He who to run life's race doth dare With wrong at heart though He may not win although he w The sandals of Hippomenes.

But he who keeps a stainless soul, Albeit by pain and trial shod,
Will reach at last the priceless goal
That stands before the throne of God.
—[Clinton Scollard, in Youth's Companian

THE LITTLE CHAP.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

The Little Chap had been humored from the time he was born, but then he was such a fascinating Little Chap that nobody could help humoring him. He was stubborn, he was headstrong, he was naughty, if you like, the Little Chap; but in his very naughtiness there was something really captivating which won your heart, but played the mischief with your dignity. When he stood before you with his legs far apart, his hands in the pockets of his much-patched trousers, and the magnitude of his defiance as out of proportion to that of his tiny body, you were altogether at a disadvantage, and I am not sure but that the Little Chap in the innocent slyness of his heart felt that you were at his mercy. A little felt that you were at his mercy. A little patched cherub like him, with tousled blond hair and an enormous sense of his own importance, would have been no mean antagonist to Hercules himself; and,

own importance, would have been upmean antagonist to Hercules himself; and,
what is more, so secure was he in the
consciousness of his valor that he would
not have been afraid to tackle Hercules.
The Little Chap's father, Amund
Myra, was a carpenter by trade, and
lived in one of the loneliest mountain
valleys of Norway. His wife, Kari, had
presented him with five daughters before
it occurred to her to present him with a
son, and his joy at the last arrival had
only been equalled by his disgust at the
flye previous ones. The Little Chap took
instant possession of his father's heart,
which had been kept purposely vacant
for his reception.

five previous ones. The Little Chap took instant possession of his father's heart, which had been kept purposely vacant for his reception.

From the hour of his arrival the Little Chap came to be regarded as a person of it remendous consequence. It was impressed upon him from the time he lay in the cradle that he was a boy, and that a aboy was a superior kind of creature, who had nothing except certain accidental points of anatomy in common with girls, which latter species had been wisely created by the Lord to wait upon him. He was not very hig before Amund, who could not bear to be separated from him, got into the habit of taking him along when he went out into the valley to do a job. There the Little Chap would sit proudly perched upon his father's shoulder, bundled up in scarts, sand with a fur cap that was much too big for him pulled down over his cars. He was not a talkative child; but there was a slow and old-fashioned kind of gravity about him which made everything he said infinitely droll. He took himself very seriously, and allowed no truffing with his dignity. He took much satisfaction in the thought that he was helping his father; and Amund rather encouraged the idea, giving him a hammer with which he pounded nails into a piece of board, and occasionally mashed his fingers. And all day long, while the carpenter worked, whether in doors or out-of-doors, the Little Chap bustled about him, sat in the shavings whittling sticks, or chipped the edge of the plane by running it into the heads of the nails, which he drove in wherever a convenient place presented itself, whatever tooks he ruined, Amund regarded it only as a fair price which he paid for his company. And never once did he scold the Little Chap, but gravely explained to him why he must not do such and such things, as if he had been a grown-up man. And the Little Chap would listen gravely, with a quivering underlip; and when the kindly homily was at an end, he would

Amund's mind to cross the ocean and begin life over again in the New World, where a man of his skill certainly could accomplish something more than to keep out of the poorhouse.

Accordingly, though it nearly broke his heart to part from the Little Chap, he crossed the Atlantic, promising to send for the family as soon as he had founded a home for them in the great West. He begged hard to be allowed to take the Little Chap with him, but Kari would not listen to that, because to her the Little Chap was a kind of a pawn, a guarantee that her husband meant to keep his word, and send for her and the undesirable girls as soon as his circumstances warranted. Her conscience was not quite easy in regard to her treatment of him, and she could afford to take no chances.

Amund arrived at Chicago at a time

of him, and she could afford to take no chances.

