

# AN ADVENTURE WITH A MOUNTAIN LION.

W. M. GARY IN N.Y. LEDGER.

A few years after gold was discovered in Montana, I found myself for the second time in my life in the vicinity of the Prickly Pear Canyon, through which now passes the Northern Pacific railroad.

There was not a cabin within one hundred miles excepting a ranch where I remained for two weeks. In the early days this was built by a squaw man, who, at the time of the Fur Company which had several posts on the Missouri, was quite a power in that country. He was a sinister old man, and was liked by no one, though his unpopularity did not last long, as he was killed by an Indian boy—but, to come back to my story, the present owner of the ranch and I were talking of some of our hunting experiences. The conversation had turned to mountain lions, as lately there were many in the vicinity.

The ranchman, a few days previous, had lost a valuable colt, it being killed by one of these prowling creatures. The colt had been drinking at a stream not over five hundred yards from the ranch, when a powerful lion sprang from an overhanging tree upon the little animal's back. The old mare was feeding only a short distance from the colt at the time, and hearing its cry of distress, rushed forward and attacked the panther with such fury that the latter was compelled to sneak off and leave its prey, but not until the poor colt's neck had been broken, causing it to die instantly.

Early in the spring of that year this same ranchman, who was a hardy frontiersman, had been out for two days hunting up some cattle which had strayed off during a windstorm. The fellow was just coming home, and saw his wife and little six-year-old girl down by the old cabin, then used for a cow-shed. The mother was milking a cow close to a haycock by the barn, and the child was playing near her. It was a murky morning; the mist had not yet cleared away.

The father, after turning his horse loose, was just in the act of throwing away some water from the basin in which he had been washing, when he casually looked in the direction of the old cabin; and, to his horror and consternation, he saw a pair of panthers looking down as they crouched in the haycock and were preparing to spring

these pretty creatures, but they were very shy, and to approach within shooting distance it required great caution on our part.

We all rode horses and had splendid mounts, not knowing what moment we might fall in with some of Sitting Bull's warriors, and it depended more on fast horses than arms. We kept together as much as possible, but became separated in chasing the game. Not that we followed them on horseback, for we had picketed our horses, and were "still" hunting. Each man for himself tried to approach the game by stealth.

It was an exceedingly hot day, and the heat from the prairie was rising in what appeared to be tremulous waves above the bunch-grass and soap-weed, making objects in the distance of a thousand yards look as if they were trembling in the glow of a fire. I was crawling toward a group of half a dozen antelope and dragging my rifle after me through the grass. None of my companions were in sight. The game were very restless, and I was anxious to locate the other hunters, so as not to stray away from them, for the pleasure of hunting antelope was not so great that I wished to take chances of meeting any Indian single-handed. Therefore I decided to risk a long shot and get away. My gun was a navy carbine and I could carry a great distance. Although having a more modern gun, my carbine was a great favorite of mine, having used it more and making some excellent shots, it very naturally was preferred by me when hunting game.

The antelope were about six hundred yards off, and that seemed to be as near as I could approach. I tried all sorts of maneuvers to arouse the curiosity of the game, such as flagging and waving my moccasins in the air by holding my feet over my head, but all this seemed to no effect. So I raised my carbine sight and fired at the foremost one, which was facing me. At the report of my rifle they all wheeled about, and I saw the one nearest me had been hit; his leg was dangling as if his shoulder were broken.

Just at that moment I saw something which made me start in wonder and surprise and stand gazing after the retreating game. In the uncertain light it looked to me as if another an-

something moving among the antelope, which they seemed to avoid, and about their color, but paid little attention to it, as he was trying to get a shot at one of the creatures. They were very wild, and this seemed almost impossible to do, but after several attempts he succeeded in shooting a buck, after which he took the shortest route to camp.

The trail followed a washcut to the edge of a little sandstone bluff which rose from the prairie in irregular forms. The bunch grass grew in patches and in great profusion. As he was riding along the trail something seemed to move through the bunch-grass. His horse snorted a few times, and seemed uneasy, which, from a sense of caution more than fear, caused him to draw his revolver and carry it in readiness for an emergency, he being a particularly good pistol shot from the saddle, an excellent rider and a man of great experience. In passing along a turn in the trail under the edge of a sandstone ledge, he was suddenly startled by hearing the growl of a large panther, which was crouching in the act of springing upon him. It took but a second to realize his position. The horse sprang forward with a bound which would have thrown many a man from the saddle, though he was an excellent horseman. The mountain lion had risen and was flying through the air as the ball from the hunter's revolver went crashing through his brain, and in a second it was writing in agony upon the ground like an enormous cat in its death agonies. As she fell two young panthers ran to the entrance of the cave where she had her den.

