

Nothing will wear out a man faster than to have a chronic grievance.

The Monon has given an imitation of a real railroad by getting a receiver.

The poet says that "care will kill a cat," but a bootjack will stop its song quicker.

It has, in brief, been a summer to make the whiskers of the oldest inhabitant curl with envy.

From the number of sea serpents seen this summer it would appear that the present output of the distilleries is peculiarly effective.

The census of Kansas, just completed by the state board of agriculture, shows a population of 1,336,659—an increase over last year of 1,925.

The London Times thinks Spain ought to sell Cuba. The insurgents have thought so for many years and have been offering their blood for it.

Autumn is here and thousands of straw hats are not half worn out. Well does Mr. Nordan say that human progress is a constant struggle against nature.

It has been snowing again on Mars, and politicians suspect that the inhabitants of the little planet have had an election and the usual treatment is being accorded to the defeated candidate.

The string of pearls which General Harrison presented to his bride at the wedding was a superb gift. A duplicate string is shown by the jeweler from which it was bought and is valued at \$7,000.

Thomas Lavender was arrested at a Chicago theater because he insisted on his right to wear his hat so long as the lady in front of him retained her floral and feathery cart-wheel. In his gloomy prison cell Thomas may console himself with the thought that a sympathizing, enthusiastic public wants to clasp him by the hand and call him brother.

A New York justice awarded Mrs. Henry E. Abbey alimony amounting to one-third of her husband's income pending that lady's divorce from the opera manager. If the court is going to put such a damper as this on the theatrical and musical world's efforts toward separation it is feared that people of those professions will lose all their opportunities for advertisement.

A student of race track ethics writes that there are fewer women who visit race tracks nowadays than formerly, but that they bet much more. He claims, further, that young clerks and others earning small salaries, who formerly endangered their positions by going to the races themselves, now stay at home and send their money to the track in charge of some feminine friend, who places it for them.

Oklahoma bandits while holding up a stage coach the other day shot a woman. All the men of the party promptly handed over their valuables, but the lady in question attempted to live up to the true standard of feminine bravery and defied the robbers. As a consequence the men escaped with the loss of only their watches and loose change, while their valiant companion sacrificed her life in her staunch determination to preserve the credit of her sex.

The officials of the Lake county, Indiana, fair are using bloodhounds to track the small boys who clamber over the fence to see the fat pig and the freshly scrubbed lamb with a blue ribbon falling in its eyes. Still little fear is entertained by the precocious Hoosier urchins, since only two dogs make up the canine police force. What are two dogs to a score of barefooted, freckle-nosed youngsters who have visions of pink lemonade, deep pumpkin pies and the mule races on the other side of a ten-foot board wall?

The little band of American crusaders for theosophy that recently left New York is receiving considerable attention in the columns of the English newspapers, and has given the Irish press an entirely new theme for discussion. Shortly after landing they uttered a prophecy that Ireland was soon to become the ruler of Europe, and that the ancient glories of that mystic island would be restored. The Irish newspapers are evidently pleased with the idea, and some of the principal papers of Dublin and elsewhere have thrown open their columns for its discussion. The Americans have made some distinguished converts and will soon visit the principal cities of Europe.

Runaway horses are unknown in Russia. No one drives there without having a thin cord with a running noose around the neck of the animal. When an animal bolts the cord is pulled, and the horse stops as soon as it feels the pressure on the windpipe.

When Arctic Explorer Nansen reached his farthest point north, 86 degrees 15 minutes, north latitude, he was within three and three-quarters degrees of the north pole. The point reached was 225 geographical or 247 statute miles from the object sought.

CATCHING A GRIZZLY.

EXCITING EXPERIENCE OF A PARTY OF SPORTSMEN.

Kivataineers Tried to Gay Them—But the City Fellows Stood Their Ground, Hounded the Furious Beast, and Hauled Him Into Camp.



THIS summer, is that there really was no intention or expectation on the part of any one that a real live bear hunt was to occur.