Amund arrived at Chicago at a time when skilled carpenters were scarce and wages high. There was a great deal of building going on, and he had no difficulty in obtaining work. He was a master in his trade, thoroughly honorable, frugal, and industrious. It is not to be denied, however, that life is a dreary affair to one who toils and toils from morning till night, and whose starved heart cries out every hour and minute of the day for one whose is far away. Where is the Little Chap now? What is the Little Chap doing now? How does he look? Does he care so much for his ed dad as he did; and is he as eager as ever to help his dad? These were Amund's constant reflections whenever a little respite from labor afforded him a chance to think, his hysicago and the control of his

constant reflections whenever a little resistant reflections whenever little resistant reflections when he should be able to send this little less, in the hope of hastening the day when he should be able to send for the Little Chap. He worked surpetitionsly after time in order to earn some extra pennies, and he got the reputitation among his fellow-workmen of being a mean, penurious skindlint, who hoarded his wages with a view to becoming a boss some day and lording it over them.

At the end of one year Amund had saved \$550 from his wages, but having one confidence in the banks, he carried the entire amount in gold eagles in a leather bett about his waist. The consciousness of carrying so much money made him, however, very uneasy, and disturbed his sleep. Four or five times overy might he started up in terror, having dreamed that his money was stolen. It then occurred to him that the only safe way to dispose of it would be to invest it in a cottage and lot on the west side, where land was yet cheap. Land could not run away, and a house not even the most daring thie fould steal. Distrusting every one in this bewilderingly strange land, he was in no haste to solicit advice. But one day an advertisement in a Scandinavian paper caught his eye and set him thinking. It read as follows "THE FOOR MAN'S FRIEND."

"The Fenston Real Estate Investmer Company sell choice City Lots, improve and unimproved, on the Instalment plan West Side Property a Specialty."

Amund cut this out, read it at least twenty times a day, and carried it in his pocket for a week, before he sum-moned courage to call at the address designated. But his hoard kept increas-ing week by week, and his anxiety grew

ing week by week, and his anxiety grew apace.

Finally, one day in the early spring, he called upon the Fenston Real Estate Investment Company. He had fancied from the advertisement something very complicated and magnificent, and was somewhat disappointed at being confronted with a sandy-haired and very pinneled young man, who sat in his

chiefs until they looked like walking haystacks, scrambled out of the wagon as best they could. Farley had promised to be there with the keys, and formally put the new owner in possession. It annoyed Amund a good deal when his first and second ring at the door belt remained unanswered, and still more annoyed was he when, at the third, a man who had not the least resemblance to Farley opened the door and asked him, in language more vigorous than polite, what he wanted.

"I—I have bought this house." A mund.

wanted.

"I—I have bought this house," Amund said, with an air of righteous indignation, "and I was told by Mr. Farley that you were to move out on the 1st of April"

you were to more out of April."

The occupant of the house smiled an extremely unpleasant smile, and asked, coldly, "Whom did you buy it of?"

"Mr. Farley."

"That is a great pity, for he never council it."

"Mr. Farley."

"That is a great pity, for he never owned it."

"But where is he? He promised me the keys last night."

"He has gone West."

"Gone West?" An icy terror clutched at the Norseman's heart, and he reeled backward as if he had been struck. "Good God!" he groaned, sinking dowa upon the topmost step. "Good God!"

The Little Chap, seeing his distress, wound his arms tightly about his neck and rubbed his cheek against his face. He sat thus for five or ten minutes, while the five blonde bundled-up girls stood on the sidewalk staring at him with innocent stupidity. Then the man of the house reappeared, and ordered them in harsh language to move on. And when they only continued to stare in uncomprehending wonder, two policemen were sent for, and the whole family were hudded into a patrol wagon and driven to the nearest police station. There Amund, under the stress of answering the required questions, was aroused sufficiently from his dumb misery to send for a Norwegian lawyer, who presently made his appearance. He listened to the carpenpenter's story, and then shook his head mournfully.
"You have been swindled, my friend,"

nournfully.

"You have been swindled, my friend," es said.

"You ought to have been more autious."

he said. "You ought to have been more cautions."

"But—but, lawyer," the poor fellow went on, gazing into his face with an anguished expectancy, "he—he—sold me—the house—and here I've got the papers. It's all right, surely. Ain't it, lawyer?"