This was probably the same animal which had tried to carry off my antelope a few hours before. The mountain lions, or cougars, are known to be very savage and ravenous, and require plenty of meat, especially when they have young, and large quantities of prairie chicken are destroyed by them.

The rest of our party, who had returned to camp, had only succeeded in bagging a few Jack rabbits and some prairie chickens.

The next morning we went to the cave and endeavored to catch the cubs, but all to no purpose. They were evidently feeding upon the skinned carcass of their mother, but on our approach stunk off into the cave.

**Married Under a Tree.**  
Dean Swift was walking on the Phoenix road, Dublin, when a thunderstorm suddenly came on, and he took shelter under a tree where a party were sheltering also—two young women and two young men. One of the girls looked very sad, till as the rain fell her tears began to flow. The dean inquired the cause, and learned that it was her wedding day. They were on their way to church, and now her white clothes were wet, and she could not go. "Never mind—I'll marry you," said the dean; and he took out his prayer-book and then and there married them, their witnesses being present; and, to make the thing complete, he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and, with his pencil, wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride. The certificate was worded as follows: "Under a tree in stormy weather, I married this man and woman together; let none but Him who rules the thunder sever this man and woman asunder.—Jonathan Swift, dean of St. Patrick's."

**Forgot Their Dignity.**  
The old gate keeper of Virginia Springs in speaking recently of the early days of that resort, told of a dinner given by Henry Clay to his friends. The dinner was solemn enough until almost dawn, when the cloth was removed and the pipes passed around and a negro fiddler brought in. Then Henry Clay, the great statesman, and Rufus Shoate, the lawyer, stood up before the company, and while Clay danced a Kentucky breakdown, Choate danced a New England pigeonwing.

**Quite Proper.**  
"How is this, Rosa; you are still in mourning, and yet you mean to go to the masked ball?" "What does it matter? I am going as queen of the night, all in black."—Kölnner Tageblatt.

**WHAT WOMEN ARE WEARING**  
The princess of Saxe-Meiningen chose a skirt and cape of a pretty cloth, lightly checked with powder-blue. The skirt was bound with leather.

The princess of Naples while in England distinguished herself for her exquisite toilet. At the Buckingham state ball she wore a dress of mauve satin, with court-train of velvet. The skirt was embroidered in steel and silver.

Pretty capes bought by the Princess de Ligne and other titled women are heliotrope Scotch plaids or made of heliotrope Scotch tweed lined with mauve brocade, and, of reseda tweed checked with white, with collar revers and lining also of white.

Gowns for the season in Scotland are now being considered abroad and many valuable hints may be gathered from the descriptions of dresses chosen by fashionable women. Princess Victoria of Wales has ordered a cape of navy blue tweed, with reversible lining of red, circular in shape, with strapped seams and a smart hood.

There seems an epidemic of yellow and one of the handsomest gowns of this color was recently worn by the duchess of Marlborough. Pearls, steel sequins and turquoise beads were wrought into a design on the skirt. Lady Londonderry wore at the same function a pale-green brocade, while a French visitor was striking in ruby China crepe, with gold embroideries and a tiara of rubies and diamonds.

## AN ASTRAL ROMANCE.



THEY were, I think, the happiest couple it was ever my good fortune to meet—Margaret and Paul Fischer. They were so completely absorbed in each other that they seldom took the trouble to become acquainted with strangers, not feeling the need of companionship. But, as good luck would have it, they did allow me to come to see them, and when I had known them long enough to dare to speak on personal matters, I remarked upon the perfect harmony that existed between them. Then Margaret told me their story; and this is the romance as she gave it to me:

"I will tell you my side of the story and then Paul can tell you his. "As you may have discovered, I have dabbled somewhat in occult matters. I have always been a natural musician and I play without difficulty any piece of music which I may pick up, although I have never taken a lesson or 'practiced' one hour during my lifetime. When I was a child I had only one playmate—he was a little older than myself—and I was satisfied if I could hide away somewhere and wait for him to come. The peculiar part of the matter was that no one else was able to see him, and as for myself, I never knew where he came from, nor did I ever see him until I looked up suddenly and found him beside me. Another peculiar fact was that he always carried an odd instrument similar to a harp, and we would sit side by side for hours, he playing. I listening entranced, until suddenly the music would cease and I would look up to find the player gone. Then I would go into the house and play the music over again on the piano. This went on for years and people considered me 'queer,' if not quite crazy. "I never could talk with my playmate because he used a language which I could not understand. As I grew older I drifted away from him. Other affairs filled my mind and it was but seldom I would have a vision in which the same form always appeared, but seeming to grow older even as I was.

