

last between these two sufferers.

The camp became a wilderness, some of the tents being thrown down, others vacant and flapping in the wind, while the musketry still rattled in the town, announcing the wild rejoicing of our troops.

Daniel Boone's Snake.

[illegible]

crease appeared about the neck, just back of the head, which I found to be caused by a stout thong of leather, about which the flesh of the serpent had grown until it was sunk almost out of view. Cutting this thong and removing it, I found attached to its under side a copper plate which had been heretofore hid-

per pine which had been hewn out, and
by the body of the snake, and on
one side of which was scratched: 'D.
Boone, April 16, 1779.' I split the log
in two, and near the lower end of the
hollow I found where there had once
been an opening, but long years ago
had been closed up with a plug made of
red wood, about and over which the

grew until it was almost concealed. The dead appearance of the small portion visible of the oak plug was all that called my attention to its existence. My theory of the matter is this: Daniel Boone many years ago, on the date recorded upon this piece of copper, caught the snake, then young and small,

fastened the copper plate around his neck, and imprisoned it in the hollow of the tree by means of the oak plug, where this snakebird had remained until the day I delivered him to the free air and sunlight again."—*Easton Argus*.

Some years ago a farmer in Washington recognized a fine setter that had been given to him when a pup, in the street. He seized his lost dog, and was assailed by the person who had got possession of him.

"This is my dog, gentlemen, and you don't take him from me unless you take

Finally the parties were taken before a magistrate.

showed to the Judge, and which had certain knife marks or crosses on it.

"Judge, this pup was given to me three years ago by Gue T—, and Mr. I—, the grocer on Li street at the corner, can tell you that as soon as I got the dog I took him to his store, marked a spot, and put it under his skin. first

making these crosses with my knife on the lead."

After this the oaths of the other party that he had raised the dog from a pup were of no avail. The farmer took his dog. This will suggest to the readers a safe method of marking their valuable dogs.

Pointer and Rattlesnake.
When Mr. W. T. Lockwood, a young man who lives in that part of the suburbs of the city known as Maple Grove, went to bed night before last, he, as usual, left everything open, and slept soundly until morning. As is the usual custom of the family, with him, a

usual custom, the lady sent his favorite dog, Flora, a fine pointer, to the room to wake him. When she got into the room she found that her master had a bedfellow. After groping around among the bed clothes she found something she considered game. By robbing her nose over the speaker's face she caused him to awake, and, as soon as

she could attract his attention, 'poined' to another part of the bed. Mr. Lockwood knew something was wrong, and immediately sprang out and began to look through the bed. He did not proceed far until he found a 'young' rattlesnake about a year old coiled under the cover. The dog stood watch-

while the intruder was captured, after which she showed by every means possible that she was glad, and her master appreciates that she has as much sense as anybody.—*From the Leavenworth Times.*

END OF A DIVORCE SUIT.—We recall

a story of Mayor Waller's, which he used to tell with an unlimited relish himself. He had been retained by a female petitioner in a divorce suit had prepared the case, and had it specially set down for trial. Just before the case was called the woman interviewed him and said :

'I want to stop the case.'
'Cannot do it, ma'am,' replied the mayor urbanely, 'the witnesses are all here and the Court in readiness.'
'I want you to stop it,' replied the woman.
'I cannot do it,' again replied the Mayor.

"But you must," declared the woman.
 "Ent! I shall not," said the Mayor.
 "Yes you will," said the woman.
 "Why?" inquired the Mayor.
 "Because," answered the woman, "my husband has just been drowned in the Metis.
 The case was stopped.

Gentlemen of the jury," said an eloquent Chicago advocate, "you hev heard the witness swar he saw the prisoner raise his gun; you hev heard him swar he saw the dog fall ded; you hev heard him swar he dug the bullet out with his jackknife, and you hev seen the bullet produced in court; but whar, gentlemen

"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments—you make me start!"

"Well, sir, I've been waiting for you to start for the last hour."

