DOGS THAT WEIGH A POUND.

The Chihuahua Chiquita Dog--A Beautiful Creature--A Scared Traveler.

Every Mexican owns at least one Chihuahua chiquita dog. They are beautiful little creatures and of two varieties—one with long, silky hair, the other with a short smooth coat that is soft as velvet to the touch. I have seen full grown specimens that weighed a trifle over a pound and young puppies about the size of field mice. They have large, expressive eyes and the best of dispositions. A fashionable Philadelphia lady, with one of these diminutive creatures as her companion on a promenade down Chestnut street, would attract as much attention as did Barnum's Jumbo.

My first introduction to the Chihuahua chiquita was in Presidio del Norte, Texas, a little town on the bank of the Rio Grande. I reached there late in the afternoon, with a letter of introduction to the principal merchant, an American named Russell. He received me very cordially and gave me the keys to his corral and feed box.

"Put up your horse," he said, "but look out for the dog. I'd send one of the Mexicans around, but they're all busy now."

I was bitten by a dog once and have a wholesome respect for the smallest and most inoffensive of the race. As I led my horse around to the corral gate I examined my six shooter to see if it was properly loaded and when I entered the enclosure my trepidation was not diminished when I saw staring me in the face an enormous sign with the legend, "Beware of the dog!" painted on it in great black characters.

A cold perspiration began to ooze from every pore of my body and if the sombrero that I wore hadn't been so heavy I believe that my rising hair would have lifted it off my head. I walked on the lee side of my horse, my cocked six shooter in my hand, with every sense alert to warn me of the approach of the ferocious monster, who was no doubt sleeping in one corner of the corral. With trembling fingers I unsaddled my horse and my knees knocked together as I measured out his feed. So far I had escaped the notice of the dog, and I was backing toward the corral gate, inwardly congratulating myself on my fortunate escape, when I heard a yelping bark, about as loud as the chirp of an English sparrow, and one of these Chihuahua chiquitas came bounding across the yard, making leaps that measured at least six inches in length. He looked so ridiculous that I burst out laughing, whereat he stopped barking and began to wag his liliputian tail and frisk about like a rat. I learned afterward that he was the only canine about the place, and his owner has the reputation all along the frontier of being a confirmed practical joker.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Endangering a Clerk's Position.

If the women who spend so much of their time in shopping day after day only knew how much they jeopardize the positions of the clerks by not buying perhaps they would not spend so much time in overhauling box after box of goods simply to see the latest fashions and without the least intention of buying.

The employer or floor-walker is supposed to know if the lady, who has been for the last half hour looking over a box of laces, intends buying or not. He does not know that the laces are only being looked at, to see the newest patterns, or to consume time while waiting for a friend. The same thing has occurred during the day, and, perhaps, on several days previous—ladies leaving the counter without buying. The proprietor then gets the idea that the clerk is not smart; he has seen a number during the past week leave her counter, and when the clerk receives her pay envelope on Saturday night she finds in it a short note saying her "services are no longer required."

The Costliest Wine in the World.

It costs only $272 a drop. The wine I refer to is kept in the ancient cellar under the Hotel de Ville in the city of Bremen, and was deposited there over 250 years ago. There were twelve large cases, each having a name of one of the Apostles, and, strange to say, that having the name of Judas is the most highly esteemed. One case of the wine, containing five oxhoft of 204 bottles, cost 500 rix dollars in 1624.

Including the expenses of keeping up the cellar, and of the contributions and interest, an oxhoft costs at the present time 555,657,640 rix dollars, and consequently a bottle is worth 2,729,812 rix dollars; a glass or the eighth part of a bottle is worth 340,476 rix dollars or $272,380, or $272 per drop. A burgomaster of Bremen is privileged to have one bottle whenever he entertains a distinguished guest who enjoys a German or European reputation.—Foreign Letter.

Health of the Cities of China.

The popular notion that the inhabitants of Chinese cities are given to unwholesome habits does not seem to be well founded. Dr. Dodgeon, in a recent work on the diet, dress, and dwellings of the Chinese, says that the people have admiringly adapted themselves to their surroundings, and enjoy a maximum of comfort. "They have a good many lessons yet to teach us in respect of living and practical health." After an experience of over twenty years with them, he says that "they are subject to fewer diseases, their diseases are more amenable to treatment, and they possess a greater freedom from acute and inflammatory affections of all kinds, if, indeed, these can be said to exist at all," than obtains among western nations.—New York Sun.

Observatories Working at Specialties.

