

The Commissioner of Immigration wants to inspect immigrants who come as cabin passengers as well as those who come in the steerage.

The new battleship Kearsarge will have seven times the displacement of the splendid old sloop-of-war whose name she will bear, and whose bones are whitening on the fatal Roncador Reef.

The English House of Commons contains 670 members. Of these there are in the new conservative Parliament 222 in favor of woman suffrage. This is seventy-four less than the women had in the last Parliament.

From one of the most important shipping and receiving centres for live stock in the United States, the Pittsburgh (Penn.) Central yards are now ranked as hardly second-class. The business has gone to Buffalo, N. Y.

The Governor of Arizona says the Territory will produce this year \$10,000,000 in gold against \$4,000,000 last year. If the gold resources of this country should be capitalized on the Kaffir basis, millionaires would be reckoned small men and give place to the billionaire, exclaims the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Los Angeles (Cal.) Times says: When a good mare, at a horse sale in San Bernardino last week, was sold for \$2, it was thought the bottom price for horseflesh had been reached. A new record was established in Ventura County, however, a few days ago, at an administrator's sale, when a horse was knocked down to a Mexican boy for fifty cents. He bid so high because he coveted the halter which went with the animal.

Bloomers blossomed out in the city of Macon, Ga., for the first time the other day, and their appearance created something of a sensation, and a stagnation in business. The newspapers, in telling about the exciting occurrence, speak of the costume as the "long-haired-of-and-never-seen bloomers." The New York Sun thinks the incident is especially worth noting, as evidence of the ironclad conservatism of Macon, that the bloomers were worn by a visitor and not by a resident. She was a member of a theatrical company.

Wide tires must replace the narrow tires now in use on most vehicles before good roads can be kept in good condition at reasonable expense, declares the American Agriculturist. In Pennsylvania, those whose tires are not less than four inches wide for loads of a ton or more are rebated one-fourth of their assessed highway tax. In Massachusetts the State law empowers townships or cities to regulate the width of tires used within their limits, and a few towns have already fixed a date two years hence when wide tires must go into use.

Says New York Truth: For a number of years the word "fireproof," as applied to the monuments of iron and mortar that decorate all the principal thoroughfares, has conveyed such an idea of security as has insured for their owners steady tenants at fancy rentals. But a severe blow has recently been dealt to the power of this popular catch-word, and the ensuing revelation of feeling seriously threatens to handicap the profits of such structures. The owner of each asserts as positively as ever that his building is absolutely fireproof, but the faith of his tenants has flown and, until he can succeed in coining some new phrase to win back their wavering confidence, he will find it difficult to combat the growing distrust. Of course no one doubts the sincerity of the owner's protestations, nor his firm belief in the incombustibility of his sky-scraping structure, and this being so solidly planted on the shining pedestal of his personal trust, it only needs a little invention on his part to effect the much desired return of public confidence. Let the owners join in forming a mutual guarantee association that will not only insure the tenant's personal effects, but will provide each tenant with an accident policy covering all casualties transpiring on the premises. As the buildings are so absolutely free from danger the risk thus assumed by the association will, of course, be merely a bagatelle. But it would be necessary to advertise that the policies would be inscribed in aluminum ink on asbestos paper, and that each document would be provided with a mica lined vault suspended from a platinum parachute to insure its preservation, before the public would take kindly to the scheme. As a matter of fact the only really fireproof dwellings yet devised were those occupied by the troglodytes of long ago.

## IN NEW GOLD FIELDS.

### ALLEGED DISCOVERY OF YELLOW METAL IN MINNESOTA.

The State Is Awaiting with Considerable Interest the Opening of New Mines in Redwood County—Hidden Treasure Is Said to Exist.

Discovered a Year Ago. Minnesota is now awaiting with considerable interest the result of the opening of its new gold mines. The State has never mined a dollar's worth of gold, but was content to acquire wealth by the slower but surer process of raising wheat. The alleged discovery of gold in paying quantities, however, has brought visions to its people of a road to sudden and easy affluence.

