

A WEST VIRGINIA HERO

HIS ADVENTURE WITH A HUGE PANTHER.

Pretty Well Banged Up, But He Killed the Panther, Fell Over a Precipice and Won a Wealthy Bride All on the Same Day—A Dog's Sense.

Joe Newton, a stalwart young mountaineer living near Littleton, is the hero of that neighborhood, and is at the same time pronounced unhesitatingly the most fortunate man in West Virginia.

Newton is quite a sportsman and a crack shot. Early one morning he went out turkey hunting on old Bald Knob mountain. As he went to the mountain he stopped at the home of Job Magruder, where he held a short conversation with Kittie, the daughter of the house, and then proceeded to Dead Man's gulch into the pine woods. Here he struck the first turkey sign.

Quite a large flock of birds had alighted and wandered along the edge of a dangerous precipice, and then up the mountain. Newton noted the signs, and with his dog gleefully followed the trail in anticipation of a good shot.

After reconnoitering a few moments he decided that they were either on a wooded ledge, which he knew jutted from the east wall of the gorge, or else were at the bottom of the gulch.

He quietly crept through the brush toward the edge of the precipice, and took a station under the old hemlock, from where he could see the gulch below and the several ledges thereabouts. He finally located the flock among the brush on a ledge almost directly below him. He could hear, but not see, a male bird as it gobbled and strutted about. He patiently waited for it to show itself so that he could pick it off. Finally he saw its tail through the brush, and took aim at the turkey cock, little dreaming of the danger that menaced him. The dog was growling, and fearing that he would scare off the turkey, Newton fired.

Simultaneously with the crack of the rifle there was a crash among the trees, a wild scream and the next instant a huge panther, which had been crouching on a tree directly behind Newton and watching his every move, alighted full on his head and breast. Newton was stunned momentarily by the panther's spring, but soon rallied, and a fearful struggle with the bloodthirsty beast ensued. In the struggle Newton blindly staggered toward the edge of the precipice, and stumbling, fell over and shot downward. In the fight he had grasped the panther's legs, and unconsciously, he held on to them in his terrible fall through space. Together man and beast crashed downward through the brush to the ledge near the bottom of the gulch. Now he landed he knew not, for he lost consciousness in the fall, but it was his grip on the panther's legs that saved his life.

The dog which had attempted to aid its master in his unequal fight with the panther seemed to possess almost human sense. Nero, as Newton had named him, at once ran barking, howling, and crying to Magruder's cabin, nearly a mile distant. He scratched on the door of the house and howled dimly. Kitty Magruder, the young woman with whom the hunter had talked in the morning, at once divined that something had happened to the young man, and, picking up her father's rifle, she started for the mountain. Nero trotted ahead of her whining and growling until he came to the precipice, when he sat back on his haunches and howled dimly.

Looking down into the gulch the girl at once recognized the apparently dead body of Newton. She at once fired her rifle three times—the mountaineer's signal of help needed. In a few minutes her signal was answered from the mountain side below and in a short time her father came rushing through the brush to her aid. He soon learned what was wanted and hastened back to his house to get rope and tackle so that he could secure Newton's body. Kitty had meanwhile been investigating and had discovered that Newton had had a fight with some kind of a wild animal, and, again peering below where his body lay, she saw that some animal was beneath him. When her father returned he, too, concluded that such was the case.

After carefully fixing the ropes Magruder lowered himself to the ledge. As soon as he had safely reached the side of Newton he shouted back that the dead animal was a "panther." Carefully tying the rope around Newton's body Magruder quickly pulled him to the top of the precipice, where Kitty cared for him. Magruder next lifted the body of the panther to the mountain side, and then followed himself. The panther weighed about sixty pounds, and was a fine specimen. Its neck had been broken by the fall, and Newton, falling on top of it, was saved from being dashed to death on the rocks.

Between themselves father and daughter soon rigged up a litter, and Newton's unconscious form was carried to Magruder's home and a messenger dispatched for a doctor. Newton soon recovered consciousness, and, as Kitty was none other than the sweetheart who had rejected him, he put in the interval before the doctor's arrival in a successful attempt to secure a reversal of her answer. His story of the fight with the panther made him a hero in the girl's eyes, and she unhesitatingly agreed to marry him. Dr. Marshall soon dressed Newton's

wounds, and at his request, on his way to town, sent Newton's mother and the squire over to Magruder's. Both came posthaste and the young people were married without delay. Miss Magruder had recently fallen heir to a considerable sum of money and is considered one of the richest girls in the county.

