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A Jealous Cat.

The Janitor of a college of law has a cat, which he has petted and fondled since its kitten-hood. Not long ago this cat became a mother for the first time, but of only one kitten. Taking her offspring in her mouth, she laid it at the feet of her master, who lifted the tiny creature into his lap, alternately stroking it and petting the old cat, calling her endearing names. The mother purred loudly as she rubbed against her master, thus acknowledging her pleasure at his congratulations and pride in her offspring.

During the first few days of the kitten's life the mother cat seemed glad to have her master take an interest in it, but stood ferociously on guard when any one else approached the box containing her treasure. Unconsciously the Janitor paid less attention to the old cat, as he spent more time watching the development of the young one.

But Mistress Cat noticed the change and resented it. On the eighth day of the kitten's life, before its eyes were opened, but not before the germ of the spirit of play had begun to show itself, the Janitor went to the box and taking the small animal upon his lap, tickled and stroked it. Suddenly, hearing a low growl, he became aware of the angry presence of the old cat. Thinking she feared for the safety of her baby, the Janitor, to reassure her, held the little creature to his face, and rubbed the soft body against his cheek. At this the cat's back arched, her tail swelled and stiffened, her eyes glared, and with a snarl she leaped into the lap of her master, seized the kitten by the scruff of the neck, and shook it twice savagely. Then she jumped with it to the floor, shook it again three times, and left it lying, a little helpless heap, upon the floor.

The Janitor lifted it up and found that it was dead. The mother cat, in a fit of jealous rage, had killed her baby.

In a few minutes, when her anger had cooled and her maternal instincts had reasserted themselves, the old cat came back, and lifting the limp body, tenderly carried it to the box. She realized very soon that something was wrong with the kitten, and tried all restorative methods known to the feline race. She licked it, she rolled the little corpse over and over, she warmed it with her body, she offered it refreshment; but failing to rouse it, she

lifted the tiny form out of the box and tried to make it stand—here, there, everywhere, all over the basement. Wailing, she carried it to her master, as if begging him to bring it back to life.

All day long the cat wandered disconsolately about, sometimes with the dead kitten in her mouth and sometimes alone. At night-fall the Janitor, thinking that his old pet had suffered enough, buried the little body; then going to the cat, he stroked her head and tried to take her on his lap. She slunk away whining, to the box which had been the birthplace and home of her child, and lay down, a feline example of Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they were not.

How a Stenographer Rescued a Drunkard.

"There goes a young man whom I saved from going to the flogs through drink," remarked a court stenographer. "He is a tip-top fellow and has plenty of ability, but two or three years ago he began to let red liquor get the better of him."

"He had a good position at the time, and I don't think he exactly neglected his work, but it got to be a common thing to see him standing around bar-rooms in the evening, about two-thirds full and talking foolishly. A few of his intimate friends took the liberty of giving him a quiet hint. As usual in such cases he got highly indignant, and denied point blank that he had ever been in the least under the influence of liquor. All the same he kept increasing the pace until it became pretty easy to predict where he was going to land, and it was at this stage of the game that I did my great reformation act."

"I was sitting in an up-town restaurant one evening, when he came in with some fellows and took a seat without seeing me. He was just drunk enough to be talkative about his private affairs and on the impulse of the moment I pulled out my notebook and took a full shorthand report of every word he said. It was the usual maudlin talk of a boozy man and included numerous candid details of the speaker's daily life."

"Next morning I copied the whole thing neatly on the typewriter and sent it to his office. In less than an hour he came tearing to me with his eyes fairly hanging out of their sockets."

"Great heavens, Jack!" he gasped, "what is this anyhow?"

"It's the stenographic report of your monologue at —'s last evening," I replied, and gave him a brief explanation.

"Did I really talk like that?" he asked faintly.

"I assure you it is an absolutely verbatim report," said I.

He turned pale and walked out, and from that day to this he has not taken a drink. His prospects at present are splendid. All he needed was to hear himself as others hear him."

A Yankee Peer.

Lord Fairfax, after some years' sojourn in London following King Edward's coronation, has decided to remain permanently in America, and has been admitted to the brokerage firm of Messrs William P. Bonright & Co. Until his last visit to England Lord Fairfax, under the name of Albert Kirby, was in the employ of the New York bankers, Baring, Magoun & Company, in Wall street, but the invitation to be present at the coronation was too much for his republican principles, so he threw up his job and, until quite recently, was a minor lion of the British peerage, for a genuine American peer is something of a novelty in England. He was born in the United States, is thirty-six years of age, is the twelfth baron, and, as he is unmarried, should offer some attraction to title-seeking American maidenhood. The sixth baron—who was a great friend of George Washington, and who, Republican as he was, probably had a hand in drawing up the constitution—inherited from his mother nearly six million acres of land in Virginia, but most of it has since left the family. The Fairfax romance can be read between the lines of Thackeray's "Virginians." They were one and all ardent Republicans, and have contributed dons, bishops, statesmen, generals and admirals to assist in building up the splendid fortunes of the New World.

