THE VICIOUS JAGUAR

HE FINDS A DEADLY ENEMY IN THE PLUCKY PUMA.

These Fierce South American Brutes Fight Each Other to the Death on Sight—Two Battles That Show the Characteristics of the Animals.

"On the Apure river, near its head, lives—or did live there five years ago—a woman of mixed Spanish and Indian race named Maria Padilla, the wife of the mayordoma, or foreman, of a cattle ranch. I have talked with her and heard from her lips the account of the strange adventure she had when a child of 7 years.

"Her parents with their children were making a journey over a trail that led along the foothills of the Maritime Andes. They had encamped for the night, and this child, while her parents' attention was occupied, started into the forest to gather firewood as she had often seen her mother do. Her absence was not noticed until she had been gone some time from the camp. As she gathered dry sticks into a bundle she saw a large, spotted animal stealing swiftly toward her.

"Every South American country girl of 7 knows a jaguar when she sees him, whether she has ever seen one before or not, for the dread of these animals is an instinct among the inhabitants of regions which they frequent. Overcome by fear the girl could only stand still and await her fate. With her eyes riveted on the jaguar she did not see where they came from, but of a sudden she perceived that he was savagely fighting with two huge, tawny animals that had sprung upon him.

"The fight seemed to her to last a long time, and once the brutes in their struggles came very near to where she stood. The pumas that had attacked him killed the jaguar at last, and after standing over the body a few minutes as if to assure themselves that he would not revive they for the first time turned their gaze toward the child, who had been too much terrified to improve her chance to run away while the beasts were fighting.

"They favored her with a long stare, and then, not offering to approach or harm her, turned deliberately away and trotted into the depths of the forest. They scarcely had disappeared when her father, having missed the child and guided by the sounds of the fight, came running to the place with gun and machete and found her safe. He got a jaguar skin as a trophy, though it was cut too nearly into ribbons by the pumas' claws to be of value.

"In the Guarico country, at a village called Paraya, near the Merida trail, I saw an Indian named Jose Lobado whose face and head were deeply scarred and whose body was a network of similar scars from wounds received through being carried away by a jaguar when an infant in arms. Of course he could not remember the occurrence, but his mother, who had rescued him, described it to me.

"She had gone to a mata, or wooded spot, on the pampas for firewood, carrying her child, after the fashion of Venezuelan women of humble station, in a shawl looped from her shoulder. This shawl, with the small boy in it, she slung to a low tree branch while she gathered her bundle of sticks, and she did not perceive the approach of a jaguar until he had seized the child and was carrying it away.

"The mother grasped her machete and ran after the jaguar, shrieking. She managed to keep the beast in sight, but he was rapidly getting beyond her view when suddenly the jaguar stopped, put the child down and bristling for fight stood with his forepaws resting upon it.

"Then the mother saw that a puma was fronting the jaguar. She hurried on toward where the two beasts faced each other, growling and snarling. Before she got to them the puma sprang, and at once the two were fighting fiercely above the child. In the struggle the child was rolled to one side, but before the mother could get to it the jaguar broke away from the puma and springing to the boy again crouched with his paws above him as before.

"The puma leaped again and the fight was renewed, but again the jaguar got clear and jumped to guard his prey before the mother could get a chance to snatch her child. Once more the puma attacked his foe, and this time as the beasts struggled and tore each other an accidental kick from one of them sent the boy 20 feet away, almost to the mother's feet.

"Catching him up she ran for home and got safe to the house. The boy, though covered with claw wounds from head to foot and bearing deep marks of the jaguar's teeth in the back, where the beast had seized him to carry him away, recovered completely from his injuries, although bearing the scars for his lifetime. The puma and the jaguar were found, both dead, at the place where they had fought."—Philadelphia Times.

A Quick Witted Baptist.

One of the candidates for the state senate down in Jefferson county, Ala., was a prominent Baptist, and he expected his fellow churchmen to help push him along. The story goes that he was campaigning on a country beat and had the good fortune to fall in with a whole congregation of Baptists. Whether a prayer meeting had just been held or what the occasion of the gathering was is not known. About this time a light shower came up, and the candidate at once raised a large umbrella which he was carrying.

