The Best Way

To help St. Johns is to patronize home institutions and particularly the home newspaper. Every professional and every business man should have an announcement of his business in The Review. Many people throughout the country are interested in St. Johns, and naturally look to the newspaper for information concerning its development. If the paper is well filled with local advertising they know the city is composed of live, energetic business men. On the other haud if only a few of the various lines of business are represented in its columns, it is the logical conclusion that while the city may be forging to the front in a building way, its inhabitants are dead ones and back numbers, or else the various lines of business are poorly represented.

It has been proven time and again that advertising pays, and it is ever the case that the best advertiser does the best business.

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FIGHTING A PANTHER.

Cunning and Skill of the Lithe and Agile Brute.

It was dark, and the windy darkness was full of the mysterious noises of the jungle. My shikari and I were huddled silently on a platform built in the boughs of a tree on the edge of the jungle. Below us the undergrowth was black and still, for the moon had not yet risen. Suddenly there was a movement as though a portion of its blackness had detached itself from the rest and begun to creep away. Just at that moment the moon rose and revealed to us the lithe body of a panther slinking through the undergrowth. A shot rang out, and with a yelp of pain the panther disappeared into the bushes.

With the sunrise we descended from the platform and began to examine the panther's trail. The effect of the shot was shown by the patches of blood on the ground, which led us through a couple of hundred yards of thick jungle. After crawling on hands and knees under the brushwood we reached a narrow nullah. A little beyond this we came upon the wounded panther scaling a tree. I fired, but the range was too long and the shot proved futile. The disturbance had the result, however, of startling the animal into falling from the tree to the ground.

The shikari and I followed quickly on its track. It led finally to a deep and thickly wooded nullah, which had taken the form of a horseshoe. The panther entered the nullah at the center of the bend and turned along the left arm, growling angrily as it covered the ground in heavy strides. We kept about twenty yards from the nullah and skirted it along the right until the top of the bend was reached. Here a halt was made, while I approached the nullah, the panther growling away at the other end, about 200 yards distant.

Then all was still. The animal seemed to have vanished. Suddenly it sprang out right from under my feet, having doubled back along the water course, without making the slightest noise. Caught by surprise I fired rapidly and stepped back to avoid the animal's spring and in so doing fell into the nullah. The next moment the panther was on me and had fixed its teeth in my arm.

Suddenly my little fox terrier Toby flew at the panther and fixed itself on its back, tearing hard at its neck. This diversion caused the panther to leave me to attack the dog, and I was able to stagger up and out of the nullah and run to where the native trackers were cowering. There I fainted and was carried back to the bungalow bleeding from fourteen wounds.—Missionary Price of Central China in Chicago Tribune.

Remenyi's Route.

On one of his early concert tours of the west, before the famous violinist, Eduard Remenyi, was thoroughly familiar with the railway routes of the United States, he inquired in Chicago concerning the best way to reach a town in Illinois.

"C. B. and Q.," replied the hotel clerk without looking up.

Remenyi was quite dazed. But, says the contributor of the story to the memoir of the violinist, his sense of fun carried him through.

"Ah!" he said gravely. "Then I will go D. A. T."

It was the clerk's turn to be puzzled.

"What does that mean?" he said, looking up this time.

"Well, what did you mean?" demanded Remenyi.

"Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, of course."

"Ah! I meant day after tomorrow."

Sermon Stealers.

"Sermon stealers," said a minister, "ought to be careful. They ought to read over several times the sermons that they steal before delivering them.

"I know a young man of twenty-one or twenty-two who preached a stolen sermon he had not read over, and in a most impressive part he found himself declaiming, 'My friends, when I first came among you more than forty years ago these thin, white locks were thick and brown and this bent back,' etc.

"Another sermon stealer, preaching in a village of about 100 souls, said, before he could check himself, 'In the teeming streets of this great metropolis.'"—London Mail.

By the Barrel.

She is an English woman and a new domestic in a boarding house. She was rolling a heavy barrel along the basement hall when one of the boarders passed her.

"What have you there, Annie?"

"The hash barrel, sir."

"The what?"

"The hash barrel."

"Great Scott! I knew we ate a lot of it, but I didn't think she bought it by the barrel."

The finest of calling cards at The Review office.

SHE MADE CHANGE.

A New but a Mean Way to Collect an Old Debt.

A woman in stunning attire got aboard a Columbus avenue car at Forty-ninth street. When the conductor called for her fare she gave him a five dollar bill. He put the usual question about smaller change and she gave the usual negative reply. The situation was unpleasant, especially for the conductor. Obviously she was such a fine lady that to put her off the car for nonpayment of fare would be to invite his own downfall. He looked at the men who sat near, with an urgent appeal for a nickel in his eyes, but those unchivalrous passengers were inured to the woes of the woman who travels with five dollar bills.

The woman got nervous. "What shall I do?" she said.

"Perhaps I can find somebody who has change for the bill," said the conductor.

He sounded several people on the subject, but they proved to be short of change. Presently a woman up front said, "I have the change."

