

FIGHT WITH A MOOSE.

A BATTLE TO THE DEATH WITH A GIANT OF THE FOREST.

A Bull Strayed by a Shot That Only Wounded Him Fought Like a Fury—A Hunter's Canadian Experience Which He Would Not Care to Repetition.

Within 30 hours' ride of Chicago, at Lake Umbagog, a beautiful little sheet of water in the province of Quebec, is one of the finest hunting grounds in the world. It is a region abounding with deer, moose, caribou and other wild animals.

Dr. Charles Granville, an English physician who resides on the lake, had an adventure with a gigantic bull moose that rivals in excitement any of the blood curdling hunting stories which the wild west could furnish.

One night a party of the doctor's friends arrived from Chicago and told him he must give them some hunting. Gilpe Tippet, a French Canadian whose knowledge of woodscraft amounts to second nature, said that he had found tracks of a big moose on the shore of Lake Umbagog.

At 5 o'clock the next morning the physician aroused his guests, and they took their places in the birch bark canoe which had been provided for their accommodation.

After an hour's steady work the canoe de-bouched from the lake into the Saguenay river, where the high banks towered aloft fringed with oak and pine.

Enjoining the strictest silence upon the occupants of both canoes, the doctor directed the boatmen toward the left bank of the lake. Taking Mr. Piednow with him, Dr. Granville stepped out on the shore.

Suddenly, just as the party of four men reached the edge of an open glade, there was a queer sound heard.

It was the cry of the male moose calling to its mate. Instantly Gilpe dropped on his knees, and putting two very dirty fingers almost entirely within his mouth gave forth the answering cry of the female:

From the direction of the sounds it seemed as if the animal was only a few yards right ahead. Every one was on the very tip-toe of expectation.

Mr. Piednow's bullet had merely scraped him. With a snort of rage and defiance, the infuriated animal charged down the slope.

"Scatter your lives," shouted Gilpe, at the same time plunging into the underbrush.

Piednow, however, though a bad shot, stood his ground. He looked as if he was entirely accustomed to encounters of the kind as he again raised his rifle.

The doctor was hardly the man to desert his guest in such an emergency, but he knew that the best shot in the world could not hit a charging moose in that kind of light.

The next moment he had seized Piednow, who is a small man, around the waist, threw him over his shoulder and ran for his life, as one would think it impossible for a man to run burdened with a rifle and a fellow being.

With one of his sharp feet firmly planted on Piednow's chest, the moose endeavored to transfuse him with its sharp antler points.

Gilpe and Howlands both leveled their rifles, but mixed indiscriminately with moose and flying branches the doctor was soon engaged in a terrific hand to hand fight with the enraged animal.

In the fierce rush of the animal, which had sent Piednow and the doctor head over heels into the little hollow, the doctor's rifle had been sent skimming from his hand into the bushes.

With one hand grasping the left antler of the moose close to its enormous head, with the other the plucky physician drew his long hunting knife and plunged it forward into the bull's shoulder.

At this moment a bullet from Gilpe's rifle struck the moose on the right flank, and in its desperate and headlong charge upon the fallen man it swerved slightly.

Photographers claim that they can take a picture of a rifle ball traveling at the rate of 3,000 feet per second.

HOW THE MAORI LIVE.

Their Food, Dress, Occupations and Homes and Church Religious Ceremonies.

The Maori lives mainly on the food that nature has provided, but adds to it provision of various kinds imported from other lands.

Cotton is picked, or the magnificent oranges are gathered when a paying market can be found. They take the trouble to make lime juice on the same occasion, but their chief export is coffee, for which a market is always sure.

When the seasons come, copra gathering is turned into picnic performances rather than made work in our sense of the term.

On Sunday, clad in their best, they troop to church or prayer meeting from three to five times a day, and after each service assemble in appointed sections for examination by their elders as to the sermon they have heard or the Scripture which has been read.

The Death Plant of Java.

Java, the land of the famous and much exaggerated "Death valley," has many wonderful curiosities, the principal one being the "kali anjah," or "death plant."

The flowers of this death dealing beauty are even more beautiful than the plant itself, being very large and cup shaped and of a color almost deathly in its whiteness.

