

#### ROMANCE OF A "CUSS-WORD."

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Broad expanse of shiny shirt-front,  
Cuffs and collar white to match,  
Overcoat with silken facing—  
Just the ritz to make a catch.

Pretty lady coming toward him;  
He pre-arrives to make a smash;  
Meets a stumbling horse on crossing,  
Mud flies o'er him with a splash.

Man who looked so sweet and gentle,  
Like a little sucking lamb,  
Now becomes a raving hon—  
Girl goes by and hears him d—n.

Girl is shocked beyond expression;  
Thinks his language is beyond the wildest;  
Yet believes that she can save him—  
Meets him next time with a smile.

Man apologizes bravely:  
Says his anger made him rash.  
Girl replies it can't be convinced her  
He's a man of proper dash.

They are married in November:  
Wi-e is over all her face;  
Says she thought him soft and sickish—  
Till the day she heard him swear.

—*Chicago News.*

#### THE DOCTOR'S ADVENTURE.

BY SARA E. BOSS.

The following story is a true one, with the exception of the names, which are slightly changed, as there are descendants of some of the characters still living in the city of Buffalo. The conversations no one could be sure of at this time.]

It was during the war known as the war of 1812 that Dr. Anthony Chartre was practicing medicine in the city of Buffalo, if it could then be called a city. He was a dashing young bachelor, and had turned the heads of more than one of the belles of the town; but had at last succumbed to the charms of a fair damsel, Miss Jennie St. Jarvis, a niece of the widow St. Jarvis, who had a large mansion upon one of the principal streets.

The Doctor, however, was troubled a little with bashfulness, and had deferred making a proposal from time to time, until one day he had determined he would not leave his divinity until he had put the question and knew what his fate was to be.

He had, however, but just seated himself by the fair girl's side, when a knock was heard upon the door of the parlor in which he sat. When the door was opened a 12-year-old boy was disclosed, who asked in a frightened voice, "Be Dr. Chartre here?"

"He is," replied Miss Jennie.

"Wal," said he, hurriedly, "there is a man up south what's broke his leg, and he wants the Doctor to come right off and set it."

The Doctor swallowed his chagrin, and asked: "How far is it?"

"Just a little south of the corners. He told me to come right along with you, sir."

"Very well; I will get my horse immediately."

He made his adiems to the young lady in a very tender manner, and was soon upon his way, with the tow-headed urchin as a guide. It was a beautiful day, the air was clear and bracing, and the young Doctor sung and whistled on his way, regardless of the open mouth and eyes of the astonished lad.

They had ridden at least ten miles when the boy turned aside from the road down a wooded lane, saying: "This way, mister."

The Doctor followed and soon came in sight of a neat-looking block house and a large log barn, where a pair of patient oxen stood chewing their cuds in the yellow sunlight. The clearing sloped in a gentle incline to the shores of Lake Erie, which could not have been more than a half mile distant.

It was a beautiful spot, and the Doctor stopped for a moment to admire the grove of graceful pine trees which on one side grew almost up to the door of the cabin.

He then rapped lightly and the door was opened by a slender young girl with dark grey eyes, and a wealth of beautiful golden hair, which was worn in heavy braids wound round and round the well-shaped head.

She was clad in the homespun linen garments of the time, and was devoid of all the little fripperies which characterized the dress of the young ladies of the town.

"The Doctor?" she asked, in a low, sweet voice.

The Doctor bowed his head in response.

"Step this way then," said the girl, leading the way, through the low red door which led into a small chamber.

The sufferer was a man in the prime of life, and was bearing his pain with the quiet of a hero. His wife was by his side, and the two women stood by when the fractured limb was set, and ministered to the wants of the patient or assisted the Doctor with perfect calmness, and self-possession. When all was over Mrs. Atwood said, "You must wait for supper, Doctor; Dolly will have it ready in a few moments."

The Doctor decided to wait, for he was feeling hungry, as he had missed his dinner and it was now nearly 4 o'clock.

