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The Millheim Journal.

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Busy all the time. Every Bid a Sale

A Panther on the Watch.

I was talking with an old man the other day who had been through two or three Indian campaigns, killed grizzlies, trapped wolves, and had a hundred stirring adventures in wild life, and I asked him to name the closest call he ever had.

"Well the tightest squeeze I ever had came about in a queer manner," he replied. "I had come home to Minnesota to get well of a stab given me in an Indian fight in western Dakota, and the wound was yet sore when a friend and myself got out our traps together and went up among the lakes forming the source of the upper Mississippi river to hunt. It was about the middle of September when we got into camp, and my strange adventure began almost at once. We pitched upon our site for a camp about 10 o'clock in the morning, and before night had our shanty completed. The hard work of the day irritated my wound and made me feverish, and about 10 o'clock at night, as we were ready to turn in, I took the pail and started to the spring for some water. The spring was about 300 feet away, with open woods between. The night was clear and still, with a light frost beginning to fall, and the slightest noise could be heard. When I was half way to the spring I heard a chipmunk, weasel or some small animal of the sort running on the leaves a hundred feet away, and the sounds actually startled me. Then I heard a squirrel run up a tree, and I followed him afar up the branches by the sounds of his claws on the bark. I believe the report of a rifle could have been heard three miles on such a night.

"I reached the spring, dipped up a pail of water and drank heartily, and then stood for a moment enjoying the night and the appalling stillness. Presently I heard a peculiar sound down beyond the spring. I can't tell you why or how I knew the sound was made by some wild beast dropping to the ground from a tree, but that was my impression. It was a sly action on the part of the beast, and on a windy night could not have been heard twenty feet. It went through me like a flash that a panther which had been roosting in one of the big trees just across the open space beyond the spring had dropped down to attack me, and I started for the shanty like a streak of lightning. I had made no mistake in jumping to conclusions. As I bolted a way a horrible scream overtook me, and I made clean jumps of ten feet after that. We had a couple of hounds at the cabin, and they were curled up and asleep when I left it. The yell of the panther brought 'em out mighty sudden, and I suppose this saved my life. That beast wasn't thirty feet behind me when the hounds met and passed me, and next instant there was a shindy which would have made your hair stand up. I jumped into the door of the shanty just in time to colide with my partner and roll us both on the floor, and before we could get our guns and get out the affair was over—that is, one of our dogs had been chawed to death, the other half killed and the panther had made off. It was certainly a narrow escape for me, and I was weak in the knees when I came to think it over.

"We did not hear from the beast again for three days. We put out ninety traps along the swamps and creeks, and found abundance of game in the woods. On the fourth day, about 10 o'clock in the morning, while my partner was cleaning his gun and dressing off some rabbits for dinner, I went out to look at some traps set the night before. My route was along the swamp shores of a small lake, and it was a cloudy day with a cold wind blowing. I had my gun on my shoulder as I tramped along, and I had passed the third trap without finding any victims, when I came under a large tree. As I was not looking for live game I had not surveyed the limbs above me. The space between the tree and the water was not over ten feet, and I was looking ahead to locate the next trap when I stepped into a hole and fell sprawling. That fall probably saved my life. I felt something graze me as I went down, there was a horrible snarl in my ears, and that infernal panther plunged into the water with a great splash. I had a shotgun with me, and it was loaded for small game. I was up before you could count fifteen. My fall had flung the gun several feet away, and as I could seize it I looked for the panther. Missing his spring the way he did probably disconcerted him, and his cold bath cooled his enthusiasm. He floundered around, climed back to dry land, and after indulging in a shake to get rid of the water, he growled at me and disappeared among the bushes. I sent the charge of shot after him, but he probably got off shot free.

"Well, I got it into my head that that varmint was after me and nobody else. My partner had not even got a glimpse of him, while he had twice attacked me. I just left the traps and made a bee line for the shanty, and that afternoon we set a trap in the woods to catch his highness. The other dog was about dead of his terrible wounds, and we finished him and use him to bait our trap. Two days and nights went by and nothing further was heard of the panther. Then my scare began to go off, and I set out to look over half of our traps, while my partner took the other half. I took further around the lake than before, and at 11 o'clock in the forenoon I was through with the last trap and loaded down with game. As I couldn't carry the load back to the shanty, I sat down on a log to shuck some of the mink and rats, and pretty soon I had forgotten all about the panther. I was near the butt of the log or fallen tree, the other end of which was very bushy. I had my back to this, and had worked for half an hour when it struck me powerful hard and all of a sudden that I was in danger. It was like a voice calling to me, and at the same moment a chill traveled up my back. I wheeled square about, and there was that infernal panther creeping down the trunk as softly as a cat to get nigh enough to spring on me. At my motion he stopped short with a spit and a snarl, and greased lightning was no where compared to my movements. My gun was loaded with buckshot this time, and I lifted her up and fired at him from a distance of about forty feet. He was hit by one or two of the shot, and the scream he gave was heard by my partner three-quarters of a mile away. As he screamed he made a flying leap to another log, and from that he went into the underbrush.