The new mines are in Redwood County, nine miles northwest of Redwood Falls and about 115 miles west of Minneapolis. Sightseers have been there daily in crowds from miles around, but the doors of the company's buildings have been closed to them. The visitors have had to content themselves with a superficial view of where the hidden treasure



STAMP MILL.

lay and of the preparations for extracting it, and by carrying off pieces of the vitreous, smoky-looking quartz as souvenirs.

Gold was discovered there a year ago by A. Edlund. Mr. Edlund had been a prospector in the West for years and became impressed with the idea that the rugged, rocky country of the Upper Minnesota Valley might be gold producing, and he began prospecting on his own account. Mr. Edlund claims to have been rewarded at last by discovering gold in paying quantities in Redwood County.

At this place, he says, he found a true fissure through the quartz which reaches from the surface to an unknown depth.



VIEW IN THE SO-CALLED MINNESOTA GOLD REGION.

The gold-producing quartz, Mr. Edlund says, is a twelve-foot vein following this fissure. A shaft has been sunk to a depth of 135 feet, at which depth the quartz streak has increased to five and one-half inches in breadth. The fissure is filled with bluish clay which is easily pulverized between the fingers when dry and which sparkles with tiny bits of yellow dust which have been washed into it from the adjacent rock.

At the depth of 135 feet the projectors began tunnelling in a southwestern direction following the fissure, which seems to run parallel with the river. The rock was hoisted to the surface, dumped on a pile now containing thousands of tons ready to be crushed for its store of gold as soon as everything is in readiness. A stock company was formed by Mr. Edlund for working the vein. Most of it was taken in Minneapolis, and it is claimed that the capitalization of \$500,000 has all been subscribed. Over \$30,000 already has been invested in the plant, and new machinery is to be added and the equipment further completed to an aggregate



SHAFT-HOUSE AND DUMP.

cost of \$100,000. The present capacity of the mill is fifteen tons daily, though work is to be begun immediately on a 100-ton stamp mill. The machinery consists of a crusher, separator, and amalgam plates, and was built by a Chicago concern. The refractory rock is to be roasted for the gold which does not exist in a free state, and a ton and a half of mercury is to be the drop in the bucket which is to seize upon the yellow metal which is not winnowed out by the separator.

The mine is on the south bank of the Minnesota River and there is a small lake immediately to the south of it. The country in the vicinity is wild-looking and rugged. The first discovery was made on the land of a German named Schneider and the corporation quickly bought up this land and 1,000 acres in the vicinity, so it has plenty of elbow room. The gold-bearing ledge is said to extend three miles and preparations are being made also by other parties to operate upon it.

A force of fifty men is employed at the mine and the company say they will gradually increase it. Two buildings have been erected, a stamping mill and a shaft house. The two are twenty rods apart and are to be connected by a tramway line to carry quartz. John Parton, the foreman at the plant, said the other day that besides gold the rock yielded small

amounts of silver and platinum and that special efforts were to be made also to extract the latter valuable metal.

### HUNTING HUMPBACK WHALES.

Exciting Sport in Capturing the Monsters of the Deep.

As we came abreast of a tiny cove or cleft in the cliffs, the harpooner suddenly stiffened with excitement, and he muttered "Blow-ow-ow" in an undertone. There in that little dock-like cleft lay a monster just awash, a tiny spiral of vapor at her side showing her to be accompanied by a calf. Down came the mast and sails as if by magic, and in less than one minute we were paddling straight in for the cove. The water was as smooth as a mirror and the silence profound. A few strokes and the order was whispered, "Stand up!" to the harpooner. Louis rose, poising his iron, and almost immediately darted. The keen weapon was buried up to the socket in the broad, glistening side. "Stern all!" was shouted and backward we swiftly glided; but there was no need for retreat. Never a move did she make, save convulsively to clutch the calf to her side with one of her great wing-like flippers.