The lawyer looked at the paper which was handed him, and then dropped it contemptuously on the floor.
"A very clumsy forgery," he said.
"But—but—he couldn't surely sell me—what—what didn't belong to him, lawyer?"

—what—what didn't belong to him, lawyer?"
"Yes, he could, if any one was fool
enough to buy."
"But, lawyer—I say lawyer—do you
mean to say now, that—that I have
worked and slaved nigh on to three
years, and often starved and skimped
myself for the Little Chap's sake—do
you mean to say that—that man is to
have it, and not my Little Chap?"

Beals of cold persyiration burst out

have it, and not my Little Chap?"

Beads of cold perspiration burst out upon his brow, and the pained wonder and stunned bewilderment in his face were pitiful to behold. His slow wits could not yet grasp the situation, and he was obviously hoping against hope that there was some terrible misunderstanding at the bottom of it all, and that sooner or later it would be cleared up.

The lawyer had in all his practice never encountered so heartrending a case, He weighed his words before he answered, "My dear friend, you have paid dearly for your first experience in the New World."

Amund, taking in slowly the bearings

dearly for your first experience in the New World."

Amund, taking in slowly the bearings of this remark, stood staring before him with a vacant look of dawning terror; then tremblingly he raised his hands towards the ceiling, and cried, with a frightful-energy, "But, God, what are you doing up there in heaven when such things can happen on the earth?"

There was a hush as of death in the station-room. In the presence of so monstrous a wrong every one stood helpless, and a little awed. After the terrible explosion of despair Amund's head drooped upon his breast, his knees tottered, and he fell in a heap upon the floor.

The Little Chen, who had stood with

by complete the section of the relationship to the bends of the static phose presented (neef. But whatever presented (neef. But whatever presented (neef.) But whatever presented (neef.) and the paid for his company, which he paid for his company, which are not of the such and such things, so that the Little Chap was diply and when the Little Chap would litter grave the latter of the present of the little Chap was eight years old and accepted their worship as not made the latter of the present of the latter of the present of the latter of the present of the latter of the latter

THE JOKER'S BUDGET. JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY

Winds and Wings-Didn't Know About It-One Jump Too Much-Neither Sick nor Studious, etc., etc.

"I understand that a cyclone carried your house away," said a Chicago man to a Kansas friend.
"Well, I lost the house," replied the Kansan, "but I don't blame it altogether on the cyclone."
"No?"

"You see I was fool enough to put wings on the building."—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT IT.

Fogg—Fenderson is a curious chap. Good opinion of himself, you know, in spite of his cephalic vacuity. I happened to say, the other day, "there's nothing perfect in the world."

Brown—And what did Fenderson

say?
Fogg—He started up as though some-body had struck him. "I don't know about that; said he, I don't know about that."

ONE JUMP TOO MUCH.

one Jump too Mccin.

McCorkle—I hear that Danvers went out to Oklahoma and died there.

McCrackle—His penchant for athletics was the death of him. You know what a great jumper he was at college?

"Yes."

"Well, he jumped a claim in Oklahoma and died of lead poisoning."

NEITHER SICK NOR STUDIOUS.

Uncle Eben wrote to the college pro-fessor; "Have not heard from my boy for some time. Hope he is not sick. If he has been, I hope to hear that he is improving." improving."
The professor to Uncle Eben: "Boy not sick, and not improving."—[Puck.

THE REAL TROUBLE.

"I don't understand what the trouble with my articles can be," said the ambitious young man. "None of them is accorded."

tious young man. "None of them is accepted."
"Let's see; is that pencil with the rubber on it the style that you are in the habit of using?"
"Certainly."
"Well, it's very simple. You have been writing with the wrong end,"—Washington Post.

