

FIGHTING ANGORA IN ATHENS.

A Cat That Has Whipped all the Dogs in Town to Avenge Her Kittens.

Out in Athens, O., there is an Angora cat with a fighting record. When she appears on the street every dog within sight slinks off with his tail between his legs. Not one of them dares to pass her, and yet, under ordinary circumstances, she is a peaceable, law-abiding cat. She made her record last summer, and the tale of her provocation is tragic.

In June she became the proud mother of four puff ball kittens. They occupied a basket in the barn and every one petted them and made much of them, but one fateful day, while the mother was away, rats killed all four of the kittens. When the bereaved parent returned a dreadful sight met her eyes; but like pet Marjorie Fleming's turkey.

She was more than usual calm.
She did not give a single dam.

She was too desperate for profanity. According to the hostler's testimony, she just buried her face in her paws and thought long and meditated vengeance.

The owner of the cat has a kennel of fine hunting dogs. Tabby had had various skirmishes with them, and had reason to think them evil characters. She evidently figured out the theory that dogs were the meanest creatures she knew, and dogs must have killed those kittens, for she rose with her white fur bristling and her eyes blazing and made a beeline for the kennel yard where five dogs were sunning themselves. Swooping down upon the innocent dogs she took them, one at a time, and punished them until they fled, covered with blood and yelping dismally.

Tabby's blood was up. Some dog had killed her helpless babies. She didn't know what dog had done the deed; but she didn't intend to take any chances on allowing the guilty one to escape, so she started out on the warpath, with a firm intention of whipping every dog in town. The next door neighbor owned a valuable pug dog, who was lying luxuriously on a blue silk cushion on the front veranda. In at the gate came an avenging Nemesis, spitting fire and slaughter. In two minutes that blue silk cushion was spattered with red and the pug was a candidate for a dog hospital. Tabby left him howling in agony and rushed on in her made career, tackling every dog, big or little, that showed his head. The righteousness of her cause spurred her on, and each contest added to her thirst for gore. An Italian greyhound was fit for nothing but carpet rags when she got through with him and a dignified St. Bernard has been blind in one eye ever since he met incarnate fury in Angora guise.

The crusade attracted [the attention of] passers-by and a crowd soon collected and followed the cat. Betting on each event ran high, and the excitement grew. Finally the cat neared a butcher's shop in whose door sat a bandy-legged bulldog of great renown. A murmur ran through the crowd. The fame of that bulldog as a fighter had spread far and wide, and every one prophesied that the dauntless conqueror had met her Waterloo. She made straight for the bulldog. He rose and waddled out to meet her. He knew just what he would do to her. He would take her by the back of the neck and break her back with one shake. Then suddenly something fell from the sky upon the back of his own neck, and blood rained into his eyes and ears. When he could see again, a wild demoniac cat was standing ten feet away from him, but she didn't stay there. She flew through the air, landed on his back and clawed furrows before he could touch her. Then she was gone again.

The unequal contest lasted five minutes, and at the end of that time the bulldog whipped for the first time in his life, slunk into the shop, and Tabby hunted for another victim. None appeared. She had cleaned out the town, and, after looking for more words to conquer, she trailed sadly home and sat in the barn door, waiting dismally, all the afternoon. Since then every dog in town will cross the street to avoid meeting her.

HIS VOICE WAS ENOUGH.

It was the Electionist she Wanted the boy to Hear.

Nothing can surpass in richness and sonority the utterance of a genuine Tipperary Irishman who is endowed by nature with a fine baritone voice and has lost none of his native brogue. One such is employed in a certain large station of Pennsylvania Railroad as a train announcer, and there could not have been a better selection for the post. His voice is melodious and superb, and his enunciation. He is attentive to his business, and polite to all inquirers. It is worth coming a long way to hear him call out, in a voice that awakens the echoes of the great station.

'Aal aboard for Rrahway. 'Lizabeth, P'h Aambly an' Rid Bank! Aal aboooo-rrrrd!'

One day, when he had just called a way-train, a little Jewish woman, who held by the hand a sharp-featured little boy, ap-

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Scrofula—"Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of scrofula. I was weak and debilitated but it made me strong and well. After a severe cold had catarrhal fever. Again resorted to this medicine and it cured me." SARAH E. DEROY, Annapolis, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

proached the train-announcer and asked: 'Zay, meester, vot time go the negst drain for Nooark, Noo Chairsey?'

With due dignity Michael responded, in a clear, loud voice, 'The next train for Nooark, Nyoo Jarsey, l'aves at wan-thorty Pay Im!'

