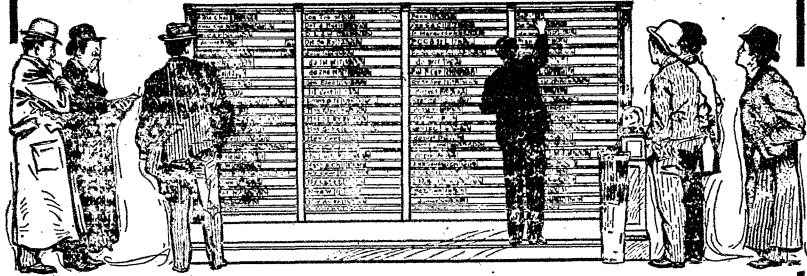


Inside Information



Its Use and Abuse BY EDWIN LEFÈVRE

What sometimes goes over the wires from the directors' room. When the members of the Board have to telephone to their sick brothers. Something about Mr. Morgan's lost opportunities.

See this week's number of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An illustrated weekly magazine, selling more than 730,000 copies a week. 5 cents the copy, or sent to any address every week for four months on receipt of only 50 cents.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Stifling A Leopard

A Queer Way Natives of
Orient Have of Kill-
ing Wild Beasts.

A Female With Young Was
Stoned Up Inside Her Lair.
In a Cave and Suffo-
cated by Smoke.

I had been fishing for a long time without success when a group of natives some distance upstream on the opposite bank attracted my attention, writes a Calcutta correspondent of the Full Mail Gazette. They were crouching at the bottom of a steep bank gas-



THE NATIVES HAULED THE LEOPARD AND HER CUBS OUT.

ing at a spot some twenty feet higher up. I had seen two of them the day before leading a little leopard cub by a chain. I had asked them what they were going to do with the little clumsy, furry creature, no larger than an ordinary cat, for I wished to purchase it and keep it as a pet. But my highest offer failed to tempt them, and I could not discover what they wanted with the cub.

With these men were four others, all sturdy fellows of the cultivator class, clad only in waist cloth and puggaree, and each of them was armed with a lathi, a heavy bamboo staff about five feet long, tipped with a massive brass knob. On the ground was a great heap of the cakes used for fuel. As I looked at these I began to have an inkling of what was to happen.

The bank of the stream where we were standing was thirty or forty feet high and ran steeply down to the water's edge. A number of whitened bones and a few chinkara horns were strewn about the ground, and from a hole halfway up the bank, at which the natives were staring intently, came an overpowering stench, like that of the lion house in the zoological gardens, but many times worse.

One of the men, in answer to my question, told me that the hole was the entrance to a cave in which a leopard which had for long haunted the neighborhood had her lair. Recently a pair of cubs had been born, and these men, having watched the mother leave her cave in search of prey, had carried off the cubs to be used as a bait to lure her to destruction. They kept the cubs for three days, and then, when the mother must have been desperate at the loss of her offspring, they had watched her go out again and in her absence had tied up one of the cubs at the back of the cave. It was necessary to do this in order that they might proceed undisturbed with their operations, for they knew that the leopard would never leave the cave while her cub remained bound within it. As soon as the man whom they left to watch the entrance to the cave reported that the leopard had returned they set out, armed, as I have described, with the intention of smothering her out.

They then proceeded to build up the entrance with stones, paying no heed to the continuous low growling from within. In a short time they had quite closed it up, with the exception of one hole a few inches across, and the stones were so firmly wedged as to be quite immovable. They next brought stiff wet clay from the bed of the stream, with which they proceeded to stop up the chinks and crannies between the stones.

After this had been done the dried fuel cakes were brought up. They set fire to them one by one, and, after blowing upon them until they were well alight, they threw them into the cave through the small hole they had left. These cakes of fuel will go on smoldering for hours, and they give out a great deal of pungent smoke.

After half an hour or so I suggested that the smoke must have done its work. But the natives would not hear of opening the cave so quickly. Their sporting instincts were not sufficiently developed to allow them to give the leopard the smallest chance of escape. With true oriental patience they squatted on their haunchs, passing around an earthenware pipe, from the smell of which I judged that their tobacco was largely composed of that same material which they were using to smoke out the leopard. It was fully three hours before they could make up their minds that it would be safe to open the cave, and even then I think they only did so in deference to me.