The poison, which is distilled in the bottom of the cup shaped blossom, has the sickening odor of chloroform intensified a dozen fold, it being powerful enough to overcome a full grown man in a few seconds, even when inhaled in open air.

Cutting Up a Whale.

When a fish, as the whalers will forever call a whale, is taken, the ship gets alongside, and the creature is fixed head and tail in a curious and ancient fashion, so that by slacking or tightening the ropes each part of the vast body can be brought uppermost.

The Expense of Church Music.

"The expense of the music in the church is a perpetual problem, the solution of which must depend upon the circumstances of the church," writes the Rev. Lyman Abbott in an article on "The Church and the Choir" in The Ladies' Home Journal.

Confusion of Law.

"Turn to the right, as the law directs," is a simple rule to remember, but if it were followed out it would obviate all the jollifications and allowances that make a crowded thoroughfare so disagreeable.

An Interesting Search.

Western Maid—They tell me there are ever so many more women than men in Massachusetts. The chances for getting a husband in your state must be rather slim.

The Difference.

A good story was told at Middleboro by the Rev. Bryan Dale. He said that at the meeting on the previous day an old Yorkshire woman had defined the difference between the sects thus: "Wesleyans drag 'em out of the gutter, Baptists wash 'em, and Independents starch 'em!"—Exchange.

A MICROBE PROOF BUILDING.

The Wonderful Invention That Japan Has Given to the World.

A new kind of dwelling house has been invented. It is remarkable in many ways, being suitable for any climate, whether tropical or arctic, air and water tight, and as near disease proof as any building can be made.

Glass is the chief article of construction in the new building. Its walls are constructed of a series of glass boxes filled with a solution of alum.

No doors or windows appear in the building proper. The superstructure is placed on a foundation of brick, the walls of which inclose a sort of basement, and it is through this basement that ingress and egress to and from the residence portion are obtained.

Porterhouse and Tenderloin.

A carcass of beef is cut in 19 pieces. All the pieces and the names are in the dictionary. Look at the list, and you will find the names "tenderloin" and "porterhouse."

Belles of Charles I.

There are several relics still extant of the trial and execution of Charles I. Sir R. Palgrave, the learned clerk of the house of commons, has been able to specify the exact spot occupied by the king during his trial in Westminster hall.

A Cat Appeals to a Dentist.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Call writes: I have a friend, a dentist, who is the owner of a kitty. This animal is very observing and frequently sits near the chair watching the doctor operate on patients.

The Last Was First.

Teacher to new pupil—What is your last name, my little man? New Pupil—Tommy. Teacher—What is your full name? New Pupil—Tommy Jones. Teacher—No, it isn't. When I was born, my name was Jones, and they didn't give me the other name for a month afterward.

His Contract.

"See here," said the citizen as he put a stubby finger down on a copy of the paper, "this here item says that I got a contract workin' for de state."

Advertising That Paid.

It has been asked, "Does advertising pay?" A German journal, the Mainzer Nachrichten, replies to this question by giving the following fact: The authenticity of which it guarantees: A person advertised that he would pay 5 marks to the sender of the largest potato.

Where They Met.

Donald (after the ball)—May I call on you occasionally, Miss Lester? We seem to be old friends. Have I not seen you somewhere before? Miss Lester (cuttingly)—Yes, you saw me hanging onto the strap in the car one day last week while you were sitting down.—Vogue.

THE COLONEL'S SCAR.

SOUVENIR OF A CHANCE MEETING IN THE YELLOWSTONE.

How the Grand Old Popular Hymn Came to Be Written.

When our grand old hymn came to be written, it was written by a man of marked ability. At an early age he manifested an ardent love for music, and for the day in which he lived he acquired a thorough knowledge of its principles.

When a young man, Uncle Abram met with a serious disappointment in love. Tired of life, he one morning wandered into the deep forest between the Owl's Head and Streaked Mountain.

After a long and delightful trip we came within the shadow of the Yellowstone mountains and camped. It was a delightful spot. On one side ran the tracks of the Northern Pacific, and every few hours trains rushed by.

