

## THE LADY AND THE PANTHER.

Wonderful Courage Shown by a Woman  
Under Desperate Circumstances.

Mrs. —, wife of a Bombay official, sends us the following account of a recent adventure:

I was visiting some friends at Matheran, a delightful hill resort, which affords an agreeable relief during the hot season to a large number of jaded Bombay officials. On my arrival at Bala Vista, I found that some other of S—'s friends had unexpectedly asked to be put up and were indeed occupying the spare room of the bungalow. I therefore insisted that no change should be made in the family arrangements on my account. At my earnest solicitation I was allowed to have my way and take up my quarters in a cool, inviting tent erected about thirty yards from the house, and which I found mine host was using as a study. The removal of his books was the work of a few minutes, and these were quickly replaced by the necessary furniture of a bedroom. I soon found everything arranged to my mind, and I congratulated myself upon having secured the coolest and most delightful sleeping apartment in the place. The look out from the door was one of exceptional beauty. The moon shone out clear and soft over the whole landscape before me. Having done a great deal that day, I was very weary and tired, so I soon prepared for bed. My little fox terrier Fidget, my only companion, took up her usual place at the foot of my bed. I crept under the mosquito curtains and soon sunk into a sound sleep. In about an hour I was awakened by the growling and barking of Fidget, and by the light of the moon I caught sight of a huge panther standing in the doorway of my tent. Its eyes were flashing fire, and it was lashing its long tail furiously to and fro, as if it really meant mischief. In a moment more it seemed on the point of making a spring at me, and I could no longer doubt that it was bent on making a meal on my dog or myself. In no way, however, lost my presence of mind, as I commenced shouting with all my might, which caused the beast to beat a retreat. He walked slowly towards the open door, by which he had entered, but only to walk round the outside of the tent and enter by another opening, which brought him somewhat nearer to the bed. I stretched out my hand and clutched at my candles and matches and quickly struck a light. This, together with my shouting and the dog's barking, startled the animal, and he again disappeared. I was not certain that he would stand each trifling any longer, so I made a dash for my dressing-gown, slipped into my slippers, tucked my dog under my arm and ran for my life. Unfortunately, I could not tell where the animal was, and the dark shrubbery with trees overhead looked just the place for him to be hiding; but I had to take my chance, and ran as if fifty bulls were behind me, leaving my slippers on the path, and tumbling up the steps, I fell into the verandah panting. I rushed to the door, which was looked from the rest of the house, and knocking loudly called out "Mr. S—, there is a panther in my tent." You can imagine the commotion; everyone was about in a few seconds; the gentlemen all seized their guns and ran out to see if there was any chance of a shot, and I was made a great fuss of; everyone said what a wonderful escape I had had. They saw no more of the panther, but the next morning we heard that he made for the house of another friend some distance off, and there he attempted to carry off a big English bulldog, which he found asleep in the inner verandah. Fortunately the cries of the dog brought the servants to the rescue, but not before its throat and face had been frightfully mauled. My friends are all of the opinion that the mosquito curtains saved my life. The beast was evidently very hungry and was at one moment preparing to spring upon us, but he was puzzled by my surroundings and probably took them for some kind of trap. But I never for a moment lost my presence of mind; this and the watchfulness of my little dog enabled me to beat a safe retreat and escape the jaws of my midnight visitor. — [The London Queen.

### The Kourbash.

The old saying, "It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks," is verified by the difficulty the English have found in abolishing the *kourbash* in Egypt. It is a time-honored Egyptian institution, for the whip and the stick appear in the paintings in the oldest Egyptian tombs. The English, very properly, thought it brutal and degrading to use a stick for extracting taxes from unwilling taxpayers, or true testimony from reluctant witnesses. They, therefore, ordered the total and immediate abolition of the *kourbash* throughout Egypt.

The decree has made the use of the stick illegal, but the Egyptian peasants regard its abolition as a doubtful blessing. Canon Taylor gives, in his "Egyptian Note-book," an amusing illustration of the peasants' opinion of the reform.

His "donkey-boy, a well-to-do married man of forty, said to him one evening: "Master, you want me to morrow? My brother Hassan, all same we, go along you."

"Well, Mahomet," replied the Canon, "I don't mind taking Hassan to morrow; but why can't you go yourself, as usual?"