He sat watching the graceful girl as she prepared the large white potatoes for the oven, and fried the silvery fish fresh from the lake near by, and before he was aware of it, he found himself comparing her with the sprightly but somewhat affected Jennie St. Jarvis, and it must be said his comparisons were not in favor of the latter young lady.

It was 5 o'clock when he again remounted his horse, and when he reached the main road he was surprised to see it filled with men, women, and children, all hurrying southward in the greatest state of excitement and alarm. "What is the matter?" he asked, in astonishment, of a lady with whom he was acquainted.

"Oh, Doctor," was the reply, "fly for your life; the British and Indians are in Buffalo, breaking open the stores and pillaging the houses, and not a soldier this side of Batavia."

And she hurried on without stopping for further words.

The Doctor was in a quandary. He had left behind him in his office a large sum of money in gold, and he disliked to lose it greatly, and as his office was in a retired part of the city, he resolved to proceed carefully, and, if possible,

secure this before it fell into the hands of the enemy.

He questioned some others, and found that the town was almost entirely deserted, and that these were the very last of the flying people, who had scattered in every direction. He put spurs to his horse, but the shades of night overtook him before he had half accomplished his journey, and the light of burning buildings began to light up the darkness of the evening.

He hurriedly rode on, however, and by avoiding the half-drunkin soldiers, and the painted red demons who had congregated around Bert's large store, which they had ransacked and then set fire to, he managed to reach his office without being seen, and found that it had not been broken into. He secreted his money upon his person, filled his medicine case to its fullest extent, placed in his pockets several bottles of the best brandy, and was about to endeavor to steal away as he had come, when he was confronted by a red-faced English captain and two horribly painted Indians.

"Aha, my boy, you're our prisoner," said the Englishman, patting him upon the shoulder.

"Deliver up your arms, and tell us where there may be any little valuables; this building will be ashes in half an hour."

"I am not armed," replied the Doctor, "and as to my pills, you may swallow them all, if you like."

"A saw-bones, eh? Here, Eaglet; and you, Blackchieft, take this fellow to the Colonel, upon the square."

The Doctor was marched off between the two Indians, but the Colonel was not found upon the square, but in the house of the widow St. Jarvis, who was cooking supper for the English officers, and whose house was filled with silk and merchandise from the various stores of the plundered town.

The lady and her niece, Miss Jennie St. Jarvis, seemed to be in the best of spirits when the Doctor was led in between the two Indians. The elder lady was joking with the Englishmen about the flying Yankees, and the younger was prounemading up and down the hall with the officer for whom they were seeking. They were chatting with the familiarity of old friends, and the arm of the drunken officer was thrown lightly about the lady's slender waist.

"Ah, Doctor," said Mrs. St. Jarvis. "So you couldn't keep pace with the others and got captured."

The Doctor's only reply was a frigid bow, and one of the Indians, Eaglet, leaving him, touched the arm of the officer who was walking with Miss St. Jarvis.

"A prisoner did you say? Where is he?" said the officer, pausing.

The Indian pointed to Dr. Chartre, and the Colonel came forward, still with his arm about Miss Jennie's waist. She colored slightly when she saw the Doctor, but she said no word and endeavored to appear as if she was an utter stranger.

"Are you a surgeon, sir?" asked the Colonel.

"I am," replied Dr. Chartre.

"Very well," was the reply. "You may take him across the river, men, and have him attend to those fellows who were wounded this afternoon, and then take him to Col. Harker."

Any person may kill a dog that attacks him while out of control of its owner. If the dog is worrying cattle or sheep, anybody may kill it. However, the dog is protected while on the land of its owner.

Now-a-days nearly all countries have laws providing dog-owners with licenses to keep their animals. Unless every dog has an owner who is responsible for it, much damage would be done for which no one could be called upon to pay. Under these laws, owners of unlicensed dogs may be fined. The dogs themselves are killed by public officers who are specially charged with the duty.

In the ancient German empire a curious use was made of these animals. The Emperors of the I. and Frederick Barbarossa condemned persons who were guilty of trying to stir up sedition, and disturb the peace of the public, to notoriety and derision. The offenders had to carry a dog upon their shoulders fom one g'eat town to another.