"Do you want to know how far a panther can jump when he lets himself out? I measured the distance from log to log with a tape line, and it was thirty-four feet to a dot. I was looking dead at him, and I know he didn't touch the ground between the logs. I wanted to pull up stakes for a new locality, but the fear of ridicule prevented my saying so. My partner agreed that it was a little strange I should be singled out in such a way by the brute, but as I had escaped him thus far there was no reason to be upset. I was, however, and I didn't leave the camp again that day. The night passed quietly, and as the next day was rainy neither of us went out. If the panther had visited our trap he had kept his paws free of it, and I argued from this that he preferred live man to dead dog. It had come to be twilight and the rain had ceased, when my partner started for the spring, laughingly wondering if he would see my panther. He left the door open as he went. I had just finished cleaning and reloading my shotgun and had it in my hands to put away when something lit in the doorway, and a lightning glance showed me that it was the panther. He wasn't over seven feet from me, and was gathering for a spring when I whirled the gun over, and with out stopping to take aim pulled the trigger. There was a big charge of buckshot, and the upper half of the beast's head was blown ten feet away, while the body rolled into the house, and the sharp claws seized and tore a blanket to pieces before death came. He must have been close at hand when my partner stepped out, and why he did not attack him instead of making a fourth set at me I leave you to figure out for yourself. It seemed as if I was marked for his victim, and he didn't care to waste time on any one else.'—New York Sun.

Saved the Dog.

One day when the ice was going out of the Big Sioux river somebody cried out that a dog was going over the falls. In two minutes the nearest bridge was covered with people. It was a large black dog on a cake of fifty feet square, which was coming down the current.

'Call him off!' yelled twenty men.

'Throw him a rope!' howled a dozen men.

'Can't we lasso him when he's going under the bridge?'

'I'll give $50 for him if he goes over and comes out alive!' yelled a fat man who put poison for his neighbor's dog the night before.

'He'll be worth it!' said another.

'For heaven's sake give me a pole!' shouted a long-legged man who had shot two dogs that morning, as he leaped off the approach of the bridge and waded through the old tin cans to the water's edge.

'Give that man a pole!' again yelled the fat man getting red in the face and climbing upon the railing.

'Poor doggie, why don't those men save the helpless thing?' said a lady who rode up in a carriage with her husband.

'A hundred dollars for the dog if he gets through alive!' whooped the fat man, recklessly raising his own bid and leaning out over the water.

'Hurry up with that rope!'

'Bring a pole!'

'Doggie, doggie, nice doggie! Come on!'

But the dog did nothing but look meekly around and occasionally wag his tail as if he was trying to explain he never expected to raise all this row. The ice reached the falls, and as the forward edge glided over the dog stepped back a little and then went over and out into the spray and foam.

'Some of you fools go below and pull him out!' screamed the fat man.

'I kin lick ther man who says that air dog don't pull through!' remarked a rawboned man who had not spoken before.

'Course you can,' said another one in hearing.

Just then the dog appeared some distance below the fall. He shot up out of an eddy and being near a rock, swam to it, leaped to the shore and ran back toward the crowd.

'He's all right!' cried every man on the bridge.'

'Well, I'll be hanged,' said the fat man who had made the large offers, as the dog came nearer. I'm a liar if it ain't the same blamed cur I've been trying to poison for two weeks!'

It Touches Them All.

One day in Willard's hotel, in Washington, John T. Raymond, the actor, stood near the doorway reading a paper intently. The article that engaged his attention was a complimentary editorial about James G. Blaine. Just as the actor finished his reading Mr. Blaine sauntered by. Mr. Raymond stopped him and said,

"I don't suppose these things interest you very much, as your name swarms over the surface of every paper in the country just now, but perhaps you may care to read it."

He pointed out the editorial and Mr. Blaine read it through.

"They say that public men become utterly callous to newspaper comment," continued the actor, "but I must say that though I have been in this business a great many years, I still manage to rake up a feeling of pleasure when I read a commendatry notice. How is it with you?"

"Just the same," said Mr. Blaine, with a quizzical smile as he passed the paper back. "It touches us all in one way or another."—Savannah News.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. Eisenhuth.

—First-class job work done at the JOURNAL office.