"You are not afraid of this little shower, are you, Brother ——?" remarked one good Baptist, standing near.

"Not at all," responded the quick witted candidate, "but you know I am opposed to all forms of 'sprinkling.'" He carried that beat solidly.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Tallest Landmark in the World.

The most important island in the Canary group is Tenerife, whose famous mountain is known to navigators as one of the most imposing landmarks in the world. The mountain rises 12,182 feet above the sea, the peak having the form of a sugar loaf. Considering the fact that the island is itself a mountain, springing almost perpendicularly from the ocean, the bottom of which is six miles below, Tenerife is the loftiest peak in the world. Beside it Mont Blanc is a pygmy. Cotopaxi, Kinchinjunga and Mount Everest dwindle by comparison. While all the islands are volcanic and all contain evidences of very recent action, Tenerife is the only one which still continues in eruption.

The summit of the mountain is a circular wall, inclosing a crater a mile in diameter and over 100 feet in depth. From the offing, and even from the seashore, the sides of Tenerife seem as though carved by hand, but the immense size of the mountain is in proportion to this crater, although it seems incredible to the looker on that at the mountain top there should be one of the largest craters in the world. The great crater of Tenerife has been quiescent ever since the island was rediscovered by Europeans early in the fifteenth century, but in scores of places on the mountain side there are smaller craters which continually emit sulphurous steams and gases and occasionally throw out small quantities of lava.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Russia.

The lack of machinelike discipline in the Russian soldiery is truly Asiatic, and so are the stagnation, patience, suffering and squalor of the people. In Russia they are drunken, instead of being gamblers and opium smokers as in China. The absence of a middle class and the gulf that takes its place are Asiatic conditions. In Russia no man except a member of the cabinet or a diplomat dares to discuss politics.

In other Asiatic countries the people are not forbidden to discuss them, because they have never shown any inclination to do so. No more do the 119,000,000 muzhiks of Russia. Their intellectual activity never goes beyond the affairs of village, family, farm or employment. Their most active interest is in religion, but they make of that such a mere tissue of forms and mechanical or automatic practices that it is carried on without any more mental effort than the activity of a victim of St. Vitus' dance.

The leaven of progress is not in the muzhik any more than it is in the cooly. If Russia's system of government is to be threatened or altered, it must be by the 10,000,000 who reflect the European ideals in their dress and manners and who present fertile ground for the propagation of European reforms. Russia's danger is from the top; the bottom is sodden.—Julian Ralph in Harper's Magazine.

Nature's Silver Works.

The process by which nature forms such accumulations of silver is very interesting.

It must be remembered that the earth's crust is full of water, which percolates everywhere through the rocks, making solutions of elements obtained from them. These chemical solutions take up small particles of the precious metal which they find scattered here and there.

Sometimes the solutions in question are hot, the water having got so far down as to be set boiling by the internal heat of the globe. Then they rush upward, picking up the bits of metal as they go. Naturally heat assists the performance of this operation. Now and then the streams thus formed, perpetually flowing hither and thither below ground, pass through the cracks or cavities in the rocks, where they deposit their loads of silver.

This is kept up for a great length of time, perhaps thousands of years, until the fissures of the pocket are filled up. Crannies permeating the stony mass in every direction may become filled with the metal, or occasionally a chamber may be stored full of it, as if a myriad hands were fetching the treasure from all sides and hiding away a future bonanza for some lucky prospector to discover.—Pearson's Weekly.

Didn't Suit Him.

"What are you doing now?" asked the man from the country who was looking over a drug store with a view to a possible purchase.

"Charging the soda we expect to sell today."

"Do you know all the people that come in here to buy things?"

"Of course not. We have hundreds of strangers every day, especially among those who come to patronize the fountain."

"That's what I reckoned, and me and you can't make no dicker. I hain't a goin to buy no business where they charge all the sodey in advance and then peddle it out to every Tom, Dick and Harry what comes along. What I want to buy is a drug store doin a stric'ly cash trade."—Detroit Free Press.

Why, Certainly.

Customer—I wish I had as good a head of hair as you have. I have tried everything to remedy my baldness, but with no good results.