THE TRAMPS' HAT DODG

"Yep," said Pink Whiskers, the tramp, "I wisht I had as many dollars as it is easy to git hats. You see, a gang uv us will lay down in the weeds alongside uv the railroad a little way from the water tank. Jest as a passenger train is about to start off, after the engine is through takin' water, we jump up an' holler, 'Howdy, Kernel.' Then all the men in the cars stick their heads out uv the winders, and we grab their hats and slide. Uv course this is in the South. In the West we say 'Jedge', an' in the East 'Perfesser.' Anywhere else we sing out: 'Howdy, Mr. Smith?"—[Kentucky State Journal.

SOUNDS FROM THE NURSERY.
Glad music used to fill the place,
They played on the piano;
He sang a deep profundo bass,
She sang a sweet soprano.
The home was redolent with sound
That drove away all sadness
And scattered pleasure all around
In effervescent gladness.

Why do they now so quiet keep,
And where is the piano?
And is the basso fast asleep
And likewise the soprano?
The house is still from dawn till dark
And taciturn as they be;
But joy fills every nook—there hark!
Some one has woke the baby.

A TIMELY WARNING.

Cumso (running in excitedly)—Haven'you a balance at the 'steenth national? Fangle—Yes. What's the matter? Cumso—Draw it out right away! Fangle—What's up? Cumso—I heard the eashier promise a young lady to attend a charity bazaar tonight:—[Judge.

COMFORTS OF TRAVEL.

COMPORTS OF TRAVEL.

Professional Guide (to palace car porter)—I have an English lord in charge and I want him to get a good impression of the comforts of travel in this country. Here's five dollars.

Porter—Yes, sah. Do you want me to gib him extra attention, sah?

Guide—Great Scott, no! I want you to keep away from him.—[New York Weekly.

A LITTLE BRIEF AUTHORITY.

Mr. N. Peck-Where's your mother Johnny?

Johnny—Duano. She's out somewhere.

Mr. N. Peck—And you are sure she is

ot at home?

Johnny—Yas.

Mr. N. Peck—Come here to me, you mpudent young rascal. You want to yars," when you talk to me. I'll now who is boss in this house—for a ttle while, anyhow.—[Indianapolis ournal]

SECOND SIGHT.

"Theirs was a case of love at first

sigh."
"Why didn't they marry?"
"They changed their minds at second sight." DIDN'T THINK OF IT.

odds them that no bullets could pass through their ghost skirts, but it never occurred to a buck to hang his shirt on a hickory limb and blaze away atit and note the result. It was, therefore, 'heap disappointment' when the skirts didn't prove bullet-proof."—[Detroit Free Press.

CONJUGAL REFLECTIONS

"Wake up, Maria," exclaimed Jingle pop the other night, "I hear burglars," "Really!" retorted his better half, with great sarcasm. "But you'd better lie down and go to sleep. With those cars it's a great wonder, Hiram, dear you didn't hear a regiment of anarchist and a battering ram!"—[New York Herald.

FROM THE CITY.

Deacon Hardscrabble (to passenger requiring three seats for himself and bag-gage)—You are from the city, I pre-sume?

Mr. Shoat—Yes; how did you know

Peacon Hardscrabble—Oh, we butch-red our country hogs three months ago -[New York Herald.

SHE WOULDN'T SMOOTH

He (after the quarrel)—Come now, darling, smooth your wrinkled front.

She—There you go again. I am not wrinkled. I am younger than you are, Jack Winters, I'll never speak to you again!—[Epoch. NOT JUST NOW.

Bunting—Bismarck's annual incom from his yeast business is about \$34, 900. Larkin—Still you can scarcely call him a rising man.—[Epoch.

REFERRED TO PA. Lovely Daughter—Pa, Mr. Nicefellow proposed to me last night, and I referred

proposed to me last night, and Fields him to you.

Pa—Well, I really don't know much about the young man, and I'll have Daughter—When he calls to see you about it, you are to receive him kindly—real fatherly, remember—and help him along all you can, until he asks for my hand, and then you are to look alarmed, and talk about what an angel I am, and how many millionaires and dukes and princes I've refused; and then you are to reluctantly consent and give him your blessing.

sing.
Oh, I am, am I? Butsuppose I don't, then what?"
"I'll marry him anyhow."—[New York Weekly.

