PANTHER UNDER HER BED.

Her Husband's Fight with the Beast in the Darkness.

W. W. Smith, who resides in the mountains about seven miles north of Ukiah, Cal., arrived in town yesterday with the skins of two large panthers which he had killed near his home Saturday evening last, says the San Francisco Chronicle. 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 Monday 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 putting on her bonnet when she was horrified to observe 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 his home to either kill or scare away the panther. Fitzsimmons took 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 Fitzsimmons for help, but the latter was able to see only the dim outlines of the struggle.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Smith remained all night at the Fitzsimmons ranch and returned to their home Sunday morning. On their arrival at the house they encountered another panther, the female, which was soon treed by Fitzsimmons' dogs and killed.

SPEED OF INSECTS.

A Common House Fly Travels a Mile in Thirty-three Seconds.

It is the poular belief that the flight of the birds is much swifter than that of the insects, but a number of naturalists who have been making a study of the matter think that such is not the case, says Science. A common house fly, for example, is not very rapid in its flight, but its wings make 800 beats a second and send it through the air twenty-five feet, under ordinary circumstances, in that space of time. When the insect is alarmed, however, it has been found that it can increase its rate of speed to over 160 feet per second. If it could continue such rapid flight for a mile in a straight line it would cover that distance in exxactly 33 seconds. It is not an uncommon thing when traveling by rail in the summer time to see a bee or wasp keeping up with the train and trying to get in at one of the windows. A swallow is considered one of the swiftest of flying birds and it was thought until recently that no insect could escape it. A naturalist tells of an exciting chase he saw between a swallow and a dragon fly, which is among the swiftest of insects. The insect flew with incredible speed and wheeled and dodged with such ease that the swallow, despite its utmost efforts, completely failed to overtake and capture it.

Mosquitoes and Kerosene.

Chestertown, Md., has found kerosene effective in getting rid of mosquitoes. "Some citizens," says a resident, "had experimented with coal oil as a remedy and were surprised at the effectiveness of the liquid. The attention of the authorities was called to the matter and after a series of tests the people were given official notice that everybody should pour a little coal oil in rainbarrels, stagnant pools and wherever water had collected. No great quantity of oil is required. A teaspoonful is sufficient for a barrel of water. The diminution in the number of mosquitoes was easily noticeable and now the pest has been almost gotten rid of."—New York Tribune.

The Reason.

"I wonder why," said Mrs. Noodle, as she stood looking in the glass, "the nose is put in the middle of the face."

Mr. Noodle laid down his paper.

"That's easy enough," he replied. "It's because it's the scenter piece."

And when Mrs. Noodle had had this explained to her she laughed and declared that it was just as funny as some of those things you read in the papers.—New York World.

Valuable Iron.

Thomas Morris, addressing the Staffordshire, England, iron and steel managers, mentioned having in his possession drawn wire worth $4.32 a pound, or more than $8,000 per ton. Hairspring wire is worth $400,000 per ton and the barbed wire used by dentists in tooth nerve extraction $2,150,000 per ton. The basic material of all is ordinary cheap ore.

More to the Purpose.

Salvation Army Apostle—If you swear at those horses, my good man, you'll never go to heaven.

Teamster (humbly)—I knows it, mum; but if I don't I'll never get to Tonawanda.—Buffalo Times.

DECLINE OF WALKING.

The Wheel is Responsible for a Great Deal of It.

We found that from several causes the pace was always best at the end of the day, says the Country House. For one thing, the legs do not fall into the proper swing for the first mile or two, and with a big task before us we knew better than to hurry at starting. A strong, steady pace goes further in this, as in everything. Then we soon lighted on the fact that at the end of a hard day, if there was any doubt about lasting it out, the only chance was to make the going as fast as possible. Two men walking together may be equally and utterly exhausted in body and mind, but if they have got a strong, uniform, mechanical stride there are miles in them still. To stop or falter at such a time is fatal. The legs give way, the knees shake and a stiffness comes over the body that is shaken off with greater pain each time, until at last it will prove masterful altogether. Thirst pure and simple I found easy to overcome by sheer practice and resolution. In my early days I perspired profusely and suffered agonies in my parched throat, drinking at every spring which came in view. Soon the tendency to perspiration was mitigated and I found the simple determination not to drink put the craving quite out of mind. I always found it best to drink as little as I could with comfort.

