

Rat-Killing at Cambridge.

There are a few students at Harvard college each year, writes a correspondent of the New York Herald, whose natural thirst for sport is not satisfied by the tame and ordinary attractions of college rowing, base-ball, football and lawn tennis. They want something more exciting, and to supply this want some of the more wealthy students a short time ago started a polo club and won glory for themselves and their ponies at Newport last summer. There are other students more venturesome and reckless, whose longing for excitement can only be satisfied by sports of more bloody character. The result has been that during the past few years hard-glove contests and cock-fights have not been of infrequent occurrence in the college rooms. Last winter there was a brutal dog-fight in one of the most thickly inhabited of the college dormitories. So secret have these affairs been kept that probably not more than a dozen students have known of them, and during the past six years only one of them has leaked out and appeared in print. It would mean immediate expulsion for everyone concerned if the faculty should get wind of any of these contests.

To-night a new feature was added to this course of secret entertainments given to wealthy young Harvard blokes. It was a rat-killing contest in one of the most richly furnished parlors in the finest of the fine buildings of the university. A wealthy western student owns a pretty black and tan dog who recently has developed much skill in killing rats. A short time ago he offered to bet a fellow-student that his dog could finish fifty of the rodents in thirty minutes. The wager was accepted and \$200 a side was put up the next day. A few friends of the principals were let into the secret, and it was estimated that fully \$1,000 changed hands on the result to-night.

Early this evening the rats were brought in a box to Cambridge by a well-known rat-catcher of the north end of Boston, who also furnished a large round pit. The room presented a queer scene at about 9 o'clock, when the sport began. The elegant furniture had been piled up promiscuously on all sides of the room, and standing and sitting upon it were twelve young men, the sons of some of the wealthiest families in this state, New York, and the west. They wore their hats on the back of their heads, were smoking cigarettes and excitedly offering wagers on the result of the contest. The rats were big and hungry, and their squeals then and during the contest sent a cold shiver down the backs of the students, for fear at the noise would attract the notice of the college officers.

The dog was put into the pit. He was a beautiful specimen of the black and tan, and weighed a trifle over ten pounds. He went at his victims viciously, and after dispatching one of the squealing brutes would grab another with lightning-like rapidity. The hungry rat fought well, and often succeeded in biting the dog. In a short time he was covered with blood and at one point about twenty minutes after the beginning of the contest, he showed signs of weakening, and it was feared by the backers that he would have to be taken out of the pit. Suddenly he made a wonderful brace and went at his little foe more viciously than ever. The dog killed the last rat ten seconds before his allotted time was up.

The game little dog was then taken out, his wounds were washed and dressed and the dead rats and pit were taken back to Boston by the rat-catcher. The little black and tan was literally covered with bites, but was apparently in no danger of dying from them.

A Bit of Realism.

This simple little tale, a bit of realism, is founded on "Howells' Titles." If got particular as to the chronological order, William Dean Howells' writings might be memorized as follows: At least it would be only "A Modern Instance," "The Doctor's Practice," in the "House of the Seven Gables," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Lady of Aroostook," and if he should take upon himself "A Fearful Responsibility," "Their Wedding Journey," would be "A Foregone Conclusion," after which they would naturally take their "Italian Journeys," "Through Tuscan Cities," "The Garreters," "During the Indian Summer," "The Parlor Car," or "The Sleeping Car," of course using "The Register" at the hotel stopping place, at each of which they would take "A Day's Pleasure." They might chance to meet their friends "Abraham Lincoln," "Rutherford B. Hayes," or "Colonel Silas Lapham." This would be all followed naturally enough by "Venetian Life," where the "Doctor," or the "Lady," or both, would make their "Sketches," "Sketches," and write their "Poems," or "Choice Autobiographies," "Essays." All this would be preceded by their farewell to earth, via "The Liberator," to the "Undiscovered Country." Would this supposition be "A Counterfeit Presentation," or "Out of the Question?" Howells could it be?—Editor's Drawer, Harper's Magazine for February.