We carefully approached again, the harpooner and officer having changed places, and, incredible as it may seem, almost wedged the boat in between the whale and the rocks. No sheep could have more quietly submitted to slaughter than did this mighty monster, whose roll to one side would have crushed our boat to splinters, and whose death struggle, had it taken place as usual, must, in so confined a corner, have drowned us all. Evidently fearful of injuring her calf, she quietly died and gave no sign. Case-hardened old blubber hunters as we were, we felt deeply ashamed, our deed looked so like a cold-blooded murder. One merciful thrust of a lance ended the calf's misery, and, rapidly cutting through the two lips of our prize, we buckled to our heavy task of towing it to the ship. We were soon joined by the other boats, but all combined made no great progress, and we had seven hours of heavy labor before we got the carcass home. Securing it alongside, we went to a hard and well-earned meal and a good night's rest.—Good Words.

### To Wash Dishes Properly.

To the woman with whom the love of cleanliness and daintiness is inherent the manner in which the ordinary ser-

vant washes dishes is maddening. Glass, silver, china, are all crowded, helter-skelter, into a dishpan full of warm water, a cake of soap is next added, and while this swims in the tepid suds, a greasy dishcloth is used to "swab" off each article before it is removed from the pan and placed on the table to drain.

Dishes to be cleaned properly should be washed, as it were, in courses. Into a perfectly clean pan of scalding water, to which have been added a few drops of ammonia, go first the glasses, each one of which must be dried rapidly with a soft linen cloth. Now the washing powder or the soap, inclosed in a shaker, or, lacking this, in a deep cup, goes in the pan, and the silver is washed each piece being rubbed to a polish while still hot. Last comes the china, from which the grease must already have been rinsed. As many plates, etc., cool the suds, boiling water must be poured in as often as needed. The secret of bright and polished table ware is never to allow a dish to drain. Each bit of crockery or metal must be wiped the moment it is drawn from the hot suds. Not one servant in a hundred will follow this rule, unless constantly reminded by the mistress that she must do so. The price of well-washed dishes is, like all other dainty housework, the mistress' eternal vigilance.—Harper's Bazar.

### She Wanted It Badly.

In one of the Washington jewelry stores is a diamond breastpin valued at \$1,000. A young woman whose love for ornaments is much greater than her ability to buy them happened to be in this store when the pin was shown to a lady, who did not purchase it. Two or three times a week since then the girl has gone to obtain a glimpse of the beautiful pin, until she finally made up her mind that she would make an effort to own it, so the following colloquy took place, that I happened to hear:

"How much is that pin?"  
"A thousand dollars."  
"Well, I will take it if you will let me pay for it at \$1 a week. I only make \$2 a week. I buy everything else that way."

The astonished clerk told her that he would have to speak to the proprietor, who was out, and the girl promised to return.—Washington Star.

### A Johannesburg in Montana.

Rich gold discoveries on Harley creek, Mont., caused a great rush of prospectors, and the new camp has been named Johannesburg.

The wife of a Massachusetts minister wears a blue dress on Monday to match her husband's mood.

## NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Queen Victoria used to write verses. The Queen of Portugal is a good physician.

The Queen of Roumania fairly revels in literature. The Princess of Wales is a fine pianist and practices regularly.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has sailed from San Francisco for her home in Samoa.

The London School Board wants to introduce logging into the industrial schools for girls.

A New York City restaurant keeper proposed to put his waiter girls in bloomers, and they struck.

The captain of the British Ladies' Football Club complains that men will not take the play of women seriously.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, whose eightieth birthday was recently celebrated, is learning to play on the piano.

A woman laborer is regularly employed at her trade in the neighborhood about Biddford, Me., in which town she lives.

Governor Stone, of Missouri, recently commissioned as notary public a member of the Order of Sisters of Charity, in St. Louis.

It is altogether possible that the girl baby Olga born in St. Petersburg the other day may be the autocrat of all the Russias some day.

"John Oliver Hobbes," the charming young authoress who recently visited in New York City, speaks eight languages, including Latin and Greek.

Princess Maud of Wales objects to marrying Prince Christian of Denmark, as has been arranged for her, on the ground that he is her cousin.