Watchmaker—Have you ever tried rubbing your head with steel?

Customer—Certainly not. That seems to me ridiculous.

Watchmaker—Why ridiculous? Isn't it a fact that steel makes the hair spring?—Boston Courier.

Friendship.

Hazen—I like to see a man stick by his friends. Now, for instance, if a man told you I was an ass you wouldn't join right in with him, would you?

Dilby—No, sir, I'd rebuke him. I'd tell him that the truth should not be spoken on all occasions.—Boston Transcript.

Tobogganing In 1765.

It is interesting to note in Smollett's "Travels Through France and Italy" that when the novelist was making an excursion in March, 1765, from Nice across the Maritime Alps to Turin he descended the Piedmontese slope of the Col di Tenda toward Cuneo on a toboggan.

"Having reached the top of the mountain," he tells us in letter 38, "we prepared for descending on the other side by the luge, which is an occasional sledge made of two pieces of wood, carried up by the coolants (local guides) for the purpose. I did not much relish this kind of carriage, especially as the mountain was very steep and covered with such a thick fog that we could hardly see two or three yards before us. Nevertheless our guides were so confident and my companion, who had passed the same way on other occasions, so secure that I ventured to place myself on this machine, one of the coolants standing behind me and the other sitting before me as the conductor, with his feet paddling in the snow, in order to moderate the velocity of its descent. Thus accommodated, we descended the mountain with such rapidity that in an hour we reached Limon. Here we waited two full hours for the mules which traveled with the servants by the common road."

This is simply tobogganing used as a practical means of transit for travelers in the Alps.—Chambers' Journal.

Given as a Medicine.

A rebuke emphasized by a kindness is apt to be remembered. One day an officer walked into the office of one of the well known business men of the west.

"What do you want here?" he said to the officer.

"I've come to attach the wages of one of your men for a debt."

"Who is the man?"

The officer named him, and he was at once summoned to his employer's office.

"How long have you been in debt?" was the first question asked.

"Been behindhand for 20 years. I can't seem to catch up," said the man.

"But you have a good salary."

"I know it, but I can't get out of debt."

"You must get out, or you must leave here. How much do you owe?"

The whole was not much less than $1,000, but the employer immediately wrote his check for the amount, and said, as he handed it to the man:

"This will pay all your bills. If I hear of your running in debt again, you'll have to go."

It was what the doctors call "heroic treatment," and it not only astonished the man, but "revolutionized" him. He settled with his creditors, and then, by carefulness, kept out of debt.

Better than a genius for making money is the habit of paying as you go.—Youth's Companion.

Sailing on Fresh Water.

A Pittsburger who at one time served an enlistment on the United States steamship Michigan, a vessel of the United States navy which is stationed on the great lakes, tells a story of Charles V. Gridley, captain of the flagship Olympia, which led the fighting at Manilla.

Young Gridley, shortly after graduation at the Naval academy, was ordered to the Michigan for duty. A few days after he had reported the commander ordered the usual boat drill, and the crew went through the process of abandoning the ship. When the cutter of which Gridley was in command had gone a mile or two away from the vessel, the young officer, who had never before sailed on fresh water, inquired sharply for the water cask, which he discovered had not been placed in the boat.

"What do you fellows do for drinking water when you are called away from the ship?" he asked the cockswain with some asperity.

"Sure, sir," replied that worthy, "we generally dip over the side."

Gridley had nothing more to say, but the joke has been in circulation ever since.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Battleship and Cruiser.

The difference between a battleship and an armored cruiser is technical, and experts have stumbled over the matter. A battleship is supposed to have heavier guns and armor and to be better fitted to withstand hard knocks from an opposing force. But this does not always hold good, as may be seen in the case of the Maine as compared with the Brooklyn. The Maine was a battleship, but she was not so large nor so heavily armored as the armored cruiser Brooklyn. On one point there seems to be no dispute, and that is the fact that the cruisers are faster than the battleships, and it is conceded also that in most instances the battleships are better protected.—New York Tribune.

A Weak Brother.

