

WHIPPED THE LEOPARD.

But It Took a Troop of Baboons to Kill the Big Cat.

A vivid pen picture of a fight between a leopard and a troop of baboons is given in a German paper by P. Ritter, a sportsman and explorer in German West Africa. Leopards have a particular liking for baboon flesh, which is often used as bait to trap them.

"One afternoon," the hunter relates, "I was resting on the shady side of a big rock which formed the bank of a small stream. On the opposite side a troop of baboons came down chattering toward the water, a large male going cautiously in front, glancing and scenting around for danger. I remained immobile.

"A deep grunt assured the herd that all was well, and down the steep slope they came, last of all a female with two young, which the mother tenderly helped over the rough places. Suddenly a big leopard shot out from behind a bowlder and with one blow of his paw grabbed one of the young.

"The mother, with a roar of fury, threw herself upon the big cat. The others halted and with one accord clambered back to her assistance. The leopard had just settled the female and was about to make off with his prey when he found himself surrounded by the whole horde, which closed in upon him.

"He gave as good as he got, and two big baboons rolled down the slope apparently done for, but numbers told, and he was literally torn to pieces. It was a horribly fascinating sight, and I never regretted more having no camera with me than I did then."

THEY DIDN'T FIGHT.

It Was Only a Little Friendly Discussion That Excited Them.

Two Spaniards were conversing earnestly, then excitedly, at last angrily. The young American woman who passed them looked with frightened eyes toward her Spanish guide.

"What are they talking about, Señor Jose?" she asked timidly. "Do you think they will fight—or maybe kill?"

"Ah, no, Senorita Marie," replied Jose, smiling and showing his pretty teeth. "One man—that one, you see, senorita, with the long mustaches—he is saying, 'Me, I prefer much the colaire button which is steel, and the other one—look, senorita—he is running his fingers through his hair now and his sombrero has a gold cord—he is saying, 'Ah, no, señor, the button which is of gold—sí, señor, that is the button for me."

"But as for myself, senorita, the bone colaire button—that I prefer above all the others."

"Do I not speak with good sense, senorita? Listen. If the button is of steel it will cut, if it is of gold one cannot afford to lose it, but if it is of bone it does not cut, and if it goes what matter? I have a dozen at home in my little top drawer."

"You speak with great good sense, Don Jose, but tell me—were the men really angry?"

"Oh, not at all, senorita. It is only our southern way of being interested in what we discuss. If it had been two Germans, senorita, or maybe two Englishmen, you would never have noticed them."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Then They Talked in English.

A couple of Cleveland business men visited Mexico. In Mexico City their train was switched from one station to another. One of the Clevelanders went to the first station to make inquiries. Approaching a pair of dark visaged employees, he endeavored his memory for the proper words from the phrase book.

"Donde esta?" he hesitatingly asked and paused.

The two dark visaged persons listened attentively.

"Gracias," stammered the Cleveland man. "Donde estan?"

Then one of the men looked at the other.

"Say, Bill," he growled, "what in merry blue blazes is this fellow talkin' about?"

And after that it was easy.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Donkey's Choice.

The vexed question of the future life of animals has troubled the Mohammedan, as it has other religions. The question, it seems, was considered by Allah a long time ago, and all the animals were asked if they wished to enter paradise. They at once said yes, except the donkeys. These were cautious and asked if little boys went to heaven. The answer being yes, they replied, "In that case we prefer to go to—the other place." S. H. Leader vouches for the fable in "The Desert Gateway."

Friendships.

There are three friendships which are advantageous and three which are injurious. Friendship with the upright, friendship with the sincere and friendship with the man of much information—these are advantageous. Friendship with the man of specious airs, friendship with the insinuatingly soft, friendship with the glib tongued—these are injurious.—Confucius.

Cutting Down the Butcher's Bill.

"Isn't there any way to cut down a butcher's bill?" asked Tightwad, sarcastically addressing his meat man.

"Why, yes, Mr. Tightwad," said the latter. "You might pay a little on account now and then."—Harper's Weekly.

It is easier to enrich ourselves with a thousand virtues than to correct ourselves of a single fault.—Bryere.

Single Snow.