A SUBTERRANEAN OCEAN.

It Extends Under Kansas and Nebraska and Part of Indian Territory.

The best scientists of the land favor the opinion that Nebraska, Kansas and part of Indian territory are situated over an immense underground lake or sea, says the St. Louis Republic. It is a well-known fact that in several places in Kansas whole sections of land have suddenly disappeared, leaving only fathomless lakelike to mark the spot where they were once situated. Proof that there is something peculiar with the foundation of the section of the country mentioned may be found in the celebrated "tide wells" of Polk, Butler and Colfax counties in Nebraska. Polk county is best provided with these curious wells, having between a dozen and twenty, which roar and ebb and flow with an unseen tide. The roaring of these remarkable curiosities (they cannot be called natural wonders, because they are the work of man, at least so far as excavation is concerned) is caused by the inhalation and exhalation of immense quantities of air. There are hours, regular and uniform, in which the air will rush out with a loud, hissing sound, and again an equal space of time in which it seems that all the air of the Platte valley will be sucked into the cavernous depths of these wonderful wells.

The period of this ebb and flow does not seem to depend upon either the season or the state of the weather, but it is thought to have some mysterious connection with the high and low tide periods of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. A meteorologist of natural reputation, who sought to fathom the mystery of the "Platte river tide wells," and who issued a little pamphlet with the title "Roaring Wells of Nebraska," gave it as his opinion that the roaring phenomenon was in some way connected with the prevailing direction of the wind, being strongest in time of west or southwest breezes. The farmers in the three counties mentioned as being best provided with these tide-regulated, air expelling wells believe that the water supply is connected with a body large enough to have a regular ebb and flow of tide. All the wells in the counties of Polk and Butler which are tide-regulated are of about the same depth, those of Colfax being deeper, but all extending to a porous stratum having the same general characteristics.

Harmless. In the time of William the Third, Mr. Tredenham, a poet, was taken before the earl of Nottingham on suspicion of having treasonable papers. "I am only a poet," protested the poor man, "and these papers are only my roughly sketched play." The earl, however, carefully looked over the papers in question before liberating the poet. Finally he returned the sheets to the delighted author. "I have heard your statement," said the earl, gravely, "and I have read your play. As I can not find the least traces of a plot in either the one or the other, you may go free."—Argonaut.

By Merest Chance. The strong man shuddered and wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow. "Good heavens!" he said, "another moment and then—" It was several moments before he recovered sufficiently to resume his task. For once again he had come within an ace of dipping the maulage brush in the ink.—Truth.

FARCICAL PALAVER. Doctor—You're pretty well healed now, Mr. Biggs. Biggs—But I won't be so well healed after I pay your bill.

"Is the jury out?" "Guess it is. Feller what promised 'em \$2 apiece got robbed before he'd paid over their cash."

"The editor ain't in, but he couldn't settle that bill if he was." "He couldn't?" "No; 'cause I heard him say there was the devil to pay in town this mornin'."

"You have a bright look, my boy," said the visitor at the school. "Yes, sir," replied the candid youth. "That's because I forgot to rinse the soap off my face good."

"I hope you have not been hasty in accepting this young man. Do you know anything about him?" Daughter—Why certainly I do. His name is Smith, I'm almost certain.

Little Emile, as his sister Elli enters the room with an apple in her hand—Let's play Adam and Eve, sis, Elli—How? Emile—You tempt me with the apple, and I eat it.

The Irish have always had a delicate satire in their wit, as when a London physician driving up to his own doorway saw a porter closing up his passage with a load of stones. "Take those stones to hell!" cried the angry doctor. "Wouldn't they be more out of your honor's way in the other place?" inquired the ready-witted Pat.

"Mamma," inquired one of those inquisitive youngsters we all know about, even if we don't happen to have two or three of them around the house, "how old am I?" "If you live till your next birthday," she answered, "you'll be five years old." He studied the proposition some time. "Well," he asked at last, "how old will I be if I don't live?"

HUMAN BONES REPLACED.

A Delicate Operation Recently Performed by a French Surgeon.

At the French academie a very delicate operation of prosthesis was recently performed, showing just what could be accomplished in replacing a portion of the skeleton by means of aseptic artificial pieces. The surgeons have proved that artificial pieces made of vulcanite or metals that do not oxidize can be buried in the tissues and left there with impunity.