The New German ironclad Odenburg will be of entirely novel construction. It is a broadside ship with ten-inch guns—five on each side, two above and three below deck, but the whole force being concentrated on the same point with sufficient force, it is estimated, to disable even the strongest ironclad. The displacement of the Odenburg is 3,200 tons, and her engines 3,500-horse-power enabling her to steam twenty English miles an hour. The German Government are apparently not well satisfied with the construction of the torpedo boats at Stettin. They have ordered new ones in England, and refuse to accept six that have been completed. China also has ordered her three new ironclads to be built in England and not at Stettin.

A Diabolical Suggestion.

Kosciusko Murphy is an amateur writer of plays. He wrote a very sad tragedy, and it was brought out by some local amateur, but the public expressed their disapprobation by plain language. Murphy was very indignant. "The Austin public are a blank of fools," he exclaimed. "I'll tell you how you can get even with them," said Gihooly. "How?" "They laughed at your tragedy, now you write a comedy, and see if that don't take the laugh out of them. Make them feel that you can write a comedy."—Pecos Siftings.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A West Virginia woman has insisted on lying in bed for over forty years, although in good health. This is believed to be the first authenticated case on record where the husband gets up first and builds the fires. *Milwaukee Journal.*

Magistrate Ever been arrested before? Prisoner No, sah—Magistrate Didn't I send you to the Island last winter for ten days? Prisoner I do judge, I believe so, sah. But I see a policeman to member places. *N. Y. Sun.*

Some one placed a piece of Limburger cheese in the lining of a Santa Cruz merchant's hat this week, and the merchant has been loudly proclaiming that the city needs a sewer system right away, as the smell of sewer gas is something awful. *Santa Cruz (Cal.) Sentinel.*

In Iowa there lives a man who draws a pension because ten years ago his wife struck him with a broomstick. Under this arrangement, if the editor of this paper lived in Iowa, he would be entitled to two pensions and a comfortable home for life. *Quintman (Ia.) Free Press.*

Tramp (at the back door)—Will you please give me something to eat? Woman—Not a thing. Tramp—Nor nuthin' to drink? Woman—Nor nuthin' to drink. Tramp—No cast-off clothes? Woman—None. Tramp—Well, would you tell a poor, unfortunate man what time it is? *St. Paul Globe.*

"Why, Palette, old boy," said Robinson, heartily, "where have you been lately, out of town?" "Yaas," replied Palette, "been up along the line of the Hudson painting little bits of scenery—trees, rocks, and that sort of thing, you know." "Ah, ah! Patent medicine ads, I suppose?" *N. Y. Times.*

"O, Mr. Van Duden," said a young dudine at the opera recently, "doesn't this music make you surge?" "Ah, yes, I believe it's grand." "It is so tenderly, wonderfully, exquisitely perfect, it makes me wave all over." "High tide," said a disgusted listener, and the conversation stopped. *Philadelphia Press.*

She was wading across the mud on Woodward avenue, when a butcher cart came along and splashed her from bonnet to shoes. A pedestrian who witnessed the accident pulled out his handkerchief and said: "Beg pardon, but let me wipe some of it off." "O thank!" she replied, "but never mind the mud. If you feel it a duty to do something in the case, please mention some of the leading cuss words now in use." *Detroit Free Press.*

Mrs. Singing, entertaining Baron von Stoopid of Berlin at dinner, regarded him with a funny story she had read in the newspaper which, unfortunately, he had heard before at somebody's else dinner. "Ah, ha!" he laughed, "thinking to observe the fashionable club expression in this country governing Joe Miller." "Ah, ha! Mrs. Singing, Joe Miller—what you call him?" "O, doughnuts, and id!" The titled foreigner meant "cheatnut." *N. Y. Mail.*

