

There is nothing like being on hand early. A young man has started a newspaper on the Sioux reservation.

The genius that led to the manufacture of wooden nutmegs, some years ago—a genius for making money by filling one's fellow men with sawdust, like children's dolls—has broken loose again.

The American Forestry Association is sending petitions to Congress asking for the passage of an act withdrawing temporarily from sale all distinctively forest lands belonging to the National Government.

Running is the great beautifier of figure and movement. Running gives muscular development, strong heart action and free lung play.

The Chicago police seems, to the New York Telegram, to be an extraordinary body. One detective is serving a life sentence for his part in the conspiracy to murder Dr. Cronin.

According to the report of the last international convention of the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, there are 531 legally recognized organizations in the world for the protection of animals.

The report that the Scandinavians in Utah are rapidly leaving the Mormon Church is probably not exaggerated. These people, observes the San Francisco Chronicle, as naturally as moral as they are industrious, and they are secured by the Mormon elders as colonists simply because they hope to get homes of their own.

The inoculation theory is steadily taking a firmer hold upon the medical profession, and as a consequence numerous suggestions looking to the prevention of contagious diseases are constantly being made.

Even snow drifts twenty feet deep and packed as boys pack snow balls are compelled to yield to the rotary plow.

It seems that Russia anticipates some trouble with China. A prolonged military council was held recently at St. Petersburg and discussed plans for Russian operations in the event of war on the Chinese frontier.

At the calling of the muster rolls on the re-opening of the Vienna schools a remarkable fact came to light. Nearly all the scholars had suffered from influenza during the holidays, but not one was reported to have died.

The eventual fall of the British House of Lords is again foreshadowed in the announcement that the Government contemplate introducing once more at the next session of Parliament the black sheep bill, the object of which is to keep out of the upper House those peers who are a discredit to their order.

Admiral Shufeldt, of the United States Navy, tells how the Russians are filching territory from the Chinese on the boundary between Siberia and China. The means of communication are so poor in China and the avenues of news are so few that it is impossible for the Chinese to keep track of the goings on in their provinces.

When a foreign Government gets hold of a good thing like smokeless powder or breech loading guns it keeps control of it for its own uses as long as possible. Hence it comes that the United States is not yet supplied with smokeless powder, although several foreign Governments are now in possession of the secret of its manufacture.

Details come from France of the African journey of Captain Trivier, the French explorer. The gallant Captain stayed for five days with Tippu Tib, the famous African chief. He says he found Tippu to be the real master of Central Africa, having far more power than the Sultan of Zanzibar.

LIFE. A flower that blooms and withers in a night? A sealed book writ in an unknown lore? A gem which broken nothing can restore? A fevered dream? An atom of delight? A song that dies ere scarce 'tis given flight? A beaten wave that sobs along the shore, And breaking on the rocks is heard no more? At best, a triumph hardly worth the fight? These are not life! Nay, what with life compare? Or what may with its glory dare to shine? Life is a gift ineffable, which bears The Seal immortal from the Hand Divine; The gift to serve and love through endless years!

PANTHER JOE.

In 1863, shortly after the discovery of gold at Antelope Peak and along the Hassayampa River, Hijiño Carabal, a Yaqui Indian, arrived in that part of Arizona and engaged in mining.

In general appearance the Yaqui did not differ from those of his race, save that the right ear was missing, and on that side of his neck was three scars, resembling such as might have been left from knife wounds. Like all his people he was passionately fond of intoxicating liquor, but as he was harmless and inoffensive when under its influence, and imposed upon his fellow-miners no greater infliction than was to be created by the weird music of his native tribe as produced on an antiquated and discordant harmonica or mouth-organ—which he always carried with him—the Indian was regarded as a comrade and permitted to pursue his natural inclinations.

Mexicans who came to the diggings from Sonora subsequent to the arrival of Hijiño told strange stories regarding him. They asserted that he had formed a close corporation with Satan, and was in the habit of roaming over the mountains and through the forests with wild and savage beasts, with which he was on the most friendly terms.

This and similar stories produced no further effect upon the American miners than to cause them to apply the cognomen of "Panther Joe" to Hijiño Carabal, the latter name being long and somewhat difficult to pronounce.

It was six months after his arrival that the Yaqui earned his title of "Panther Joe," and became a hero as well as a mystery to every man in the "diggings." A family named Stapley came out from California and established a station near Antelope, but several miles from where any people were mining or living.