Dr. Michaels performed the operation. The patient had had tuberculosis of the humerus and shoulder joint, complicated with suppuration and fistula. An operation was imperative, but the removal of the diseased tissues would have left such a hole that the wound would never have healed, and the functions of the limb would have been lost if an artificial joint had not been interposed between the lower fragment of the humerus and the scapula.

Dr. Michaels apparatus to supply the deficient bone is described in the Chicago Times as follows: It is composed of three parts—first, a straight rod, eight centimeters long, destined to replace the piece of humerus removed; second, another straight piece, representing the neck of the same bone; third, an irregular sphere for the head; the whole fourteen centimeters in length and made of vulcanite. We have not space to describe it in detail, but can only say that the three pieces were fastened in such a way as to admit of all the movements of rotation and circumduction of a natural joint. It is a mechanical chef d'œuvre. It was not enough, however, to make it; it had also to be put in place.

By means of fittings of platinum adapted to the upper and lower ends of the apparatus M. Michaels was able to fasten the lower part to the humerus by means of screws going through the bone. The head he fastened to the glenoid surface by driving a platinum wire into the neck of the shoulder blade to a depth of three centimeters, and by passing two other loops of wire over the top of the bone, the wires being naturally tightly fastened to the artificial head without hampering its movements in any way. In order to facilitate the grafting of the periosteum and muscles on to the artificial humerus, M. Michaels had adapted to it little ridges perforated with holes for catgut sutures. In the same way to fasten the capsular ligament he had provided two platinum rings to keep it in its normal position.

The apparatus once adapted the wound was closed with the ordinary precautions. The operation was performed a year ago and the patient's condition has since improved in every way; in fact, his health would be perfect but for some small abscesses that have had to be opened on four occasions.

Thomas a Becket's Chasuble.

The chasuble of Thomas a Becket was nearly the cause of a duel in France recently. The circumstances surrounding the affair are curious enough in themselves. The martyred archbishop is particularly revered as a saint at Sens, his chasuble being kept as a relic in the cathedral. One of the cathedral priests cut off a fragment to send to a neighboring shrine, and this desecration brought down tremendous abuse on the priest from the anti-Semitic paper, Libre Parole. The insulted priest's brother, an officer in the army, rushed off to challenge the writer, and it was only by friendly mediation that a serious duel was prevented.

Marriage Decreasing in England. The marriage rate in England and Wales during the last quarter of last year was lower than any previous like period. There were 121,818 marriages, which was in the annual proportion of 16.3 persons per 1,000 of population. The mean rate for the corresponding quarter in the preceding ten years was 17.3. It is also noted that the average of the last ten years is far below that of any preceding decade.

She Heard Its Throb. "Harold," she murmured, as her head pressed against his stalwart bosom, "Harold, do I not hear the beating of your fond heart?" "Not exactly," said Harold, blushing slightly, "I didn't mean to tell you, but you see I'm temporarily obliged to carry one of those \$3 watches."—Chicago Record.

Gets the Chance. The other day a young man gave a reason for not dancing, the spirit of which might be made to apply to a good many failures in life. "I should like to dance," he said, "and I should dance, only the music puts me out and the girl gets in my way."—Tit-Bits.

Retired From Service. Five war ships were sold out of the service by the British admiralty recently, being unfit for further employment. One was a wooden battle ship built sixty years ago. Three of the others were also wooden ships, and one was an iron troop ship.

Book. The Anglo-Saxon word boc signifies a beech tree. Before paper came into general use the wood of this tree, being close-grained, was used to write upon, and from this fact comes the word book.

Chicago's Mammoth Elevator. Chicago has a new grain elevator which dwarfs its neighbors. It cost \$325,000 and has a capacity of 1,500,000 bushels. It has its own water, light and fire extinguishing system.

HE IS A SINGULAR MAN.

ANTONIO DEDICATES A DOCUMENT TO HIS SON.

How He Became a Blood Drinker—His Various Killings and the Punishments Undergone—He Marries, But is Still Restlessly Pursued by Fate.

Some time ago a Berlin newspaper published, from the pen of its learned correspondent, Dr. Hans Darth, a striking analysis of what is surely one of the most marvelous documents humans that ever saw light. The paper is based upon a work recently published in Milan, and bears the title "Il Romanzo di un Delinquente Nato (Autobiografia), con Prefazione ecc. di A. G. Bianchi."

