ENRICHED BY A PANTHER

In a large mining town in the far west there lives George Randolf, a mining king, who by nature is as stern and arbitrary as man can be, but who, by a sudden stroke of fortune, became the possessor of a great treasure in the person of his daughter Bessie, as sweet a seventeen-year-old maiden as ever lived.

Pretty Bessie did not lack for lovers, and quite as naturally the favored one was the very one that her father objected to.

Clyde Brown was frank spoken, with an honest, manly face, a true, loving heart and little else.

"Why, Elizabeth"—her father always called her that when displeased—"how can you forget that we are descended from the Randolfs of Virginia. Just a little longer, daughter, wait a little longer, and we will go east and live as other people do. Then my jewel may find a worthy setting."

"I want no one but Clyde, papa," protested Bessie hardily.

But tears made no impression upon the hard heart of George Randolf.

However, he condescended to give a conditional consent to their union—such an absurd condition that people laughed and shook their heads and Bessie's merry face grew grave.

"When you can show the possession of $100,000 you can have her," he said grimly, in answer to Clyde Brown's manly petition. "Until then I'll hear no more about it."

"You can never do it," sobbed Bessie when they stood alone in the moonlight by the pool a few moments later, while her father watched angrily from the window. "Fortunes are wonderfully made in these mines sometimes, but none will fall to us."

"Don't be discouraged, my precious Queen Bess," Clyde returned, with all a lover's unreasoning fondness. "Only trust in me through all and wait for me, no matter what may happen. Will you promise me that?"

"Indeed I will, dearest! You know that I would before you asked," she murmured. "But do not try too too much, for father is as hard as a rock."

"I must go away for awhile, my darling; somewhere in yonder endless chain of mountains a fortune is waiting for me. I feel it—I know it as well as if it were already in my grasp," he answered, in solemn earnestness.

"God grant that it may be so," she added.

And then she walked slowly to the house, to her father's great relief.

The next morning Clyde left the town, fully equipped for a prospecting tour and quite alone excepting the three large dogs which followed sedately at his heels.

For some time the price which he sought eluded him, but it came to him at last in a strange manner.

One day, after following the course of a noisy, shallow stream into a narrow valley hemmed in by lofty mountains, he camped at the foot of a gigantic tree near the water.

The dogs whined uneasily and sniffed at a hole among the roots of the tree, but he called them away and went on building a fire to cook supper from the heavy wood and branches around.

"Now that the fire is ready," he mused aloud, "I wonder if I'll find any game hereabout."

As if in answer, a half grown deer came down to the stream on the opposite bank not many rods away.

It stopped, with one foot upraised, and looked at the dogs with startled eyes; but the next instant the report of Clyde's rifle rang out, the deer leaped into the air, sprang forward and fell into the stream, from which it was soon dragged by the dogs.

But the echoes made by the report had not died out among the hills before another sound arrested them again.

It was the scream of an angry panther from the mountain behind him, and it was instantly answered by another on the right, and yet another far down the valley on the left.

Clyde heaped the dry limbs upon the fire, and the dogs, usually as brave as lions, whined piteously as they shulked close to his feet.

He waited in breathless anxiety for several minutes, but could hear nothing except the crackling of the fire, which now threw a wide circle of light, and the night wind among the trees.

Soon, following a magnetism which he could not account for, he fixed his gaze upon a tall tree near the base of the mountain and encountered the glare of two fierce, yellow eyes.

A panther was crouching there upon a long limb, every nerve of his body in tension as he prepared for the fatal spring.

To aim and fire at him was the impulse of a second, and the tawny brute sprang outward with a snarl of rage and pain, and fell squarely into the fire.

There was an unearthly shriek, a smell of burning hair, a shower of coals and lighted wood from the brute mind wounded and blinded near the tree.

"At him, boys; at him!" cried Clyde.

And the dogs closed on him, but, wounded as he was, he was more than a match for them.

He killed one and sent the others howling to a safe distance before their master could carry out the second bullet, which quieted him.

He was not an instant too soon, however, for there came another hideous scream, this time from the tree directly over his head.

"I'm ready for you now!" he cried, coolly sighting another panther directly between the scintillating eyes.

He fired and sprang aside, while the animal fell, struck the ground with a heavy thud, clawed the earth and air convulsively for a few seconds and then lay quite still.

"This is getting interesting," muttered Clyde grimly eying the two huge, tawny bodies, the dead dog and the shuddering living one, while he threw fresh wood upon the scattered fire and peered in every direction.