"Me got plenty of business to morrow;—very tickler business. Me not go to morrow, if my master not mind."

"Well, what sort of business is it that is so particular?"

"Me want to go to prison."

Mahomet had been fined sixty piastres (three dollars), with the alternative of two days' imprisonment, for allowing his donkeys to stand at some forbidden spot in Cairo. If the Canon would consent to take his brother Hassan, he Mahomet, would go to prison and save the piastres; but rather than let the job go out of the family he would pay the money.

Mr. Taylor agreed to take Hassan, and Mahomet went to prison. When he came out, Canon Taylor asked him about the old times, when the stick was used. He would then, he said, have had a dozen strokes of the *kourbash*, and the whole business would have been over in ten minutes. He preferred the *kourbash* to either the fine or the prison.

Moreover, his wife had insisted on the piastres being saved, and she had rewarded her good man's compliance by taking to him in prison the best dinner he had eaten for many weeks.

An Egyptian peasant does not like the application of the stick to the soles of his naked feet, but he likes even less to pay fines or taxes. In the old days a fellow with plenty of money thought himself bound to

take a certain number of strokes before paying his taxes. He also knew that if he paid them forthwith, his wife would be likely to administer the stick herself to express her contempt for her husband's want of frugality and courage.

## STRUGGLE WITH A MADMAN.

The Terrible Experiences of the Brothers and Mother of Frank Berg.

Frank Berg, a young German, aged 23, living with his family, in West Twentieth Street, Chicago, has for several years been considered mildly insane. Two years ago he was sent to the asylum at Jefferson, but was released in a few months and returned home. He never exhibited any signs of violence until last night about 10 o'clock, when, without warning, he struck his mother and commenced to abuse her in the vilest manner. His brothers spoke to him sharply, but this only infuriated him, and seizing a chair, he rushed at his mother with the evident intention of braining her.

The two brothers seized him and succeeded in forcing him into the kitchen, where a terrible struggle took place. The intention of the brothers was to throw the lunatic to the floor and tie him hand and feet. With the cunning of a madman he divined their object and used every portable object in the room to defend himself. Time and again he hurled his brothers to the floor, biting, scratching and kicking at them whatever they came within reach. In the scuffle the madman's clothes were almost torn from his body, his arms being bared to the shoulders. In some way his bare arm came in contact with the kitchen stove, which was still hot. The hot iron burned the madman's flesh and so infuriated him that he turned his wrath from his brothers to the stove. He rushed at it and declared he would throw it into the street. The lunatic endeavored to pick the stove up in his arms, but the hot iron burned his flesh in half a dozen places. With a roar of pain he loosened his hold and put forth every effort to upset the stove. Fearing that he would succeed and set the house on fire the brothers again interfered. After a long struggle in which the lunatic battered and bruised his face and eyes in a terrible manner, he was finally thrown to the floor in an exhausted condition and tied hand and foot. Although only partially conscious the madman struggled hard to break his bonds, and the family concluded that the only thing to be done was to call in the police. A patrol wagon was summoned. As soon as the maniac saw the officers he became wild again and fought as well as he could against being removed. Fifteen minutes were spent trying to get him out and the officers were finally compelled to roll him in a heavy blanket and strap him up.

He was taken to the Detention Hospital for the Insane. The physicians there report his condition serious. The room where the struggle took place at the Berg's residence presented a terrible appearance. Nearly every piece of furniture in the room is broken and blood is smeared over everything. The two brothers were severely bruised.

### Paralyzed by Chewing Gum.

The most remarkable case that has come under the observation of the medical fraternity in the city of Harrisburg, Pa., for a long time is that of Mary Yountz, aged twelve years, who is suffering from facial paralysis. This affliction is due to chewing gum, she having employed the use of her jaws so constantly during the last three months that the muscles of her face are powerless and her nerves are in a dilapidated condition. When she laughs her face presents an amusing sight and yet there is much sympathy felt for the little girl, as her condition is regarded as a serious one by the physicians who have been called upon to treat her. In whatever position she is able to twist her mouth the muscles remain, and the face is thus in a contorted shape until one of the members of her family assists her with their hands to place it in proper condition. Her chin drops, and it frequently becomes necessary to tie a bandage over her head to keep the lower jaw in the proper place. Mary is now under the care of Dr. Hites, who is applying plasters to her face, and under this treatment she seems to be improving, though very slowly.

