

## DEER SOME FIGHTER

Truthful Tale Told by Veracious Wes Peterson.

Deer Killing the Stage Driver When Horse Kicks Him (Deer) to Death—Extra Ration For Horse as Reward.

Utah.—Here is the gold medal deed story of the season. It is the tale of Wes Peterson, the amiable stage driver of Anderson valley, who has a scrupulous regard for the game law and a kind heart for all deer—out of season—and of Wes' dapper bay mare, Diana, who loves her master with deep affection and cares naught for the fact that deer are immune from the death penalty after August 31.

As Peterson was driving his stage near Philo he espied two deer in the road ahead of his team. Evidently the deer knew that they were protected by law, for they made no effort to flee before the stage. Wes had his trusty rifle with him, but he is a conscientious stage driver and would not succumb to temptation, as many another man in the remote fastnesses of Anderson valley might. He merely said "Bo" to the deer, or "Get thee behind me, Satan," or words to that effect. When the deer had grown tired of tantalizing the law abiding Wes they turned from the road and leaped up an embankment. A wire fence was strung along at the edge of the bank, and this the deer sought to clear. One of the animals hurdled the fence without difficulty, but the buck, who carried a heavy head of horn, became entangled in the wire and could not extricate itself.

Peterson could not bear to see the deer in anguish and left the stage, intending to free the animal and start it off happily on its journey with its mate.

He had no difficulty in extricating the deer, but there was no reward for him. Instead of showing gratitude, the deer turned savagely with its horns and attacked its liberator, sinking the prongs into the stage driver's body. Wes wished that the legislature had taken pains to pass a closed season law for men, but it was too late then to call an extra session. He must fight for his life with the ungrateful and infuriated beast. He grappled with the animal, clutching its head and a foot to save himself from the horns and sharp hoofs. Together the two rolled down the embankment to where the team was standing.

Peterson thought that the deer would become frightened by the proximity of the team, but this wasn't that kind of a deer.

Mr. Buck backed off a few paces and prepared to charge Peterson, who had fallen exhausted to the road. With head bent low and its horns at charge, the graceless brute plunged toward Wes. But it did not count on Diana, the game bay mare.

As the deer leaped by the team, and just as it was about on top of the prone stage driver, Diana kicked out her foot and caught the deer where it would do the most harm, breaking the neck. The deer fell dead with its horns just touching Peterson's body.

Peterson was badly cut up by the deer, but his injuries are not serious. His faithful horse will be rewarded with an extra ration of oats each day. The authorities say there is no law to punish a horse for killing a deer out of season, so venison is enjoyed in Anderson valley in an aroma of arnica and to the tune of high praise for the game mare Diana.

## SNAKES IN MRS. M'ATEE'S BED

This Time a Blacksnake; 20 Years Ago It Was a Rattlesnake.

Meyersdale, Pa.—Going into her "spare room" Mrs. Carrie McAtee found the bed occupied by a big blacksnake, which sprang past her and disappeared. A few hours later she tipped her way to the spare room and there the snake again was curled up on the bed. This time Mrs. McAtee chopped off the blacksnake's head with a hoe.

About 20 years ago a big rattlesnake got into bed with Mrs. McAtee and her grandmother. Mrs. McAtee discovered the reptile's presence when her bare feet touched its clammy body. When she turned back the bed covers she was horrified to see a glistening snake with 15 rattles. She and her grandmother succeeded in leaving the bed without being bitten and the snake was killed.

## Hat May Cost \$611.90.

San Francisco.—Six hundred and eleven dollars for a bit of dainty headgear that Mrs. "Tiny" Holmes, the wife of a tobaccoist, describes as a "poach of a hat," may have to be paid by her husband if the court decides against him. Mrs. Holmes bought the hat at the price of \$30, but Mr. Holmes refused to pay the bill. The milliner sued. She won, but Holmes appealed and again appealed when judgment went against him for the second time. Attorneys' fees and costs have piled up until the amount due is \$611.90. Holmes will keep on appealing, he says, no matter if the cow of the hat runs into the millions.

