

Lassoing a Mountain Lion.

An Exciting Fight for Life Between Man and Beast.

By R. T. Carlton.

"Jack, our mules are gone," said my partner. "We are in for it now. Not a donkey is in sight."

"If you make for the road, bear to the south," said my companion. "You will cut off a mile."

"So we parted. In addition to the long rope, which I wound around my body so as not to tire me, I filled my pockets with cold biscuits and a slice of hard salted mutton."

My course led toward the mountains. The country was rough and covered with thick growths of scrubby timber and brush, with here and there small, clear patches of sand.

I searched carefully for footprints. I expected, at every rise in the ground or turn in the road, to get a glimpse of the fleeing animal.

All day long I tramped, tramped, jogging along at a dog-trot, now and then stopping for a breath. But nothing was ever seen of the mules.

It was 6 o'clock before I abandoned the chase and started on the return trip. The moon was low in the sky, and would afford all the light I needed, yet I was feeling anything but light-hearted at the prospect of the long tramp before me.

I cut a large cudgel from a green mesquite bush, to aid me in walking, and for any emergency that might arise.

As I arrived at the cañon the twilight had faded and the stars were casting long dark shadows from stunted trees and brush along the roadside. I made good time, but with every step grew more uneasy.

My first thought was to turn and run for life, but I reflected that if I did so, if I turned my back to retreat, the terrible creature would instantly chase me.

I walked backward several steps, all the time looking straight at the lion, for such it proved to be. The beast merely crouched and growled.

where I would, not a stick or dry brush could be found. All the while I could see the lion, his head elevated, watching every move I made.

The crisis was close at hand; I knew it could not be far off. I might burn the remainder of my clothing—trousers and undershirt—but this would only delay for a few minutes the final encounter.

I ran to the spot, resolved to make one more effort, and found that the rocky ledge abruptly terminated at the brink of a narrow, deep, gully at the base of the farther bluff.

It required very little time to double the rope, throw the looped end over the rock and swing off over the gulch. I struck the face of the bluff with force, but held on to the rope and began climbing, hand over hand, for the rocks above, which I mounted with no little difficulty.

The lion soon came up, and, after selecting a footing on the brink of the gully from which to leap, crouched as for the spring, then changed its mind and stood erect. It must have taken a mental measure of the distance separating us and decided the leap was beyond its ability to accomplish.

I was safe now; beyond the reach of the hungry creature; the rocky walls on either side and above me were perpendicular and shielded me completely. Only the prospect, rather, of having to pass the night on the narrow, nest-like rock, less than three feet wide, as I was, made the situation unpleasant.

It was a night to be remembered. The lion never left me, but alternately moved about restlessly, then stretched its long body out on the flat rocks for a few minutes at a time.

The lion will skulk off with the coming of day, thought I, and leave me free to go my way. But in this I was mistaken. When daylight at last came the persistent beast was still there, and showing no intention of raising the siege.

I began pelting the brute with the few loose stones I could find, and then with the end of the long rope. This served only to infuriate the hungry creature and draw it nearer. Instantly the thought flashed into my mind why not lasso the gentleman?

One end of the lariat I made fast by a tree or stump around the great rock, so arranged that I could draw in the slack as I desired. At the other end I made a small, running noose, that is, smaller than one would use for lassoing cattle or horses.

For an hour I kept up the exciting and to me unique sport; coiling and throwing the rope; sometimes landing the noose at the proper place, to see it deftly thrown off ere it could be drawn; at others, when I fancied the lion about to leave me, I would swing down on the rope, and this rule, without some danger, never failed to bring the beast back with a rush, when I would again mount the rock and resume the throwing.

Never have I, before or since, seen such a display of violent madness combined with enormous strength, as that which followed. The solid rocks seemed to vibrate when the horrible cries rent the air; it leaped and tumbled, and bellowed, and fought, and frothed at the mouth, and rolled up near the edge of the gully and ere I could pull in the slack, bounded off to the end of the rope, to be thrown a double somersault by the recoil; rising to repeat the mad efforts to free itself.

I began hauling in the slack of the rope as the animal moved gave me opportunity, sometimes a yard, then a foot, always keeping the rope drawn taut and allowing the beast no time for using its strength.

RIPANS TABULES

A Scientific Certainty in the Cure of Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Heartburn, Biliousness, Dizziness and other troubles that come from disordered stomach, liver or intestines.