In "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving," Miss Stoker lets her readers into the secret of how the snow scene in "The Corsican Brothers" was made so effective:

"All over the stage was a thick blanket of snow, white and glistening in the winter sunrise—snow that lay so thick that when the duellists, stripped and armed, stood face to face they each secured a firmer foothold by clearing it away. Of many wonderful effects this snow was perhaps the strongest and most impressive of reality. The public could never imagine how it was done. It was salt—common coarse salt—which was white in the appointed light and glistened like real snow. There were tons of it. A crowd of men stood ready in the wings with little baggage trucks such as are now used in the corridors of great hotels, silent with rubber wheels. On them were great wide mouthed sacks full of salt. When the signal came they rushed in on all sides, each to his appointed spot, and tumbled out his load, spreading it evenly with great wide bladed wooden shovels."

Tuning Bells.

"What a beautiful tone that bell has!" is often heard. There are few, however, who know how a bell receives its joyful or solemn tones. All bells after they are cast and finished must go through a process of tuning the same as any other musical instrument before they respond with a clear, true tone. Every bell sounds five notes, which must blend together in order to produce perfect harmony. The tuning of a bell is done by means of shaving thin bits from various parts of the metal. It is as easy for an expert bell tuner to put a bell in tune as it is for a piano tuner to adjust his instrument to perfect chords. At first thought it would seem that a bell would be ruined should a tuner shave off too much at the last tuning, or the fifth sound, but such is not the case. He would, however, be obliged to begin over, starting again with the first tone and shaving the bell till it gave forth its harmonious sound at the fifth tone.—Scientific American.

No Clock Wanted.

There had been some talk of placing a clock in the tower of the village church. But John, the old sexton, who lived in the little cottage opposite the church, declared himself "dead again" and expressed the opinion that it would mean "an awful waste o' brass" were the scheme carried out.

"We want no clocks," he said the other day. "We've done without clocks up to now, an' we shall manage. Why, lyin' i' my bed o' a mornin' I can see the time by the sundial over the porch."

"Yes," replied one who approved of the scheme, "that's all right so far as it goes. But the sun doesn't shine every morning. What do you do then?"

"Why," answered John surprisedly, "I knows then as it ain't fit weather to be out o' bed, an' I just stops where I is."—London Tit-Bits.

The Lavish Jenkins.

In October, 1886, a religiously minded Buckinghamshire farmer named Jenkins brought his firstborn to the parish church to be christened, and this was to be the name: Abel Benjamin Caleb Daniel Ezra Felix Gabriel Haggai Isaac Jacob Kish Levi Manoa Nehemiah Obdiah Peter Quartus Rechab Samuel Tobiah Uzziel Vaniah Word Nystus Zechariah. It will be observed that the names are all arranged in alphabetical order and are as far as possible selected from Scripture. It was only with the very greatest difficulty that the clergyman dissuaded Mr. Jenkins from doing the lasting wrong to his child that he had unwittingly devised, but eventually it was decided to christen the boy simply Abel.—Chambers' Journal.

Where Plato Taught.

The famous academy of Plato was in a suburb of Athens, about a mile north of the Dypium gate. It is said to have belonged to the hero Academus; hence the name. It was surrounded with a wall and adorned with walks, groves and fountains. Plato possessed a small estate in the neighborhood and for some fifty years taught his "divine philosophy" to young and old assembled in the academy to listen to his wise words. After Plato's death in 348 B. C. the academy lost much of its fame, but the beauty remained for centuries after the great teacher was no more.—New York American.

Poet Laureate.

The office of poet laureate practically begins with Chaucer, who assumed the title about 1385. After Chaucer the office was more or less in the shadow, but from Spenser in 1529 the line of poet laureate is pretty well filled down to the present time. The office is largely honorary and has not always been held by the greatest of English poets, Dryden, Wordsworth and Tennyson being the most illustrious of its holders.—Exchange.

His Own Valuation.

"Belle tells me she is sorry she ever married you," said a young lad to the husband of her dearest friend.

"So she ought to be," he retorted. "She did some nice girl out of a good husband!"

Unhappiness.

They who have never known poverty can hardly be said to be unhappy. It is from the remembrance of joys we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed.—Lucie Zola.