Five waitresses in bloomers have been serving in a Los Angeles (Cal.) restaurant for several weeks, and the innovation is regarded as a success there.

The editor of a Missouri newspaper has offered a year's subscription to his journal as a prize to the young woman who will write him the best proposal of marriage.

Thirty-five young women bicyclists of Topeka, Kan., arranged to make a sensation on a certain Sunday by attending church in a body arrayed in their bloomers.

The old-time Quaker half handkerchief is burlesqued out of acquaintance with itself, and appears on the shoulders of the girl of to-day who is anything but Quakerish.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton thinks that the horse show, New York City's annual social function, is an immoral exhibition, on account of the costumes of the women who attend.

Fanny J. Crosby, the hymn writer, esteems her blindness a special blessing, as it led her more than anything else to hymn writing. She has composed over three thousand inspiring songs.

Mrs. Bonds, of Newark, N. J., scolded away a tramp with a revolver, and then fainted away. She says that she was terribly afraid that the revolver would go off and shoot theascal.

Miss Louise Imogene Guiney, the poetess, is described as "a light, blazey girl, delicate as a wild rose, elusive as thistle-down." Miss Guiney has both Irish and French blood in her veins.

Mrs. Rhoda Stearns, of Highgate, Vt., familiarly known as Aunt Rhoda, is now in her 103rd year. She enjoys good health, with her mental faculties unimpaired, and bids fair to live for years to come.

Ellen Terry, the actress, never travels without a collection of recent photographs of all her kith and kin. She puts them last into her baggage, and decorates her room with them wherever she stops.

M. Rousseau, the new Governor-General of the French possession in Indo-China, is so intensely opposed to evening dress for women that he has issued an order that all ladies attending Government balls shall wear high-necked gowns. He is humorously known among the colonists as "Mr. Modesty."

Mrs. Maybrick, the poisoner imprisoned for life in England, is an American woman born, bred and educated in the South. Her father was William G. Chandler, a prominent banker of Mobile. Her ancestors served in the Revolutionary War, and one of them, Samuel Phillips, was Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts.

### FASHION NOTES.

Pink in every known tint is a leading favorite this winter. Bodices are cut longer in the waist and absolutely tight fitting in the back.

Tartans appear in all classes of goods, from silks and satins to wools and poplins.

Mohair mazzambique, a light quality of mohair, is one of the leading favorites in winter fabrics.

The colors of autumn foliage are reproduced in many of the new taffetas in small, brilliant figures. Fitted bodices of seal, otter, chinchilla, Persian lamb and dark beaver are in high vogue this season. Haircloth has had its day as a skirt lining, excepting in a band about three inches wide for a facing.

Velvet flowers are very elegantly and effectively used upon dress bonnets and hats for calling, receptions and theatre and opera wear.

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

### RUST ON A PIANO.

The appearance of rust on the tuning-pins and the steel wires of a piano is a sure indication that the piano has been exposed to moisture or dampness. The time of year or the age or quality of the piano has nothing to do with it, as rust may appear in a night. The fact that the room is heated by a stove just outside of it will probably account for the rust, as the chances are that after the usual cooling of a fire over night its heating in the morning would be likely to cause condensation on the metal, and rust would immediately appear. Do not use oil or any greasy substance to remove it. It will probably not do any harm unless it causes the strings to break, in which case they will have to be replaced. Most pianos require tuning twice a year. The only important care to be given a piano is to keep it in as even, dry temperature.—Detroit Free Press.

### HYGIENIC HOUSEKEEPING.

The woman who loves her family will not content herself with nursing them when they have colds, but will see that her household arrangements are such that illness cannot easily gain a foothold. She will, if she must choose between a new piano and improved plumbing, choose the plumbing always. She will not use any more dust harboring upholsteries than possible. She will have few carpets and all the sunlight and air she can command.

The plumbing must be kept in perfect order. The most improved sort of plumbing is not too good and not too expensive. When it is possible it is desirable to have the bathroom floors of marble and the walls tiled. The tub should be of porcelain and the fixtures of nickel. In such a room as this it is an energetic germ that can find a lodging place. But even if tiles and marble are out of the question the arrangement of the pipes must be according to the sanitary code.