It is of no use shutting one's eyes to the fact that long-distance walking is out of fashion and out of favor. I am afraid the bicycle has given it the coup de grace. It is natural to prefer an exercise that will show you eighty miles of country instead of thirty with an equal amount of fatigue. But I think and I know that the cyclist misses a great deal, in addition to having chosen the less health-giving pastime. In the cultivation of sound lungs and broad shoulders the pedestrian has no rival. He gets all the delightful smell of the country, which the cyclist cannot catch whizzing along in a swift atmospheric current. He gets all the pretty detail of woods and fields and ditches and animal life, of which the wheelman has only a blur. We may legitimately turn the phrase and say that he cannot see the trees for the wood. Then it is obvious that the man on his feet can turn aside and see the corners of nature and perhaps finest of all is the subtle and to me always exquisite pleasure of feeling the proud independence of having covered the ground by one's own unaided locomotion. The walking man is the most self-contained man of all.

In a large town there are peculiar deterrents to systematic walking. Chiefest is the ring of dull and sometimes dirty suburbs which has to be penetrated before the open is reached and actual pleasure commences. I always make a point of starting from outside, taking train to a suitable point and returning by train, if need be, from another. Want of company and I fear declining energy curtail them from the spans of yore. The solitary ramble, pleasant enough in itself, will not compare with the stimulus of a good comrade, and you can never get up the steam in the same fashion.

Filled Cheese in Florida.

The "filled cheese" bill passed by the last congress goes into effect on Sept. 4 and on and after that date a special government tax of $250 per annum will have to be paid by all wholesale dealers and $12 per annum by all retail dealers in filled cheese. "Filled cheese" is the designation of all adulterated products or anything made from other substances than the curd of pure milk. In addition to the special tax at the rates given all dealers who have any filled cheese in stock on Sept. 3 are required to purchase special tax-stamps, at the cost of 1 cent for each pound, and attach these stamps on the packages containing filled cheese. This will only have to be done with the stock on hand, for any filled cheese received after September 4 will have to be duly stamped by the manufacturer, who is required to pay a special tax of $400 a year for manufacturing the article. The tax is about the same thing as the special tax paid by dealers in oleomargarine.—Exchange.

Alleged American Church Custom.

There is nothing like going abroad for the news. A writer in the London Church Review says that it is "a regular custom" in San Francisco churches and in other hot parts of America, for people to "get up and stretch themselves, and even take a turn outside, after the fashion of the theater between the acts." The writer thinks that "if we (English) would adopt some of these sensible ways our churches might be generally filled even in spite of the hot weather."

A Clever Teacher.

That was a clever kindergarten teacher who wishing her class of boys and girls to take up sewing and fearing revolt on the part of the young lads, cleverly managed that their sewing should take the form of sailmaking for small boats, learning to stitch balls and to mend sweaters. The result was keen interest and complete success.—New York Times.

Unhappy Man

What is a poor man to do? If he does not laugh at a friend's jokes his friend is disgusted, and if he does laugh his friend tells another joke.—Atchison Globe.

Drumming Up Trade

The captain of a ferry boat near Bangor, Me., is drumming up trade by presenting each lady who crosses on his boat with a pond lily.

Final--Proof--Notices

HON. J. W. WEHN, JR., Register.
HON. F. M. BUOOME, Receiver.

Parties having notices in this column are requested to read the same carefully and report to this office for correction any errors that may exist. This will prevent possible delay in making proof.

Land Office, Alliance, Neb., Dec. 2, 1896.
Notice is hereby given that

John C. Alexander,

of Ardmore, S. D., has filed notice of intention to make final proof before M. J. Blewett, clerk district court, at his office in Harrison, Neb., on January 9, 1897, on timber culture application No. 616, for the s w ¼ of sec 14, tp 28 n, r 48

Witnesses will give testimony before register or receiver at Alliance, Neb. He names as witnesses: Thomas L. Hopkins, Wm. J. Britton, John Jelinek, Wm. D. Johnson, all of Hemingford, Neb. J. W. WEHN, JR., Register.