ESCAPED.

Landlady—Let's see, Mr. Impecunowes me for three weeks' board. You need'n't mind dusting Mr. Impecune's room this morning, Jane!

Jane—No mem, the gintleman's done it hisself it. Done what?

Landlady—Done what?
Jane—Dusted.—[American Grocer. DOWN ALL AROUND.

Two Department clerks were looking n a fur store window filled with marked-lown goods.

"That \$8 cape there is just like I am,"

aid one.
"How's that?" inquired his com-"Reduced to \$5."—[Washington

AN ECONOMICAL STOVE. Young Husband—Well, my dear, did you succeed in finding a stove to suit

you?
Young Wife—Indeed, I did. Such
good luck! I got a stove that will never
cost us a cent for coal. The dealer said
it was a self-feeder.—[New York Weekly.

KNEW JUST WHAT HE WAS DOING. "You tell me you congratulated the bride, Brooks? That was not the proper form. You should have wished her

"The groom is an old man, very con sumptive, and very wealthy. I knew what I was doing, Rivers."—[Chicago Tribune.

LEFT OUT.

I asked her heart of Winnifred,
Ah! if I could but win it;
She laughing replied, "Dear Ned,
I fear you are not in it."
—[Harvard Lampoon.

LIVING AND SHOW. LIVING AND SHOW,
Foreign Visitor—Does it cost much to
live in New York?
Host—No, sir, it doesn't cost much to
live in this city; but it costs like San;
Hill to keep up appearances.—[New
York Weekly.

SECRETS OF THE PROFESSION.

Stage Manager—Where is Afghar Lumbago, the tattooed Zulu? Property Boy—He got caught in the rain coming from supper, and he is down stairs having the scenic artist touch him

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

Signor Ham-Did you see how I par alyzed the audience in that death scene By George, they were crying all over the house!

Stage Manager -Yes. They knew you weren't really dead. -[Chicago Tribune. A HINT TO FATHERS.
How pure and good 'twould make the

world, The millennium we soon would see, If fathers would but be themselves As good as they think their sons should be.

RECIPE FOR STANDING POEMS. "And so Jimpson read his poem to you yesterday. How did you endure it?"

it?"
"I just fixed my glass eye on him and went to sleep with the other."

A HORRIBLE POSSIBILITY.

A HORRIBLE POSSIBILITY.

Ticks—Well, old man, you're looking pretty blue; what's the matter?

Wickles—Well, I've just asked old Goldbags for his daughter.

Ticks—And the old idiot said no?

Wickles—On the contrary, he said yes so quick that I am afraid he can't be worth a quarter as much as people think.

The Nature of Hysteria.

pass through their ghost skirts, but it never occurred to a buck to hang his shirt on a hickory limb and blaze away at it and note the result. It was, therefore, 'heap disappointment' when the skirts didn't prove bullet-proof, "—[Detroit Free Press.

Jaysharp (a musical enthusiast)—Who is your favorite composer, Mr. Gazley?
Gazley—Well, Dr. Choker composes me sooner than any other minister 1 ever listened to.—[Drake's Magazine.

A PAINFUL CASE.

Mrs. Gotham—Dr. Brownstone says he has a pattent whose heart is on the right side, and all the digestive organs are wrong side to, and, in fact, his whole internal organism is topsy-turvy.

Mr. Gotham—Is it Mr. Bullion?

Mrs. Gotham—The doctor did not mention any names. Why do you think it is Mr. Bullion?

Mrs. Gotham—He always rides in a cab—[Street & Smith's Good News.

GOOD FOOTBALL CLOTHES.

"Does the Czar play football?" asked an American sight-seer at St. Petersburg, as he inspected the Emperor's steel vest and boiler-iron trousers.

"Oh, no," replied the guide, "these are merely to protect his Imperial Majesty from the Nthilists."—[Epoch.

YE MEETING HOUSE.

AN OLD-TIME NEW ENGLAND

the Early Houses of Worship Were Generally Set on Hill-Tops— The Burning Question of Assigning Seats.