DWARFS AND MIDGETS.

The Whims and Oddities of These Little People.

'The dwarf business isn't what it once was.'

'Then, too,' continued Mr. Wheeler, 'dwarfs are running out. A few years ago they were springing up, though not very high, in all parts of the world. It seemed to be a sort of a dwarf age. For a while a 35-inch dwarf could not earn a living salary. He had to possess some striking physical feature if he hoped to secure permanent situations with museum circuits. Now, however all this has changed. Lots of the old-time Lilliputians have passed away, and a 40-inck freak can get a chair in a first class curio hall if he is good-looking and intelligent. The business was very nearly ruined at one time by tricksters. As you have possibly observed, midgets without exception have abnormally large heads. Unprincipled showmen, when the dwarf supply became inadequate, would take children with large heads and old faces and work them upon the circuits. There suddenly became such an influx of little folks on the market that none of the true midgets aside from Mrs. Stranton or Admiral Dot could get work that paid. This has passed away, and there is no fraud about the present representatives of dwarfdom.

'I never saw but two perfectly formed midgets. These were Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb, who is now Countess Rosebud, and Princess Lucy. There is always some deformity. Take General Thumb for instance He was badly developed in the torso. Other people have poorly constructed limbs or arms, and almost universally they are double-jointed at the knees or elbows. You see the lack of stature must be attributable to something, and as nearly as I can make out it is in the joints.

'What is the most striking characteristic of these freaks? Intemperance. There is no class of people on earth so given to drink. The males always like whiskey, and the females dote on beer. Gen. Thumb was fond of smoking, but aside from him tobacco is not used among the men.

'I never knew of but one family wherein dwarfs appeared in more than one generation. This occurred in that of Admiral Dot. He is the uncle of Major Adams, the midget clown of the Barnum show. Adams is twenty-one inches in height, and his father is nearly six feet tall. Dot is traveling about the country now with little Jennie Quigley. They earn jointly $100 a week.

'Speaking about Princess Lucy reminds me of the event that brought her into prominence. Years ago, when the Countess Rosebud was Mrs. Tom Thumb, a report was circulated that she had been blessed with a child. This was not the case, and the story was made out the whole cloth by one of Barnum's advertising agents. The Thumb family were unconscientious enough to take advantage of the canary. They had heard of the little Princess Lucy, and Mrs. Thumb sent for her and offered to adopt her, send her to a convent for a few years, and then introduce her to the world as her daughter. The scheme was a capital one, for it is impossible to tell whether Lucy is 4 or 40 years old. The princess declined the offer. She is now earning $200 a week for being eighteen inches high.

'There are several instances where midgets appeared in a single generation of the family. The Harris sisters are quadruplets They vary in height from thirty-six to forty-two inches, and are daughters of a very poor man in Eastport, Me. The father, a mechanic, was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, large and powerful of build, and the mother was above medium size. These sisters are badly deformed, all of them have double-jointed elbows. Besides this they enjoy the reputation of being the homliest midgets in the profession. Young Foster, whose nom de musuem is 'Hop o' My Thumb,' is twenty-eight inches tall. He has a baby brother not yet a year old that weighed when ten days old one and one-half pounds.

'Lucy Zirita earns the largest salary of any dwarf in the world. She is a native of Vera Cruz, Mexico, and is very small. Her head is proportioned nicely to her physique, but is shaped like that of an ape. Joseph Smith is her manager, and he gets $500 a week for exhibiting her. The little women cannot win the affections of full-grown mankind, but the men are more fortunate. Baron Littlefinger married a lady over five feet tall, and is the happy father of four fine children. The late Commodore Nutt wedded a Manchester, N. H. girl, five feet five inches tall, and left one child at his death. Minnie Warren sister of the Countess Rosebud, it is true, married a roller skater named Newell, who was with Nat Goodwin in the 'Skating Rink.' Newell, however, while hardly a midget, is greatly under size.

'Midgets are a nervous lot, and few of them are more than passably intelligent. They fly off on a tangent like a dove from a hornet's nest. Hop o' My Thumb is the ugliest youngster of them all, and he frequently indulges in spasms of rage. Dangerous? Well, as much as twenty-eight inches of humanity could be expected to be.'

The Art of Taking Leave.

Not a few people have still to learn the art of taking leave. Some will say, "It is time I was going," and then talk on aimlessly for ten minutes. They will even rise and keep their host standing; by an effort they may succeed in getting to the hall; then a new thought strikes them; they brighten visibly and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of importance, but keeping everybody in a restless state. After the door is opened, leave taking begins again. Very likely a last thought strikes the departing visitor, and his friend must risk a cold to hear it to the end. There is no need to be offensively abrupt, but, when you are ready to go, go at once—gracefully and politely if you can, but at any rate without tiresome delays.