"Meow! Meow! Sst-t-t!"

He turned sharply to see the body of two panther cubs thrust out of the hole near the tree, their eyes laid close to their round heads and their eyes sweeping the scene in fierce inquiry.

"Ha, ha! A regular family party I've stumbled it on," laughed Clyde. "Scat! Back into boys!"

And the dogs pulled one kitten out in his depth, while the other scrambled back to the hole.

Suddenly there was a slight noise in the edge of the forest, and two half grown panthers came cautiously into the circle of the light, sniffing the air warily and evidently afraid of a trap.

The smell of the singed hair and the blinding glare of the fire puzzled them.

But Clyde did not wait for them to become satisfied of the safety of an attack. He fired two shots in quick succession, killing one animal and badly wounding the other, which the dogs attacked at once.

Where the sharp, short fight was over, one dog limped back to receive the praise of his master, while the other lay dead beside his dam too.

"You and I are alone now, Bruno, my boy," said the master, patting the dog's head. "Well, when daylight comes we'll see after that little varmint in the hole."

The night passed without further molestation, but Clyde kept the fire burning brightly while he tossed himself in slumbering three of the panthers—the one which had sprung into the fire being worthless.

Two were monstrous males, male and female, evidently the parents of the smaller pair as well as the kittens.

After a generous breakfast of roasted venison he enlarged the hole with his pick and shovel, and, after grunting his resentment, crept in cautiously with a lighted torch, while the dog remained outside protesting against such foolhardy conduct by dismal yelps and whines.

The cavity under the spreading roots was deserted, but a larger opening led into the rocky mountain side, and through this the adventurous young man crept, to find himself in a natural cavern.

He soon discovered and killed the lion, but could find no signs of any more.

The floor of the cave was covered with bones, and a nearly made nest of moss and leaves was in one corner.

But Clyde did not notice these; he was examining the rocky sides, which were of a peculiar veined greyish stone.

There was a smile of satisfaction on his face when he had finished his examination, and when he crept forth into daylight again he muttered, remaining Bruno's ears until the dog yelped in pain and wonder:

"Queen Bess is mine, Bruno! There's gold enough there to satisfy even George Randolf, I should say, and I claim it as the panther's bequest."

George Randolf could say no more, although he tackled his son visiting the panther's den to see for himself.

"Some folks are lucky," he admitted, reluctantly. "If that mine is worth $100,000 you can have her, for a Randolf never goes back on his word."

The mine was worth a year ago, and the mine has already settled its owner over $500,000.

But he regards as a dearer prize the loving wife who rules his heart and home—his Queen Bess.—Saturday Night.

About Great New Truths.

It may be, as Mr. Henry Wood informs us in The Arena, that disease is caused by wrong thought, and that if we would only think exactly the right kind of thought at all times, then humanity would be well henceforth. It may indeed be that "thousands of years of chronic fearing, chronic selfishness, anxiety and unremitted other morbid conditions" have caused the physical degeneracy of the human race. It may likewise be, in the absence of proof to the contrary, that the evil mental conditions hereinbefore mentioned "are all the time pulling down the celestial themes, which only divine, harmonious and wholesome thoughts can build up."

But when Mr. Henry Wood gives at us for not accepting at once this great new truth he washes on up to our door and in our own defense, let Mr. Wood consider a moment how often and how cruelly we poor mortals have been fooled and driven off our base by great new truths which seemed just as fair and angelic as his. Several times during each average lifetime there comes some splendid discovery which is going to do away with human pain and misery henceforth. There, for instance, was—but, no. We will not mention it, on second thoughts. Neither will we mention half a dozen other great new truths and inventions that were going to redeem the race by lightning express. We tell at them all, we tried each in turn, and it was no go. Each had a grain of good in it, which the wise scattered for what it was worth, and reaped a tolerably smile at their own gullibility and weakness, as they passed on and left the vast pile of husks which just before had been to them a great truth.

If Mr. Wood's mind cure is true it will stand, no fear of that. Whatever is true gets a foothold sooner or later—generally later—but it gets it. Yet we need the abundant supplies of the best care he out of patience with a poor, pot upon humanity for not accepting it all at once. Mankind would like to believe it, no doubt. But humanity has been getting solemnly and soundly defuded at intervals ever since the serpent fooled Eve in the Garden of Eden, and it is naturally a little shy of new discoveries at its time of life, especially of those that cannot be demonstrated physically, like scientific inventions.