Hygienists have been teaching and preaching for years against wooden carpets and hangings, but it is not until after they have been scourged by contagious disease and forced to burn their belongings that most people realize the danger that lurks in such things. One such experience, however, usually teaches a woman the value of bare, polished floors, easily removed rugs and hangings and furniture which does not depend for its beauty upon heavy coverings.—Philadelphia Times.

### TO KILL FISHY FLAVOR IN DUCKS.

Most of the wild ducks offered for sale, except the more costly sorts, possess more or less of a fishy flavor. The following recipe is recommended as eliminating almost entirely this undesirable quality: After a wild duck is picked, cut out with a sharp knife the wing and leg bones. Then make an incision in the skin of the neck and along the middle of the back. Separate the flesh on each side of the body to its junction with the breastbone, and cut away from the neck and windpipe connecting tissue. Seize the neck and windpipe with a cloth and give a sharp pull, and the entire carcass of the bird, with its contents, will come free, with the exception of the breastbone. This may then be cut out, leaving nothing but the flesh of the breast. This is trimmed free of all loose pieces of skin and placed in a marinade or liquid bath composed of one part of vinegar to two of water, to which are added some chopped onions and carrots, a clove of garlic, parsley, basil or summer savory, and some whole peppers. The duck is allowed to remain in this bath for twenty-four hours, when it is removed and wiped dry. Some pieces of butter and pepper and salt are put upon the flesh side of the breast of the bird, and with this uppermost in a pan it is allowed to bake in a hot oven, being frequently basted, for about ten minutes. It is then placed on a broiler and broiled until done rare. It is served with a maitre d'hotel sauce, made of melted butter, a little lemon juice and some finely chopped parsley, and if the bird is properly cooked, its juices, when carved, will mingle with the sauce. This treatment of a tough wild duck of fishy flavor is the outcome of many experiments by a person interested in obliterating this undesirable quality. None other was successful. The above recipe is really one for the cooking of filets of duck.—New York Sun.

### RECIPES.

Brown Bread—One pint of sour milk, one-half cup of molasses in which has been dissolved one teaspoonful of soda. Add Graham flour enough to make a stiff dough, form into a loaf and bake three-quarters of an hour.

Rice with Fig Sauce—Soak a cup of rice in one and a fourth cups of water for an hour; then add a cup of milk, turn into an earthen dish and place in a steam cooker and steam for an hour. Stir occasionally with a fork the first fifteen minutes.

Cocoanut Sauce—Flavor a pint or new milk with two tablespoons of cocoanut, skim out the cocoanut, heat the milk to boiling, add two table-spoonsful of sugar, thicken with two even spoonfuls of cornstarch, pour this over the well beaten whites of two eggs, stir thoroughly; serve cold.

Anchorovy Toast—Remove the tops and bottoms from five lunch rolls; then cut each in two slices; toast and butter them. Wash and remove bones from anchovies, chop very fine, spread on five of the pieces of toast; cover with remaining pieces, arrange on their dish and pour over custard made as follows: Place one-half pint of cream in a double boiler; as soon as it comes to a boil add two well beaten eggs and a little salt, and let it thicken. Serves hot.

## THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

### THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

#### A Gigantic Lobster Fights Two Men—Duel on the Frontier—A Panther Under Her Bed.

SEA serpents are out-done by the mammoth lobster encountered a few days ago by two fishermen of the smack Three Sisters, of Picton. It was on the Great Banks of Newfoundland that the fishermen, encountered it. The Three Sisters was moored in the port of Boston the other day, and the fishermen told their weird tale to a New York Press man. It seems that the Micmac fishermen have long believed that the bay of Chaleur was inhabited by a monster lobster, which is said to upset skiffs and drag unfortunate victims to watery graves.