## Ripe Off Woman's Corset.

Springfield, O.—A bolt of lightning here ripped off Mrs. Roy Foster's corset as she was at work in her kitchen. She was uninjured.

## COST THE LEOPARD HIS LIFE

Baboons Had Revenge for the Seizure of One of Their Number, Though Many Were Sacrificed.

The leopard likes the meat of certain monkeys, but the indulgence of his taste sometimes costs him dear. A remarkable battle between a leopard and a company of baboons, seen by a traveler in Africa, is described in Das Buch fur Alle.

I was sitting in the shade of a ravine, resting from the midday sun, when a company of baboons came clambering down the opposite wall toward the water that trickled through the gully. I sat still and watched them. A big male led, and after satisfying himself that all was safe, uttered a few deep notes.

Reassured by the call, the others quickly followed; a mother, with an ever-watchful eye on her two young ones, brought up the rear.

Suddenly, like a streak of lightning, a leopard sprang from behind a rock, and with one blow of his paw, felled the little baboon nearest him. But before he could make off with his prey, the furious mother attacked him. The attack had come so quickly that the rest of the company hardly realized what had happened. But at the mother's cry of rage they all at once turned and fell upon the robber.

In a moment the leopard was surrounded and almost covered with furious baboons. The battle waxed hot. Although numbers of baboons went down before the powerful paws of the cat, their places were immediately filled by others. It was not long before the leopard began to tire; he could make no noticeable impression upon his assailants, and his strength was sapped by their sharp teeth. He struggled bravely, but in vain; slowly he sank out of sight beneath the fiercely chattering foe that he had despised. The baby baboon was avenged.—Youth's Companion.

## WORLD OF HIS OWN CREATION

Great French Writer in His Absent-Mindedness Lived Far Apart From His Fellow Men.

A writer in the St. James Gazette tells us that Theophile Gautier's absent-mindedness amounted to actual somnambulism. He so identified himself with his mental pictures as to lose all consciousness of time and place, and for the time he would actually live in the scene that he had created. We are told that rarely, if ever, has a man had such a gift for getting out of himself. He would enlarge on his magnificent golden tea and breakfast service, when the most humdrum china lined his shelves. And though his servants were all treated in the most fatherly way, Gautier would tell you that he never permitted them to utter a word in his presence, that he only employed negroes. "I give my orders by signs. If they understand my signs, well and good. If they don't, I kick them into the Bosphorus." And there is no doubt that he actually heard the wave closing over the head of a black slave. He actually meant what he said. The street outside was actually for him the Bosphorus.

Doctor of Agriculture. The time is coming when every rural community of sufficient size will have one or more agricultural experts—men professionally trained to serve in an advisory way all the farmers of the community for a fee.

These men will understand the chemistry of the soil and plant growth; their laboratories will be busy with soil analysis and the study of local plant diseases; they will be entomologists and bacteriologists, and their value will be obvious to the enlightened farmers of a new age.

These farmers, no longer content to depend on the free clinic of the state experiment station, will seek the advice and prescription of the local doctor of agriculture. The dignity and the rewards of this profession are bound to increase, for it is founded upon the basis of our greatest industry.—World's Work.

## Women Run French Town.

Polsay, a small town halfway between Paris and Antwerp, in France, is said to be the only civilized community in which the municipal affairs are entirely in the hands of women. The mayor is a woman, and so is the superintendent of the railway station, the switchman, the mail carrier and the town barber. Mme. Lesebore is the telegraph messenger and Mme. Druhoun-Marchardin is the drummer, whose duty it is to announce each proclamation of the mayor. Mme. Druhoun-Marchardin is described as an octogenarian who has held her post through wind and rain for upward of twenty years. The letter carrier, Mme. Doubour, has held her office for more than ten years and goes about with her letters regardless of the weather.

## Married in Mourning.

Six couples dined in mourning came to the garrison church at Potsdam recently to be married. They are known as the "Louise" bridal pairs, for every year these funeral weddings are celebrated at 9 o'clock on the anniversary of the day and the hour the good Queen Louise died. In the year of her death a Lutheran bishop left a sum of money, the interest of which was to be divided between couples married on its anniversary, and the directions he left for the ceremony are still observed. This year each couple received the acceptable sum of \$110 in return for their sacrifice of the bridal fry.