Shot Dead by His Mate.

C. S. Hammond, living two miles south of Jackson, heard a noise at his barn, and, thinking that a thief was about, took his pistol and went out. It is thought he took near a noise, which alarmed him, causing the pistol to go off. The ball passed through his body. He lived but a few hours and died without ever speaking.—Cor. Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

A new kind of a school is about to be started. The University of Pennsylvania has received $200,000 in gifts to be used for founding a school of American history and institutions.

The new tunnel of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, under the city of Baltimore, will cost upward of $6,000,000. It is being pushed night and day, fully 1,000 men being at work upon it.

A recent importation of orange trees into California from Tahiti showed them to be infected by a new insect, and the authorities will not allow them to be landed.

DR. LESLIE'S SPECIAL PRESCRIPTION

IS THE ONLY KNOWN REMEDY IN THE WORLD THAT WILL ABSOLUTELY CURE

SICK HEADACHE!

TESTIMONIALS.

TOD & CRAWFORD, Commission Merchants and Dealers in Building Stones, Salt Lake City, Utah, Feb. 10th, 1891.

Dr. Leslie's Special Prescription: Indeed I can say that I have used one of the bottles of your valuable medicine with good results. I find it a valuable remedy for Sick Headache, for I also am subject to it, and I can say, that after taking your medicine I have not had a headache since. Should any one wish to refer to me, I can be found at my place, and may refer to Tod & Crawford, or to the proprietor of your Special Prescription. Yours truly, WILL. TOD.

Price 25 Cents.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Briggs Medicine Co. - San Francisco, Cal.

RAILROADS.

Rio Grande Western Railway.

STANDARD GAUGE.

CURRENT TIME TABLE.

In Effect Sunday, November 1, 1891.

STATIONS AND DISTANCES	No. 6.	No. 4.	No. 8.
Lv Salt Lake	8 00 a m	3 00 p m	6 00 p m
Ar Salt Lake	12 40 p m	7 40 p m	10 40 p m
Lv Salt Lake	12 45 p m	7 45 p m	10 45 p m
Ar Ogden	2 40 p m	9 40 p m	12 40 a m
Lv Ogden	2 45 p m	9 45 p m	12 45 a m
Ar Pueblo	7 00 a m	6 00 a m	6 00 p m
Lv Pueblo	7 05 a m	6 05 a m	6 05 p m
Ar Denver	10 40 a m	9 40 a m	9 40 p m
Lv Denver	4 00 p m	8 00 a m	10 00 p m
Ar Pueblo	7 35 p m	11 35 a m	3 35 a m
Lv Pueblo	7 40 p m	11 40 a m	3 40 a m
Ar Ogden	7 40 a m	6 40 p m	7 40 a m
Lv Ogden	8 00 a m	7 00 p m	8 00 a m
Ar Salt Lake	12 40 p m	11 40 p m	12 40 p m
Lv Salt Lake	3 00 p m	12 00 m	6 00 a m
Ar Saltair	3 20 p m	12 20 p m	6 20 a m

WEST AND SOUTHWESTERN.	No. 6.	No. 1.	No. 3.
Lv Denver	4 00 p m	8 00 a m	10 00 p m
Ar Colo. Springs	6 00 p m	10 40 a m	1 40 a m
Lv Colo. Springs	6 05 p m	10 45 a m	1 45 a m
Ar Pueblo	7 05 p m	11 45 a m	2 45 a m
Lv Pueblo	7 40 p m	11 50 a m	3 00 a m
Ar Grand Junction	8 00 a m	6 00 p m	8 00 p m
Lv Grand Junction	8 05 a m	6 05 p m	8 05 p m
Ar Green River	10 50 a m	8 50 p m	10 50 p m
Lv Green River	10 55 a m	8 55 p m	10 55 p m
Ar Ogden	2 40 p m	9 40 p m	12 40 a m
Lv Ogden	2 45 p m	9 45 p m	12 45 a m
Ar Lucin	6 00 p m	1 00 a m	4 00 a m
Lv Lucin	6 10 p m	1 10 a m	4 10 a m
Ar Reno	11 40 p m	7 10 a m	10 40 a m
Lv Reno	11 45 p m	7 15 a m	10 45 a m
Ar Carlin	1 50 a m	9 20 a m	1 50 p m
Lv Carlin	2 00 a m	9 30 a m	2 00 p m
Ar Elko	5 15 a m	12 45 p m	5 15 p m
Lv Elko	5 20 a m	12 50 p m	5 20 p m
Ar Shoshone	8 00 a m	3 25 p m	8 00 p m
Lv Shoshone	8 05 a m	3 30 p m	8 05 p m
Ar Winnemucca	10 45 a m	6 15 p m	10 45 p m
Lv Winnemucca	10 50 a m	6 20 p m	10 50 p m
Ar Reno	2 50 p m	10 20 p m	2 50 a m
Lv Reno	3 00 p m	10 30 p m	3 00 a m
Ar Sacramento	7 00 p m	6 00 a m	7 00 a m
Lv Sacramento	7 30 a m	6 30 p m	7 30 p m
Ar San Francisco	11 45 a m	10 15 p m	11 45 p m
Lv Ogden	8 00 a m	7 00 p m	8 00 a m
Ar Salt Lake	12 40 p m	11 40 p m	12 40 p m
Lv Salt Lake	3 00 p m	12 00 m	6 00 a m
Ar Saltair	3 20 p m	12 20 p m	6 20 a m