Were Generally Set on Hill-Tops—
The Burning Question of Assigning Seats.

"The New England Meeting House" is the subject of an article in the Atlantic Monthly, by Alice Morse Earle. The first New England meeting houses are thus described:

The first meeting houses were often built in the valleya, in the meadow lands; for the dwelling houses must be clustered around them, since the colonists were ordered by law to build their new homes within half a mile of the meeting house. Soon, however, the houses became too closely crowded for the most convenient uses of a farming community; pasturage for the cattle had to be obtained at too great a distance from the farmhouse; firewood had to be brought from too distant woods; nearness to water also had to be considered. Thus the law became a dead letter, and each new-com'ng settler built on outlying and remote land, since the Indians were no longer so deeply to be dreaded. Then the meeting houses, having usually to accommodate a whole township of scattered farms, were placed on remote and often highly elevated locations; sometimes at the very top of a long, steep hill—so long and so steep in some case, especially in one Connecticut parish, that church attendants could not ride down on horse-back from the pinnacled meeting house, but were forced to acramble down, leading their horses, and mount from a horse-block at the foot of the hill. The second Roxbury church was set on a high hill, and the story is fairly pathetic of the aged and feeble John Eliot, the glory of New England Puritanism, that once, as he toiled patiently up the long ascent to his dearly loved meeting, he said to the person on from any event and surrounding:

This is very like the way to heaven; 'tis uphill. The Lord by His grace fetch us up."

The location on a hilltop was chosen and favored for various reasons. The

The location on a hilltop was chosen and favored for various reasons. The meeting-house was at first a watch-house, from which to keep vigilant lookout for any possible approach of hostile or sneaking Indians; it was also a landmark, whose high bell-turret, or steeple, though pointing to heaven, was likewise a guide on earth, for, thus stationed on a high elevation, it could be seen for miles around by travelers journeying through the woods, or in the nairow, tree-obscured bridle-paths which were then almost the only roads. In seaside towns, it could be a mark for sailors at sea; such was the Truro meeting-house. Then, too, our Puritan ancestors dearly loved a "sightly location," and were willing to elimb uphill cheerfully, even through bleak New England winters, for the sake of having a meeting-house which showed off well, and was a proper source of envy to the neighboring villages and the country around. The studiously remote and painfully inaccessible locations chosen for the site of many observing traveler on the byroads of New England. Too often, alas! these churches are deserted, falling down, unopened from year to year, destitute alike of minister and congregation. Sometimes, too, on high hilltops, or on lonesome roads leading through a tall secondgrowth of woods, deserted and negitimes, too, on high hilltops, or on lone some roads leading through a tall secondgrowth of woods, deserted and negitimes, too, and fallen headstones, which surround a half-filled-in and uncovered cellar, show that once a meeting-house for New England Christians had stood there. Tall grass and a tangle of blackberry brambles cover the forgotten graves, and perhaps a spire of orange tiger-lilies, as shruh of southernwood or of winter-killed and loved for the sake of those who lie buried in this now waste spot. No traces remain of the old meeting-house and the women on the other; and they entered by separate donor. It was a great and much-contested change when men and women were ordered to sit together "promiscuosile." In front, o

of the church, were in olden times the free seats.

It is easy to comprehend what a source of disappointed anticipation, heart-burning jealousy, offended dignity, unseemly pride, and bitter quarreling this method of assigning seats, and ranking thereby, must have been in those little communities. How the good wives must have hated the seating committee! Though it was expressly ordered, when the consuitee rendered their decision, that 'the inhabitants are to rest sil n' and sett down satysfyed," who can still the tongue of an envious woman or an insuited man? Though they were Puritans, they were frequent. Judge sil the state of the sta down satysfyed," who can still the tongue of an envious woman or an insulted man? Though they were Puritans, they were first of all men and women, and complaints and revolts were frequent. Judge Sewall records that one indignant dame 'treated Captain Osgood very roughly on account of seating the meeting hou e." To her the difference between a seat in the first and one in the second row was immeasurably great. It was not alone the scribes and Pharisees who desired the highest seats in the synagogue. It was found necessary at a very early date to "dignify the meeting," which was to make certain seats, though in different localities, equal in dignity; thus