When they pulled down the stones with which they had filled up the hole great volumes of smoke came pouring out, rank and acrid. It seemed quite certain that nothing could have lived more than a few minutes in such an atmosphere. None of the natives seemed very anxious to go into the cave, so I volunteered to go in myself. I crawled with difficulty through the narrow entrance, carrying a rope to haul out the leopard and her cub. The stench within was overpowering, and I attached the rope to the two limp bodies as quickly as I could and hurried out again, gasping for fresh air.

With cries of triumph the natives laid hold on the rope and hauled the leopard and her cub out into the sunshine. She was a fine, handsome beast. Her yellow skin, with its deep black markings, was sleek and in splendid condition, but the natives lost no time in admiring her appearance. As soon as she appeared they fell upon her with excited cries and belabored her inanimate body unmercifully with their staves. Finally her paws were bound, and she was slung to a pole, with her cub dangling beside her, and her destroyers marched off with her in triumph to seek the collector and claim from him the reward paid for the destruction of dangerous beasts.

CASTORIA.
Keeps the
Stomach
Regular
and
Cleanses
the
System

Subscribe for The Democrat.

PAINFULLY SEDATE.

A Professor's Evening Party in the Paris Latin Quarter.

"It was difficult to imagine that I was in the heart of Paris, among people bred and born in the capital," says a writer telling of the section of the Latin quarter in which the professors of the University of Paris have their homes. "These men, these luminaries of science, how different they looked among their womankind! Since then I have visited many professors' homes and have found them all curiously alike. No matter whether the apartment be on a second, third or fourth floor, whether it be an expensive or cheap one, the inmates are all alike, talk alike, dress alike. If you have seen one home, you have seen them all. Follow me to a fourth floor in the Rue Gay-Lussac. We are ushered into the drawing room. The furniture is mahogany, always mahogany, and of a bad period. There are no flowers, but a dusty fern in a majolica pot; on the mantelpiece a clock and a candelabra, with framed photographs in the spaces between; over the cottage piano the portrait of M. le Professeur in the green embroidered uniform of a member of the Academy of Science, with his dress sword, over which he generally stumbles. But do not think that the professors' families are blind to beauty. They will admire and appreciate a work of art as well as you or I, but in their homes they consider beauty a negligible quantity. They also give very little attention to their bodies—to the inner or outer man. I have often wondered whether the same tailor supplies them all with their old-fashioned coats.

"Nor does the inner man fare much better. The cooks in their establishments seem to be altogether different creatures from those we meet elsewhere. They eschew slang, their grammar is better, but their cooking is worse—very much worse—than in the homes of the less-intellectual members of society. The women form a distinct type. They seem to belong to a past generation, and their dress is in keeping with the style of their hair. Living among themselves, they appear to have no notion of what is occurring in the worldly part of Paris. Their dress-makers are 'of the quarter,' and their milliners make their hats with the odds and ends brought to them. Such a thing as a fashion paper never crosses their path. I am certain these ladies are much more interested in the latest microbe than in the latest hat. They have little notion of comfort.

"An evening party at one of their houses is a never to be forgotten entertainment for the outsider. They still dance the schottish, but the greater part of the evening is devoted to what are called 'society games,' a gaudy trap to the butterfly from across the Seine. I have forgotten the name of the Swedish game, but I recall that we were all seated in a ring—about thirty of us—old and young, and we had to answer questions and find out some antediluvian fact. To them it was child's play, but if it had not been for the six-year-old child of the house who prompted me I should have cut a poor figure. Imagine coming from the electric lights of the boulevards to the oil lamps of the professors' salon and being suddenly called upon to know that Dalmatia was conquered by Metellus in 118 B. C. De-lightful evening!"

Retelling a Joke.