## PUTS OUT BOMB WITH MILK

Quick-Witted Milkman Prevents Disaster in New York Tenement District.

New York.—Antonio Janke, a milkman, of 123 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street, was making his rounds before daylight, when he came to 231 East Ninety-Ninth street. He carried his case of milk bottles in one hand and a lantern in the other to guide him up the darkened stairways of the tenement, which houses twenty-seven families, to the top floor, where Vincent Piccio lives with his wife and children.

As Antonio reached the top of the stairs he saw something red sputtering away in the darkness. He turned his lantern upon it and saw it was the end of a lighted fuse that was rapidly eating its way to a percussion cap of an infernal machine.

Antonio quickly ripped off the cover of one of his milk bottles and drenched the fuse. Then he ran downstairs and found a policeman, who went to the tenement with him and took the bomb to the East One Hundred and Fourth street police station.

The entire tenement was thrown into a panic when it was discovered that the house had been marked for destruction.

The bomb weighed about eight pounds and was filled with dynamite and nitro-glycerin. Experts of the bureau of combustibles say that if it had exploded it probably would have wiped out every family in the building.

## POTATO DIET IN GERMANY

Chief Food of Poorer Classes in the Fatherland, According to Statement in Reichstag.

Berlin.—The agricultural chamber of Rhine province has just published some statistics which afford a striking corroboration of a statement made recently by a Socialist in the Reichstag to the effect that potatoes are the chief diet of the poorer classes in large sections of Germany.

The agricultural chamber, which is a body legally constituted to gather information for the government on agricultural matters, has been studying how the peasant lives. It publishes the family budgets of 30 peasant families with annual incomes ranging between \$71 and \$290. About two-thirds of them had the highest figure and owned small farms of from 10 to 47 acres.

It was found that the average daily consumption of potatoes of the 30 families was nearly 3-1/2 pounds for each person, whereas the consumption of meat was less than 3 ounces; of butter 1.13 ounces and slightly more than one pint of milk, of which nearly half was skim milk or buttermilk.

## HALF OF RUSSIA'S BABES DIE

Americans Considered the Best Baby Raisers by Leading Russian Philanthropists.

St. Petersburg.—Americans are to be invited to take part in the Infant Mortality Conference to be held here in the late fall. There are 4,000,000 children born in Russia each year; and 2,000,000 of them die as babies. An exhibition of children of all nations will be held at the end of the conference, children up to seven years being eligible.

Last year's conference, held in Berlin, gave Hungary the world's championship for fighting infant mortality, as all children under 14 years who are orphans or have bad parents, come under state protection. The government bears the entire burden of 54,000 homeless children. But leading Russian philanthropists declare the Americans to be the best child rearers in the world.

## CAN PIG BE MAILED? QUERY

Kansas City Postmaster Gets Some Inquiries as to Parcel Post Rules.

Kansas City, Mo.—How will the postoffice department transport eggs, butter, cheese, a pig in a crate and a goose in a basket, which the farmers expect to send by mail as soon as the parcel post is in operation? Will the letter pouches be carried with shipments of dairy products and, if so, will a delicately scented massive be liable to reach its destination bearing with it a trace of schmierkase or sausage? These are some of the questions received by J. H. Harris, local postmaster. More than 500 letters of inquiry have come to the postmaster since the parcel post law passed. Mr. Harris has forwarded all the communications to Washington.

## AIR SCOUT IS PRISONER

Turks Capture Italian Flyer Who Dead Motor Causes Descent in Hostile Country.

Tripoli.—The Turks, who on several occasions have tried vainly to smuggle into Tripoli an aeroplane for scouting purposes, are at last in possession of a machine through a mishap to Captain Motzo of the Italian army. Captain Motzo was making a flight from Zouara to Tripoli when the motor of his machine stopped and he was obliged to descend in a hostile country. He was made prisoner.

## "Votes for Women" on Checks.

Newport.—In order to advertise the suffrage cause, Mrs. O. N. P. Belmont has had "votes for women" stamped on all her bank checks.