Besides the preface and explanatory notes furnished by Signor Bianchi, a well-known and highly respected journalist, Professor Venturi, the head of the great Calanzano asylum, contributes a chapter containing a careful diagnosis of the extraordinary mental state of the author of the biography, one Antonio M., now under sentence of sixteen years' penal servitude for attempted fratricide. For previous offenses, such as homicide, military breaches, threats of violence, military breaches of the law, etc., Antonio M. has at times been sentenced to terms of imprisonment amounting in the aggregate to some fifteen years or more. Antonio M. tells his "dear son, Francesco Antonio," to whom the volume is dedicated, how, at the age of 18, he, at noon September 17, 1868, slew a "poor chap" in the market place.

"The fellow had been insulting that fool of a brother of mine," he says, and he naively adds: "I always was rather quick tempered." An uncle of his, the village doctor (?), helps him to escape to relatives in another dirty little village, who welcome the engaging youth in Coccorina, of which more anon. Before following him, however, let the reader glance at the touching words addressed to his son and heir. This is in substance what M. writes in the lines of dedication:

"Fate, my darling little Francesco, has ever relentlessly pursued me; from the cradle to the grave my life must needs be one long martyrdom. But weep not for your ill-fated father's memory; only cowards weep; be strong, be proud, be self-respecting. Walk the path of virtue and honor. Be patient, calm, gentle with all; despise the bad, scorn hypocrites; love all that is great and beautiful; protect the old, the poor, the helpless; love and fear God; guard your sisters against all harm and insult, even at the risk of your own life, else my curse be upon you. Learn from my example to be a true man; learn to suffer without complaining; learn to bend your steps toward all things lovely and of good report." * * *

To return to Coccorina, with its fifty lanes, its kindly folk, and his dark-eyed cousin Vincencia, with whom Antonio of course falls in love (he married her subsequently, and she is now training the poor mad gaol-bird's children during the father's long absence—a good woman, tender and true.) Well, somehow Antonio and his humble friend seem to have tired of each other, and he gave himself up to justice. Bruno Chimiri, who rose to be minister of justice under Rudini a year or two ago, defended him with tricky smartness, procuring adjournment after adjournment for the attendance of non-existent witnesses, who were to give exculpatory evidence, but to gaol Antonio M. had to go in the end.

Antonio leaves the prison in due time and enters the army, and ere long he is for certain offenses sentenced by court martial to four years' punishment duty at a fort on the Lido. The commandant must have resembled Old King Cole, but seems to have gone one better, for he was not only a jolly good soul, from Antonio's point of view about things in general, but when Antonio is found guilty of the attempted murder of a fellow prisoner he gets them to "make it up," and contributes ten flaski of Tuscan wine to the banquet of reconciliation. Nay, more, he and his officers attend the festive meal and are moved to tears by Antonio's enthusiastic speech in honor of peace, unity, and fraternal love. What wonder that Antonio, although he subsequently attempted the life of one of his officers, records for the benefit of his son: "I enjoyed the love and the esteem both of my comrades and of those in charge."

But there are darker passages, deeper mysteries, stranger touches. This odd compound of sensitiveness and what not falls ill of the cholera, is told he must die, grasps the crucifix with feeble, falling hands, and alternately entreals and blasphemes the Saviour; falls asleep, though he struggles against sleep with all his feeble strength, lest he should wake no more on earth, and awakes faint but convalescent. "Live and suffer," he records, was the divine reply to his wild prayers.

Wilder excesses follow. A ghastly duel takes place; he curses "that poor fool of a brother" of his; he curses his brother's children; implores his own sons to avenge the purely imaginary wrongs; taunts and torments in forbearance and at times picturesque, if grotesque, language the brother's female relations; then again listens to the better voice within, worships at the shrine of nature, writes rhapsodies on virtue and the ideal life of man, weds his faithful Vincencia, is for a few short years a model husband and father and then some fine day, a propos de rien du tout, he up with his gun and shoots "that poor fool of a brother," to avenge an in-

sult on whom he had committed his first crime. The brother does not succumb to his injuries and Antonio is sent for the space of sixteen years to the convict establishment in Lucca. Poor Vincencia! Poor little Francesco! And poor Antonio! Is the gaol, is the convict establishment the right place for him—and such as he—or the asylum? And what further dare one prognosticate for the lad to whom this weird record of a lost soul is dedicated by his parent.