A west-side man heard a joke, new to him, the other day, and the first thing he did upon reaching home for dinner was to tell it to his wife. "Mary," he said, "here's a new joke that's mighty good. One man says, 'The theater caught fire last night.' 'Did they save anything?' the second man asks. 'Yes,' says the first, 'they carried out the programme.' Isn't that a good one?" His wife said it was, and next day she tried it on her grocer. "Mr. Blank," she said, "here's a new joke for you. One man says, 'The theater caught fire last night.' Another asks, 'Did they save anything?' 'Yes,' replies the first, 'they went on with the programme and finished it.' Isn't that a fine joke?" The grocer said it was excellent, but confidentially he got knowledge that he hasn't yet seen the point.—Kansas City Times.

A Blind Man's Blunder.

A blind man named Green made a curious defense at Birmingham, England, to a charge of smashing a plate glass window worth \$15. He had been blind, he said, for seven years. On the night in question he cried for assistance to cross the road, but no one came. Then he heard some one at a distance and struck at what used, when he could see, to be boards surrounding waste ground. He was astounded when he heard the sound of broken glass. The jury acquitted him, and he was discharged.

Lacked the Lawyer's Facility.

Lawyer (to witness)—Never mind what you think. We want facts here. Tell us where you first met this man. Woman Witness—Can't answer it. If the court doesn't care to hear what I think there's no use questioning me, for I am not a lawyer and can't talk without thinking.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Practice Versus Preaching.

"You kin help de cause of honesty a heap," said Uncle Eben, "by preachin' about it, but you kin help it a heap mo' by not dargin' roas' chicken under a hungry man's nose."—Washington Star.

A man is not going to get a crown of righteousness just because he gives some poor fellow his old straw hat along about November.—Chicago Tribune.

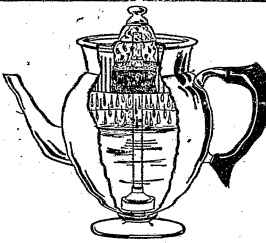
HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT.

M. C. Prince, Jeweler, Herkimer, N. Y.

WATCHES in all Grades and sizes at any price you wish from \$1.00 to \$100. If you are interested in a watch do not fail to inspect this stock.

DIAMONDS in all sizes set as you want them at Right Prices. Come in and let us show them to you.

Sterling Silver Goods of all description, Silver Plated Ware Clocks, at special prices.



DUNLAP
PERCOLATOR

Jewelry, Cut
Glass, Opera
Glasses.

Umbrellas and
Fountain Pens.

Special Agent

for the Dunlap Percolator, the pot that pumps. Come in and let us show it to you. Just the thing for a New Year Gift.

A. J. PURVIS,

Bookseller and Stationer,

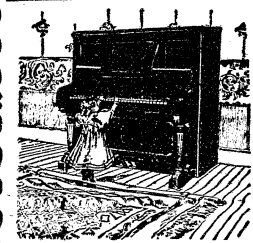
UTICA, N. Y.

Holiday Presents

Our Specialty.

including Books, Albums, Diaries, Fountain Pens, Christmas and New Year's Cards, Toys, etc., and in fact a large assortment of goods suitable for Xmas Gifts.

GO TO SNELL'S MUSIC STORE in Little Falls FOR THE HOLIDAYS



Let Santa Claus bring Music with him this Christmas. The Sweet Strains of Music from a fine Piano will soothe the weary nerves and aching heads. And a Piano would be a gift to every one in the house. Go to Snell's and see what a fine Piano you can buy for a little money.

Chickering, Kimball, Haines Bros. and Schubert Pianos, in Mahogany, Walnut and old English Oak Cases.

IRVING SNELL

Keefe's Holiday Offerings

In our store will be found the largest display from which holiday gifts may be selected, useful, ornamental or both. What will make more appropriate gifts than these:

Photographs, Cameras, Sewing Machines,
Pocket Cutlery, GOODS FOR WINT R SPORTS
Umbrellas, Guns, Cigars
Tobaccos

Our Gifts are appropriate for man, woman or child. We will be pleased to have you examine our large assortment which is too varied for detailed description.

KEEFE, The Repairer,

Phone 91

KAY BLOCK, MAIN STREET