## PLATINUM REALLY AN ALLOY

Its Use by Jewelers and Dentists is What Has Made it a Costly Metal.

The mineral called platinum is really a natural alloy of iridium, rhodium, palladium and often osmium, with varying amounts of iron, copper and gold. It is usually found as small nuggets, scales and rounded or irregular grains. Its color is steel gray. The specific gravity of the crude platinum varies from 14 to 19. The output of platinum in the United States is practically limited to California and Oregon.

Owing to its high melting point and great resistance to acids, platinum is extensively used for laboratory utensils. Platinum salts are employed in chemical analyses. In the manufacture of sulphuric acid the metal has been used in making large concentration kettles, but of late gold has been substituted for it. In photography, dentistry and electric installation much platinum is used. Of late the manufacture of jewelry has consumed large quantities of it. It is extensively used for chains and for the setting of diamonds, the claim being made, not only that it is more resistant than silver and harder than gold, but that the stones are better offset by platinum and appear larger than in any other kind of setting.—From a Geological Survey Report.

## ICES A UNIVERSAL DELICACY

People of the South of Italy Remarkable for Their Fondness for This Simple Refreshment.

If you wish to realize what devotion to ices means you should go to Palermo. All over the south of Italy ices are eaten to an extent of which we do not dream, but in Sicily and Palermo in particular the custom has attained amazing proportions. Ices are eaten by people of all ranks and ages from morning to night. Where a true Briton would demand a glass of beer the Palermo asks for an ice. Morning, noon and night the consumption of ice goes on. They are in wonderful variety and cheap.

The stranger in that beautiful country finds the cafes invaded between 4 and 5 o'clock by ice eaters. He sees officers and men of the army, merchants and work people, the rich and the poor of both sexes consuming ices with gusto. No one evades this pleasant duty. Lines of carriages draw up at the side of the pavement before the cafes, the occupants, the coachman and the footman all with their favorite delicacy. At first the stranger wonders, then he falls a victim.—London Chronicle.

## Reward, but No Claimant.

Despite the view that players are extravagant and do not save their money, Ada Lewis is a frugal actress and she has been putting her money away for years. She is the owner of an apartment building in New Rochelle. When she went down there to make arrangements for building the apartment she was waited upon by some members of the chamber of commerce, who congratulated her upon her enterprise.

"Will dogs be allowed in the building?" was asked.

"No." "Will children be barred?" "No, indeed," was the quick reply. "and I will go you one better. I will give a month's free rent to the parents of every baby born in the apartment."

This pleased the committee immensely, and as they bowed out she smiled a little and remarked: "But, I forgot to say, this is to be a bachelor apartment."—Cleveland Leader.

## Lots There to Capture.

During the civil war there was an Irishman of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, who, while on the skirmish line at Dallas, saw a good chance to capture a confederate. He availed himself of the opportunity, captured his man, and was passing to the rear with his prisoner, when one of his comrades called out to him: "Pat, let me have that man. I will take him over to General Gross, our brigade commander." "Never mind me boy," replied Pat. "I left a million back over the hill there. Go yourself and fetch one of the lads over and take him to General Gross."

## Rough on "Good Samaritan."

Frank Koetsch, a laborer, was put on trial at Gras for his action in saving the life of a would-be suicide. He had found a man dangling from a tree, and had promptly cut him down and taken him to a hospital. The man recovered from the effects of the hanging, but complained of a scalp wound he had received when falling to the ground, and he brought a charge of personal injury by carelessness against the man who saved his life. Koetsch was acquitted, but declared he would take care never to act the Good Samaritan again.

## Cure For Lov.

"Yes, I finally got rid of him," she said, "without having to tell him in so many words that I never could learn to love him. I didn't want to do that, because he's an awfully nice fellow, and I should have been very sorry to cause him pain."

"How did you manage it?" her friend asked. "Why, you see, he's subject to hay fever, so I decorated the house with golden rods whenever he sent word that he was coming."