The woman and boy appeared satisfied but they lingered near, and in about five minutes they came to him, and the woman once more asked:

'Zay, meester, vot time leave de negst drain for Nooark, Noo Chairsey?'

Recognizing them as the questioners of a few minutes before, Michael responded with great clearness:

'The next train for Nyooark, Nyoo Jarsey, l'aves at wan-thorty—Play—Im! Aal aboard for Thrinton, Philadilphy, Baaltimore, Waashin'n, an' aal pints South!'

Within ten minutes the same Jewish woman and the same little boy approached him again, and the woman repeated her question; and Michael now somewhat impatiently responded:

'I told you twice, ma'am, that it do l'ave at wan-thorty! Now may I ask you why you ask me the thord toime?'

'Oe, vell,' she answered, 'I care nodings about the drain for Nooark, Noo Chairsey. My lkey, here, he like to hear you speak!'

It was the elocutionist, not the train-announcer, to whom the woman had applied.

Too Expressive.

It is quite possible to say what one means, and yet not mean all that one says. Such was the case with the newspaper that in telling of the death of a man who had been struck by a railway train, added: 'It will be remembered that he was the victim of a similar accident a year ago.'

Equally to the point, and equally amus-

ing, was the explanation of a negro freight hand upon a Southern railway. He had been placed in charge of a mule, the destination of which was marked on a tag attached by twine to the animal's leg. Before the mule could be persuaded to enter a car, he managed to reach the tag, and before the negro could interpose he had that tag well chewed up. The old man looked at the local freight agent in great perturbation, and said:

'What I goin' to do wid dat mule? He done eat up de place where he's goin.'

HUMORS OF THE PENSION OFFICE.

The Clerks Find Plenty in the Letters of Some Pensioners.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Sun has discovered that clerks in the Pension Office, endowed with a sense of humor, find much in the letters coming from pension claimants to bring the solace of amusement to their labors. Some of these letters are so unique in their way that copies are made of them as literary curiosities. Here, for instance, is an excerpt from the letter of a man who lately made application for a pension.

'The way I got my war injury was a ketchin of a hog. The hog wor a sow bog and our Captain wanted her forage. We was chasin the sow and she crawled through a hole in a rale fence—it war a big hole and I thot I were about the sis of the hog and tried to crawl threwh, but I stuck and tryin to wigle out I throd the rales off and one hit me on my bed and knocked me senseless. I do not think the sow pig had nothing to do do with my line for duty fer I did not ketch the hog. Wich he never were caught.'

A sympathizing neighbor endeavor to reinforce the claims of another applicant by testifying thus:

'I varily believe that Orville Jameson is fatigued from carnin his leavin becuz he is too fatt ways 900 pounds and has a family to feed—the nabors think he hav dropy becuz he would bust if he had moar insides him than he now hav besides which he are without vituous habits or references. I no he hav solid fatt and vittles in him and no dropy.'

A Nameless Hero.

A book of the deeds of heroes whose names have not survived them would contain many of the noblest records of the human race. In it we should find the perfect mingling of courage and humility. A touching story, told by the London News belongs to this noble list, which grows longer year by year.

A certain Major Baker and his daughter were passengers on the Stella when that unfortunate ship was wrecked. Both were about to perish, when the father made a piteous appeal to a boatload of passengers who were leaving the ship's side to find room for his daughter.

One man to whom there is no absolutely no clue, instantly stepped back to the ship and allowed the lady to take his place.

A pure hard Soap

SURPRISE SOAP
MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

As the boat cleared the side the vessel went down, carrying with it the girl's father and her unknown rescuer.

How beautiful! How unutterably sad! His anonymity somehow seems to enhance the heroic grandeur of his death. Nothing would have been gained by knowing his name. A man capable of such a deed wants no mortuary honors, nor the local habitation of a monument. He belongs to the infinite of greatness, and his fitting grave is the sea.

PRESIDENT KRUGER.

He Defies England and Thus Joins a Unique Position.

The only man of alien race who has succeeded during recent years in making a stand against England is President Kruger of the Transvaal. This fact alone gives him a unique position in the world.

He is not so great a man as his remarkable success in thwarting the ambitions of Cecil Rhodes and the aggressiveness of Mr. Chamberlain would seem to indicate. He is a stolid, cautious representative of the Dutch settlers in South Africa, who have been driven inland from the Cape by the superior energy and enterprise of men of English blood. His principal trait is sluggishness. He stands still and waits.