Land Office at Alliance, Neb., Nov. 25, 1896.
Notice is hereby given that

Hester A. Fuller, nee Harker,

has filed notice of intention to make final proof before Register or Receiver at Alliance, Neb., on January 4, 1897, on timber culture application No. 935, for the n w ¼ sec 24, tp 26 n, rg 49 w.

She names as witnesses: E. Vaughn, J. H. Jewett, W. H. Jewett, of Berea, Neb., G. W. Young, of Alliance, Neb.

J. W. WEHN, JR., Register.

Land Office at Alliance, Neb., Nov. 18, 1896.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before Register or Receiver at Alliance, Neb., on Dec. 26, 1896, viz:

Joseph Duhon,

of Hemingford, Neb., who made H E No. 3657 for the s e ¼ sec 33, tp 28 n, rg 51 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Anton Chytka, James Turek, Robert Anderson, Henry Shimek, all of Lawn Neb.

J. W. WEHN, JR., Register.

U. S. Land Office, Alliance, Neb., Nov. 1896.
Notice is hereby given that

John C. Lammers,

of Rushville, Neb., has filed notice of intention to make final proof before Register or Receiver at Alliance, Neb., on December 22, 1896, on timber culture application No. 908, for the n e ¼ sec 22, tp 27 n, r 47 w

He names as witnesses: Christopher C. Rugeles, Albert Marundy, O. B. Webster, of Box Butte, Neb., Peter C. Sorensen, of Rushville, Neb. J. W. WEHN, JR., Register.

Dunlap cheese is the best on the market Try it.

Bushnell & Sherwood will pay the highest market price for hogs.

All parties desiring to make final proof can have their papers made out at THE HERALD office, free of charge, and promptly transmitted to the land office.

For sale or trade, a good house and 3 lots in David City—one of the best towns in eastern Nebraska; population 3,000, electric light, waterworks, etc. This is desirable inside property, well located, on corner, east front, nice lawn and trees. Will sell cheap or trade for Box Butte realty. Apply at THE HERALD office.

There will be held in Hemingford, Nebraska, a Bible institute, conducted by Rev. Frady, beginning Jan. 20, 1897 and continuing in session four days. The work of the institute will be a study of four Gospels—the life of Christ. Circulars concerning the institute may be had from Rev. Hazelton, Rev. Preston, C. J. Wildy or Mr. Sherwood. Everyone is invited to attend. A large class is desired.

A meeting concerning the institute will be held at M. E. church next Tuesday evening Nov. 24, 7:30 p. m. Everyone come.

Anna Neeland, Sec.

Photos.

While your family is all at home and in health—why not have their picture taken together—maybe you would not part with such a picture at any price in a few years.

W. T. CALDWELLE,
Photographer, Alliance.

F. E. HOLSTEN,
Watchmaker
—AND—
Jeweler,
ALLIANCE,.....NEB.
(B. & M. Watch Examiner.)

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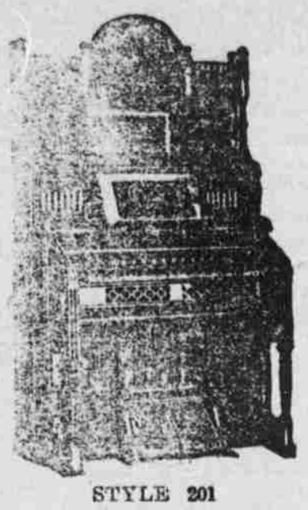

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(Mention this paper.) Omaha, Neb.

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164-166 Wash[illegible]

A CYNIC'S WILL.

Made Use of the Last Chance to Express His Opinion.

Last summer, while Judge Carpenter was spending a vacation up in the country he had occasion to look at some records and his attention was directed to a whimsical will. He arranged for a copy of it as a literary curiosity and it came to hand this morning, says the Detroit Journal.