### Two Much For the Lawyer.

A lawyer, who had been baffled by a feminine witness whom he was cross-examining, at last said, with an air of mystery: "Now, madam, having got to the street in which you reside, will you please answer frankly which side of the street you live on?" On either side," quietly answered the witness. "How can that be?" thundered the exasperated lawyer. "Why, if you're going up the street, I live on the right side; but if you are going down, I live on the left side." General laughter, and the lawyer gave it up.

### The Two Parrots.

An old retired major and an old maid lived in adjoining houses, and each of them had a parrot. The old lady was very religious, and had only taught her parrot scriptural phrases, whilst the major's bird, having been brought up in the barracks, had heard the use of bad language. The lady gave a party, and invited the major to attend and bring his parrot. He did so, and on carrying the bird into the room it looked around and called out: "I wish that blanked old woman next door was dead," and the old lady's parrot at once chimed in with: "We beseech thee to hear us, dear brethren."

### Good Cause for Hatred.

Jobson—"Hang portieres, I say!" Dobson—"Correct. They generally are hung. But why do you dislike them?" Jobson—"Well, a few years ago, when a man was angry, he could bang the doors and so relieve his feelings. Now, well, you can't bang a portiere. There seems to be really nothing left to do but keep a cat and tramp on it."

### Wanted to Borrow Horseshoes.

In the pioneer days of New Hampshire articles of ornamentation were almost unknown, and most articles of use were rare. In 1768 there were in the town of Sanbornton but three horses, three great-coats, and two men each owned a pair of boots.

It is said that the first person who had shoes upon his horse gave great offence to a neighbor, who was about to go on a journey, by refusing to lend his horseshoes to be used on the occasion.

## The Marmoset.

For those who are fond of keeping pets there is no more engaging and interesting little fellow in the world than the Brazilian Striated Marmoset. He is a monkey, it is true, but his diminutive size, cleanly habits and affectionate disposition, make him the beau ideal of what a pet should be.

There is no better place in the world to observe his peculiarities in captivity than on board one of the great ocean steamers that ply between the South American and European ports, for none of these big ships ever leave Rio de Janeiro for the Old World without many of the little animals on board.

For an hour or so before the ships leave port on their homeward voyage, one or two of the never failing bumboats come alongside loaded up to two or three feet above the gunwale with a mixed-up heap of oranges, bananas, parrots and marmosets. Each of the boats is in charge of a couple of black half-breeds, a man and a woman. Her ladyship, who never weighs less than three hundred pounds, is not ornamental, but in her double capacity of she-seaman and boat ballast is useful enough.

As soon as the bumboats have reached the ship, which lies at her moorings in the bay, the man in the boat sings out for some one to throw him a rope. The rope is always thrown, and he at once takes a large basket filled with oranges and bananas on each arm, seizes the rope in his hands, sticks his great black feet against the smooth side of the ship, throws himself backward into a nearly horizontal position, and, pulling on the rope hand over hand, walks as easily up the side of the huge ship as a white man would walk up a ladder.

It takes but a short time for the man to sell his fruits, and then he at once begins the sale of his parrots and monkeys, which are all this time piled in a confused, wriggling mass in the bumboat, screaming, chattering, fighting and struggling with all their might and main.

The monkeys are never more than seven to eight inches in length, are deep gray in color, with a bushy tail from twelve to fourteen inches long, and are clothed in a soft, woolly fur.

The expression of their faces is more human-like than that of any monkey I have ever seen; but let them be ever so young, they always give one the idea of being little, withered old men. In a wild state in the woods they much resemble squirrels in their movements and habits, and insects, small birds, eggs and fruit supply them with food.

As the man disposes of his monkeys, he throws a small line over the ship's side to his fat companion, who ties a batch of some half-dozen of these woolly little animals altogether to her end of it, and the man draws them up.

They don't like it, and every monkey is evidently impressed with the idea that each of his fellow-prisoners is in some way or other responsible for the situation, for every monkey at once pitches into every other monkey, and bites, screams and makes the fur fly in all directions.