Beneath the Paw of a Lion.

Mr. Daniel Mackenzie, the English explorer, who has recently returned from Central Africa, tells of an experience with a lion which he had while near Lake Victoria.

Our camp was made in a clearing perhaps three or four hundred yards in diameter. On one side was a cooking hut of the usual African construction, twigs plastered with mud. Undoubtedly the lion that visited us was attracted to the spot by the odor of considerable game we had bagged during the preceding day.

I went into my tent, and after reading a bit blew out my candle and fell asleep. Just how long my sleep lasted I do not know, but I was awakened by something moving in the tent, and in an instant I was aware of two phosphorescent eyes glaring down upon me. I knew it was a lion. I knew it was a man-eater, obliged to find its food in an easier way than pursuing the fleet antelope.

In an instant, with a sudden soft purr, he thrust his great head forward, seized me by the left shoulder and dragged me out of the door.

He laid me down and bit savagely at my thigh. I knew he was chewing on me, and I began screaming wildly. The result was a commotion in the camp, and my assistant rushed to my rescue. Shouting to the negroes, who scattered up the nearest trees for safety, my assistant crept straight up to the defiant lion and blew out his brains.

Thomas and a negro then carried me to my tent. Water was heated, but the moment hot water touched my lacerations the agony became unbearable. The great danger was from blood-poisoning, and it was necessary to bathe my wounds in water and whiskey. My whole body seemed to be one continuous wound.

We were seven hundred miles from the nearest doctor, and how I survived that journey is a mystery. But the thing was done, and when the doctor examined me he said it was a wonder I lived.

Four fingers were gone from my left hand, but I do not remember that I suffered when the brute snapped them off.

Quite Satisfactory.

Lieutenant U. S. Grant III., of the engineer corps, graduated from West Point several years ago near the head of his class. During young Grant's "plebe" year, about the time of the mid-year examinations, his father, Major General, then Brigadier General, Frederick Dent Grant, became a little anxious about the stand his son was taking, and wrote to the superintendent of the academy, a class mate of his, to ask his honest opinion as to whether his son would pass the mid-year examination.

The answer which came promptly was brief and to the point, and said:

"Your son is standing higher in all his classes than you stood in any one."

General Grant has never worried himself, since about his son's career.

How thick is the earth's crust? R. J. Strutt, son of Lord Rayleigh, after a long series of experiments, estimates it as forty-five miles. This deduction coincides more or less closely with that of Professor Milne, the seismologist. Mr. Strutt believes that at the depth of forty-five miles the internal heat of the earth reaches 1,500 degrees centigrade (2,732 degrees Fahrenheit). The Moon is not 'dead,' according to the same scientist, but continues to possess volcanic energy. He believes, too, that the internal heat of the moon is greater than that of the earth.—Tribune.



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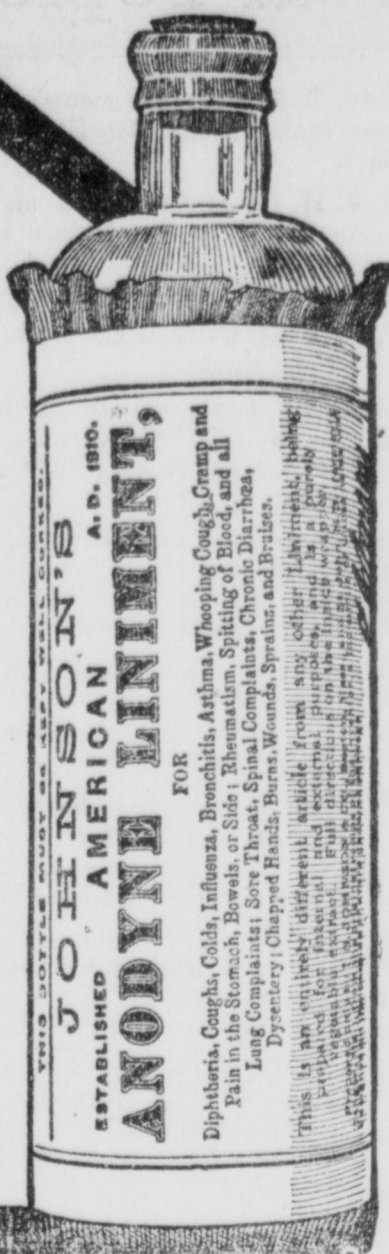


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