A party of business men and reporters from San Francisco decided to go hunting in the Sierras, and when the natives learned that they were about to arrive they determined to "have some fun" with the party and send them on a fool's errand to an old bear trap that was situated twenty miles from anywhere, on the assurance that they would find a bear.

The members of the party weren't ill tenderfeet, and the trick was executed. However, as the mountaineers had actually sent some one to bait the

to his bow end. All that remained was the stern, so to speak, which was still free—very much so, in fact. The manner in which he now struck out wildly and blindly with those same hind legs, with their sharp claws, for his head was tied up so closely to the roof of the cage that he could see nothing behind him, was certainly anything but inviting to any one who should come within range of them.

It was considered safe now to open the door of the cage, the bear's head and forepaws being fastened to the logs at the opposite end from the opening. So the slide was raised, and after much effort his hind legs were caught as his forelegs had been. And now the brute was secure. He was literally spread-eagled. The ropes to his hind legs were seized by half a dozen men and the body drawn as far out through the door as could be. Then each slip noose was wired or tied so that it could not become unfastened, and then all hands stood by to drag the animal from the trap. The ropes attached to forearms and neck were slowly slackened up, and when all was ready there was a quick and powerful movement, and before the bear could realize what was up he was dragged out of the trap and into the open air.

Then there was a circus. All that had gone before was insignificant by comparison. By this time the bear was furious. The gorge was narrow and rocky, and the men holding the ropes disposed themselves about and along its rugged banks as best they could. There was scant foothold and the struggles of the infuriated bear gave every

CURE FOR SNAKE POISON.

Experiments Showing That Antivenene Is an Infallible Remedy.

Some remarkable discoveries have just been made in England and France in regard to the best method of treating persons who have been bitten by serpents and whose blood has been poisoned thereby. France suffers a good deal from noxious vipers, and the government is doing its best to get rid of them. During the past year 150,000 full-grown serpents have been captured in three departments, and the number is supposed to be correspondingly great in other parts of the country. Mr. T. Fraser, an English specialist, seems to have been the first to solve the problem of immunizing human beings and other animals against the poison of serpents. The serum which he uses is known as antivenene and is obtained from large animals which have been immunized by becoming slowly and gradually accustomed to the poison. The horse is, par excellence, the best laboratory for the preparation of this remedy. What is remarkable about this discovery is the almost mathematical precision with which the antidote can be used. In order to neutralize the action of a small but deadly dose of poison (the quantity of poison necessary to kill varies greatly in different cases) a very small quantity of antivenene is sufficient, due regard being had to the size and strength of the animal bitten, but each subsequent dose of antivenene must be steadily increased. For this reason Mr. Fraser concludes that im-

THE FIRST ON RECORD

THE FIRST PERSON TO RECOVER FROM HYDROPHOBIA.

Doctors Don't Know What to Make of the Case, as Recovery Was Considered Impossible—Caused by the Bite of a Mad Cat.



MAN has had hydrophobia, that awful disease which doctors say is absolutely incurable, and lives to tell about it—the first instance ever known.

He is Abraham Schlesenger, a well-known business man of St. Louis, who was attacked by the malady while on a visit to his brother and sister at Lock Arbor, N. J. Mr. Schlesenger, who is a tall, well-built man of forty-six, was bitten one night last October by a sick cat. The wound healed quickly and nothing was thought of it further. Mr. Schlesenger continued in good health until about three weeks ago, when he complained of a headache and a nausea about the stomach. The next day he felt no better, but declared he was not sick enough to need a physician, and so none was called.