As soon as the ship is at sea, the owners of these little wretches have a bad time of it. Each one of the marmosets has been bought as a speculation, at from one to three dollars each, and when landed safely in Europe is worth from fifteen to twenty dollars. Inasmuch as three of them, if they live, will reimburse the owner the amount of his passage-money, hardly a steerage passenger starts on his voyage without having two or three monkeys under his care; and as very few have had the foresight to provide themselves with cages to keep them in, they tie straps and bits of rope round their captives' stomachs, and fasten them to rings and bolts all over the foredeck.

These wrinkled, old men are very cunning. About half of them manage to slip through their chains before the voyage is many hours old, and are to be seen cutting their capers on the masts and yards of the ship far up aloft.

The men of the crew never buy either monkeys or parrots, but before they have been many days at sea are the owners of three-fourths of the monkeys on board, as those in the rigging are looked upon as the legitimate spoil of any one daring enough to catch them.

When the marmoset has once fallen into the hands of any of the firemen or sailors, he is safe for the rest of the voyage. These men thoroughly understand him, and instead of caging him or tying him up, carry him about inside their jackets, and fondle and talk to him. In a few hours he is a fast friend; nothing will drive him away from the man.

Many a time I have put these little fellows into the most un governable rage by simply talking to their protector. These little monkeys are so outrageously jealous that no one who understands their nature ever attempts to keep more than one at a time. They expend all their love and loyalty on one object, and will fret themselves to death under fancied neglect.

Although in a wild state marmosets are no more carnivorous than the squirrel, if they are not supplied liberally with animal food in captivity, their tails will be found to get shorter and shorter day by day. I have often watched them sitting in their cages, with their tails drawn up between their legs, the end of it clutched tightly in what we will call their hands, and chewing away at the tips of their tails as if they were the greatest delicacies in the world. They will peel off with their teeth all the fur and skin, and when they have exposed a half-inch or so of raw tail-tip, will amputate the joint with a few vigorous bites and tugs, and go through with the severed joint much as a squirrel does with a nut, ejecting the fleshy vertebrae from their mouths to the bottom of the cage.

I remember well a scene I once witnessed on board a homeward-bound ship. I was standing on the bridge talking to the officer, when we were both attracted by the most boisterous laughter from a crowd of passengers standing in front of a row of monkey cages.

On going down to see what all the fun was about, I found that three monkeys, confined in one cage, had managed to get hold of the tail of an unfortunate monkey in a cage next to them. When I first saw them, all three had braced themselves, and were holding on with all their might.

They had pulled their victim tight up to the bars of his own cage, and had full possession of his tail from one end to the other; the screams of the poor little wretch could be heard all over the ship. In the midst of it all a grizzled old Irish fireman, who was looking on, said to me, "Not a jint will he have in his tail when they've done with him." And so it proved. This fiendish trio held on to the tail as long as there was

anything left of it to hold to. They nibbled off the vertebrae till there was not one left, a process which occupied them several hours.

The on-lookers would allow no interference, and, as I had no interest in any of the monkeys, I was powerless to prevent what seemed to me a cruel exhibition, but any one, who has ever made long voyages at sea, will understand with what delight anything is hailed that helps to break the monotony of enforced idleness.

That the victim suffered much pain I hardly think likely. I believe his cries were caused chiefly by his disappointment at seeing other monkeys eating a tail, which he had calculated on some day enjoying himself.

I shall never forget his expression of face as he watched, with his head turned back over his shoulder, his tail getting smaller and smaller, and the ludicrously absurd way in which he behaved when the severance of the last joint gave him again comparative and literally curtailed liberty.

This little tailless monkey belonged to a Portuguese passenger bound for Lisbon. On the ship arriving in port the man could nowhere find his monkey, and had to land without it. Two days afterward we put into Paullac on the River Gironde, twenty miles from Bordeaux, where the French mail-bags are left.

Some passengers for England came on board, and amongst them three English boys with their tutor. They had been spending their holidays in the Pyrenees, and were looked upon by the sailors as good customers for their monkeys.

Each of the two older boys bought one, the youngest, who was about eight years old and one of the handsomest boys I ever saw, said he didn't want one and refused to buy.

While talking to the boys on deck after dinner, and standing a running fire of questions from them about monkeys and parrots and other things of boyish interest, I asked the youngest boy, "Why didn't you buy a monkey?"