After dinner we sat near the railroad waiting to see the overland express dash by, when from the brush down the track three men came out. They strolled along in the direction of our camp.

They told us that their camp was down the track in a ravine about a mile distant and said that they would be glad to have us take dinner with them on the morrow.

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"HALLOWELL"

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MIXED AND AMUSING.

Some Anecdotes of Lafayette's Youth Through the United States in 1824.

William M. Polk says, in his life of Bishop Polk, that when Lafayette in 1824 made his memorable tour through the United States many amusing incidents accompanied his passage through North Carolina.

There was much hand shaking and speech-making. Lafayette spoke but little English and understood none. He had retained a few phrases, such as "Thanks!" "My dear friend," "Great country!" "Happy man!" "Ah, I remember!"

At Halifax the carriage was met by General Daniel, who had stationed a company of soldiers by the roadside, flanked by the ladies who had assembled to do honor to the guest of the state.

Equally misunderstanding their part, the soldiers, instead of shouting, "Welcome, Lafayette!" in unison at the close of the general's speech, repeated the sentence one by one in varying tones.

General Daniel, frantic at this burlesque of his order, vainly attempted to correct it. But as he unfortunately stammered when he was excited, his "Say it all-to-together!" could not overtake the running fire of "Welcome, Lafayette!" which continued all along the line.

Recognizing an old acquaintance, Lafayette greeted him with great effusion. "Ah, my dear friend, so glad to see you once more. How you have prospered and had good fortune these years."

Catching the word "wife," Lafayette guessed at the idea of a recent marriage, and putting his old friend affectionately on the shoulder he exclaimed: "Happy man! Happy man!"—Youth's Companion.

He Fell Among Borrowers.

According to the Sheridan (Or.) Sun, there is a schoolmaster in that state who has had enough of boarding with people who treat him as "one of the family."

On the second morning William, one of the boys, came into the new boarder's room and borrowed his toothbrush. The schoolmaster demurred and went so far as to enter into particulars about microbes and microbial infection, but William took the brush.

The next evening Samuel, another son, borrowed the master's best white shirt to wear to a dance, and Maria, one of the daughters, while trying to extract some of his perfumery, spilled the greater part of it upon her clothes.

So matters went on with increasing friendliness, and when the teacher took his leave the mother was wearing a pair of his socks, the girls had begged his tooth powder, the old man had worn out his ulster hunting deer, and the boys had one of two of his white shirts, two pairs of his socks, a vest and a hat.

An Unfortunate Ex-Pension.

"A good story is told on an Pension Commissioner Black," said a Chicago attorney, "Every one who knows Black is aware that he is one of the most dignified legal practitioners in the west, and that he is also somewhat enamored of the classics.

"Every one who knows Black is aware that he is one of the most dignified legal practitioners in the west, and that he is also somewhat enamored of the classics. Not long ago he was attorney in a marry case at Springfield, and in his address to the jury he quoted, very freely from the Merchant of Venice, and wound up by saying that, although the plaintiff could demand his pound of flesh, the terms of his bond did not enable him to go beyond this.

"The attorney for the alleged creditor seemed very much amused at the line of argument Mr. Black was making, and when that gentleman's peroration was concluded he rose and remarked with somewhat of a plying tone that Brother Black had recently held a brief in a dressed beef case and that he had gotten the two cases mixed up, concluding by a saying the jury that there was no flesh in this case at all, but only money. A legal friend of mine, who solemnly asserts he was in court on the occasion, says the look of disgust on Mr. Black's face would have been worth a small fortune to any artist who could have reproduced it on canvas."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Umbrellas.

"If half the citizens of New York only knew such a simple thing as how to roll up an umbrella, I would probably have to close up my repairing department," said an up town umbrella dealer.

"The right way to roll your umbrella is to take hold of the ends of the ribs and the stick with the same hand and hold them tightly enough to prevent their being twisted while the covering is being twisted around with the other hand.

"It is twisting the ribs out of shape around the stick and fastening them there that spoils most of the umbrellas that are brought to me to be fixed up. Never hold the umbrella by the handle alone when you roll it up, and you will find it will last longer and cost less for repairs."—New York Herald.

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