Our principal observatories all work at specialties. At Harvard the relative magnitude of the stars is the chief object of study; at Princeton, spectroscopy; at Allegheny observatory, the dark part of the solar spectrum and the effect of the invisible heat rays on the earth; at the National observatory, positions and orbits of satellites; at Cincinnati, double stars; at Chicago, Jupiter's surface, and at Albany and Yale, perfecting maps of the heavens.—New York Sun.

MOTHER SEALS AND THEIR BABIES.

Taking a Swimming Lesson—Self-Sacrificing Affection—Touching Grief.

A Newfoundland law forbids sailing vessels to depart for the seal hunt before the 1st of March, and the steamers are not allowed to leave until the 10th of that month. This handicap acts as a protection to the vessels which are dependent upon the wind alone. The vessels arrive when the baby seals, or "white-coats," are three or four weeks old, still dependent upon their mothers for subsistence, and unable to escape from the hunters. Their bodies are covered with a very thick layer of fat, and they are far preferable, for this reason, to the older seals. When the baby is six weeks old it drops its yellowish white coat, and becomes a "ragged coat," and at this stage they begin to "dip," or take to the water. It is very amusing to watch a mother seal trying to teach a young one to swim properly. Just as the eagle stirs up her young and encourages them to use their wings, so the mother seals tumble the babies into the water and give them swimming lessons.

The old seal pushes the little one along toward the edge of the ice, the baby all the while whimpering and sobbing and vainly trying to resist the steady pressure from behind. When at last it falls into the water it sobs so piteously that even the mother is ashamed of herself and helps her dear offspring back upon the ice. Every few hours this is repeated, and soon the young can swim and dive, and then the vast nursery disappears. When they are in danger from rafting ice or fragments of floes dashed about by the wind and likely to crush them, the self-sacrificing affection of the mothers leads them to brave all dangers, and they are seen helping their young to places of safety in the unbroken ice, sometimes clasping them in their fore flippers and swimming with them, or pushing them forward with their noses.

The material instinct appears to be peculiarly strong in the female seal, and the tenderness with which the mothers watch their offspring is most touching. When the young seals are cradled on the ice the mothers remain in the neighborhood, going off each morning to fish, and returning at intervals to give them suck. It is an extraordinary fact the old seals manage to keep holes in the ice open and prevent them freezing over. On returning from a fishing excursion extending over fifty or a hundred miles, each mother seal manages to find the hole by which she took her departure, and to discover her own snow-white cub, which she proceeds to fondle and suckle. This is certainly one of the most remarkable achievements of animal instinct. The young "white-coats" are scattered in myriads over the ice field. During the absence of the mother the ice field has shifted in position, perhaps many miles being borne on the current. Yet each mother seal is able to pick out her own hole and to pick out her own cub from the immense herd with unerring accuracy. It is quite touching to witness their signs of distress and grief when they return to find only a pool of blood and a skinless carcass instead of their whimpering little ones.—New York Sun.

Disastrous Results of Persecution.

A writer in The Journal des Debats points out that enormous fields of cereals in Russia in every stage of cultivation have been left untouched during the past year, solely because of the partial exclusion of the Jews from the cereal trade, brought about by the recent presecutions. A calculation made on the basis of previous harvests, compared with the splendid harvests that Russia was promised year before last, shows that in consequence of the inactivity of the Jews not more than a fifth of the produce has been garnered and brought to the Russian seaports.

"The reason for this is," says the writer, "that the Jews have ceased to exploit the Russian population, will lend the farmers and landlords no more money, will buy no more grain of them, will not use their carrying and mercantile machinery for the shipping of corn," etc. The consequence is that considerable quantities of cereal produce are left to rot in the fields or to be eaten up by mice.

The article concludes with the observation that if some very stringent reform is not soon introduced into the civil and political condition of the Russian Jews the withdrawal of their capital, activity and intelligence from the empire will have the result of seriously affecting the grain markets of Europe. This should be of particular interest to the United States as the greatest corn exporting country in the world.—Brooklyn Eagle.

English Pictorial Electioneering.

At the recent parliamentary election in Great Britain many of the candidates sent "voting cards" to the electors in the districts they desired to represent, with directions how to mark them so as to designate their preference. A few who were specially good looking, or who thought they were, had their portraits printed on the cards they sent out. On some of the cards a view of the home of the candidate was presented, and a brief account of his life and public services. One paper expresses the opinion that these illustrated cards exerted a powerful influence on the election in certain districts and resulted in returning to parliament quite a number of men more distinguished for their fine looks than for their ability, scholarship, political experience, or statesmanship.

Where London Gets Her Butter.