"I began to study occult sciences when I was about 18 years old. I attended spiritualists' seances and finally took up the study of theosophy. Never, however, had I received a so-called 'test,' and any deductions I made were of necessity founded upon the experiences of other people.

"One night, after I had attended a meeting, I sat down by the table at home and, idly picking up a pencil, started to draw a portrait—I who had never in my life been able to draw a straight line. The picture resulting represented a young man with dark eyes and hair combed straight back from a wide, high forehead. The features were delicately molded and the mouth was partially covered by a mustache." (Here she looked admiringly at her husband and then resumed the thread of her narrative.) "He seemed 23 or 24 years old, and was decidedly handsome. Underneath the portrait I was impressed to write: 'This is Paul.' You will soon see his face.' I was told soon afterward that



WAS INTRODUCED.

Paul Fischer was a spirit and was the same little boy with whom I had been acquainted in my childhood. I was told also that he was born in Alsace-Lorraine, and had never been outside of his own country. I treasured the portrait I had obtained, it had a great fascination for me, but so much occupied my thoughts that I had no time, as a rule, to think much of the original. Six years passed by and I found it necessary to go to a strange city. I reached the town early in the morning and, hunting up a boarding house at once, I settled down for a good rest before commencing the business which had brought me to the place.

"As I was going to dinner that night I came face to face, in the hall, with Paul. I started and so did he. Then with, 'I beg your pardon madam,' he stood aside to allow me to pass. I was too much disturbed to be able to eat much, and I felt his eyes were watching me all the time, so I soon left the table.

"In the evening Mrs. Porter, the woman at whose house I was staying, knocked at my door and asked me to come into the parlor. I hesitated, but went and was introduced to 'Paul Fischer'—the man of my dreams—the man of the portrait. I recognized the face, the voice, the way in which the hair was arranged, in fact, every detail corresponded with my preconceived ideas of how he would look. But my head was in a whirl. Mr. Paul Fischer was supposed to be a spirit, but this Paul Fischer was decidedly material.

"It was just one week before the problem was solved. I do not intend

to solve it for you—Paul will do that. To make matters short, however, I will say that I found that he was my Paul Fischer. It was just one month from the time I met him until we were married. On our wedding day Paul brought out a portfolio and asked me to look through it and tell him what I thought of his drawings. The first sheet I picked up showed a portrait of myself. I was represented sitting at a table sketching a man's head, and the date was the same on which I had done my first and only drawing six years before. But Paul must tell you the rest."

"When I was a little boy, in the old country (I was born in Alsace-Lorraine), people regarded me as being 'very peculiar.' I would wander off by myself for hours where no one could find me, carrying my harp along, and when I returned I would have a picture in my mind of a little, brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, who listened to my music and reproduced everything which I played upon an instrument different from any I had ever seen. I know now it was a piano, but then I had no knowledge concerning it. Sometimes I would have long, fainting spells, and while I was unconscious would babble away about the little maid who could not understand what I said, because she talked a different language from my own. Finally it began to be whispered about that I was possessed of a devil and my father was forced to send me away in order to protect me.

"I came to America when I was 18 years old, and, going to the far west, I amassed quite a fortune. I did not see the friend of my childhood so frequently as I grew older, because increasing wealth brought increasing cares and I had no time to make the customary visits. Still, once in awhile the old 'fainting spells' would come over me and when I returned to consciousness I would bring with me the memory of a smiling face and gentle, brown eyes—a face that seemed to grow older with my increasing years.

"One night I sat in my room late. As I supposed I fell asleep, but when I awakened I found before me the portrait of a young woman who was sitting beside a table sketching, and the portrait she had finished was of myself. I put the picture carefully away, taking it out at long intervals in order to familiarize myself with the features, for I felt that some time, somewhere, I should meet her.