ONE OF LIFE'S MYSTERIES.

Why People Pass Empty Car Seats and Crowd Those Partially Occupied.

"There is one thing that has always been more or less of a mystery to me," said a traveler to a writer for the New York Sun, "and that is the motive that prompts some passengers in a car in which there are entirely vacant seats to take a seat with somebody. In some cases the reason for this is simple enough; it may be that the person takes the first seat he comes to and is satisfied; it may be that the vacant entire seats are at the other end of the car and not seen at a casual glance; sometimes a person unaccustomed to travel rather timidly takes the first seat at hand; but the person that I have in mind is the one who either deliberately, or with what one might call deliberate thoughtlessness, takes a seat with somebody when there are vacant entire seats in plain sight. I have seen, for instance, a man sitting by a window, alone in a seat, in a car in which there was plenty of room, reading. Knowing that there was plenty of room he had perhaps sort of pre-empted that seat, and was making himself comfortable in it and was thinking of nothing but his reading. Along comes a rather stout lady, who, though there is more room elsewhere, for some to me utterly incomprehensible reason, decides that she wants to sit in that particular seat. She moves silently. She halts in the aisle at the end of the seat, and slowly moves in so that she can sit down. She says nothing to the man. She does not even look at him; she has not looked at him since the moment that she decided to take that seat, and he is as yet unconscious of her presence. Looking straight ahead with great calmness she sits down deliberately. Then the man looks around with a pained sort of look. He moves closer to the window and goes on reading, but he won't regain his inward composure for an hour. Now why the lady should have taken that particular seat is one of the things that I don't understand."

As It Appeared to Samuel. Sammy—Mamma, when I went to see Tom Stapleford this morning the girl came to the door and said he wasn't at home, and I know he was. What did she want to tell me that for?

His Mother—There may have been reasons why Tommy could not be seen. She told you that out of politeness.

Sammy—Yes, she acted as if she was out of politeness.

Wanted Them to Work Hard. Mme Parvenue—Can I get you and your orchestra to play at my soiree next Thursday night?

The Orchestra Leader—Certainly. Mme Parvenue—Well, you may consider yourself engaged. But I want to make arrangements to hire you by the piece, do you understand?

The last time I engaged you by the hour, and your men took advantage of it and played slow, soft things most of the time.

Evident Improvement. Aunt—Is your sister improving in her music? Small Nephew—I guess so. The people nex' door have decided not to move.—Good News.

MISCELLANEOUS BITS.

"Come Outers" is the name of a new religious sect in Georgia.

A colony of American farmers may be established in Mashonaland.

The largest rock crushing plant in the country is operated at Meriden, Conn.

The production of gold in the United States averages about \$32,000,000 a year.

There are over half a million telephones in service in the United States.

China's national hymn is so long that the people take half a day to listen to it.

Sea bass weighing nearly 600 pounds are sometimes caught on the Pacific coast.

Lightning killed ten persons and started sixty-five fires in Massachusetts in 1892.

A boa constrictor in the Adelaide zoo slept two months with a Persian rug in its stomach.

A species of four-footed bird has recently been discovered. It inhabits the Amazon valley.

The flag of Great Britain is a combination of the old flags of England, Scotland and Ireland.

Mrs. Sarah Elder of Roulette, Pa., was lately married to her seventh husband. All the others are dead.

The yews of Kingley Bottoms, in Sussex, Eng., mark the site of a battle fought between the Saxons and Danes in 990 A. D.

The cost of firing one of Krupp's 130-ton steel guns is \$650, or, adding the cost of the projectile, \$200, about \$850 for each shot fired. The gun costs \$30,000, and it can only be fired, at the most, sixty times. Two shots a minute can be discharged, so that if it were fired continuously it would be valueless in about half an hour. The gun has a range of fifteen miles, and the projectiles weigh 2,600 pounds.

LAST OF POWHATAN

A Remnant Still Exists in the Indian of Virginia.

The Pamunkey Indians of Virginia are the last of that race to be found in the United States. They are the only Indians left in the country, and their numbers are rapidly decreasing. They are the only Indians left in the country, and their numbers are rapidly decreasing. They are the only Indians left in the country, and their numbers are rapidly decreasing.

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