By the afternoon of the following day he began to feel a shooting pain from the tip of his right forefinger up his arm and into his head. In debating on his strange symptoms his sister, Louise, thoughtfully remarked:

"If it wasn't that that cat bit you in the left forefinger, Abe, I would be inclined to think—"

She did not complete the sentence aloud, but it continued in her thoughts as she suddenly recalled that the cat had not bitten him in the left forefinger but in the right. She was fearful of calling his attention to the fact. At the same time it impressed her so strongly that she sent for Dr. A. B. Kohns, the nearest physician. Dr. Kohns did not think it could be hydrophobia after such a long lapse of time. He could not diagnose the illness blood poisoning, as the outward symptoms were not apparent. Nor did the complaint of Mr. Schlesenger suggest such a diagnosis. He concluded by giving the invalid treatment for his stomach and nerves, as the athletic patient ridiculed the suggestion that anything else might be the cause of the trouble. The remedies had no effect further than to stimulate Mr. Schlesenger's nerves, and he was able to come to the supper table that night. He evinced no appetite, however, only remarking that he would like a glass of fresh well water.

His sister Louise arcaed and procured it for him. When the glass had set a moment beside his plate, he leisurely raised it toward his lips. Then suddenly set it down without tasting it. At the same time it was noticed that he shivered and contracted his throat, trying to swallow an imaginary mouthful.

"I guess I don't want a drink," he simply said.

An hour afterward Mr. Schlesenger grew worse. Shooting pains commenced to cross his head with increasing activity. His brother and sister, seeing these ominous signs, could no longer refrain from comment, but their suggestions of hydrophobia only angered him. He declared it was neuralgia. He was forced to retire to his bed, however, and the doctor was again called.

At 10 o'clock Mr. Schlesenger's frame suddenly grew rigid. His features contracted and his eyes stared wildly, bulging from their sockets. His arms and shoulders bent backward and his chest was considerably raised above normal. His veins and powerful muscles were strangely outlined on his skin. There could no longer be a doubt of the nature of the disease and the doctor declared it to be hydrophobia.

He did not tell the patient his real thoughts, however. Schlesenger was told that it was a severe case of neuralgia and that it would cease at a certain hour that night. After that the patient grew easier. At the appointed hour he had grown entirely well. The cure is entirely attributed to will power.

Something Lacking.
"There is one thing that is badly needed in our post office," remarked Wheeler, as he opened another dunning letter.
"What's that?" timidly inquired his typewriter.
"A 'Post No Bills' sign."—Truth.

WHAT WOMEN TALK ABOUT.

Regular redingotes are being imported for autumn wear.

Fresh lime in the cellar at this season is said to prevent malarial trouble.

To clean straw matting wipe it off with a cloth dampened in warm salt water.

Soft tulle, over a scarf of colored silk or satin, is employed as a new dinner table decoration.

Don't dress the little folks up in fussy fashion if you want them to enjoy their summer outing.

On English afternoon tea tables are seen iced asparagus and white wine in lieu of the conventional tea and muffins.

Despite all the attention that has been paid to woman's athletic education there is hardly one in ten that can run gracefully.

To be sure of wearing your clothes well you must possess at least three different kinds of corsets to suit different cuts of cloth.

The small sleeve shirred to the shoulder and augmented by a little puff, is not bad, but the coat sleeve, unadorned and severe, is a trial to the artistic eye.

The black skirt and shirt waist combination is all very nice, unless the skirt is a heavy one, when it becomes as uncomfortable an arrangement as you could imagine.

The Retort Discourteous.
"If there is anything that I covet," said Mr. Spickles' wife, "it is a good voice. I know that it is very wrong to be envious but I can't help it when I hear another woman singing."

And as Mr. Spickles is a notoriously mean man no body was surprised to hear him reply:

"That is perfectly natural. If you could sing you'd be sitting up there with the choir, where you could see what every woman in church had on without turning your head."—Washington Star.

Kind.
Cholly—Really, do you think Adele cares for me? Mildred—Yes, she says she prefers your company to that of any gentleman she knows, because it requires such a small mental effort to hold conversation with you.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Easy Job.
"Aunt Elvira Hobbs never got up from that roomatis spell yet."
"Now, some folks won't never get outen bed a'long other folks keep a-fetchin' ice cream to 'em."—Exchange.

This Weather.
Country Barber (affably to total stranger)—Very tryin' weather this, sir. Makes you feel as if you'd like your body in a pond an' your 'ead in a public 'ouse!—From Punch.