"One night about six months ago I was late in leaving the office and upon reaching my home I hurried down to the dining room. In the hall I came face to face with Margaret, the friend of my childhood, the sweetheart of my dreams. I could not eat—I was too excited—and I begged Mrs. Porter to call the newcomer into the parlor to introduce us. The longer I talked with her the more convinced I became that she was the one woman in all the world whom I could love. I was curious to find out whether she had any conception of the peculiar circumstances which drew me to her and I questioned her adroitly in regard to the matter.

"Then, she, who had puzzled her dear little head in vain over the matter, told me all her experience and when we compared notes we decided that, as heaven had meant us for each other from the beginning, there was no reason why we should wait for our happiness. So we were married and lived happily ever after," as they say in the fairy stories.

"Now, I myself do not pretend to give an explanation of this, but Margaret, who has studied these matters closely, says that my astral body must have detached itself from the material form and sped across the sea to join her, drawn by some inexplicable, invisible attraction. That may be the case. If Margaret says so I am willing to accept it as truth. But this I do know. She is a dear, sweet little woman, the sweetheart of my waking and sleeping hours, my alter ego, the center of my universe."

### "WHERE WOULD YOU BEGIN?"

Forty-two persons who had resided for three months or more in college settlements, thus coming into contact with the very poor, were recently asked: "What reforms or changes have you come to feel are most urgent and most practicable, and where would you begin?" In the Publications of the Church Social Union the replies are summarized as follows:

First and universal comes improved housing of the poor; in quick succession follow the organization of labor, the eight-hour movement, playgrounds and parks, improved schools and school laws, municipal reform, persuasion of the poor to have smaller families, trade schools, public baths, the introduction of poetry into the lives of the poor, income tax, coffee houses, cooking and sewing obligatory in public schools, regeneration of the upper classes, consumers' leagues, the inculcation of thrift, free silver, municipalization of railways and lighting, temperance reform, sweat-shop regulations and direct religious work.

Some of the suggestions are rather general, and some are a trifle absurd; yet the list has its uses. It proves, for instance, that intelligent and sincere people may honestly differ concerning the solution of the problem of poverty, and the disagreement only brings out the truth, that there is a diversity of needs, as well as "diversity of gifts," and that any and every possession or accomplishment may be so used as to brighten the lives of the unfortunate. Quite as important as the question, "Where would you begin?" is another inquiry which conscience must force upon every thoughtful citizen: "Will you begin somewhere?"

## PONY AND WHEEL RACE.

And the Westerners Had to Acknowledge Their Defeat.

"Before the people knew as much about bicycles as they do now," said the man who has lived pretty much all over the civilized world, according to the Detroit Free Press, "there were some funny things happened. I'll never forget what occurred while I was visiting a friend of mine running a ranch up in North Dakota. A young college boy on a vacation came through there on a wheel, the first one the cowboys had seen. Their comments on the machine were amusing. "Wonder if the thing bucks?" asked one. "Rope a steer from that saddle," grinned another, and he'd throw you so far you'd never know where you lit." "Wouldn't be much good in Injun fighting," declared an old-timer, and a trim-looking young fellow that was the dude of that ranch announced disdainfully that he could go farther in a day on his broncho than the young fellow could do in a week.

"Tell you what I'll do, Dick," I said to the boaster. "I'll bet a hundred that he can cover fifty miles on his bike in less time than you can on your pony." I was snapped on every hand, even my friend expressing a willingness to tap my pile on that same proposition. I accommodated them all, as far as possible, and the race was arranged for next day. The send-off was like a Fourth of July celebration. A flying start was made over a straightaway course over a well-known trail, twenty-five miles and return. Dick was in his gay attire and when my friend gave the racers the word there was a fusillade of revolvers mingled with yells that must have reached the man at the turning post. Of course Dick forged ahead at the start, and his partisans were jubilant, railing at me till my watch and pin went up against their accepted valuation. Things had quieted down and we had done a lot of smoking, so that the time seemed short, when we saw my favorite coming on his wheel as though an electric motor was supplying the power. He was a humped-up scorcher and no mistake. There was a strong disposition to question his claim of having gone every inch of the route, but when Dick came in, his mount in a complete state of collapse and Dick with both hands in the air above his head, the crowd wilted gracefully and I had enough to buy a half interest in the ranch."

**FLAGS FOR UNCLE SAM.**  
For more than thirty years the flags which our ships and men-of-war have flaunted all over the world have been made in one suite of rooms at the Brooklyn navy yard.