"Oh," he said, "I'm going to have one that'll make those two fellows' mouths water! I'm going to buy a monkey without a tail. The man I'm going to buy it from says 's the only one of the sort that's ever been caught.'"

Of course the monkey was the one that had had his tail eaten off, and the man who sold it to the boy was the grizzly old Irish fireman, who stole it the night before the ship got into Lisbon.

I have known two instances of the marmoset breeding in captivity, and am told that when the interesting event does occur, the family arrangements and discipline are very amusing to witness. The first thing the little mother does is to indulge her cannibal propensities by eating as much of one of her infant monkeys as paterfamilias will permit.

She usually devours about half of one of them, always beginning with the head, before her husband interferes. He then puts his foot down, and from that time she appears to have no inclination to hurt her little ones. The infant family usually at first consists of three, reduced by cannibalism to two. Almost the only attention the babies get is from their father; the mother does nothing for her babies but supply them with food. When they are satisfied, the monkey babies are instantly handed back to the father.

The little lady at these times treats her lord with studied disrespect, and often violence.

The use of common sense will enable any one easily to keep these little pets, as they will readily eat any fruits or vegetables; meat can only be neglected with one result, and as the marmoset is a delicate little tropical animal, the temperature he has to live in must never be lower than seventy-six degrees Fahrenheit.

### Rules for Acquiring Greatness.

Ambitious Youth—"Father, I am unwilling to go through life a nobody. I wish to have a name. I long to breathe the sweet atmosphere of fame. I am resolved to become great. Will you advise me?" Wise Father—"With pleasure. The foundation of greatness is a good education." "I am laying it." "Next you need industry and good habits." "Yes. What else?" "Always be polite to newspaper men."

### The Dear Departed.

An old couple, she a widow woman and he a widow man, married after a brief courtship, and he sold his house and moved over to hers. The first article of furniture that he added to her collection was an old sunbonnet, which he hung in the entryway; saying, "I couldn't be contented no way, Sallie, if I didn't see Betsy Ann's sunbonnet hangin' up there." "Well," said she, "I shall go straight up garret for Josiah's old hat, which I was decent enough to put away when I knew you were coming here." And so she did, and Josiah's old hat, and Betsy Ann's sunbonnet hang side by side at the present day.—[Boston Transcript.

### The Pickerer he Caught.

On a recent trip Governor Rount gave me permission to tell a fish story, which, he says, General Grant enjoyed exceedingly. In the early days of Leasville's boom a group of miners and good fellows were gathered around the tavern stove spinning yarns. One had caught a 10 pound trout, another had harpooned a whale in the Arctic seas, and so on, when up spoke the little Governor: "Well, boys, all that's nothing to my luck; I once caught a pickerer that weighed 180 pounds!" "Oh, Governor! a pickerer weighing 180 pounds!" resounded from all sides. No one would believe the tale, but Rount persisted, and after vainly trying to shake their incredulity explained: "Pickerer is my wife's name." He says he never spent a cent for cigars or other luxuries during the rest of his visit. One of his hearers gave him a share in the mine that started him on the high road to great wealth.—[Chicago America.

A young person named Irving Lattimer, in gaol at Jackson, Mich., is receiving large quantities of flowers and good things to eat from kind-hearted ladies of that place. He is accused of murdering his mother for her money. Should he prove to be innocent he will no doubt feel bound to return gifts which were made under a misapprehension of the facts. The good ladies would even then be shocked to learn that the jellies they had prepared for an interesting murderer had been eaten by an innocent impostor.

## A YOUNG GIRL'S CRIMES.

She Shoots Her Lover's Mother and Then Kills Herself.

FAYETTE, Mo., Feb. 20.—A love-crazed girl, 16 years of age, and a Colt's revolver figured in an awful tragedy here the other day. The girl was Flora Rohr, one of the prettiest and most intelligent girls in the town. She was attending school.

Living next to the Rohr residence was the family of E. J. Johnson. Millar Johnson, one of the sons, is a young man of 20 and is very popular with the young people of both sexes. They tell in love with each other and became engaged. Mrs. Johnson, the mother of the boy, soon heard of the engagement and at once took measures to break it off. She gave her son a sound lecture, but the young man did not fall in readily with his mother's views. He insisted that he wanted the girl. Then Mrs. Johnson turned her attention to the girl. She berated her and charged her with taking her son's affection from his mother. The girl's only answer was tears. Mrs. Johnson ordered her son not to visit the girl, but he would not obey, and the mother blamed the girl for his disobedience.

