

AN ADVENTURE WITH A MOUNTAIN LION.

W. M. CARY 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

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 afterward keep my eyes open and on the lookout, should I happen to run across any mountain lions during my sojourn in this region.

At five days after our conversation I went 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 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 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 moccasin feet 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 antelope 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

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 washout 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 be 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 writhing 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 slunk 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."—Kölner 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 toilets. 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 in 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.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

Temptations.

AND it came to pass that about this time of the year a certain man findeth himself without shekels, and he casteth about that he may have the wherewithal to purchase food and raiment, for no man would lend him more until he first paid what was due.

And as he goeth up and down upon the face of the earth, seeking how he might get gold without labor, he passeth by the place of the man who selleth milk.

He stoppeth in the street, for behold he heareth the sounds of strife, and when he goeth into the house of the milk dealer he findeth that the milk dealer refuseth to take the milk that the farmer had brought, for it was sour, and the farmer was exceeding wroth.

Then this man goeth into his home and saith to his wife, "Eureka," which being interpreted means, I have a soft snap, and he telleth her to go unto the physician, and get an omer of a certain kind of acid. Now an omer is ten cents' worth.

Then this man getteth ten boxes and writeth on each one Sweetaline, and he putteth a tenth part of the omer of his acid in each box, and goeth unto the land of the farmers.

And when he meeteth the farmer, whose milk had been sour, he showeth him one of the boxes, and telleth him to put a tenth part of the substance in the box into the milk, and it will keep sweet for the space of three days.

And the farmer paid the man an ephah, which is ten omers, and he did unto his milk as the man saith, and behold it was sweet unto the third day, as the man had said.

Then after three days, cometh again this man and saith unto all the farmers, why now trouble you yourselves to keep clean the vessels wherewith you carry your milk to the city, or wherefore do you labor scrubbing your milk pails? Behold, for the sum of an ephah I will sell unto you a substance which will keep dirty milk clean.

light, comb large, but evenly serrated; if thin near the top, all the better; hackle well striped, but none in saddle; undercolor of hackle and saddle may be light gray or white; wing bows should show more purple than red, as too much red shows signs of being bred from a bricky hen. To him mate exhibition females having light brown pencilled with darker brown on back and wings, all one shade, free from shafting on back and brick on wings. These hens should have the large comb, lying over, but firm and strong on the head, so it does not lie close to the eye and face. The cockerels raised from this mating are the birds to use for breeding females the next year. By breeding Brown Leghorns in this manner we have two distinct lines of blood, and they should never be crossed. The Buff Leghorn is the most recent acquisition to the Mediterranean class. It is a beautiful bird, and one that will win its way wherever bred. Buff-colored birds have many admirers, and those who have bred them are pronounced in their praise of their qualities. Besides having the general characteristics of the Leghorn type, the Buff Leghorn cock has rich buff-colored hackle and saddle, in shade from lemon to cinnamon, but of even solid color in keeping with the rest of the plumage; the back and wing bow exactly match the plumage; tail is of the same general tint,



FEATHERS OF BROWN LEGHORNS.

but richer, deeper buff is preferable, the standard giving for tail a rich, deep buff or copperish bronze. The remainder of the plumage is of a slightly lighter shade, but even in color throughout, with no semblance to a patchy or mottled plumage. White and black feathers in plumage are objectionable; solid white or solid black feathers will disqualify the bird. The hen is of the same color as the cock.

Chicken-Eating Hogs.
A chicken catcher in a herd of hogs is most exasperating and expensive, writes T. L. Irwin in Texas Farm Journal. One such will soon transform

SHE KNEW HOW TO CURE.

But She Diagnosed the Case Rather Strangely.

"Even novices in medicine run to the experimental, as I have occasion to remember," tells a citizen whose word is never called in question, says the Detroit Free Press. "I visited an old aunt of mine this summer, and, while reveling in rural enjoyments I fell out of a cherry tree. There seemed to be a general jarring and shaking up of the system that I thought demanded the attention of a doctor, but aunt prides herself on knowing more than half the men who practice medicine and is committed to the old school of economy. She would bring me round all right. It would be a shame to send for a high-priced physician just to relieve a few bruises. Of course I was sore internally, for that was to be expected. The first remedy administered was catnip tea, which I took with that rebellious spirit begotten of childhood experiences. Then wild onion poultices were scattered judiciously over my person. Failure of relief caused my feet to be soaked in hot water and wood ashes, the lye distilled becoming so aggressive that I kicked the bucket over and repudiated the treatment. This was accepted as a premonition of brain fever, and a red-hot mustard draught was applied to the back of my neck. To the same end my head was thoroughly soaked in spring water. I entered a special complaint as to my side and a poultice of grated horseradish was the answer. In response to a demand for some exhilarant I was given sassafras tea. I was disposed to insist on brandy, but this was another brain-fever symptom, and more spring water was called into requisition. At length I surreptitiously hired a neighbor to go for a reputable physician."