It will never rain roses. If we wish more roses we must plant more trees.

Incapacitated.

"The fussy individual who always has a run in with the waiter never fares any better than the rest of us who are satisfied to take things as they come," said the homeless bachelor. "I took breakfast with one of these fussers the other morning in a little cafe uptown that was new to both of us.

"All he wanted was a cup of coffee and a couple of boiled eggs. But you might have thought the universe depended upon those eggs. After having given the waiter minute instructions as to their preparation, he sat with his watch in his hands.

"Finally the eggs came, and there was a lot more powwow. As he cracked the shell of one he turned to the waiter and said, 'Are you sure these eggs are positively fresh?'"

"And the waiter, who had watery eyes and a very red nose, replied with all seriousness: 'I really can't say, sir, I have a frightful cold in my head.'"—New York Times.

A Queer Freak.

Milreau, who was said to have been connected with some of the best families in France and to have possessed considerable means until ruined by the Panama canal disaster, was one of the best friends the beggars of Paris ever had, and to obtain funds for helping them he became a systematic thief. He used to frequent the fashionable streets during the day and pick pockets, and by night, dressed in ragged clothes, he dispensed the spoils to the first beggars he met. For years he continued the practice without being suspected, and it was by pure chance that he eventually did fall into the hands of the police. When his lodgings were searched sufficiently empty purses were found to fill a large packing case, and it was made clear that he had stolen hundreds of watches and scarppins, while he had been pinching and contriving to live a respectable man on a few francs a week saved from the ruin of his fortune.

The Literary Man.

When I get home where I live at I will remove my wife's new hat from my desk and my daughter's socks and my wee baby's building blocks, three spools of thread, some tatting frames, a box or two of out games, some scissors and my wife's new waists, a box of tacks and some tooth paste, a cookbook and a sewing kit, some letters that my wife has writ, some apple cores the kids put there, one or two wads of handmade hair, a bottle of shoe polish, too, a hairbrush and a baby shoe, some stockings that are worth a darn, a skein or two of darning yarn, a picture book or two or three, a picture babe has drawn for me, a rubber ball, a piece of gum, some picture postcards and a drum. I'll do all that when I get home and then write an immortal poem that will have Swinburne double crossed—if all my pencils are not lost.—Houston Post.

Wrecks and Cats and Dogs.

There is an odd provision in the English law on wrecks. It used to be that wrecks, like pretty nearly everything else, belonged to the king. Sometimes, if a vessel were only partly wrecked and it could be raised, an owner was averse to surrendering it, but it was generally seized for the king in accordance with the law until the question came up as to just what was a wreck. It was generally admitted that when all hands were lost that was a wreck, but as they wanted to get as narrow a definition as they could they got parliament to establish a law that in future nothing shall be considered a wreck out of which a cat or a dog escapes alive, and from that time until the present day no vessel coasts about England without carrying a cat or dog.

Canvas Currency.

Banknotes appear in much the same form throughout the world and have always done so except in China, where the earliest note was made of canvas, some six centuries before the Christian era. It was more like a tablecloth than a banknote, its length being about two meters, or six feet six inches. This form of note was not very convenient when large sums were concerned, so later the note was printed on parchment, and all other forms of money were suppressed. One emperor issued notes representing more than three thousand millions. But the money was never popular, and gradually the notes were retired.

Charlotte Cushman's Warning.

One day night Charlotte Cushman and Lawrence Barrett came out of the theater together. The steps were dangerously slippery, and it was with difficulty that they kept their feet at all. As they totteringly descended the great actress said to her companion quite in her Lady Macbeth manner: "Take a good grip on my arm, Lawrence, and if I slip hold on like grim death. But if you slip in the name of heaven let go!"

Bad Manners.

The two women stopped in front of a dentist's showcase.

"There, mamma," said the younger woman, pointing, "I want a set just like that."

"Hush, my child!" commanded her mother. "Don't you know that it's vulgar to pick your teeth in the street?"

A Bright Youth.

She (archly)—Whom should you call the prettiest girl in the room? He (looking about him)—H'm! Well, to tell the truth, there isn't a pretty girl in the place.