The girl's life was rendered miserable by these quarrels. The other night the lovers met clandestinely, but somebody who observed them reported the meeting to Mrs. Johnson. The latter sent for Miss Rohr at 10 o'clock the next morning. The girl put her father's revolver in her pocket. What took place between the girl and the matron will never be known.

The neighbors heard two pistol shots, and on entering the room found Flora stretched on the carpet dead, with a bullet in her head. Mrs. Johnson lay wounded on the other side of the room, a bullet having passed through her body from the back. The wound is pronounced mortal.

The tragedy caused a great sensation as the house was soon surrounded by hundreds of people.

### Stanley's Method.

I remember Stanley once saying to me, just as I was starting to ascend the Congo: "Pat a native, slap him if you will with the open hand, but never shoot until you are first attacked and escape seems hopeless." This was meant—and I, too, quote it—as both literal and figurative advice. The "patting policy" is the only one that carries an explorer safely through Negro Africa, and it is the one that men like Livingston, Speke, Grant, Kirk, Thomson, De Brazza, Emin, Schweinfurth, Lonsdale, Coquilhat, and Vangele have pursued with such success; whereas what I would term the "fast fashion"—the impatient recourse to brute force—has often led to grievous disasters, and has never resulted in much increase of knowledge or gain to civilization. It is the application of the old fable, "The wind, the sun, and the traveler, or persuasion is better than force," which is so often needed as an explanation of African success and failures. A savage is much like a cat. Once get your hand—in contact with his body, gently and in friendship, and it is rare that he does not yield sympathetically. If he waxes friendly you may pat his broad back approvingly, if he is saucy you may vent your annoyance in a smart slap, but beware of the kick and the knock-down blow. They effectually preclude reconciliation. Chaff the savage, poke him in the ribs, pull his ear, make him grin, and urge the grin on into a laugh, and he is yours, and the contagion of good humor spreads among his hesitating fellows. You need not go in for buffooneries or lower that dignity which should always attend the white man, but you will find a little playfulness, a little human sympathy and kindness in no way prejudice the respect that the poor savage innately feels for the—to him—godlike white man. In penetrating and over-running these uncivilized lands European travelers should remember that they belong to the native inhabitants, not to the civilized discoverer—it is their country, not ours—and this is too easily forgotten.—[The Fortnightly Review.

### England's Degradation.

One day last week Lady Henry Somerset, a very earnest and eloquent champion of total abstinence, was initiated at Hereford into the Order of Rechabites, and in a long speech spoke out frankly about drinking at Whitechapel. "A week or two ago, on a Saturday night," she said, "I was walking down Whitechapel Road, and as I went a great longing came into my heart that I could take some of the leading men of our land down into the midst of that scene. Not contented with the ordinary public house they have now invented a new method—that of having an archway in the open street, with only a counter, over which drink is served to the passer-by, so that the public need open no door as they pass. All these places are served by young girls. Your heart would have sickened if you could have looked on those young faces. I say shame on us as a nation. In America the amount of drink is enormous. But there is all honor to the nation in one respect; their feeling about children and young girls does not exist in England. You never find a native born American girl serving as a barmaid in the States. On all the land over which waves the Stars and Stripes you will not find young girls placed in positions of such temptation and danger.

"I can not describe the horrors of that scene in Whitechapel, the streets illuminated by the lights of gin palaces. There is a low theatre, which is doing the work of six days out of seven. These theatres are now being licensed to sell drink on Sunday, as if six days were not enough! How can I put before you the sin and misery of that scene? To see the children flocking out of those dens of sin! I state no exaggeration, no overdrawn picture. You have only to read the police reports. Last year you will find in London alone 500 children under 10 years old were taken up dead drunk, and there were 1500 under 14 and 2000 under 21. [Pall Mall Gazette.

### Not So Much to be Pitted.

"See the poor trees," said a poetic minded girl to the young man with whom she was walking. "They look so lonely and comfortless standing there with no covering what ever out in the bitter cold."

"Oh, well, it doesn't make so much difference now, even if they do feel it."

"Why not?"

"They will be re-leaved in spring." That friendship was broken up!