

A QUEER ADVENTURE.

Nearly Drowned by a Clam Weighing Three Hundred Pounds.
[From Youth's Companion.]

As I ran I kept my eyes fixed on Brown, who was acting in a singular manner. After every few seconds his head would disappear beneath the water in which he stood, then it would appear again. He seemed to be struggling violently. As I approached him he threw up his hands and cried out in accents that haunt me still: "For heaven's sake, Lieutenant, quick and help me!" I dashed out to him through water up to my waist.

"What is it? What has hold of you?" I exclaimed.

"It's a big oyster or a big clam," he groaned. "I was wading here, and stepped into it, I expect. Its shell closed—gripped my ankle—and to save my life I can't get away—and the tide will soon be over our heads here!" he added, with something almost like a sob. He had been struggling here for fifteen or twenty minutes.

I had heard of the *tridacena gigas*, or monster clam of this coast, and instantly realized the danger of his situation. "Courage, old fellow!" I said. "I'll stick by you. Here, hold this paddle and the hatchet."

I then ducked down under water, and with my hands felt about his foot. The huge mollusk had what might be well termed a death-grip on him. The creature's shell was several feet long, and of proportionate breadth, and the weight of the shell-fish must have been at least 300 pounds. The creature was attached to the coral rock by a grisly byssus as thick as my arm. Raising myself, I got breath, then, seizing the paddle, thrust the shaft of it between the converging edges of the two valves of the shell, and using it as a lever attempted to pry the shell apart. But I could not open it. Brown, too, ducking down, seized hold with his hands and pulled with all his strength; but, exerting all our power, we could not release the monster's hold. Again and again I threw my whole weight on the shaft of the paddle, and at length broke it. By this time the water was up to my shoulders when I stood up. Fully realizing that whatever I did must be done in a few minutes more, else the poor fellow would drown, I snatched the hatchet from Brown's hand, and, diving, tried to cut under the shell, to break the creature's anchorage on the rock. With might and main I cut and hacked—then rose an instant for breath—then down and at it again. But it seemed as though I could not cut through the tough muscle. Four times I dived, and, with frantic haste, cut at those tough byssus.

"It stirs!" at length Brown cried, bracing his weight upon his free foot and lifting at it.

Then with a final blow the byssus was severed, and the buoyancy of the water aiding us, we dragged the great mollusk—still fast to Brown's ankle—back to higher ground on the reef. Here the water was waist-deep, however, and I looked anxiously around for Mac, in the *lakatok*. To my inexpressible joy he was close at hand, and between us we lifted Brown, with his now captured captor, into the canoe. Even then we could not, both of us together, pry the valves of the shell apart enough to release Brown's foot, till with a knife we had reached in and completely divided the *tridacena*—sawing asunder the hinge-muscles at the base of the bivalve. It was truly a gigantic clam, and, as a poetic retribution upon it for this attempt on the life of one of our number, we ate a portion of its flesh for our supper, but found it rather tough.

Brown's ankle was severely bruised and wrenched, and he suffered for many a day from the vise-like grip of the huge mollusk.

Injuries by Dogs.

In England and in some of the States of this country statutes have been passed whereby the owner of a dog will be liable for any injury done, even if he did not know of his vicious character. He would not be justified in allowing a dog to run at large even on his own premises, for the owner of a dog keeps it at his own risk, being without regard to care or negligence an insurer against all the harm which he might reasonably have expected to ensue. Henry Austin, in his digest of "Farm Law," states that in a Massachusetts case the plaintiff was driving along a public highway, and the defendant's dog jumped at the horse and frightened him so that he became unmanageable, ran, and overturned the carriage, damaging the same and other property. Before the accident the defendant knew of no mischievous or vicious propensity in the dog to attack persons or animals. The defendant offered evidence to show that the plaintiff was unlawfully traveling on Sunday, and not from necessity or charity. But the Judge ruled that these facts would not constitute a defense, and obliged the owner of the dog to pay the sum adjudged by the jury as damages.

In Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and Tennessee want of knowledge is no defense, while in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Michigan a similar law exists, and the owners are liable for double the amount of damages sustained, which may be increased threefold after actual notice to the owner of the animal's disposition, in Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Wisconsin. The benefit of these statutes is not confined to the person directly injured. The parent or master of a child bitten by a dog may recover double damages. In New Hampshire and Massachusetts the owner of any domestic animal, and in Wisconsin the owner of any sheep or lambs may recover from the town for any injury inflicted by a

