1^{er} octobre 1898.

Les biens portant le nom de la commune entre les rues Camp et St-Charles, dans le 5^e arrondissement de Paris, à midi, de la date du 29 juillet 1898.

Mme Elisa Bleavens, veuve de Gustave Marientz, vs. Raoul Garat, Farver, son mari.

COURE CIVILE DE DISTRICT POUR LA paroisse d'Orléans—No 55,765—En vente d'un droit de saïte et vente à moi adressé par l'honoréable Cour Civile de District pour la paroisse d'Orléans, dans l'affaire ci-dessous intitulée, à procéder à la vente à l'enchère publique à la Bourse des Encastreurs à Paris le 1^{er} octobre 1898.

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Mme Matilda Fauteux, femme de Gérard Fauteux, et Gérard Fauteux.

FRANK MARQUEZ, Greve.

COURE CIVILE DE DISTRICT POUR LA paroisse d'Orléans—No 55,766—En vente d'un droit de saïte et vente à moi adressé par l'honoréable Cour Civile de District pour la paroisse d'Orléans, dans l'affaire ci-dessous intitulée, à procéder à la vente à l'enchère publique à la Bourse des Encastreurs à Paris le 1^{er} octobre 1898.

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Mr. Michael McQuade vs. Louis C. Greve.

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