Rheumatism and Neuralgia cured in 2 Days
The Indiana Chemical Co. have discovered a compound which acts with truly marvelous rapidity in the cure of Rheumatism and Neuralgia. We guarantee it to cure any and every cases of acute Inflammatory Rheumatism and Neuralgia in 2 DAYS, and to give immediate relief in chronic cases and effect a speedy cure.
On receipt of 30 cents, in two cent stamps, we will send to any address the prescription for this wonderful compound, which can be filled by your home druggists at small cost. We take this means of giving our discovery to the public instead of putting it out as a patent medicine, it being much less expensive. We will gladly refund money if satisfaction is not given. THE INDIANA CHEMICAL CO.,
4-1y Crawfordsville, Ind.

ORIGIN OF FASHIONS.

Man's and Woman's Slavery to the Whims of those High in Social Station.

In observing the characteristics and changes of fashion it is impossible not to ridicule them. We may become familiarized with a present fashion and see nothing prepostarous in the attire in which humanity may clothe itself; but when we look back historically to the many devices which have been used for her occasions we find abundance of amusement in the records of luxurious folly. The queen of fantasy has been denounced with the anrthemas of the church, stigmatized with the ridicule of the stage and apparently crushed by sumptuary enactments; but "*resurgam*" is written on her brow and she stalks triumphant in every age.

Many of the fashions of former days were invented to conceal some deformity of person. Hoops, cushions, paniers and other monstrous devices were substituted to make up for certain unkindnesses of Nature, who had not graced all her creatures with the forms to which they considered themselves entitled. Thus patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady, who concealed with one an eruption on her face, and to such a height was the fashion carried that the ladies cut their black patches into divers grotesque forms, such as rings, crosses, crowns, etc. In a book published at the time the author has prefixed a picture of Virtue and of Vice, in which virtue is modestly represented as wearing a plain black dress and hood, with a 'kerchief covering her neck; and Vice with a low-cut dress wears no 'kerchief over the parts which modesty should hide, and with a face variously figured with patches most curiously devised of all manner of fantastical conceits.

Full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber named Deviller for the purpose of concealing a deformity in the shoulder of the Dauphin of France, and, while the beau monde in England, wore their hair luxuriant, the bench and the bar were seen with the enormous wig, and the physicians appreciated conjointly the magical effect that was paid to it by the world.

To hide his ill-made legs, Charles VII. of France introduced long coats, reaching to the ground, and Henry, Duke of Anjou, wore shoes, whose points extended fully two feet, to conceal an excrescence on one of his toes. So, also when Francis I. was obliged to wear his hair short on account of a wound he had received on his head, it became the prevailng fashion of the time.

Conceive, if you can, a beau and belle of the time of Queen Elizabeth, the beau dressed in his starched doublet, his luxurious curls, mustache and beard starched to a point, his enormous breeches pushed out to a most laughable excess, being stuffed with wool, hair, feathers, or other light material—to all which was attached a rapier of about four feet in length, sticking about horizontally from his side; the belle with a standing ruff rising above her head, her stays or bodice so long waisted that it reached to her knees, with a large hoop farthingale that extended around her like a capacious tub, making it impossible for her beau to impress his love upon her distant lips, and which allowed him only to come in contact with extended hands. Yet such was the dominion of fashion that these creatures walked the earth, not with commiseration of mankind, but with the 'same envy that the world now looks upon her disciples who parade together as mincing monkey and the divinely drooping kangaroo.

NEEDED MORE THAN ONE.

"John, do you remember when we used to swing on my father's front gate?"

"Yes Maria, I do."

"And the moon used to look so beautiful, John."

"It did, Maria,"

"And the stars were so bright."

"They were."

"I wonder if the moon is so beautiful and the stars just as bright now as they were then, John?"

"I presume they are Maria."

"Then why can't we swing on the front gate now and look at the moon and the stars and the blue skies, with their fleecy clouds, as we used to do then?"

"We can if we want to."

"Then, John, let us go out to the front gate for awhile, and see if it will seem anything like it used to."

"All right, Maria. You go out and try it awhile, and if you like it maybe I'll take turn at it."

But Maria thought him too much of a brute to do anything of the kind.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

"Say, grandma, do people always paint the devil with red clothes on because he is wicked and has evil spirits near him all the time?" Yes dearie, red is the color of wickedness and sin." "Well then, is it because grandpa has bad spirits near him that his nose has got so red?" And grandma suddenly commenced to knit and said she didn't know.—*Newark Sunday Call.*