"I hear," he said to a boy who was hanging around a Woodward avenue grocery the other day, "that your folks have had some good luck." "Yes, we have," was the answer. "Your mother was left \$500 by the death of an aunt; next day she died." "O, no, sir. That happened next door to us. Our good luck was in having that sent up for three months and giving us a chance to recuperate. We just feel rich now." *Detroit Free Press.*

A New York merchant advertised for a cashier. A well-dressed gentleman applied for the position. The merchant looked over his references and said: "Your credentials are excellent, but I would like to ask you a question." "Certainly, sir." "Have you been vaccinated?" "Yes, sir." "That will do. We have no use for your services. The only cashier who can be relied on to any extent whatever is the one who is afraid of the Canadian smile-poke."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said a traveler to a fellow-passenger, "but is not your name Smith?" "No, sir," was the reply, "my name is Montrose." "Excuse me, my mistake." "Certainly. Don't mention it. It's not very flattering to one's pride and self-respect." Mr. Montrose added with a smile, "I am to be classed among the great plebeian army of Smiths, but such mistakes will occur. It will you favor me with your name, Chance Acquaintance?" "Yes, my name is Smith." *N. Y. Sun.*

The death-rate in Dakota for years past has been only five in 1,000. Even this moderate average for our territory might have been materially lowered had there not been such a popular prejudice against more than four acres in a pack of cards. When other acts without any visible means of support were detected straining into a poker game the death-rate was a high rate of mortality. *Estimate (Dak.) Belt.*

The curious workings of the infantile mind were brought out by the remark of a four-year-old girl the other day. A very dear friend of the family was a Miss J., who is noted for her charities and many good works. Among other things she had a Sunday-school class in which the infant mentioned was a very interesting member. The other night, the youngster had finished her prayers, she kept very quiet for a moment, and then, turning to her mother, asked: "Mamma, is Miss J. a sister of God?" *Boston Record.*

The San Francisco Society of Lady Artists is having a great time. It doesn't know whether to call itself "lady artists" or "woman artists." It has long been a local habit to take no account of squabbles and all matters requiring peculiar dexterity and exquisite bluntness to Gen. Barnes. Accordingly one of the ladies thought she would do a clever thing and get the general to settle the vexed question of names. So she stated the case to him. After mature deliberation, partly over the matter in hand and partly over a complicated shot at billiards, the general rendered his decision. "Avoid both names," said he. "Why not be original and euphonious and call your selves the San Francisco Society of Ship Painters?" There was a rustle of stylish petticoats and a sudden chilling vacancy in the apartment. *San Francisco Post.*

and my teeth didn't chatter. The conductor was in the habit of distance, looked up with a glassy smile, wishing to appear cheerful, and said: "We are going a little smoother, I see." Yes, said the conductor, "we're off the track now." *Ogdenburg (Ga.) Cistern.*

A short time since a gentleman who lived in a small town not far from Buffalo went the way of all flesh, and the burial ceremonies to be performed over his remains were committed to the charge of the local undertaker. The funeral was quite an important one for the gentleman was prominent in his own town, and a number of his friends from the city were present. The services were held in the church, but just as the time arrived for taking the remains to the cemetery a severe thunder-storm came, and it was considered best not to start until the worst of the storm was over. The wait was rather an embarrassing one, but the undertaker was equal to the emergency. Standing on the church steps he shouted so as to be heard in the choir loft at the other end of the building: "The organist will please give us a little music to while away the time." Even the mourners smiled. *Buffalo Express.*

Peculiarities of a New York Congressman.

Burleigh is one of the characters of Congress. He was born in Canaan, N. H., fifty odd years ago, and has never been naturalized, although he moved across the line into Northern New York many years ago in order to come to Congress. He is a perfect type of the tireless Yankee with a steel spring inside of him. He has a slim body, without a spare ounce of flesh on it, a small head, close-trimmed beard, thin face and aquiline nose. He is a swift cruiser in any kind of weather. He deals in humor and cool intakes, and runs steamboats and canalboats and politics with equal success. He never keeps his seat in the House for more than five consecutive minutes, yet he always votes, and his bills go through like greased lightning.