It is the boast of the department that the workers turn out flags better made than those obtainable in any other portion of the globe. Not only are American flags made but flags of all nations, for each warship is required to be fitted out with a flag of every nation which sends ships upon the sea. James Crimmins, the foreman, knows more about flags than any one else in the world. He weighs the hunting, tests the colors, measures the stripes, cuts the cloth, carries out the stars and inspects the sewing.

The department reserved for the measurement of the flags resembles a gigantic tennis court, only in place of white lines the floor is inlaid with strips and plates of brass. The measurements of the flags must be perfect. The floor is so good and so large that the semi-monthly balls of the officers stationed at the Brooklyn yards are held in the room.

Some of the women who sew the flags together have worked for fifteen years. Machinery and electricity have done away with the necessity of sewing the flags by hand, but the women who sew on stars are expert needlewomen. A certain number of stitches is allowed to one inch and only careful hands can do the work. Cutting out the white stars is interesting to watch. The foreman folds the cloth twenty times, places a metal star on the pile and marks the pattern. Then with chisel and mallet he cuts out a whole shower of stars at once.

The flags used by the navy have to endure frost and snow, rain storms and blazing suns, and therefore great care is exercised in the choice of goods and coloring and many testing devices are used before choice is made of cloth.

**One of Those Strange Happenings.**  
A good one is being told on a Chicago man. A few days ago, the story goes, he received a photograph from his girl in another town. The girl had wrapped the picture in a piece of newspaper on which was printed the ad of a stove firm. A portion of the paper adhered to the picture and the young man was very much surprised to see staring at him on the face, in bold, large type, the words, "See the name on the leg."

**Where I Came In.**  
"Bluejowls—Yes, I am very fond of the variety stage and think I'll stick to it. Footlights—Yet you are hardly a variety actor. The sketch you put on is quite 'legit.' Bluejowls—Quite so, but I get my salary regularly and that's where the variety comes in.—Town Topics.

**A Poor Rule.**  
"Remember, my son, that early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise." "Is that the reason the farmers are the richest class of people in the nation?"—Indianapolis Journal.



THE BALL FROM THE HUNTER'S REVOLVER CRASHED THROUGH ITS BRAIN.

upon the unsuspecting mother and child. There was not a minute to be lost; he must act at once, or it would be too late. Quick as thought and with the nerve and alertness only an old frontiersman can show, he grabbed his Winchester, which was standing against the door, and, fearing the larger of the two beasts, which was in advance, would spring before he could shoot, took a quick aim, without raising his rifle to his shoulder, and fired. The panther was in the very act of springing, and as the ball hit him he fell in a heap at the mother's feet. The cow started off in a mad run, kicking over the pall in its rapid flight. The wife and child were speechless with fright, and stood trembling with fear. The dead panther's mate skulked off, but not until it had a ball in its hide.

After reassuring his wife there was no more danger the ranchman started in pursuit of the wounded panther, which was limping and making slow progress toward the forest on the mountain side. After a short chase the hunter overtook the beast and killed her by firing two more shots from his rifle. This narrative made me afterwards keep my eyes open and on the lookout, should I happen to run across any mountain lions during my sojourn in this region.

A few days after our conversation I was in a small party hunting for antelope, which, the ranchman said, although they had been very plentiful, were now becoming scarce in the neighborhood. We had seen a small herd of

telope had jumped upon the one with the broken leg and was making off with it. It filled me with astonishment, and I was bound to unravel this strange mystery; so, quickly running to where my horse was picketed, I mounted and galloped after the antelope. As I gained on it I was enabled to solve the problem and understand the strange scene. A large panther had jumped on my game, seeing it was disabled, and was carrying it off toward the mountains. Reining in my horse, I dropped another cartridge in my rifle, halted for a moment and sent a ball after the animal. It dropped my game, which I soon had across my saddle, and made a quick run to camp.

When I reached the spring near which we had picketed our horses I found only one of my companions had returned. I told him of my experience. He laughed and said, "Oh, that's a fishy story!" But I soon convinced him of its truth by showing the marks of the panther's teeth in the neck of the antelope, which it had broken.

We were both very hungry, and knew the others would be when they returned, so started a fire and began cooking. The rest of our party came in about an hour afterward, and to our surprise we saw one had a mountain lion's skin behind his saddle besides an antelope. It seems he had been hunting north of me two or three miles, and was stalking a small band of antelope, evidently part of the bunch I had come across, which had been separated by the mountain lion. He had noticed