IPANS TABULES relieve quickly and rank high as a rational remedy. INDIGESTION instantly ceases under their influence and regular appetite becomes regular. PALE AND SALLOW people whose livers are particularly sluggish raise Ripans Tabules after a trial. APPETITE UNCERTAIN, acute pains at eating, acid stomach, ill regulated by Ripans Tabules. NERVOUS STOMACH, nausea, Dyspepsia, nightmares of indigestion, all neutralized by Ripans Tabules. SLUGGISH LIVERS, tomaches out of gear, allow complexions set right by Ripans Tabules.

You'll Never Forget the Name.

big St. Bernard, a bull terrier or bulldog or a faithful collie. He may be very sure of being safe anywhere as long as his faithful friend is by his side. A bulldog especially will guard his little mistress and be quite ready to lay down his life for her sake.



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It was a night to be remembered. The lion never left me, but alternately moved about restlessly, then stretched its long body out on the flat rocks for a few minutes at a time.

Nor did I close my eyes in sleep; a fall from the rock would have been the end of me.

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But in this I was mistaken. When daylight at last came the persistent beast was still there, and showing no intention of raising the siege.

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The small dogs are especially suited for pets for little girls who have the misfortune to live in the city. The fox terrier, the black and tan, the Yorkshire and Scotch terrier, the dachshunde, the spaniel and the French poodle are all good.

The pug is a dog with very little to recommend it. It is hideously ugly, stupid and not at all neat in its habits, greedy and selfish, and no sensible little girl ought to own one.

The spitz or Pomeranian is little seen now, but it is about the worst dog we have and especially ill-tempered. The rough terrier are all very intelligent, faithful and affectionate. They possess many of the dogs' best qualities. The Yorkshire is perhaps the prettiest, but a Yorkshire in perfect condition, whose silky coat sweeps the ground on either side, is an animal who needs a great deal of care.

His poor little feet are often kept tied up in rags to prevent his scratching himself and so injuring his coat. The akye and Scotch terriers are very hardy and only need an occasional bath and a good brushing every day. The objection to these dogs is that no washing or care will rid them of a very disagreeable odor, they will have it, and their faces are very difficult to keep clean, because they have so much hair in their eyes and around their mouths. The fox terriers and black and tans have all the good qualities of the others and they have smooth, clean faces. They are nice dogs to kiss and their coats do not take the dirt.

Of all the pretty pet dogs perhaps the prettiest is the King Charles spaniel, and if you have some one to take care of for you, you cannot have a sweeter little pet. They are very intelligent, clean and affectionate, but they are very delicate, and people make them more so by feeding them on candy and giving them too little exercise. The cocker spaniel, black or liver and white, are better for an inexperienced person to take care of. They are hardy and strong and it is just a nice occupation for the little mistress of one of them to keep his beautiful coat well brushed and combed. They are very gentle and affectionate and can learn to do many nice tricks. The dachshunde is a very funny looking dog, with his short, crooked legs and long body, but is very handsome to people who understand him and a thoroughly good, faithful, intelligent dog.

I do not think any little girl ought to try to choose a dog for herself. You can decide what kind you prefer and then get some one who understands about dogs to pick you out a nice one.

FRATILE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Mother—Frank, what is baby crying about? Frank—I guess because I took his cake and showed him how to eat it.

"If I'm good, mamma," said 4-year-old Lucy, "what'll you do with the whippin' you was goin' to give me if I was bad?"

The Teacher—Now, who can tell me which travels the faster—heat or cold? Johnnie Bright (promptly)—Heat of course. Anybody can catch cold.

Teacher—How did sis come into the world? The New Boy—The preacher picked out all the things people liked to do and said they was sins.

"I would send you a kiss, papa," wrote little Lucy, who was away on a visit, "but I have been eating onions."

"James," asked the school teacher, "what do you do with your odd moments at home?" "I waits until they adds up into an hour and then I goes fishin'."

"What has become of your club, Harry?" "Oh, it's broken up," said Harry. "We made a rule that no-boy could be president twice, and after we'd been president once we couldn't go on with it."

An automatic nail-driver is a late invention. It is arranged with slides and runways, into which the nails drop through fitted courses that necessitate it going in right end first. As the nails, in proper position, slides down through one of these channels a hammer automatically comes to the attack and drives the nail into place. A rack-driving machine of the same sort is also made. In factories where large numbers of boxes are turned out these may have their uses, but for ordinary, every-day usefulness the old-fashioned, flat-nosed hammer still holds its own, even at the risk of an occasional battered thumb and fractured temper.