Uses of this kind are no longer in existence. Our dogs and other pets are dearer to us, in that we are obliged to take care of them.

#### AN EAST INDIA VERSION OF THE FLOOD.

In East India there is a legend that ages ago mankind became so very bad that God determined to destroy all except just enough to begin with anew.

The exceptions were mostly preserved along with pairs of all sorts of animals, in a golden palace on a mountain top. A boy and a girl, born of parents who were "neither good nor bad," had been previously carried off by an angel from their respective homes on the day of their birth, and were brought up in a crystal palace suspended in mid-air, where they were tended by a mute female figure of gold. When they grew up they were married, and a girl was born to them. The destruction of the wicked having been effected by fire, the earth was thereby greatly smitten. So giants were sent to wash it clean. They used so much water that a deluge was produced, and the waters rose so high that the golden palace and its inmates were in danger of being submerged.

—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

#### She Would Brave Her Ma.

On an Oakland boat there was a couple that the most superficial observer would set down as spoony. The young man drew from his pocket a small jewelry case, and pressing a spring displayed a handsome diamond ring.

"This is for you, dear," he said.

"Oh, my," she replied, "how pretty and how kind; but I really cannot accept it. What would ma say?"

"Oh, but you must accept it, I bought it for you."

"But, oh, George! really, you know, how can I? Ma doesn't allow me to take presents from gentlemen."

"All right, then; it's of no use to me. I'll give it to Mirandy—"

"What! Mirandy's in the horrid, red-headed thing? Rather than she should have it I'll brave ma and accept it."

He ga'nt the quiet, lonely shore at about 10 o'clock in the day. A forest

of middle-sized pine trees came down to the water's edge, and the Doctor fastened his canoe and climbed upon the little ledge which bordered the shore. About half a mile inland he saw a black cabin and a large log barn by which stood two large oxen chewing their cuds in the sun. Could it be possible? Yes, it was the cabin of Mr. Atwood, the man whose limb he had set the day before, but which seemed weeks ago to the chilled and weary Doctor.

He hurriedly rode on, however, and by avoiding the half-drunkin soldiers, and the painted red demons who had congregated around Bert's large store, which they had ransacked and then set fire to, he managed to reach his office without being seen, and found that it had not been broken into. He secreted his money upon his person, filled his medicine case to its fullest extent, placed in his pockets several bottles of the best brandy, and was about to endeavor to steal away as he had come, when he was confronted by a red-faced English captain and two horribly painted Indians.

He made his way to the cabin and met Dolly Atwood at the door, who gave him the welcome information that the soldiers had arrived from Batavia, and the British and Indians had evacuated the smoking ruins of what had once been cal'd Buffalo.

The Doctor stayed with the hospitable farmer until his limb was firmly knit, but together with Dolly Atwood he rode into the town a week after it was burnt, and saw that the house of the perfidious Mrs. St. Jarvis was almost the only building left standing.

When he set up his office in newly built Buffalo Dolly Atwood was his wife.

Miss St. Jarvis returned to her home in the East shortly afterward, having learned by the coolness of the young people who once were her friends, that her treachery was known; but the Doctor's marriage was the worst blow to her pride, for between two stools she had met with a fall, as she never met the English Colonel afterward.

#### THE LAW IN REGARD TO ANIMALS.

Ordinarily wild animals are not protected. Any man may hurt and kill them. In some places, however, regulations are made to protect certain kinds of animals from hunters, so that the species may not become extinct.

Once confined and under the control of man, they become private property, and are protected as such. To take a deer out of a park, or a cow from a pasture, is stealing. The old Norman kings of England punished deer-stealing with death, but this law has been long a dead letter.

Animals that have a money value, such as cattle, sheep, and pigs, have always been considered, in law, as much private property as horses and lambs. Pet animals, like dogs and cats, were formerly held of little account. The man who stole a cow could be sent to prison for theft, but, if he stole a pet dog, he could not be prosecuted as a criminal. The owner, however, could sue him and recover damages for the loss. In later years laws were passed to cover this defect.