It is stated upon good authority that more than one-half of the fresh butter consumed in the fashionable quarters of London is imported from France. Dairying in both England and Ireland is not a profitable industry at present, and the future outlook is far from encouraging.—Boston Budget.

Willow Leaves Disguised as Tea.

Tea drinkers will be interested in the statement that 500,000 pounds of willow leaves disguised as tea were shipped to America from Shanghai last year—and this notwithstanding a law to prevent such importations.

Missionaries are welcomed in Corea.

THE CARE OF FINE HORSES.

The Trouble is that Many Rich Owners Treat their Horses Unwisely.

"The great trouble," said Mr. Robert Bonner "is that so many men who are able to buy fine stock do not know how their horses should be taken care of, and are unable to watch and see whether those whom they employ thoroughly understand their business. There is a great deal in what is said there about the feeding of horses. Nothing is more important at this season of the year. Their eating should be looked after as carefully as you would after the feeding of a man unable to care for himself.

"If a man sits all day at a desk and writes, without taking exercise, he cannot eat half as much as a laborer who handles a pick and shovel. It is just the same with horses. You take the hack horses that run around up at Tarrytown, going half a mile in one direction, two miles in another, and using up their strength in climbing over those hills. They need from twenty to twenty-four quarts of oats a day, and they would eat even more if they could get it. But trotting horses, even in the trotting season, will not eat on an average more than twelve quarts a day; you can't make them, because the work they do does not wear away their strength as does the slow plodding of the hack horse. In this season of the year the trotting horses do almost nothing, and if allowed to eat what they want to, they take on fat and get themselves into a very bad condition.

"Now, taking Maud S., for example. Well, she is a glutton, if ever there was one. As Bair said to me the other day, she was never known to leave around a mouthful of anything to eat. She would eat twelve quarts of oats a day now if I would let her, but I give her barely six quarts, and let her grumble to herself about my stinginess if she wants to. As it is, she keeps in fine condition, just nice and right. If I let her eat her fill she would get as fat as a porpoise; and even if nothing worse happened, I should have the hardest kind of work to get her back into condition when spring came around again. Of course economy or an idea as that has nothing to do with it. When I give $40,000 for a mare I don't care how much she eats. If 100 quarts of oats a day would do her any good I'd only be too glad to give it to her. That is the great trouble with a man who has a fine animal; he is likely to be too indulgent and kill the horse with kindness. Firmness is what a man must have, no matter how much he may think of his horse.

"Of course, there are exceptions to every rule; some horses will not get fat, no matter how much you feed them. There is Keene Jim, a horse that I bought of Mr. Paul Dana for $4,000; you can't get that horse fat, no matter how much you may feed him. He is a kind of horse that won't fatten, just like some men who are always lean and lank, no matter how good a cook they have.

"One thing that may cause the loss of many valuable horses at this time of the year is ignorance, or carelessness, that results in their catching cold. Horses are exercised too violently, perhaps, and then allowed to stop and grow cold suddenly. That is all wrong; such treatment is likely to kill a man, and it is just as dangerous for a horse. After my horses are exercised they are warmly blanketed and my boys lead them around my stables more and more slowly. A horse wants to cool off gradually and slowly, as the air does when the sun sets, not like a bottle of wine stuck into a freezer. And then, too, you can't be too careful in exercising and drivin, rses at this time of the year. They uld be taken out every day without fail when the weather permits, but be very careful. If you speed your horse in the face of a cold wind, all that cold air pouring into his lungs is likely to injure him very much, and give him lung fever,

"And even when it is fine you can't be too careful about the surface on which your horse is trotting. I wouldn't for for $10,000 let Maud S. go out and fly for half a mile at top speed on the hard roads of Central park, and yet lots of men send their best stock flying over such roads daily. A man who knew anything and saw such a thing done would take the horse away from the driver and say he was crazy. The best chance you can get to drive in winter is on the soft snow. That won't hurt any horse. Only be careful and not drive them too much at first. The slipping of their feet before they become accustomed to the icy surface is very painful to the legs, and they should be worked up to it gradually."—New York Sun.

Fidelity of the King's Terrier.

The deepest mourner of any since King Alfonso's death has been Ugly, his Skye terrier. The poor animal howled to be allowed to go with him to El Pardo, but was not allowed. She got there notwithstanding, but how nobody knows. When the king was dead she was found lying under his bed in a state of depression. Ugly certainly knew that she had lost her royal master. Ever since that loss she has been altogether off her food, and to prevent her dying from inanition milk and soup have to be forced down her throat. The queen was greatly distressed at having to allow the poor little dog to be turned out of the mortuary chamber when the religious cremonies were taking place.—Chicago Tribune.