Tom Massey and Bill Reed were out in a dory about a hundred yards from the smack, "begins the yarn, as told by the mate. "They were fishing when the boat gave a sudden lurch, as if some one was climbing over the side. There was a cry of terror. Massey was hanging on the side of the boat for dear life, while Reed was belaboring a great, green, slimy looking thing that was waving long feelers about his head. It was the lobster. His huge claw had Massey's right arm fast. Massey hung to the thwart with his left hand while the horrid creature was trying to reach Reed with the other claw. The heavy skiff lurched dangerously, and it seemed few minutes as if it would be swamped, and that the monster would secure its victim.

"One of the other boats quickly came to the rescue. One of the men made a crack at the green head with a heavy hatchet. He struck it a glancing blow. Instantly it let go of Massey and turned on the men in the other boat, throwing its heavy body half over the side. It grasped the side of the boat between the jaws of one of its nippers, and the strong wood was crunched like paper. But it did not succeed in getting hold of any of the men in the second boat, because the moment it let go of Massey, Reed seized a pike ax and gave it a blow in the back of the neck. This was enough for the monster. It let go its hold and sank out of sight."

As Reed himself tells the story, the big lobster followed a cod which had hooked, and as they drew it over the side of the skiff the ugly shell fish followed. Reed says that the snap of its nippers when they came together sounded like the crack of a rifle.

Both Massey and Reed say that the body of the lobster was over three feet long, and that its claws were about the same length too. "I never saw such a frightful sight as the creature's eyes," said Reed. "They seemed to be drawn way up into its head, when suddenly they would spring out fully eight inches like a pipe stem, and seemed to be in the ends of a pair of long tubes. They snapped and blazed like fire, and waved from side to side with a horrid movement, as if one of them was watching me and the other watching Tom."

The largest lobster shell known today is in the British Museum, but it measures, when stretched out, body and claws, thirty-eight inches, while the monster which these fishermen encountered was over six feet in length altogether. Reed says that he is sure that he broke one of the lobster's claws with a blow from his oar, and he thinks that when he hit it with the pike he must have touched a vital spot. He thinks that he killed the monster, and that its shell will be found some day to prove his statements of its size.

#### Duel on the Frontier.

At a lonely spot seven miles below Besbee, Arizona, on the line that divides Mexico and the United States, two cattle men, who count their fortunes by the hundreds of thousands and who recently were fast friends, fought a duel a few days ago.

The principals in the affair, which savors more of the savage and relentless combats of Indians than of a meeting between civilized men under the code, were Frederick Romero and James Montague. The former is widely known throughout Sonora and Southern Arizona, where his immense herds of cattle graze on an estate almost princely in extent. The other, also a cattlemen, hails from California, but had settled in that region for some years, his range adjoining that of the man he met in deadly combat.

When the sun peeped over the mountains, telegraphed a correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner, the two partners, whose business in the cattle line was at one time the most extensive in Arizona and Sonora, faced each other, foot to foot, with daggers uplifted, ready to begin the battle for life or death. G. Gal-matti, foreman of Montague's ranch, and a bosom friend of both parties, fired the gun, the signal when the fray should begin.

Quick as the lightning's flash and true to his native custom, Romero thrusted in the air and made a fearful thrust at Montague, who dodged and saved himself. For a time they sparred, the flashing steel glinting in the rays of the sun. The keen eyed Mexican, with murder flaming in his face, was looking for an opening, while Montague was contenting himself with fighting off the deadly thrusts.

Romero, in his mad hatred of his antagonist and in his rage at being baffled in the use of a weapon native to his hand, evidently forgot the rules of the game, for as they whirled their knives, now aloft on a level with their throats and again with arms and bodies swaying toward the earth, he left an opening. Quick as a flash the Ameri-

can's blade was driven into the groit of the Mexican, who staggered, and almost fell, the blood pouring from the wound, from which Montague plucked the knife, standing on guard for an attack should any life still be left in the wounded man.