At the sound of her voice the owner of the five dollar bill turned with a startled air and blushed violently.

"You need not bother about the change," she said. "I believe I will get off at the next corner, anyway."

The conductor said, "All right," and reached out his hand for the bill, but the second woman had already tucked it into her pocketbook and had counted out 50 cents in nickels and dimes.

"Here," she said, "give this to her and tell her I have kept back the $4.50 she has owed me for a year and a half."

The conductor looked from one to the other helplessly. "Give it to her," was the supplementary command. "She'll take it. She knows better than to raise a row."

He tendered the 50 cents to the well gowned woman. She picked 45 cents out of his palm and started toward the door.

"You mean old thing," she shrieked at the woman who made change. And then she left the car.—New York Press.

Followed Instructions.

"Gracious, man!" exclaims the doctor when Mr. Glubbins calls him in a hurry. "Your temperature is rioting along near the danger point, and you"—

"And I'm worse off than I ever was before, all through the diet you prescribed."

"Impossible, Mr. Glubbins. I told you distinctly to confine yourself to such foods as would be taken by a three-year-old child."

"And didn't I follow orders? I ate apple cores and dog biscuits and ends of burned matches and scraps of potato peeling and everything else I could pick up while no one was looking—and here I am pretty near dead!"

Hastily reflecting upon the gastronomical tendencies of the average three-year-old child, the doctor tells Mr. Glubbins that he has been overdoing the diet and will have to subsist on soft toast and hot water for a week.—Life.

Naming His Quiverful.

A farmer in an English town has eight daughters, who are named to represent his feelings at the time of their birth. The eldest is called "Joy," and the second bears the name of "Summer," as she was born in July. The third arrived at a time of financial difficulties and would have been called "Sorrow," but her mother refused to have the name. So Sarah was substituted. Things were brighter when number four came, and "Hope" was her portion, while five and six—twins—were respectively "Spring" and "April," this last being their birth month. The seventh was styled "Harvest" and the youngest "Comfort."

Division of Labor.

Two English clergymen, one a very stalwart and muscular Christian, the other a frail little man, went for a sail at Brighton, accompanied by an old salt. When they were some distance out at sea the wind commenced to blow a gale, so the sailor hauled down the sheet and said, "Now one of you gents and me will have to take to the oars to get her home." The muscular Christian said, "Very well, my friend will row, and I will pray." "No, no," responded the sailor; "you row. Let the little un pray."

His Heartbreaking Task.

"Darling," said the new bride, "I had a terrible feeling of sadness come over me this afternoon at 4 o'clock—a sort of feeling that you were doing something that would break my heart if I knew of it. Think, sweet, what were you doing, now, this afternoon at 4 o'clock?"

"I was licking stamps," replied the husband promptly, "and pasting them on envelopes."—New York Press.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Strange Incident in the Childhood of Alexandre Dumas.

Alexandre Dumas was a little more than four years old when he lost his father, yet he relates a strange incident connected with the event to which he attached so much importance as to have it accompanied by a plan of the house in which it occurred. This was the abode of a locksmith, whither young Dumas had been removed the day before his father's demise.

"I remained," he says, "till a late hour in the smithy. The forge gave out at night effects of light and shade—fantastic reflections which greatly pleased me. About 8 o'clock my cousin Marianne came to fetch me and put me to bed in a little impromptu couch near a larger one, and I went to sleep with that good sleep that heaven vouchsafes to children like the dews of spring.

"At midnight I woke up—or, rather, we were roused, my cousin and I—by a loud knock at the door. A night lamp was burning in the room, and by the light of that lamp I saw my cousin rise up in bed, much alarmed, but not saying a word.

"No one could knock at the door without getting through an outer one.

"But I, who even at the prsent day shudder in writing these lines—I felt no fear. I got out of bed and went toward the door.

"'Where are you going, Alexandre?' my cousin cried out. 'Where are you going?'

"'You see where I am going,' I answered quietly. 'I am going to open the door for papa, who has come to bid us goodby.'

"The poor girl jumped out of bed terrified, caught me just as I was opening the door and brought me back by force to my bed. I struggled in her arms, shouting with all my strength: 'Goodby, papa! Goodby, papa!'

"Something like a dying breath passed over my face and calmed me.

"Nevertheless I went to sleep again with tears in my eyes, sobbing vehemently.

"The next morning we were awake at break of day.

"My father had died at the very moment I had heard that loud knock at the door!

"Then I heard these words, without being able to understand thoroughly what they meant: 'My poor child, your papa, who loved you so dearly, is dead!'"

Disillusioned.

Little Jonathan Edward had often begged his mother to take him to church. That was his heart's desire. So one fine Sunday morning mother took little Jonathan Edward, who, all agreed, was marked for the ministry, to a neighboring sanctuary. There was much in the church to arrest the lad's attention. He seemed to be deeply impressed, and then, becoming thoughtful, he turned and asked in a rather loud whisper, "But, mother, where's the monkey?"