The testamentary clauses of the document are as follows:

"I, William Darling of Grantness, in the township of ——, county and district of ——, Western Canada, esquire, being in sound health of body and my mind just as usual, which my friends who flatter me say is no great shakes at the best of times, do make this my last will and testament as follows, revoking, of course, all former wills:

"I leave the property of Grantness and all other landed property I may die possessed of to my sister Ellen —— and Betsy Darling, the former because she is married to a minister whom (God help him) she henpecks, the latter because she is married to nobody, nor is she likely to be, for she is an old maid, and not market ripe. And also I leave to them and their heirs my share of the stock and implements on the farm, provided, that the inclosure around my brother's grave be reserved. And if either should die without issue, then the other inherits the whole.

"I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of old James, as the representative of the family. I would have left it to old James himself but he would melt it down and make temperance medals and that would be a sacrilege. However, I leave him my big horn snuff-box. He can only make temperance horn spoons of that.

"I leave my sister Jessie my bible and when she knows as much of the spirit of it as she does of the letter she will be another gutse Christian than she is.

"I leave my late brother's watch to my brother, Jerry, exhorting him at the same time to give up Whiggery, Radicalism and all other sins that do most easily beset him.

"I leave my brother Andrew my big silver snuff-box, as I am informed he is rather a decent Christian, with a swag belly and a jolly face.

"I leave Parson —— the snuff-box I got from the militia, as a small token of my gratitude for the service he has done the family in taking a sister that no man of taste could have taken.

"I leave John Carson a silver teapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him the affliction of a slatternly wife.

"I give my silver cup, with a sovereign in it, to my sister Jane, because she is an old maid and pious; also, my granna's snuff-box, as it looks decent to see an old woman taking snuff."

Cremation Growing Popular.

It is noteworthy that, though in each of the American crematories more men than women have been cremated, the movement abroad was practically begun by women, Lady Dilke of England and a German woman having been cremated at Dresden. When efforts were made in the years 1873-4 on the continent of Europe, in England and in the United States in favor of the cremation of the dead Lady Rose Mary Crawshay was one of its prominent advocates. A number of well known women in this country have expressed themselves decidedly in favor of cremation. Among them are Olive Thorne Miller, the late Kate Field and Rose Elizabeth Cleveland. At a public meeting Mrs. Ballington Booth referred to the time when her body should be carried to the crematory. The total number of cremations in the United States from 1876, when the first crematory was established, to the close of 1895, was reported to be 4,647. Nearly 1,000 persons were cremated in the last year in twenty-one crematories. In the crematory at Fresh Pond, N. Y., eighty-five boys and sixty-six girls were incinerated. The number of men cremated in New York is more than double the number of women.—New York Tribune.

Eight-Fifteen.

On a recent Sunday evening in Belfast, Me., a young man in church looked frequently at his watch during the sermon. Just as he was doing so for the fourth or fifth time the pastor with great earnestness, was urging the truth upon the conscience of his hearers. "Young man," said he, "how is it with you?" Whereupon the young man with the gold repeater bawled out, in the hearing of nearly the whole congregation, "A quarter past eight." As may be supposed, the gravity of the assembly was very much disturbed by the occurrence.—New York Tribune.

A Misguided Gamester.

"I'se done played it an' played it sence it kep' a-comin' out in de newspapers," remarked Sam Juniper, "an' it doan' come out."

"Whut is it—er new policy gig?"

"I reckoned da's whut it mus' be. I kep' a-seein' it an' a-seein' it, an' finally I busted in an' played 16—2—1 ober an' ober agin'. Ef 4—11—44 doan' pull me out I'll hab ter make an assignment an' fall back on de bankruptcy laws."—Washington Star.

Reconciled.

One-Legged Stranger—"Yes, I was lucky; I got $1,500 from the railroad company for that leg."

Bystander—"Well! I wouldn't take $15,000 for one of mine."

Stranger—"Yes, but the foot on the leg that I lost had the worst chilblain on it you ever saw."—Exchange.