Some will always be above others. Destroy the inequality of today and it will appear again tomorrow.—Emerson.

Entertaining Royalty.

Nothing puts a blazer feather in the cap of a society hostess, says the London Saturday Journal, or at the same time causes her more anxious cares and thought than mere expenditure than the presence at one of her dinners or dances in the huge Mayfair mansion of a member of the royal family—most of all the king and queen. The entertaining of royalty is one of the most delicate triumphs the society woman, whether she be a duchess or merely a millionairess, can achieve. It has a code of etiquette all to itself—a code which must be rigidly observed or no hope is there of ever securing another visit from a royal guest of the reigning house. The number of titled and untitled guests bidden to meet the sovereign at, say, a dinner party is strictly limited and of course highly select. On one occasion \$20,000 was spent by a hostess in entertaining a crowned head for a week end, while another example is that of a certain baronet who had a marble staircase put in his house solely because of an approaching visit from the late king.

A Remarkable Escape.

During the reign of terror in Paris one of the most remarkable escapes was that of M. de Chateaubrun. He was sent to execution with twenty other prisoners, but after the fifteenth head had fallen the guillotine got out of order and a workman was sent for to repair it. The six remaining victims were left standing in front of the machines with their hands tied behind them. A French crowd is very curious, and the people kept pressing forward to see the man arranging the guillotine. By degrees M. de Chateaubrun, who was to the rear of his companions, found himself in the front line of the spectators, then in the second and finally well behind those who had come to see his head cut off. Before the men could get the guillotine in working order night began to fall, and M. de Chateaubrun slipped away. When in the Champs Elysees he told a man that a wag had tied his hands and robbed him of his hat, and this simple individual set him free. A few days later M. de Chateaubrun escaped from France.

Due Precautions.

In a town in Georgia there was an old preacher whose knowledge of the world was not wide nor deep, but who conceived it to be a place where, if one should trust his fellow men, he should at the same time keep an eye on his own interests.

One hot day he pulled off his coat and preached a vigorous sermon under the pines in his shirt sleeves. At the close of the open air service one of his admirers approached him and said regretfully:

"I don't suppose you knew that the editor of one of the big New York Sunday papers was here when you pulled off your coat."

"I reckon I knew it well, for I'd been told of it," said the preacher calmly. "I don't believe he's as bad as he might be, and anyway I put my coat on the chair close by and had it right under my eye all the time."—Youth's Companion.

Moro Story of the Flood.

The legend of the flood as told by the Moros is as follows:

"When the forty days and nights of rain came No and his family got into a box. One pair of each sort of bird and beast also came in. Men who were busy with their ordinary occupations and did not enter the box were overtaken by the flood. Those who ran to the mountains became monkeys; those who ran to the water, fish. The Chinaman changed to a hornbill. A woman who was eating the fruit of a seaweed and would not stop was changed into a fish called a dugong, and her limbs can still be seen under its skin."

Mara's Voice.

Mme. Mara had a voice that extended from middle G to E in all and was one of the most facile and flexible ever known. She delighted in the florid music of Hasse, Graun, Benda, Jomelli, Pergalese, Porpora, Sacchini and others of that school and with the utmost ease executed passages that are now assigned to solo instruments, such as the violin and flute. She held the stage from 1771 to 1802, with an occasional appearance after the latter date.

His Bedtime.

"When do you wind your watch," asked the man with the bulging brow—"morning or evening?"

"Generally in the morning," answered the man with the bulbous nose.

"I always wind mine just before I go to bed."

"Well—er—so do I."—Chicago Tribune.

What She Would Do.

"Johnnie, dear," said his mother, who was trying to inculcate a lesson in industry, "what do you suppose mamma would do for you if you should come to her some day and tell her that you loved your studies?" "Lick me for telling a falsehood," said dear little Johnnie with the frankness of youth.

A Quick Return Business.

"You said you were going into some business that would bring you quick returns," said a young fellow to his chum.

"I did," was the answer. "I am sending manuscripts to the magazines."

A Nice Bull.

An Irishman, quarreling with an Englishman, told him if he didn't beat his tongue he would "break his impotent head and let the brains out of his empty skull."

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