The Daily Papers in China.

There are many newspapers in China, but they are stale, always. Their circulation is small, because the people, as a rule, don't like to read. The news of the day is circulated at the tea-drinking shops in all the cities where the people congregate in the evening. A few who have read the daily papers do the talking, the others gathering around to hear the news, and all commenting upon whatever is of interest.

Pursuits That Injure the Eyesight.

An eminent German oculist—Dr. H. Cohn—has made extensive researches into the effects of study and microscopic labor on the eyes, and he concludes that reading and writing are much more likely to produce shortsightedness and otherwise impair the sight than watchmaking and other minute industries.

WHAT WE SMOKE AND CHEW.

Not Always Pure Tobacco, but Sometimes Sweetened and Medicated Preparations.

It is rather late in the day to enter a protest against the use of tobacco. Whatever the faculty may say on the point of its injurious qualities, however much the clergy may point out the possibility of its leading to intemperance, the fact remains that a large proportion of the world uses tobacco in some form or other. In spite of all that has been said against it by fervid anti-tobacconists, pure tobacco is an excellent remedial agent; but it must be absolutely pure. No poisonous decoctions must eat into its substance or change its nature. Used in a proper way, to relieve neuralgic pains, or applied in various affections, under the advice of a skilled physician, it is a valuable medicine.

The adulteration of tobacco, very common both in this country and abroad, arises from two considerations. The pure, natural leaf, in its yellow hue, is undoubtedly the finest tobacco in the market. But so many accidents conspire to render the finest leaves scarce that even the natural leaf itself is imitated. Coarse leaves are bleached by the use of chlorine to the bright yellow color of the natural leaf, and sulphuric acid, properly diluted, is used to make the little "freckles," which are supposed by connoisseurs to indicate a superior quality of leaf.

But the "natural leaf," somehow, doesn't seem to suit the taste of the average chewer of tobacco. He asks a certain degree of sweetness in his plug. To fill this bill and create a special flavor which shall give a kind of identity to a particular brand, and cause it to be eagerly sought for is the object of the manufacturer.

When the bundles of steamed leaves are fully dried they are ready for the application of the syrup and licorice, which imparts to the chewing tobacco of commerce its sweetness and flavor. The leaves must be as dry as a bone when subjected to this licorice bath, for the least dampness will render them white with mould in a few hours. This mould is removed (one of the adulterations) by a dip into diluted muriatic acid, and in too many cases forms part of the solid cake of a better quality. The heat of the mixture causes the pores of the leaf to expand, and the sweet syrup, penetrating every fiber, impregnates it thoroughly. From the vat the dripping bundles are carried out on the flat roof of the factory and exposed to the sun, for one day's sunshine is worth more than can be told in the manufacture. After this the leaves are taken into a drying room, where the thermometer during the day is at 90 degrees. At night the whole power of the furnace is turned on, and the heat is so intense that in the morning the room has to be cooled off before the operators can enter it. When the tobacco has, under this powerful heat, become perfectly dry, the adulterator gets in his work.

One factory sprinkles it with New England rum, another uses Jamaica rum, a third moistens it with the rankest corn whisky he can find, and each brand has its own peculiar essential oil. Some use fennel, others ginseng, while the acrid sumach, abounding in tannin, cheap and plenty, gives that peculiar burning of the tongue which characterizes much "fine cut." Astringent barks, wormwood, the refuse of the cinchona, and others, give the bitter taste which some consumers like, and the twist or "negro heads," which is largely exported to tropical climates, gets a special absorption.

A true tobacco cigar is fine in grain and free from stems. The wrapper is nothing in a cigar; the filling is everything.

No leaf is worthless for the manufacture of one or another of the innumerable brands between the golden chaff with which the millionaire fills his meerschaum and the laborer his cuddy. Almost the only chemically pure tobacco is that which the planter dries for himself, spreads on the cotton sheet in the garret, and sends little Tommy to bring him a bunch of—crumbling it between his fingers to fill his pipe. But this simplicity doesn't please. The public would rather be poisoned.—Health and Home.

Uniform Method of Car Coupling.

There is an imperative necessity that the railways adopt some uniform method of car couple for freight, such as is in service on through passenger cars. The multiplicity of kinds and conditions of links, pins and bumpers, and the constant sacrifice of life through these means, is bringing the public to a sense of the situation, and the railways ought to move before aggressive legislation is prompted by public clamor. A train of thirty-one freight-cars hauled out of a northern yard a short time ago, on which the conductor pointed out eighteen different styles of links, pins and bumpers, and stated that it was in attempting to coupled these extremes of styles that men were killed.