Picking up the rifle the thoroughly-frightened mother rushed to the gate in an effort to rescue her offspring, but when outside the inclosure a most unexpected, unusual and startling situation was met, and while hope was inspired she was rendered powerless to act herself and was compelled to suffer the most intense suspense.

The mother at once recognized the person near the gate as "Panther Joe," and with intent fascination, the greatest dread, and fearful suspense did she watch his every movement. He was stooping over to about half his natural height and had his eyes, which in the closing twilight were blazing like coals of fire, riveted upon those of the beast.

The panther lashed its tail gently and its eyes never left those of the Yaqui while he so slowly and silently approached it, yet it kept its feet upon the child all the while and did not show the slightest inclination to abandon its prey. As Joe drew nearer and nearer the savage animal became less at ease, but its actions were more that of a dog punished into submission by its master than of a wild and ferocious beast seeking a meal on human flesh.

At a single stride he was at the side of the brute, and with an exclamation of approval he hit it a sharp blow over the head with the switch. The panther took first one paw and then the other, from the body of the child and walked away doggedly for a few yards, when it

stopped, turned around and licked its chops as though it was not yet disposed to abandon its meal. However, a sharp "Hi-yi!" from the Indian caused it to take a trot and quickly disappear over the hills.

Picking up the child, Joe returned it to the delighted mother, who hastened to receive it, and without waiting for her thanks he turned away and followed the direction taken by the panther, vouchsafing the complimentary remark: "Usted brave gooman; usted no shooter; usted no holler."

The miners all heard the remarkable account next day when Stapley came up to the diggings for the purpose of thanking Joe. But the Yaqui was absent, and it was two days before he again put in an appearance. When he did so he showed signs of dissipation, but, as it was known that he would have been unable to reach any place where whisky was to have been obtained without the miners learning of it, this condition was attributed to his experience with the panther at the time the child was rescued or after he had followed it from Stapley's place.

One evening, a few days after reaching the desired locality and making camp, Smith and a companion named Phil Teal, while returning to supper from a disappointing examination of a gulch which from all appearances gave much promise of containing gold, had their attention suddenly attracted to the bottom land of a mountain stream by a loud, monotonous song, followed by a particularly hearty laugh.

When they reached the creek they found themselves at the edge of a green open space in the shape of an amphitheatre—a bend in the stream and high precipitous walls of rock, vari-colored with mosses and delicate mountain wild flowers, forming an almost perfect circle. In its wild beauty and usual solitude the scene would have been sufficiently striking and romantic, but a central group served to make the picture one of the most peculiar that the eye of man ever gazed upon.

The two prospectors were amazed, awestricken and spell-bound, for sitting on a rock in the grassy glen was "Panther Joe," holding a switch in his hand and in a peculiar gibberish compelling a large, full-grown female cougar—the dreaded American lion—to circle around him in the manner of a circus horse. With young at her side there is not a more dangerous or fierce animal to be found in the wilds of the American continent than the cougar, and this one not only had a whelp, but, what was more marvelous, it was riding on her back, where placed by the Indian. The mother watched Joe's face as a bird-dog does that of its master, and its submission was more through fear than inclination.

Joe would laugh loudly at these playful antics, which afforded him the greatest amusement, and to all appearances he was free from apprehensions of danger, although he had a watchful eye upon the mother, and kept up that constant, weird and peculiar chant which first attracted the two mountaineers. To them the scene was more wonderful than any described in the "Arabian Nights," and, while at first, they were held spell-bound by a strange fascination, their natural feelings soon asserted themselves. To play with an animal which would stealthily pursue a human being, pounce upon him, feed on his flesh and drink of his blood was unnatural; it was disgusting and revolting; and the one who possessed such powers and took such enjoyment deserved to live no more than did the brute itself.

The report of Teal's rifle range through the mountains and forests, was echoed and re-echoed from a hundred canyons, and the lioness lay dead at the Yaqui's feet. Quickly crossing the creek Smith killed the young one with his pistol and then the two men most severely rebuked and reprimanded Joe for his conduct, telling him that in attracting the stealthy and voracious animal to the vicinity of the camp he was endangering the lives of every member of the party, as in an unexpected moment any one was likely to be attacked by it and killed.