"Did he effect a cure?"
"Oh, yes. I had a broken rib."

VACARIES OF GENIUS.

Macaulay Liked to Smash the Wine Glasses.

Macaulay, the historian, always used to eat his Sunday dinner alone and at a restaurant. When he had finished, he generally built up a pyramid of wine-glasses, which he delighted to see topple over, says an exchange. When he left the restaurant, he used to pay liberally for the broken glass as well as for the dinner. Cowper, the poet, was a great had for pets. At one time he possessed a squirrel, a cat, two dogs, several canary birds, a starling, a jay, a magpie, two guinea pigs, three hares and five rabbits. Whenever the soldierly duke of Epernay saw a hare it made him sick, and once he kept his bed for a week after one of these little animals touched him. It is said that Rembrandt, the great artist, loved his pet monkey next to money; that he shed tears when the creature died and painted a portrait of it from memory. Tradition has it that Philip, the duke of Burgundy, devoted much of his time to contriving trap doors in his house and grounds for the purpose of sousing unwary strangers in water holes underneath them. Cardinal Richelieu loved cats as much as he hated children. When he died his favorite Angora cat refused to eat and soon died also. When traveling, Handel, the composer, used to order dinner for three, if very hungry for five and then eat the whole himself. Pigs were the favorite pets of Harris, the poet. He used to teach them to follow him about and one of unusual intelligence he taught to drink beer out of a mug.

HOW ABOUT YOUR CHIN?

Drunkards usually have a circular line about their chins.

Square chins, with little flesh, denote firmness and good executive ability. The owners make good haters.

Broad chins signify nobleness and large dignity, unless vertically thin, when if thin, bloodless lips go with them you will find cruelty.

The chin, taken in connection with the rest of the face, is almost as good an index of character as is the thumb. Slovans have wrinkles around their chins.

Owners of long, thin chins are poetical, unstable and delicate in constitution. If thin about the angles of the mouth the owner is liable to tuberculosis and is generally short lived.

Protruding chins characterize men and women of the get-there type. Successful people usually carry their chins thrust forward, with compressed lips. If this style of chin is heavy and swelling it denotes fighting blood.

A retreating chin shows lack of force mentally, morally and physically; the owner is of the yielding kind, soon discouraged, needs protection and has small executive force. The development of other facilities usually makes up for this lack.

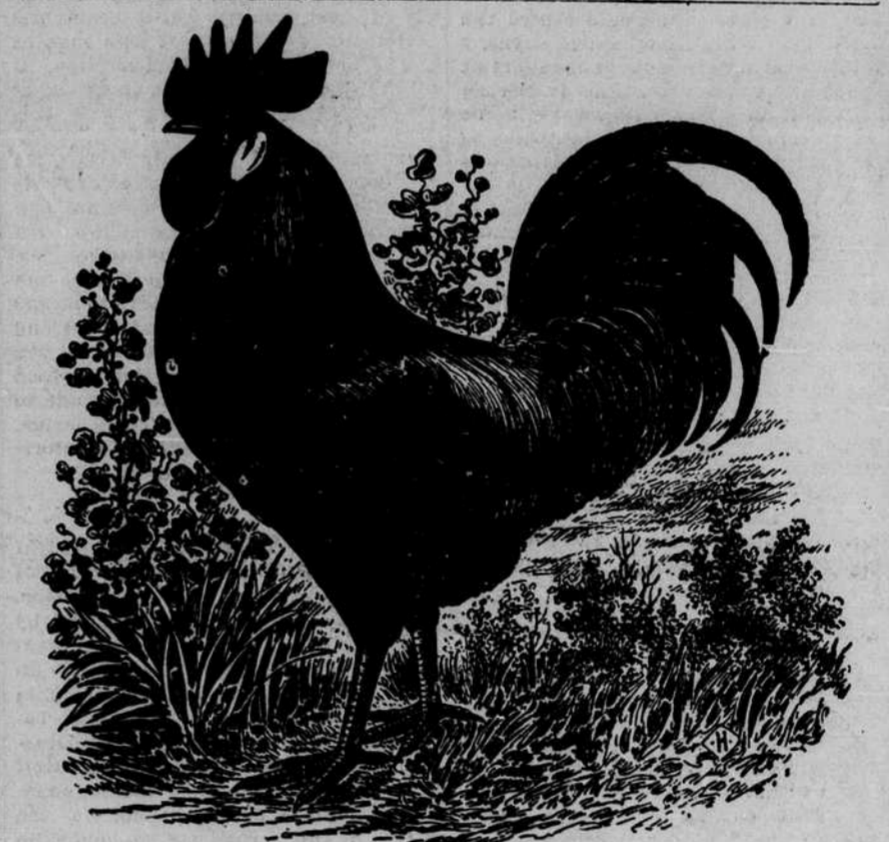
Medium chins, with a suggestive bifurcation in the center on the order of a dimple, with small mounds of flesh on either side, characterize generosity, impulsiveness and a cheery nature. The same size chins, with a dab of flesh under the center of the lower lip, indicate meanness, selfishness and brutality.