It is the experienced men who are slaughtered, seldom from carelessness, but from a miscalculation of the differences that come to his eye with the brief swing of the lantern as the cars come within six to ten feet of each other.—Boston Budget.

Learning to Do Their Own Work.

A number of excellent maps of Japan have been produced by the typographical department of that empire, under the supervision of Dr. Naumann, a German engineer of high attainments, who has been succeeded as director, however, by a recently appointed native officer. Some apprehension is expressed by those acquainted with the circumstances that the map-making work may deteriorate in consequence of the change; but it is not strange that so intelligent a people as the Japanese should desire to take it wholly into their own hands as soon as they felt themselves capable of conducting it.—Chicago Herald.

Thrifty Habits of Working People.

The work people of Massachusetts have developed economic habits, over 40 per cent. of all the individuals in the state having bank accounts. There are thirty-two co-operative banks in the state.—Philadelphia Record.

South Carolina Railway.

Commencing on Sept 6th, 1885, Passenger Trains will run as follows until further notice:

GREENVILLE EXPRESS
Going West, Daily Through Train.

Depart Charleston	7.20 a m
Depart Branchville	8.53 a m
Depart Orangeburg	9.18 a m
Depart Kingville	10.05 a m
Due at Columbia	10.40 a m

Going East, Daily Through Train.

Depart Columbia	5.27 p m
Depart Kingville	6.05 p m
Depart St. Matthews	6.31 p m
Depart Orangeburg	6.57 p m
Depart Branchville	7.30 p m
Due at Charleston	9.05 p m

ACCOMMODATION LOCAL TRAIN.
Going West, Daily.

Depart Charleston	5.10 p m
Depart Branchville	7.35 p m
Depart Orangeburg	8.09 p m
Depart St. Matthews	8.40 p m
Depart Kingville	9.19 p m
Due at Columbia	10.00 p m

Going East, Daily.

Depart Columbia	7.45 a m
Depart Kingville	8.30 a m
Depart St. Matthews	8.57 a m
Depart Orangeburg	9.30 a m
Depart Branchville	10.20 a m
Due at Charleston	12.20 p m

CAMDEN TRAIN.
West, Daily, Except Sunday.

Depart Kingville	10.15 a m	6.12 p m
Due at Camden	12.59 p m	7.42 p m

East, Daily, Except Sunday.

Depart Camden	7.00 a m	3.15 p m
Due at Kingville	8.30 a m	5.56 p m

AUGUSTA DIVISION.
West, Daily.

Depart Branchville—		
	2.35 a m	9.00 a m 7.35 p m
Depart Blackville—		
	4.21 a m	9.53 a m 8.37 p m
Due at Augusta—		
	7.35 a m	11.40 a m 10.35 p m

East, Daily.

Depart Augusta—			
	7.05 a m	4.45 p m	10.50 p m
Depart Blackville—			
	9.14 a m	6.34 p m	1.44 a m
Due at Branchville—			
	10.15 a m	7.33 p m	3.15 a m

BARNWELL R. R.
West, Daily except Sunday.

Depart Blackville	10.05 a m	8.50 p m
Due Barnwell	10.50 p m	9.35 p m

East.

Depart Barnwell	8.24 a m	5.15
Due Blackville	8.49 a m	6.00 p m

WAY FREIGHT AND PASSENGER TRAIN.
Daily, except Sundays. Stops at all stations.

Depart Branchville	6.00 a m
Due Columbia	9.25 a m
Depart Columbia	5.05 p m
Due Branchville	9.38 p m

Passengers to and from stations on Camden Branch change cars at Kingville.

Passengers to or from stations on Augusta Division change cars at Branchville, also at Blackville for Barnwell.

Connections made at Columbia with Columbia and Greenville Railroad by train arriving at Columbia at 10.40 A. M. and departing at 5.27 P. M. Connections made at Columbia Junction with Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad, also by these trains to and from all points on both roads. Connection made at Charleston with steamers for New York on Wednesdays and Saturdays; also, with Savannah and Charleston Railroad to all points South.

Connections are made at Augusta with Georgia Railroad and Central Railroad to and from all points West and South. Connections made at Blackville with Barnwell Railroad to and from Barnwell by evening trains.

Through Tickets can be purchased to all points South and West by applying to

D. C. ALLEN,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.
JOHN B. PECK, General Manager.
J. G. POSTELL, Agent at Orangeburg.