The Yaqui was also terribly indignant; his frame shook, his eyes flashed fire, like the animals with which he had been associating, and he was scarcely able to articulate. Making a hasty and sorrowful look at his two dead pets he told the prospectors, in a voice mixed with indignation and contempt, that a big cat was no worse than a house cat, and if treated the same would do no more injury, and started off.

through a messenger, he left the cage open the following night and kept all persons away from it. The next morning it contained a fine specimen of an American lion and a female jaguar—the dreaded tiger of Mexico.

When the Mexican Government declared war against Cajeme, the Chief of the Yaquis, a few years ago, "Panther Joe" returned to Sonora and was one among the first that fell in that unjust and unequal warfare.—Chicago Times.

The Ruler of Persia.

The Shah is not a young man, he is some sixty years old; but he has always led a temperate and healthy life, delighting in outdoor exercise, a great hunter and a good shot, and he consequently today enjoys excellent health, and is active alike in mind and body. His humanity has already been mentioned in connection with the cessation of arbitrary executions, and his natural kindness of heart is constantly manifested, and was notably so on several occasions during his visit to England, and particularly in his expressions of regret at the death of a poor woman who was killed in the crush on his arrival at Bradford, and in his anxiety to make some suitable provision for her bereaved family.

Notwithstanding a certain severity of countenance and manner, the Shah is of a very cheerful disposition, and is quick to note any amusing incident and laughs heartily thereat. He is very reserved and distant in his intercourse with officials, either his own or foreigners, but such incidents as his shaking hands indiscriminately with the crowd who suddenly surrounded his carriage when his special train unexpectedly stopped at Rugby Station, sufficiently prove his bonhomme and good nature. No doubt he is somewhat suspicious, but he has seldom known a disinterested friend, and he is a good judge of character, a shrewd observer of men and things. His remarks and questions during his inspection of our industrial establishments were thoroughly practical, and showed a just appreciation of what were the important points for his observation.

When, after some troublesome interpreting, he was made to understand that the operation about to be performed by a highly scientific testing machine was the breaking of a steel bolt, he turned on his heel with the observation that it was unnecessary to break it; but in the same establishment he was eager in his questions as to the quantities of arms and different military appliances produced, what were the prices, and to whom were the manufactures delivered. These were practical points, but the mathematical testing of the breaking strain of a steel bolt was purely technical, and of no practical interest to a Persian monarch.—Nineteenth Century.

"Just Like a Man."

The St. Louis Republic's man-about-town has a young lady friend who is a fan collector. She had rather have a new fan than a block of gas steel stock. As the man was passing a famous jewelry house a few days before last Christmas he spied a particularly lovely fan in the window, and thinking to gladden the heart of his friend he entered the place and told the polite clerk to wrap up the fan. Instantly the clerk was dissolved in smiles and two ladies who stood near looked approvingly at the man as if to say: "What a nice young man! So thoughtful of his friends, and so liberal!" But a climax was rapidly approaching. In his masculine ignorance of such matters the man had thought the price of the fan might possibly be \$10—certainly it would be no more. And so, as the smiling clerk handed him the parcel, he inserted his hand deep into his trousers pocket and with all the assurance of life said: "How much?" "Sixty dollars."

"Er—I beg pardon," gasped the man, while the cold dew of horror came out on his forehead. "Sixty dollars?" The man made a desperate grasp for his presence of mind, and got it. "Please put it right back, and do be careful not to break it. Thank you." The two ladies looked indignant, and as the man fled into the street he heard one of them say to her companion: "Just like a man."

To Remove Tight Rings.

Very often a tight ring will stick so fast to the finger that the wearer will have to go to the jeweler to have it taken off. All kinds of rings can be easily removed with a piece of thread. The best thing is a piece of silk thread, but a good, strong piece of linen thread will do. Pass the end between the finger and ring, keeping the spool, or unlimited cord, at the side next the finger tip. Wind the thread around the finger toward the tip. Wind on about a quarter of an inch, and then unwind the end under the ring, taking care to push the ring forward over the wound part. As one end is unwound wind on at the other end, and gradually the ring will be worked off to the tip of the finger. It is a good idea to oil or soap the thread before working it, as the ring will slip over it much easier than over dry thread. This method will remove any ring, no matter how tight it is.—Mail and Express.

Tea Dust.