## BEARS IN FIGHT TO DEATH

Wyoming Hunter Tells How He Started Fierce Fight Between Two Enormous Grizzlies.

A Wyoming man gives a graphic account of a battle to the death between two bears, which a shot from his rifle had caused to attack each other. "I was out after elk and discovered the two bears a long way off, digging in rotten down timber for grubs. I dismounted from my pony, and, making a wide detour, came up behind the bears and got within easy range without being winded or discovered by them. Taking good aim at one of the grizzlies I fired. The bullet tumbled him over, but he was on his feet again almost immediately.

"The other bear had stopped its grubbing when this one fell and turned and stared at it in surprise. The wounded bear glared at its companion a moment and then apparently made up its mind that its companion had knocked it down, for it pitched into that bear with a fierceness that plainly meant business, and instantly a battle was on. The bears clinched and bit and raked one another with their claws. In a very short time their tough hides were hanging in strips on their huge bodies and the bears were drenched with blood. I never saw nor expect again to see such a sight. It was fearful. The grizzlies fought for at least ten minutes, and then the one I had shot failed to get up after being hurled to the ground by its antagonist, and the latter stood over his prostrate foe and tore him with his paws until it had disemboweled him.

"Then the victor, growling and gnashing its teeth, moved away a few steps, staggered like a drunken person and fell to the ground. It tried to get up, but could not. I crept cautiously to the spot, fearing that the bear might still have enough vitality to make it lively when it discovered me, but my caution was not called for. The grizzly was as dead as his rival. Those two bears were the most prodigious specimens of their kind I had ever seen, but they were literally torn to pieces. There was not a whole piece of skin or flesh or either of them as big as my hat."

## He Cannot Forget.

A musician seated far out on a wind swept pier at Atlantic City, was telling stories about composers. "Dr. Richard Strauss," he said, "visited America before he achieved world fame, and the sapient, cock-sure critics of New York were very hard on him. In fact, they were so hard on him that Dr. Strauss had not yet either forgotten or forgiven them. The wound is still raw. It still bleeds."

The musician regarding with an absent smile the slow, lazy graceful dives of a school of porpoises in the tumbling water, continued: "I had the honor last year of attending one of Dr. Strauss' rehearsals in Munich. It was a new symphony, very beautiful, but very bizarre. In the middle of it the composer rapped his desk impatiently and called to the double bassoon: "Why don't you play the F sharp that is marked?"

"The bassoon, a bullheaded sort of fellow, answered: "Because it would sound wrong, that is why."

"Dr. Strauss gave a harsh laugh and shouted: "Himmel! Are you a New York critic in disguise?"—Washington Star.

## Anecdotes of Heenner.

Mme. Steinbell's extraordinary "Memoirs" contain some bits of personal anecdote in startling contrast to the horrors she depicts of the notorious murder case, prison experience and trial. She writes of Heenner, the celebrated painter of milk white auburn haired beauties unadorned.

"I never knew Heenner to be embarrassed. But if he was never embarrassed he had embarrassing habits, the worst of which was that of examining the shoulders and arms of ladies in decollete with unperturbed insistence. And not infrequently he would say: 'Allow me, just one second; I want to feel the grain, the quality of your skin.'"

"And before the victim had time to move he would press down his hairy and grimy forefinger on her bare arm, or even on her neck. "Withdrawing his fingers, he would pass some such remark as this: 'It's really wonderful. I never grow tired of feeling flesh. It is all made of little dots—blue, white, green, pink, purple, yellow. That is what flesh is.'"

## Unappreciated Mercies.

"You're glad to get them back again, I guess," said the optician as he carefully adjusted a pair of spectacles on a customer's nose.

"Yes," replied the customer, a boy of eighteen, "I am indeed." "That poor boy," explained the optician after the youth had left the shop, "has practically lost the sight of one eye, and the other is so near-sighted that he can see with it only by the aid of the strongest glass. Hard to go through life so handicapped."

"And I've been growling and complaining," said the man who had just had a pair of eyeglasses made, "because I have to wear specs to correct a mild astigmatism. How little we appreciate our mercies!"