dog. The owner of the injured animal may, if he chooses, sue the owner of the dog instead of claiming his loss from the town. If he elects, however, to prove his damages to the supervisors of the town, and accepts an order of the town treasurer for the amount, his claim becomes by operation of law transferred to the town, which may recover against the owner of the dog. The owner of the sheep cannot, therefore, recover against him. By the law of Rhode Island, the first time a dog worries sheep the owner may recover damages therefor of him who harbors or owns the dog. If, after such first notice, the dog still lives and injures sheep, his owner is liable for double damages, and the court wherein the action for damages is tried may order the dog to be killed. In Vermont, double damages may be recovered. In Connecticut, when a person has suffered damages by a dog's worrying or killing his sheep, he must give notice to the selectmen of the town in which the damage has been done, and the selectmen may bring suit for him against the owner of the offending dog; and unless the owner is reimbursed by this suit the town becomes liable to the owner of the sheep for such damage. When a man keeps a large and fierce-looking dog, which is in the habit of running out to the highway and furiously barking or attacking persons passing along, or horses passing in the neighborhood, the owner will be liable if the dog bites a person, although it is not shown that the dog had previously bitten any person. A dog may be so ferocious as to become a public nuisance, and in such cases, if the owner persistently permits it to run at large, any person may kill it.—*American Cultivator.*

Wages in 1800.

The condition of the wage class of that day may be well examined; it is full of instruction for social agitators. In the great cities unskilled workmen were hired by the day, bought their own food, and found their own lodgings. But in the country, on the farms, or wherever a hand was employed on some public work, they were fed and lodged by the employer and given a few dollars a month. On the Pennsylvania canals the diggers ate the coarsest diet, were housed in the rudest sheds, and paid \$6 a month from May to November, and \$5 a month from November to May. Hod-carriers and mortar mixers, diggers and choppers, who from 1790 to 1800 labored on the public buildings and cut the streets and avenues of Washington City, received \$70 a year, or, if they wished, \$60 for all the work they could perform from March 1 to December 20. The hours of work were invariably from sunrise to sunset. Wages at Albany and New York were 3 shillings, or, as money then went, 40 cents; at Lancaster, \$8 to \$10 a month; elsewhere in Pennsylvania workmen were content with \$6 in summer and \$5 in winter. At Baltimore men were glad to be hired at 18 pence a day. None, by the month, asked more than \$6. At Frederick's price of labor was from \$5 to \$7. In Virginia white men employed by the year were given £16 currency; slaves, when hired, were clothed and the master paid £1 a month. A pound Virginia money was, in Federal money, \$3.33. The average rate of wages the land over was, therefore, \$65 a year, with food and, perhaps, lodgings. Out of this small sum the workman must, with his wife's help, maintain his family.—*McMaster's History of the People of the United States.*

Clear the Way

For the escape from the system of its waste and debris, which, if retained, would vitiate the bodily fluids and overthrow health. That important channel of exit, the bowels, may be kept permanently free from obstructions by using the non-gripping, gently acting and agreeable cathartics Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only liberates impurities, but invigorate the lining of the intestinal canal, when weakened by constipation or the unwise use of violent purgatives. The stomach, liver and urinary organs are likewise re-enforced and a sound to healthful action by this beneficent tonic and corrective, and every organ, fiber, muscle and nerve experiences a share of its invigorating influence. Unobjectionable in flavor, and a most genial and wholesome medicinal stimulant, and owing its efficacy to botanic sources exclusively, it is the remedy best adapted to household use, on account of its safety, wide scope and speedy action.

His Collar Saved His Life.

Superintendent Schmitt, of the Cleveland police, has in his possession quite a curiosity. It is a standing collar, well starched, and in the back, near the button-hole, a bullet has entered the collar and stuck there. The man who owns the collar was standing in Euclid avenue, near the park, when the bullet struck the collar. No report was heard, and it is believed to have been fired from an air-gun.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

There is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his tongue.

"A Great Strike."

Among the 150 kinds of Cloth Bound Dollar Volumes given away by the Rochester (N. Y.) *American Rural Home* for every \$1 subscription to that great 8-page, 48-col, 16-year-old weekly (all 5x7 inches, from 300 to 900 pages, bound in cloth) are:

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The Massachusetts Small Boy.

A small boy in a bright Melrose family wanted something of his mother the other day when she was very busy writing. She was absorbed in her work, and did not look up at his repeated "Mamma, mamma," beside her elbow. "Well," said he at last, finging away from her side in a pet, "it's no use to try to make my mamma hear when she's writing; she's just ignominious of everything!"

It was the same boy who was given permission by the hostess at a grown-up party, where he was asked, because the family were intimate, to eat a whole mold of strawberry ice cream that was left after all the guests had been served. He sighed as soon as he had said, "No, thank you," and presently confided to a small daughter of the house: "It's dreadful to grow up, and I know I'm doing it. Why, last year I could have eaten all that ice cream as easily as could be, and now I can't eat a bit more than two saucersful."—*Boston Record.*

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