"Tea dust for sale" is the sign that attracts attention upon the door of a downtown wholesale house, and it causes considerable comment when read by passers-by. The dust is what remains in the boxes after the tea has been sifted out to purchasers in large quantities, and in the average box the dust will weigh several pounds. It is sold to storekeepers in the poorer districts at fifteen cents a pound, and likewise to the cheaper restaurants. In the case of doctored tea, a great deal of the doctored material is added in the dust, and the dust therefore pure poison. Tea made from this dust is about as palatable as dish water would be, and one pities the poor who have to drink the decoction, or do without the cup that cheers, but doesn't inebriate.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

TWO WA Oh, how does the rain come, With rattle and riot and With flutter and sputter, And gurgle and mutter, And clatter and spatter and With a man outbursting and With fizzing and splashing and And noise to deafen a town? The turbulent rain comes down But after 'tis over an hour or The world looks much as it did And there's nothing to show for it but a roar. The rain made coming down, But how does the snow come down With a touch like a soft wing's beat With glancing and gliding, And stealing and sliding, With whiteness and lightness and With airy floating and swimming, With fairy boating and skimming? And no one in all the town Would know when the snow comes down If he looked not out on the changeable day, And the cushioned earth that seems to How much can be done in a quiet way The way the snow comes down. —Mrs. Cora W. Bronson, in Independence

PITH AND POINT

A fat position—King of Greece. A back number—The spinal column Washington Star. The glazier's occupation is a pan one.—Merchant Traveler. The burden of some arguments is great that it makes the listeners tired Rome Sentinel. The girl who has the strongest will the girl who says the strongest won't New York News. We suppose the ship heaves to out sympathy for the seasick passengers Binghamton Leader. The man whose wits go wool-gathering is lucky if he doesn't get fleeced Brooklyn Magazine. The stovepipe has no trouble in elbowing its way through a crowded house Kearney Enterprise. It must be painful to a girl, especially when she means to say "Yes," to hear stuttering man propose. Perhaps one reason why fish are so receptive as to weight is that they can their own scales with them.—Merch Traveler. "Nothing was made in vain," says a proverb. But that's not so for you find a maiden vain in five minutes a day.—Danville Brece. The ring of a bell means a service church, and the ring of a bell means the same thing, unless the marriage takes place at home.—Danville Brece. There are lots of men who have attained high reputation for strict attention to business, but the trouble has been it wasn't their own business. The girl of seventeen is always talking about how very old she is, and seventeen years later she is always talking about how young she is.—Washington Star. A creature now and then we find Who losses and regains his mind; But when a fish is once in seine He seldom gets out again. —Chicago Herald. Whipper—"Our young friend Scadd seems to have a great desire to shine in society." Snapper—"My idea is that his ambition is to shin into society!"—Puck. "Do you think marriage is a failure Mrs. Choker?" asked Mrs. Simeral of the minister's wife. "No, indeed!" was the reply. "Mr. Choker gives me his tea for pin-money."—Bazaar. Teacher (to dull boy of the class)—"Which New England State has two capitals?" Boy—"New Hampshire." Teacher—"Indeed! Name them?" Boy—"Capital N and capital H." Charlie—"Now, I like a girl who open-hearted and frank in all things. like a girl whom I can take at her word Mollie (blushing)—"That's what I'd like to have you do."—Kearney Enterprise. The girls, since first the world began, Have always sought the ideal man; But when they captured their ideal They found him more ideal than real. Puck. A steamboat has reached the town Timbuctoo in Africa, but in view of fact that it required six weeks to eight hundred miles it is not probable that stock in the Timbuctoo Navigation Company will go much above one hundred in the shade.—Washington Star. Watchman (breathlessly)—"The boy dormitory is on fire, and if they find out they'll stop to save their foot-balls, bats, and things, and perish." Boarding School Principal (quickly)—"Not the boys that all who are not down stairs in two minutes won't get any pie."—New York Weekly. An irate old Scotchman, having examined the barometer every morning a week and found it declaring weather when it was a howling storm outside, suddenly seized the instrument bore it out into the rain and yelled "Confound it, mon, canna see for self?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Mistakes of Burglars.

An enterprising burglar went working the other day, got his "swag" piled up, and then breaking into a pantry ate a hearty meal and went to sleep, in which condition he was covered and captured. People laugh at such a thing if put in an opera or play, but it creates a moment when it actually occurs in real life. Some years ago an old citizen very much occurred. A safe blower broke into a store and went to work on the safe. It was a back room, and he was very leisurely. Finally he forgot the time in so long and a strait that a police heard him and, walking in, captured him at work. There is another story that a burglar breaking into a store, opening a book, and getting so interested in a story that he was captured with his gunny lying on the table.