in dignity with the foresent in the side gallery," etc., thus making many seats of equal honor. Of course wives had to have seats of equal importance with those of their husbands, and each widow retained the dignity apportioned to her in her husband's lifetime. We can well believe that much "discressing" was necessary in dignifying as well as in seating. Often, after building a new meeting house with all the painstaking and thoughtful judgment that could be shown, the dissensions over the seating lasted for years. The pacificatory fashion of "dignifying the seats" clung long in the Congregational churches of New England. In East Hartford it was not a bandoned until 1824.

Many men were unwilling to serve on these seating committees, and refused to "medle with the seating," protesting against it on account of the odium that was incurred, but they were seldom "let off." Sometimes the difficulty was settled in this way: the entire church for rather the male members) voted who should occupy the foreseat or the highest pew, and the voted-in occupants of this seat of honor formed a committee, who in turn seated the others of the congregation.

BULL AGAINST PANTHER.

Terrific Combat Witnessed by a

Herder in New Mexico.

A stockman employed on the Willow Creek Ranch, lying a few miles south of Tula Rosa, New Mexico, reports an interesting combat between a bull and a panther, which he witnessed recently while herding cattle in the fertile valley of the Rio Pecos. The panther was a large one of the species known as gray jumbos, from their size and mouse-colored fur, and had been seen some days before skulking about the corral, but had made off on being fred at.

Early one morning, however, the herder was awakened by a stampede among some cows, with young calves, which were confined in a pen a few hundred yards from his cabin, and seizing his gun he ran to the spot, only to find that all of the cows and calves, with the exception of one of each, had broken out and were galloping wildly away. The cow left was bellowing piteously, and the early which had fallen to the earth, borne down by a long, little body nearly covering it, was feebly moaning.

But before the herder could be upon the panther, which on its approach had raised its head and snarled, he saw a bull coming, plunging into the pen, the made straight for the panther, and with a single push of his horns lifted it from the calf, and, as the cat touched the ground, attacked it with his hoof, rearing up and striking with his fore feet with remarkable agility and tremendous force. The panther flew at the bull as soon as it could right itself, and canght him by the throat, only to be thrown to one side by a toss of his blunt head, which then attacked it with the pointed horns, which tore the fur and fesh till the ground was covered with blood. The panther, screaming with fury, returned to the charge whenever the pummeling it received allowed it to regain its footing for a moment. The bull's head and nuzzle were torn and scratched fearfully by his antagonist's powerful fews, which to tet them fight it out together. The panther made several attempts at last to break and run, but the bull was on it before it could escape from the pen, and with hoofs and horns struck at at furious

but hauled and tossed it about the yard for some time, stamping it until bones and flesh were reduced to a jelly; but at last, tired of his sport, he trotted off to rejoin the herd. The calf was found to have had its back broken by the panther leaping on it, and beneath its throat was a torn, jagged wound, from which the gray jumbo had been engaged in drain-ing its blood when the bull arrived on the scene.

Mexicans and Postage.

Mexicans and Postage.

J. M. Bennett, of Texas, representing a Chicago firm in that State, was at the Sherman house yesterday. "The Mexicans on the border, "said he, "have an ingenious plan for cheating their government out of postage. In Mexico the rates are high. For instance, it costs ten cents to send a letter from any of the river towns to the city of Mexico, or provinces south of here, and five cents to nearer points. The greasers are not at all lacking in trickery. Instead of paying the high rates of their own government, they simply paddle across the river, buy a two-cent American stamp and mall their letters to any point in Mexico they please. They take a dollar's worth of trouble to save a few cents; but then the government is cheated, and there is some satisfaction in that. The officials have tried to stop the business, but let me tell you, they couldn't do it. For genuine skin-game tricks, the ordinary greaser lays over any class of people I ever met."

—[Chicago Tribune.

A Female Cornet Band

The Drop of Bullets.