## Price of Fur Advances.

The price of every fur except bear advanced last year. Fine sables skins brought \$200 each, arctic fox from \$100 to \$250 a skin; wolf, \$6.50; squirrel, from 15 to 32 cents; bear, \$7.50.

## ANYTHING TO SAVE THE HAT

Lucinda Forced to Smile at Antics of Men Caught in Rain With New Straw Headgear.

"I have nothing to say against men," said Lucinda, "but really it makes me smile to see them in the straw hat season when a shower comes. At such a time you may see a woman in all her finery keeping calmly on her way quite unrumpled, while men are darting into open doorways or starting to run, all to protect their precious straw hats from a few drops of rain. And what funny things they do besides!"

"Plenty of men when the sprinkle begins take off their hat and carry it sort of carelessly down at their sides, as if they had taken it off just to cool their fevered brow, don't you know, to make themselves more comfortable; but really so that less of the hat's surface may be exposed to the rain. And then you may see a man carrying his hat so tilted that the rain will fall on the under side of the brim and not on the top and crown.

"You may see some men take off their hat and put it quite frankly under their coat and hold that over it to keep it dry, while the number of men who open out a newspaper and hold that over their bright straw hat is not small.

"The man who holds a newspaper over his hat tries usually to do this with a careless air, as if he didn't care much about it, but thought he might as well give his hat some protection. But sometimes you see a man wrestling with a newspaper desperately.

"Here, for instance, was a man who had been standing in a doorway waiting for a car, and who now when he saw his car coming, clapped a newspaper over his hat and ran out into the rain. Heavy business this was, for he had to hold that newspaper on with one hand while he grabbed for the handhold on the side of the car with the other. And after all I know he must have found that his hat had been ruined when he got aboard.

"But here was another man, who with the aid of a newspaper was keeping his hat absolutely dry. He had carefully and completely wrapped his hat up in a newspaper, and now here he was with his hat so wrapped and carried under his arm, walking bareheaded down Broadway!

## Effectually Aroused.

A large, perspiring individual entered a subway train at one of the uptown stations yesterday afternoon, squeezed himself into a seat between two women and promptly went to sleep. He nodded, he swayed from side to side with every motion of the car, and at last, to the secret delight of every passenger opposite, began slowly but surely to lay his head on the shoulder of one of the young women beside him. At this juncture the unexpected happened. Without even raising her eyes from her paper the young woman reached into her bag with one free hand, drew forth a small silver vinaigrette of smelling salts and carefully placed it under the sleeper's nose. There was a rumbling sound, followed by a series of sneezes, and the man sat bolt upright, blinking in bewildered fashion, while the car echoed with laughter. The only person who took no part in the merriment was the young woman, who calmly replaced her vinaigrette and went on reading. The man remained wide awake for the rest of the trip.—New York Times.

## Wanted It Complete.

Several days ago a housefurnishing shop on Chestnut street, west of Broad, had a display of bathroom supplies in their window. In one corner was a bathtub. Over this was hung a portable shower with a sign attached which read, "Complete, \$10." A man came into the store and said to the salesman, "I'll take and send to the latter was rather surprised that such a beady-looking individual would make such a purchase and said, "We do not send these 'C. O. D.' " "That's all right," he replied, and took a ten-dollar note from a roll of bills. In the course of the day the shower was delivered to a certain address. The next day a little girl came into the shop, and giving the address of the purchaser of the day before said, "We got the shower all right, but my father wants to know where the bathtub is." The firm sent for the shower and returned the \$10 bill without comment.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Pump For Horn Players.

The patient German inventor has produced a new labor-saving device; this time it is meant to make easier the work of the man who plays a wind instrument. To maintain the lips an air pressure required for some wind instruments is fatiguing. Besides this the necessity for taking breath once in a while makes it almost impossible to render properly long passages full of sustained notes.

Hence the inventor has devised a machine operated by the foot which conveys air under pressure by a tube to the mouth of the player. It would be, of course, impossible to attach the tube from the bellows directly to the instrument, since it is by the mouth that character is given to the sound. But the musician using this invention will have his mouth constantly filled with air, and can breathe in through his nose without interrupting his flow of music.