One day last winter he couldn't get Acting Speaker Joe Blackburn to give him the floor to railroad through the Troy Public Building bill so he waited till Blackburn was out for luncheon, got a Minnesota Congressman who had the floor to let him have it, and before anybody could say Jack Robinson the bill was passed.

Then Burleigh was afraid that Warner Miller would not move the bill fast enough in the Senate. He rushed out to the telegraph office and stirred up one hundred Troy business men to send messages to Miller. The Senator was driven to the verge of distraction that night by the messengers who rang his door bell, and the next day he got the bill passed through the Senate in self-defense. He reflected over the zeal of the Troy business men for several days before he understood it, and finally he ventured to say to the Whitehall Congressman: "Burleigh, I believe you got those fellows to stir me up."

Next to Silas B. Dutcher, Burleigh is Arthur's right-hand man at the Chicago Convention. He is a practical politician, and did not take much stock in the efforts of the New York business men's delegation to secure Arthur's nomination. Long after midnight one night a newspaper man tapped gently at Burleigh's door at the Grand Pacific. "Who's there?" shouted Burleigh in bed.

"A New York business man," was the reply.

"All right. Just shove your neck under the door and go to bed," said Burleigh. "It's time all honest men were about. I am myself."

Two of Burleigh's strong points are his complete ignorance and his aversion to dress coats. When he left home his wife said: "Now, Mr. Burleigh, I have only two things to ask of you. I want you to give up swearing and to wear a dress coat on proper occasions." "I would do anything, my dear, to please you," was the Congressman's reply, "and I have fully determined not to swear any more, but I will be damned if I will wear a dress coat." *N. Y. Mail.*

Perfecting His Title. In the vicinity of New England mills, on the Central Pacific railroad, twelve miles above Auburn, a well-known Sacramento photographer purchased the necessary right to a homestead recently, and found after the purchase was made that he did not have a moment to lose in perfecting his title; that he would have to build a cabin instantly. He accordingly rushed up to the ranch, and after much difficulty got some lumber hauled on the ground. Not having time to build a house that day, he determined to put up a semblance of a house at least, and pass the night there. He stood up boards on end, roof-fashion, and tied them at the apex with wire and strings, so that he could sleep in the house that night. While all this was being done the rain was pouring down steadily, and the squatter was thoroughly soaked, but being of a sanguine temperament he built a fire in his hastily constructed dwelling, got his supper, pulled off his boots, and went to bed.

Some time during the night the wind and rain knocked the house down upon him, set the lumber on fire and burned him out, his hat and boots being burned up with the lumber. Passers-by next morning saw a most deplorable specimen of humanity sitting on a log, hatless, his feet stuck into the soles of boots without legs or uppers, and disconnectedly cogitating whether or not it paid to engage in perfecting land titles in such weather. As he ran his fingers through his long raven locks, contemplating how he was to reach the New England mills in his sorry plight, he remarked to himself: "As a photographer I look as a detective I can unearth the very don and unraveled mysteries surrounding the living; but as a locator of government land, I pass." *Sacramento Union Record.*

A Romance of Courtship in Georgia. It happened Sunday night about two hours after the benediction had been said. They had forgotten about the "pearly gates ajar," and had talked elaborately of all noted females, from Mary Anderson to Maud S. Presently a lull occurred in their conversation, when the young man hitched his chair up to hers, and, nervously fingering the fringe of her shawl, said: "I am about to ask you a very important question. Are you prepared for it?"

"I am," she said fixing her mouth. "Will you," here his voice grew husky, and he stopped and drew a breath as long as a rake's handle. "Will I do what?" said the young lady anxiously. "Go on with your question." "Will you go to the circus with me?" Tableau.

There are firms in New York and Philadelphia who hire out clean cuffs and collars.

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