A small, well founded chin indicates a pleasure loving nature, and if dimpled, all the more so, for dimpled chins belong to coquettes. People with dimples love to be petted and liked, and are fond of admiration and praise. They are generally feckle. Usually the owner of this chin is healthy, recuperative and long lived.

The difference between a planet and a star is this: A star shines by its own light; a planet by light reflected from another body.



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



SINGLE-COMB BROWN LEGHORN COCK.

And some of the farmers hearkened unto the man, and bought of him, but others said: "We will not do so, for behold we have read that this substance that you sell is poison to children."

But there were enough farmers, who cared not for the children of other people, to buy large numbers of boxes of sweetaline, and the man got gold, yea much fine gold, for he selleth his stuff unto this day.—National Stockman.

Standard Varieties of Chickens.

In mating Brown Leghorns opposites must be considered. Should the male be fine in all points except comb or leg select females strong in this point to mate with him. The most successful breeders use a double mating, one pen to produce exhibition birds of each sex. Fine birds, both cockerels and pullets, can be bred from the same pen by using slightly different types of females. The same male often will breed the finest of both exhibition cockerels and pullets, but it is a rare case to have a female breed both sexes of a remarkable quality. When two pens are used, at the head of the pen mated to produce the cockerels place a fully developed cock with no serious fault, standard color, especially strong in comb, lobe, hackle and saddle, a dark undercolor preferred. To him mate hens of a shade darker than standard, with small, evenly serrated standing combs; a trifle brick on wings is no objection, as it will give a brighter color on wing bows of the cockerels. Shafting on the back will also help that black stripe in the saddles. The pullets raised from this pen will be too dark for exhibition, but they will be a great help in breeding cockerels the next season. The male at the head of the pen mated to produce the pullets should be from a pullet strain, and bred directly from an exhibition hen. His color is a trifle

a whole herd into ravenous chicken eaters. Being troubled in this way I tried the following: A leather blind wide enough to cover both eyes and long enough to come well over the face was cut from an old boot leg. The chicken thief was then caught, and pulling the ears forward, the top corners of the blind were fastened to them by means of pinchers and rings, such as are put in the snouts of pigs to prevent rooting. This blind will not prevent the hog from seeing his legitimate food, but it does prevent him seeing chickens unless they are under his very nose, and then if he attempts pursuit the chances are that he brings his nose in violent contact with the fence or some other obstruction. A few such lessons and he concludes that he is no longer partial to chicken. A mouth of "leather specs" cured our most ravenous thief, and by blinding only the ring leaders the whole herd was soon as docile as well behaved porkers should be.

Where shade cannot be secured from trees for your fowls, try planting a patch of sunflowers. Very soon the ground will be completely shaded and it will be noticed that chickens prefer sunflower seed to any other.

Don't be afraid to let your poultry hunt for their food. They enjoy the job and it is healthier for them.

Wanted—To learn of some one who has invented a hen's nest that but one hen can get on at a time.

It will make a better sale for eggs if you will wipe all dirty ones with a cloth before marketing them.

Give the horses a few potatoes now and then.