When mother recovered her presence of mind she said: "Why, my dear, there's no monkey in church. What made you think of such an absurd thing?"

"Why—why—you said there was an organ in church, and I thought there would be a monkey too."—Buffalo Commercial.

An All Round Raise.

A man owning a double house sublet the half he did not occupy to a noisy tenant. Such a racket was kept up that he notified the party to quit.

"What's the mater with me?" he asked, much hurt in his pride.

"Ah, you raise too much noise all the time, and I can't stand it."

"Why don't you balance matters by raising something yourself? I don't object."

"Don't you? Well, I'll just raise the rent." And he did to such an extent that the tenant left.—Strand Magazine.

The Archer Fish.

The archer fish has a natural blowgun. This animal possesses the curious property of being able to shoot drops of water from its mouth with extraordinary accuracy to considerable distances. This singular faculty is of use to the animal in securing its food. A fly or small insect passing over the water has very little chance of escape from the deadly aim of the archer fish. The drop of water brings down the insect, which is then incontinently devoured.

A Lost Rebuke.

"George," said she in a tone of bitter rebuke, "as far as I can see you are going to the dogs."

"You're never contented, Maria," returned her erring husband. "You made me give up horses, and here you are complaining about dogs. Do I object to your cats and your canaries? No, madam! I would scorn to interfere with your pets, and I beg of you to respect my preference for nobler animals."

THE MOB OF 1848.

Dramatic Climax That Awed the King of Prussia.

When the disturbance of 1848 broke out in Prussia the king, Frederick William IV., issued many proclamations. They denounced those who protested against the old state of affairs and urged a constitution as "a band of miscreants, mostly foreigners," and informed "my dear Berliners" that he would never grant a constitution.

The actual fighting, however, when for days his troops took barrier after barrier, only to be opposed after each as resolutely half a block farther down the street, soon changed his attitude, and he announced concessions. The troops were sent from the city.

When the soldiers had marched away from all parts of the city solemn and silent processions moved toward the royal palace. They escorted the bodies of those who had fallen in the battle. The bodies of the slain were borne aloft on litters, their gaping wounds uncovered, their heads wreathed with laurels and immortelles. So the procession marched into the inner courtyard of the palace.

The litters were placed in rows on the courtyard floor, and around them stood the multitude of men with pallid faces, begrimed with powder, smoke and blood, many of them still carrying the weapons with which they had fought during the night, and between them women and children bemoaned their dead.

The king was loudly called for. He appeared in an open gallery, pale and dejected, by his side the weeping queen.

"Hat off!" the multitude shouted. And the king took off his hat to the dead below. Then a deep voice among the multitude intoned the old hymn, "Jesus, Mein Zuversicht" ("Jesus, My Refuge"), in which all joined. The chorus finished, the king withdrew, the corpses were lifted up again and the procession moved away in grim solemnity.

It was a terrible humiliation to the crown, at the same time a pointed answer to the king's address, in which the fighters had been denounced as a band of miscreants. Had there been such among them Frederick William IV. would hardly have survived that moment when he stood before them alone and defenseless and they fresh from the field of blood, with guns still in their hands. But at that moment their cry was not "Death to the king!" nor "Down with royalty!" but "Jesus, my refuge!" — Carl Schurz in McClure's Magazine.

George Du Maurier's Double.

George Du Maurier had a double, and his double was, as many people are aware, Alma-Tadema. So remarkable was the resemblance that even their most intimate friends frequently mistook them. A certain young lady, however, prided herself that she had no difficulty in determining which was which. On one occasion, finding herself seated next to Du Maurier at dinner, she remarked:

"I cannot understand how any one can mistake you for Mr. Tadema. To me the likeness is very slight." Presently she added: "By the way, I have a photograph of you. Do be so good as to put your autograph to it."

Mr. Du Maurier assenting graciously, the photograph was afterward produced. He looked at it for a moment, sighed and then very gently laid it on the table.

"That," he remarked, "is Alma-Tadema's portrait."—Pearson's Weekly.

Drew's Boarders Differed.

Under the proprietorship of L. S. Drew the old American House at Burlington was one of the most popular hotels in Vermont, and it was the scene of many a humorous episode. One night after supper Mr. Drew was welcoming a new arrival in the office when an extremely corpulent guest came out of the dining room. Pointing to the fat man, Mr. Drew said: "You can see how well we feed our guests. Just look at that man." It chanced that a permanent resident of the hotel overheard the remark. This man was extremely thin—just the opposite of the guest referred to by Mr. Drew. The thin boarder at once spoke up, saying: "Yes, that fat man has been here three days. I have been here thirty years. Look at me!"

His Choice.

A company of married people were discussing the day on which they would be married if they were making a second venture. "And what day would you prefer, hubby, dear?" asked one of the prepossessing looking matrons, turning to her devoted little mate. With an absentminded I-wish-my-soul-were-my-own look upon his careworn face the obedient one replied, "The 30th day of February, please!"—Kansas City Journal.

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