DEVIL FISH AND WHALE FIGHT TO DEATH.



The illustration is from a description of a duel to death between a devil fish and a whale. The interesting spectacle was witnessed by the crew of a British brigantine enroute from Ceylon to Australia. The struggle ended in the death of the whale. The battle between the monsters of the deep lasted three hours.

trap, the trip was finally undertaken, and to the surprise of all a big grizzly bear was found in the trap!

At first some of the party were for shooting the bear then and there, as had been done with one of the tribe that dressed 600 pounds and which had been caught in a similar trap a dozen miles away a few days previously. Others, however, suggested that an effort be made to take him alive, and, after discussing ways and means, it was at last determined to undertake the apparently ridiculous, not to say impossible, task of getting him to camp without shooting him. So a detail was sent back to headquarters for the necessary ropes, chains and straps.

When the detail had returned with the various articles needed for the capture the fun began. One man climbed on top of the log cage and let the noose of a stout rawhide lariat down through a crevice, while others from each side took tree limbs and tried to slip the noose over bruin's head. The first appearance of the rope set his bearship wild. He began to growl and snap at it, and plunged about the narrow cell in a way that would have been anything but assuring had the log walls not been of the most solid and substantial character. Finally, after long maneuvering, there was a lucky pass, the noose was slipped over the long, hog-like snout and back over the ears, and, in reply to a quick order, it was tightened like a flash and drawn taut by two men, who exerted all their strength in the maneuver. After much effort his forelegs were lassoed and secured in like manner and pulled through the cracks in the roof of the log trap. The men facetiously shook the bear's paw and made merry over its innocuousness, the while measuring it and feeling of the sharp claws that were attached thereto. The paw measured about eight inches across and was a very nice thing to see when tied so that it could inflict no damage.

And now the bear was mad. All his struggles heretofore had been as child's play. He bit and chewed and clawed at the ropes. He threw himself from side to side and struggled in vain to free himself. He swung his great body free from the ground and depended his full weight from the ropes to which he was tied head and foot. And now the bear was caught, so far as pertained

man all he could do to keep his position. The fierce beast jumped first at one group and then at another. Pooled in his efforts, he rolled over and over, bit at the ropes that held him, gnashed his great jaws till the blood ran from his mouth, and growled and bellowed as if the bulls of Bashan had been turned loose at once. The five ropes fastened to the animal were held by one or two stout men to each, yet the bear slung his captors around almost at his own sweet will, and every minute or two made wild dashes at those who were not quick enough in keeping out of his way.

Several hours were consumed in dragging, guiding and driving the bear to the top of the hill, and in being dragged, guided and driven by him in turn, and when he got there he was so nearly fagged out that there was little difficulty in wrapping him about with ropes, loading him into a wagon and hauling him through the forest to camp. There he was securely chained to a tree, the ropes removed from neck and limbs, and he was allowed to recover from his exertions. His captors were likewise in almost the same state of collapse. But all the efforts of the party of bear catchers went for naught. The animal was chained to a tree, nights, bitterly bemoaning his fate, while his free companions on the mountain side answered him from time to time and apparently encouraged him in his desperate efforts to escape. Then he gave up the job in disgust and committed suicide! He climbed up the tree on one side of a limb and started down on the other side. The chain was not long enough and the result was that the bear strangled to death.

She Went Up.
New Girl (just going on the stage)—"Is it true that if I go into the chorus I can never rise? They say I'll never be able to get out of it." Old Stager—"Don't you believe it. I got out the first week, easy." New Girl—"Oh, how did you do it?" Old Stager—"I was fired."—Judge.

There are some bright lads in New Jersey. A schoolboy in Newark was asked to name five of the great canals in the world, and he promptly announced, as first on the list, "the allimentary canal."

WILD STEERS WRECK A BICYCLE.

Ranch Cattle Give a Wyoming Doctor a Lively Race.