But at this point the seconds interfered and interested themselves in staunching the flow of the life fluid which was fast crimsoning the ground where they had laid Romero. Montague stopped a moment to ascertain the extent of the injuries of his rival and then turned to where his horse was picketed in the chaparral close by, his intention being to ride at once with his friends to some point in Arizona, where he would be safe from the vengeance of Romero's friends and the law officers of Sonora. He had scarcely taken half a dozen steps when an employe of the stricken man rushed upon him and drove a knife into his back, wounding him fatally.

#### A Panther Under Her Bed.

W. W. Smith, who resides in the mountains about seven miles north of Ukiah, Cal., arrived in town recently with the skins of two large panthers which he killed near his home. He also exhibited a suit of clothes which he had worn at the time of the killing. They were torn to shreds, and bore evidence of the truth of the story which he told regarding the difficulty he had in winning the trophies.

Mr. Smith left his home early one morning for the purpose of visiting this city. He requested his wife to go over to an adjoining ranch, owned by J. W. Fitzsimmons, and remain there until he called for her on his way back. Mrs. Smith was just putting on her bonnet when she was horrified to obtain the head of an enormous panther through the open door. She sprang toward the window, hoping to escape. At her first movement the panther sprang in at the door and rushed under the bed. Mrs. Smith then ran through the door and reached her neighbor's house thoroughly exhausted.

Her husband arrived later, and, accompanied by Fitzsimmons, left for home to either kill or scare away the panther. Fitzsimmons carried a shotgun and Smith was armed with a butcher knife and carried a lantern. Reaching the house, Smith stepped inside, when the panther, which had been feeding on the remains of a deer, sprang at his throat, bearing him to the ground and breaking the lantern.

Smith finally succeeded in gaining his feet, and called on Fitzsimmons for help, but the latter was able to see only the dim outlines of man and beast, and was, therefore, a powerless spectator of the struggle.

Smith plied his knife and finally succeeded in administering a fatal wound. The panther relaxed his hold, and, after a few convulsive struggles, lay still on the floor. Smith, though scratched and lacerated, was not seriously injured.

#### A Lucky Pistol Shot.

In a big bottle, on the cabin table of the British steam bark Severn, is a large venomous snake preserved in alcohol. The story connected with it is worthy of recital. Captain James Reid, the commander of the Severn, is a plucky young Scotchman, who has voyaged all over the world, and had enough adventures to fill a book as large as a city directory. He is a lieutenant of the Royal Naval Reserve and wears a couple of medals awarded him for gallant conduct by Queen Victoria and the Khedive of Egypt, during the Egyptian war, in which he fought with great bravery. He is a great hunter and a dead shot with a rifle, shot gun or revolver, and the cabin of the Severn contains many handsome trophies of his skill with firearms.

During the latter part of September, when the bark was at Rio, loading coffee for Baltimore, Captain Reid paid a visit to a young English lady, residing on the outskirts of the city, and, as the day was an exceptionally pleasant one, a walk out in the country was proposed. They were strolling together, along a narrow road leading to the mountains, when suddenly the young lady uttered a cry of terror and stood transfixed with horror. In an instant the Captain saw the cause of her alarm. Poised close beside her at the base of a large tree with fangs exposed ready to strike, was a venomous snake of the most poisonous variety in Brazil.

In another instant the young lady would have received a fatal wound, but even as the glittering, ugly flat head glided toward her, Captain Reid pulled his revolver out of his pocket and with a single, well directed shot, stretched the deadly reptile dead beside its intended victim. For a pistol shot the lucky shot was a marvel, but the snake's body in the bottle plainly shows where the bullet pierced its neck fairly. Captain Reid says the young lady nearly fainted when she fully realized the narrow escape she had had. A bite from that species of snake is invariably fatal.—Baltimore News.

#### More Sinned Against Than Sinning.

Not long ago a young saleswoman was arrested at Stuttgart, Germany on a charge of theft from her employer. At her trial she proved that in payment of her arduous services she received six marks (\$1.50) a month and her board. The magistrate censured the employer as the more guilty of the two—declared him morally responsible for the theft—and then inflicted a merely nominal punishment on the unfortunate maid.—New York World.