Penn had a very strong aversion to tobacco. Once he came unexpectedly upon some of the Friends who were enjoying the fragrant weed, but out of respect for their great leader they hid their pipes, which, however, still continued to emit smoke. Perceiving this, the governor said pleasantly, "Well, friends, I am glad to see that you are at last ashamed of your old practice."

"Not entirely so," replied one of the brethren, "but we preferred laying down our pipes to the danger of offending a weaker brother."—London Tit-Bits.

A Change of Opinion.

"There's a good deal of human nature in a puppy," remarked the philosopher, calmly watching Fido tearing his best hat to pieces. "Almost as destructive as one of my little nephews."

Mrs. Bouncer—Why, professor, don't you see he's got your hat!

The Professor—Thunder, so he has! I thought it was one of the boarders' hats. Take that, you whelp!—Boston Transcript.

TRAINING BUTTERFLIES.

A Young New York Woman Who Enjoys a Unique Distinction.

Miss Helen Jenynge, the young soprano of this city who has lately become prominent in the concert world, enjoys the unique distinction of having tamed and trained butterflies. The idea of the performance occurred to her several years ago, but when broached to scientific friends was declared impossible. Nothing daunted, she began the task, and at first met with repeated failure. Some butterflies pined and died in captivity; others throve, but lost none of their wild instincts.

After a time she noticed that some species were tamer and braver than others, and that among these several manifested a great liking for various edible substances, chiefly sweet and aromatic solids and fluids.

All butterflies have memory and will return to the place where they have once obtained something they like. Most of them taste and smell, but do

MISS JENYNGE AND HER BUTTERFLIES.

not eat and drink as do flies and bees. By degrees she was able to identify the kinds of butterflies which were attracted and the different saccharine substances each preferred. She found that the best results came from young butterflies.

It made little or no difference whether grown from the caterpillar at home or caught in the first week of their adult life. After being fed several times the pretty little creatures lost their fear and would settle on her dress to rest and even to sleep. They would feed from her hand and seemed to like its warmth. In this way she trained a large number, and last summer was the happy possessor of about a hundred. The ownership is brief, however.

The butterflies live a very short period, and as soon as the warm season is reached begin to diminish in numbers, the last passing away in early autumn. Miss Jenynge will repeat her experiment this summer.—New York Mail and Express.

Sweetest Love Story In Literature.

"Wherever Mrs. Browning trod, whatever she touched, became endowed with the sacredness of her presence," writes Clifford Howard of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning in The Ladies' Home Journal. "When Mr. Browning returned with her on a visit to England, after an absence of several years, he repaired to the little church in which they had been married, and there, at the entrance, he reverently kneeled and kissed the paving stones upon which she, the light of his being, had stepped. And in after years, when the light had gone from his life, he sought this sacred spot on the 12th of each September and in the dusk of the evening shadows passersby might have seen a white haired man kneeling for a moment as if in prayer before the doorway of the dark and silent church. Yet little would they have thought to recognize in this man the poet Browning—he whose mystical writings had led the world to regard him as a man of austere nature."

She Is Well Represented.

Mrs. Robley D. Evans, the wife of "Fighting Bob," probably has a larger personal interest in the fortunes of the navy than any other individual in the United States. Her husband commands the battleship Iowa; her brother, Captain H. C. Taylor, commands the Indiana; her son, Frank T. Evans, is a cadet upon the Massachusetts, and her son-in-law, Lieutenant C. C. Marsh, is flag secretary to Admiral Sampson on the New York; her two daughters, Mrs. Marsh and Miss Virginia Evans, and her niece, Hattie Taylor, have volunteered for trained nurses and are now taking a course of instruction at the hospital at Hampton.

Fatal Frivolity.

Jack and his two pretty cousins happened to be walking along in front of a drug store.

"I wonder," said Ethel, "if, astronomically speaking, Uncle Henry's son is in the right sign for ice cream soda?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Gwendolen with her eye on the youth. "I don't see any signs of the soda act."

Jack groaned and marched them fiercely past the drug store by way of punishment.—Chicago Tribune.

A Berlin paper declares, on medical authority, that not one of Germany's professional bicyclists has a normal, sound heart, and that most of them become unfit at 25 for great bodily exertion.