President Kruger has the credit of being a man of great force of character. In reality it is the force of inertia. He is a plain, home-loving Boer, living in the simplest way on the outskirts of Pretoria, smoking a long pipe the greater part of the day, drinking a great deal of strong coffee, taking little exercise and sleeping well. He has made several quaint jokes, which have armed him with the reputation of being shrewd and almost brilliant; but he speaks slowly, is dull in conversation, and is neither quick in mind nor alert in action.

He has hindered by inaction the designs of Mr. Rhodes, one of the most energetic and capable of English Imperialists, and also the counsels of Mr. Chamberlain, one of the shrewdest and most practical colonial secretaries. He promises to do things and never does them. He exhausted the pa-

tience of Cecil Rhodes and in this way drew Doctor Jameson into the foolish and wicked raid into the Transvaal. He has thwarted Mr. Chamberlain mainly by standing back, waiting month after month to make up his mind, and promising to do something after a while.

President Kruger has been more than a match for these two great Englishmen, but only because he represented the quiescence of a backward country which was pitted against a generous and magnanimous nation. The British Empire has been arrayed against the little Boer Republic, but in consequence of Mr. Gladstone's moral policies, England's hands have been tied.

A Much Maligned Beverage.

"Death in the tea-pot." Well cheap teas—steeped instead of steeped—caused the saying. Good teas properly drawn, are a wholesome, as well as palatable drink; but they must be good, as, for instance, Tetley's Elephant Brand Indo-Ceylon Tea.

FROZEN FISH.

This is the Same old Fish Story With Variations.

General Lysons, of the British army, in telling his experience of winter in Canada, mentions some of the effects of severe cold. Among these are the cracking and splitting of hardwood trees, with loud reports. He describes the sound as like that of 'rifle-shots in battle. He says that the nights in the bush were like the Battle of Waterloo. But the most wonderful thing of all was the effect of the cold upon the fish as these were taken out of the water.

We went down to the lake and made a number of holes in the ice and lowered our line through them; but the wind was so cold that were obliged to make screens of branches to sit behind and save ourselves from freezing. We got a good number of trout, but nothing large. That evening I saw the realization of what I had considered a Mucousen story.

The boys had brought up the fish from the lake, and had thrown them down at the entrance of the camp near the end of the fire. The fish were all frozen hard in the shape they had last twisted themselves into, and were so brittle that some of them were broken in halves.

While I was cooking the dinner I heard a peculiar tapping noise, which I could not make out. At last a little bright flash caught my eye. I looked on the ground and there I saw all the silvery trout flapping and jumping about as merrily as possible. I do not think the broken ones came to life again—the ends certainly did not reunite,—but all the others danced a merry jig till I required them for the frying pan.

What he Remembered.

An English educator relates in Chamber's Journal, an incident which prompts the reflection—not a new one—that one way to a boy's mind is through his stomach. A lady returned, after a long absence, to her country home, and addressed a youth who had formerly been under her tuition.

'Well, Andrew,' said she, 'how much do you remember of my lessons?'

'Ah ma'am, never a word,' replied Andrew.

'O Andrew, Andrew!' his teacher exclaimed. 'Have you forgotten all about the sun and the stars, the day and the night, and the seasons?'

Andrew scratched his head before replying. 'Oh no, ma'am, he said at length. 'I do remember now. And you set them on the schoolroom table, and Mars was a red gooseberry, and I ate him.'

Modest Appeal.

The attention of English-speaking visitors to the Milian Cathedral is readily attracted by the following notice, which appears over an alms-box:

Appeal to Charitables. The Brothers, so-call, of Mercy ask slender arms for the Hospital. They harbor all kinds of diseases, and have no respect to religion.

EXCURSIONS TO HAMPTON.

On and after THURSDAY, July 6th, the STEAMER CLIFTON will make Two Excursions each week to Hampton (Tuesdays and Thursdays) leaving Indiantown at 9 a. m., local time. Returning, leave Hampton same day at 2.30 p. m. Arriving back 7.00 p. m. Fare Round Trip, 50 Cents.

Excursionists may buy tickets to Hampton by boat and return by rail or vice versa, for 80 Cents. Tickets on sale at the Boat or I. C. R. Station. On other days in the week, the CLIFTON will leave Hampton, Mondays, at 6.30 a. m., Wednesdays 2 p. m. and Saturdays at 6.30 a. m. and will leave St. John, Wednesdays at 8 a. m., Saturdays at 4 p. m.

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