PET DOGS FOR GIRLS.

How to choose a Clever and Gentle one.

A little girl's dog should be gentle and easy to manage, pretty and clean. A nice dog is a much better plaything than a doll, but a dog cannot be used like a doll, because it has feelings and a will of its own, and has a right to be considered.

RELIGIOUS.

Three prime factors of a prosperous congregation are an earnest, sensible pastor, good congregational singing and liberal giving to the Lord's cause.

If the Methodist Episcopal church and the Methodist Episcopal church, South, are not careful the Epworth leaguers will have the two bodies united again in one before they know it.

The right of women to vote in parish meetings in Maine was granted at the diocesan convention held in Portland by a vote of 16 to 14. The right to hold office in the church is still withheld.

Dr. H. B. Silliman of Cohoes, N. Y., has given to the Presbyterian church of that town the sum of \$50,000 for the erection of a new church.

The Seventh Day Adventists in Canada are prosecuted—they would say persecuted—just as they are in some states in this country. If they rest on the seventh day of the week and work on the first day, according to the law of Moses, they are clapped into jail.

Dr. E. J. McPherson of Chicago, who has been appointed one of the preachers at Harvard for next year, is almost as good an after-dinner speaker as he is a pulpit orator. He is a graduate of Princeton and has been pastor of the Second Presbyterian church in Chicago for about twelve years.

Among the treasures of the Austrian crown are some religious relics that would make the fortune of a church. They include a nail from the cross, a fragment of the cross itself, a piece of wood from the manger at Bethlehem, fragments of the apron worn by the Virgin and a tooth of John the Baptist.

Rev. Father Field, a young Oxford-bred, ritualistic, Episcopalian clergyman, is devoting his life to work in the negro slums of Boston. He is going to celebrate his birthday, July 10, by giving a gigantic picnic to the colored children of Boston.

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Celestial kingdom, the Church of the Transfiguration being in Chinatown—in fact, directly opposite to the postoffice.

President Felix Faure's namesake, Dom Felix Faure, who, though bearing the same name, is of no kin to the French chief executive, was recently ordained a priest at Grenoble. An interesting fact about him is that he is the son of a peer of France and entered the monastery of La Chartreuse some years ago after resigning his appointment in the council of state. He is 73 years old. His daughter-in-law, a Mme. Felix Faure, is a great friend of the wife of the president of the republic.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

There are said to be forty-one grammars of the ancient Mexican language and twenty-three dictionaries.

at the marriage. A certain superstition attaches to this wine, for whatever be the zodiac of the child it is never employed in commerce.

Birds differ very much in the heights to which they commonly ascend. The condor, largest of vultures and of all flying birds, has been observed soaring over 29,000 feet, or about five miles and a half above the level of the sea.

Among birds there is some trace of family life. The males of certain species undertake the whole duties of incubation. Male pigeons as well as the females feed their young, and trusting to the principle of imitation, in some manner educate them.

If the whole sea were formed into a round column reaching to the sun the diameter of the column would be nearly two and one-half miles, while the Pacific would form 23,000,000 miles of its total length of 23,000,000 miles, and the Atlantic 18,000,000 miles.

There is a curious freak of nature to be seen along the road leading from Algiers to Cochranville, Paigonia. Two good sized streams of water meet at right angles on almost level ground, each having a heavy fall in reaching the point. The waters of both streams meet, but neither is impeded in its course. They cross like two roads and continue in their respective beds one above the other.

JULY.

New York Rooster.

Won't you tell us of your plans, Fair July?

Is it overcoats or fans, Fair July?

Is it tin hats, floods and washes, Fair July?

Or umbrellas and goloshes? Must we "stair" our mackintoshes, Fair July?

Come—we ask you altogether, Fair July!

Can't we have the proper weather, Fair July?

We're prepared for perspiration, And we'll find a compensation in aquatic recreation, Fair July!

Don't do funny tricks, as June did, Fair July!

Our feelings will be wounded, Fair July!

Better give us heat oppressing, Though it boils us in dressing, Than to go and keep us guessing, Fair July!

At the birth of a child in Cyprus a vessel of wine is buried, to be served up afterward