Owners of animals have always been liable for any mischief their pets may commit. Formerly they were not liable unless they knew their animals were dangerous. For example, the first time a dog killed sheep the owner was not obliged to pay, but the second time he was not excused.

A man may keep a fierce dog to protect his house from burglars, but must see to it that the dog is chained. If, then, he bites a person who carelessly lets him near, the owner is not responsible.

Modern laws hold a dog-owner responsible for the animal's acts, even if he thinks that the dog is not vicious. Inasmuch as every dog is liable to become fierce, the law says that whoever keeps one must take his chances.

Any person may kill a dog that attacks him while out of control of its owner. If the dog is worrying cattle or sheep, anybody may kill it. However, the dog is protected while on the land of its owner.

Now-a-days nearly all countries have laws providing dog-owners with licenses to keep their animals. Unless every dog has an owner who is responsible for it, much damage would be done for which no one could be called upon to pay. Under these laws, owners of unlicensed dogs may be fined. The dogs themselves are killed by public officers who are specially charged with the duty.

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The Doctor moved slightly to bring Blackchieft directly under his eye, but he saw by the fierce exclamation and uplifted tomahawk that it would be a perilous business to attack him unarmed, and the Doctor feared he was in greater danger than before, but in a short time the liquor did its expected work upon Eaglet, and he fell in a drunken slumber, face downward, in the bottom of the canoe.

The Doctor handed him the bottle in a reluctant manner, and then took another from his pocket, which was quickly snatched from his hand by the silent Blackchieft, and the Doctor had the gratification of seeing them both take long and hearty drinks of the strong liquor.

It was not long before Eaglet began an excited and drunken quarrel with his companion, which was responded to with short, surly answers in the most defiant tone; tomahawks were brandished, and the Doctor feared he was in greater danger than before, but in a short time the liquor did its expected work upon Eaglet, and he fell in a drunken slumber, face downward, in the bottom of the canoe.

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He saw the Indian again apply the bottle to his lips, and the Doctor saw in a few moments that his stroke grew unsteady, and, striking hard against the orient liquor, the Indian bent every energy to his paddling, but in vain; his hand slipped from the oar, his head began to nod, and, seizing the fellow bodily, the Doctor threw him overboard into the stream. He then turned his attention to Eaglet, who was snoring loudly in the bottom of the canoe. To deal with him as he had the other was only the work of a moment, and then the Doctor seized the paddle, and, with a sigh of relief, started to paddle out of reach far up the lake.

He was still in the greatest danger, for the water was lit up for miles with the light of the burning town, and canoes were crossing to and fro every few moments.

The Doctor, however, was wary, and managed to elude them all; and morning found him chilled and damp several miles up in about the centre of the lake. He turned his canoe toward the American shore, and as he worked his way slowly along with his blustered hands, he thought the woman he once

thought he had loved, false to her country, false to him—and worse than all—false to her own womanly modesty.

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#### THE BAD BOY.

"What's the trouble now between you and your pa?" asked the grocerman of the bad boy, as he came down the alley on a jump, after climbing over the back fence at his house in a hurry, attired only in pants and shirt and a coat of prespiration. "There's your pa looking over the fence now, and shaking a piece of barrel stave this way. What have you been up to?"

"O, just been doing what pa told me to," said the boy, as he picked up the cover of a raisin box and began to fan himself. "You see, pa is one of these funny fellows. In a cold day in winter he will come to the table and ask me where his linen coat is, and why she don't put up the mosquito-bars. He thinks it is smart. This morning it was not enough to roast eggs on the sidewalk, and when he got home and asked where his sealskin cap and gloves were, and then he turned to me and said, 'Henrerry why haven't you built a fire in the furnace? Want us all to freeze to death?' If you can't keep a fire in the furnace I will know the reason why," and then he laughed, and wiped the perspiration off his face.

I thought it would be a good joke to take pa at his word, and show him that two could be cunning as well as one, so I went down in the basement and built a fire in the furnace, with kindling wood, and put on a lot of coal. After breakfast pa sat down in the parlor to read the paper, and he