No. 6 CAR SERVICE.

SOUL, AMERICAN FORK, PROVO AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS.

Leave Salt Lake 9 00 a m, 5 00 p m, and 7 00 p m; arrive Salt Lake 12 40 noon, and 7 40 p m. Arrive Salt Lake from Provo and intermediate points at 10 a m.

SUNDAY.

Leave Salt Lake 9 a m; returning arrive Salt Lake 6 p m.

D. C. DODGE, A. E. WELBY, J. H. BENNETT, Gen. Manager. Supt. Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.

Utah Central Railway

TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 1st, 1891.

Passenger Trains will Run Daily, between Salt Lake and Park City, as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Train 1 leaves for South & Bingham at 8.00 a.m.
" 2 " " " " 4.00 p.m.
" 3 arrives " " " 10.30 a.m.
" 4 " " " 6.00 p.m.

PARK CITY.

Train 1 arrives at Salt Lake 10.30 a.m.
" 2 " " " 6.00 p.m.
" 3 leaves " " 8.00 a.m.
" 4 " " " 4.00 p.m.

Office and Depot corner 5th South and Main Streets.

T. J. MACKINTOSH, G. P. & P. A.

SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD!

THE

Denver & Rio Grande Railroad

TWO SUPERBLY EQUIPPED TRAINS DAILY

TRAVERSING THE

GRANDEST SCENERY OF THE ROCKIES

Glenwood, Aspen, Leadville, Pueblo Colorado Springs and Denver.

Pullman Sleeping Cars.
Palace Dining Cars.
Coaches.
Open Observation Cars.
Elegant Day Coaches.

For further information call on or address

W. A. SHUTWELL, General Agent, 36 W. Second South St.

J. A. HOUGHS, Traffic Manager, Denver, Col.

H. SMITH, Gen. Manager.
T. E. HOOPER, G. P. & T. A.

Utah Cracker Factory,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE—

Silver Brand of Snowflake Sodas

AND

FINE CAKES.

Packed in 1 and 2 Pound Boxes for Pic-Nic Parties, Travelers and Families.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

MAX GEISLER,

—DEALER IN—

Parrots, Canaries and other Singing, Fancy and Talking

BIRDS!

AND RARE ANIMALS.

BIRD CAGES, DOG COLLARS, ETC. Taxidermy in all its branches. Stuffed Bird free a specialty. Write for Price List.

75 W. Second South St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

—JOSEPH SMITH AS A PROPHET—

A very interesting and instructive lecture by Elder Andrew Jenson, in pamphlet form. Just the thing to send abroad to friends or for missionaries' use. Only 5 cents per copy. At DESERET NEWS office.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of and for Salt Lake County, Utah Territory.

In the matter of the estate of James Smith, deceased.

Notice to show cause why notice of sale of Real Estate and Personal Property should not be made.

JOHN W. HIGWARD, THE ADMINISTRATOR of the estate of James Smith, deceased, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of sale of certain real and personal property therein described, being all of said estate and personal property of said deceased, that the heirs, devisees, legatees, or other persons interested in said estate, or their guardians or conservators, or other persons interested in said property, or any person or persons claiming an interest in said property, or any part thereof, or any interest therein, or any lien thereon, or any part thereof, or any interest therein, or any lien thereon, or any part thereof, or any interest therein, or any lien thereon