Men who are posted in the ways of western range cattle, and especially those of the Texas breed, know it is extremely hazardous to approach them on foot or in any unusual manner. Mounted cowboys ride through and around herds without trouble because the animals are accustomed to seeing men on horseback, but the appearance within close range of any strange object arouses their curiosity and ire. Pedestrians are a rarity on cattle ranches; likewise bicycles.

Dr. A. B. Hamilton of Laramie, Wyo., should have known better than to try to cross the range near a big bunch of steers on his bicycle, but it seems he didn't, and now the doctor is laid up with a broken shoulder blade. His hair is blanched by fright and his new \$100 wheel is ruined beyond repair. The doctor had occasion to visit a patient on the Little Laramie river and was within four miles of Laramie town on his way home when he ran into a herd of Texans. It was probably the first wheelman the cattle had ever seen, for they pawed the ground and snorted viciously for a moment and then made a concerted charge for the doctor, who, realizing his danger, pedaled away at the top of his speed in an effort to escape.

There are few living things except a race horse of high class that can outrun a Texas range steer when once in full motion. Dr. Hamilton made a brave race, but the cattle gained on him at every jump and he could feel the hot breath of the leaders almost at his side before he had covered half a mile. Just as he thought one particularly vicious-looking beast was about to pick him off with his horns the wheel struck a hummock and the doctor took a header which landed him safe in a buffalo wallow, where he lay quiet while the cattle jumped over him. The steers were under such headway they couldn't stop, and besides it isn't the nature of western steers to stop when they have once started on a stampede until they drop from exhaustion.

The bicycle did not escape. It lay directly in the path of the maddened animals and was crushed into a worthless wreck.

La-bouchere on Taxation.
Henry Labouchere is always interesting if not original. Here is his idea of a sound system of taxation:

Every one ought to be allowed to accumulate during his lifetime what he pleases, but when he dies there ought to be a maximum that he may leave to relations or friends, all in excess of this maximum going to the state. Take, for instance, Mr. Astor. It is said that he possesses about fifty million pounds sterling. Evidently he cannot spend the interest of this amount. In a given number of years, therefore, if his money from generation to generation remains in the hands of one single individual, it will become 500 million pounds sterling. Neither the individual nor the community will benefit by this. Therefore, I would meet it by handing into the public treasury most of Mr. Astor's fifty million pounds sterling on his death. How would this harm him? He would have ceased to exist. If the state took 99 per cent of his money on his death he would still have one-half million pounds sterling to dispose of and on this sum his heirs or heir might rub on very comfortably.

Cycling and Sunstroke.
Cyclers seem to possess in a large measure immunity from sunstroke. There was one prostration Saturday in the big cyclists' parade in Cincinnati, but it is an exception that serves only to prove the rule. And the reasons for such immunity are not hard to find. Habitual wheeling tones up the system, brings out the perspiration, produces what is equivalent to a constant breeze, and as exertion under such conditions results in increased evaporation from the surface of the biker's body, he checks the hot rays of the sun as the oiled feathers of waterfowl turn aside the pattering choirs of rain.—Louisville Times.

NOTES OF DAY.

It has been found that nearly all the rivers in west Africa, within 1,000 miles east and west of Ashantee, yield gold.

A doctor says that half the deafness prevalent at the present time is probably the result of children having their ears boxed.

Platinum wires have been drawn so fine that two of them twisted together could be inserted in the hollow of a human hair.

At the beginning of the century the population of London increased yearly 20 per cent. It increased only 10 per cent from 1881 to 1891, and now the increase is still less.

The most curiously made soap in use is that supplied to the stations of the London and Northwestern Railway Company, which is made from the fat and grease washed out of their men's cloths.

At one of the university unions an orator declared that the British Hon. whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell.

In a coroner's jury empaneled in London the other day there were 12 Smiths, one Jones and one Brown. To complete the cycle it is only necessary to mention that the deceased's name was Robinson.

It is a curious and bewildering circumstance that in a world and in an age where progress is one of the laws of existence the virgin should be today as to form and physical details exactly what it was some 200 years ago.