

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Fight With a Monster Grizzly—Pursued by a Lioness—A Story of the War.

JOHN HOUSTON, a veteran bear hunter, says in the San Francisco Chronicle that the grizzly bears of British Columbia are much larger than those of California.

"The most memorable experience I ever had in following a grizzly was in the summer of 1875, when I was new to bear hunting. I was out with a half breed Sioux Indian in a sparsely timbered region north of Dakota in the Manitoba country. We were among a lot of heavy brush one morning, when we suddenly came upon the largest grizzly—indeed, the largest bear—I had ever seen. My Indian companion was about thirty years of age, a perfect type of a muscular and sneaky hunter. He did not know what fear was, and was as cool and unmoved in the presence of a maddened grizzly as one would be at a dying coyote. At the same time he had the caution and hesitation of all good half-breed hunters in attacking a grizzly, and at once looked for every point of vantage in the surroundings, in case we should be compelled to come to close quarters with the bear. Our appearance in the opening had been a surprise to the bear, which was engaged in tearing with its great front claws a hollow log to pieces in search of squirrels.

"After recovering from its first surprise, the bear towered aloft on its hind feet and relieved itself of a few roars, that were not reassuring for our comfort. It threw its forepaws straight above its head, and for an instant stood as if about to charge fiercely upon us. It probably had such intention, but as it stood erect a vulnerable and vital part exposed—of which parts there are few on a grizzly bear—my Indian companion took cool and quiet aim and sent a ball into the vitals of the huge bear, which gave two or three powerful blows with its forepaws on the wounded part, accompanying them with its well-known roar or howl, and fell dead without moving out of its tracks.

"The bear had hardly touched the ground, the Indian's rifle being still raised in readiness to pour a second charge into the animal's body if the first had not proved sufficient, when there came a loud crash off to our right in the brush, and before either of us was prepared for what followed it, I saw my half-breed guide raised clear from his feet, hurled through the air for three or four yards and fall in a heap on the ground near the bear he had killed. A second grizzly had heard the cries of the one the Indian had shot, and, notwithstanding the allegations made by most writers on the habits of the animal, that one of them will not voluntarily attack a man, came dashing to the spot and had not waited to look into the cause of the trouble, but had taken a hand in it at once. The bear paid no attention whatever to me, but followed up his attack on my companion. The Indian did not need any further intimation to know what he had on hand, and he was on his feet again with amazing quickness. The blow from the bear's paw had torn the flesh from his left cheek and side of his head, and it hung in strips down on his neck. The Indian's gun had been forced from his hand. The blood poured from his head and face in streams. He quickly drew his short-handled hunting ax, which was in his belt, and awaited the charge of the bear, which was fully as big as the one that lay dead on the ground. The charge was so terrible that it must have borne down half a dozen stalwart men, and consequently my strong and muscular companion was no more than as a reed in a gale before it. He went down, and the grizzly stood over him and glared and growled, as if enjoying the hunter's peril and rejoicing over the fate that awaited him.

"These incidents had all occurred with such rapidity that I had not had time to think, let alone act, but when I saw the Indian lying at the mercy of the great brute that would crush him to death at the next blow of his terrible paw, I knew that his life depended on my course. Mechanically I sprang forward, and placing the muzzle of my rifle almost in the bear's right ear as he stood glaring at and gloating over his victim, pulled both triggers. No mere effective shot was ever fired. The heavy bullets plowed through the grizzly's brain and forced the top of his great head off like the lid of a kettle. The huge brute, although he must have died almost instantly, actually remained standing for at least a minute, as he had stood when I fired, one immense paw raised to give the fatal blow to his prostrate victim, and at last fell over the side of the Indian, with the foreleg thrown over the hunter's breast. The gigantic half-breed Indian was unconscious, and remained so for several minutes. His left side had been crushed by the bear's second charge, and the poor fellow was bruised and torn shockingly in other places. I got him safely to our quarters, and it was a month before he got around again. He was terribly disfigured, the one side of his face being a ghastly scar, but he recovered his former strength, and the last I ever heard of him he was still hunting grizzlies, and many had fallen under his deadly aim since his close call in the poplar woods, when my timely shot saved his life.

"Pursued by a Lioness. Lord Delamere, an Englishman, who has spent several years hunting in Somaliland, and who has killed more than 200 lions, tells a number of interesting stories about the sport in a recent issue of the Badminton Magazine. One of the incidents concerned a native, and his narrow escape from a wounded beast. A native had returned to the camp and told Lord Delamere that a lioness had been seen in a nearby thicket, and a party was organized to go after her. The incident is related as follows: "After a short ride we got to the place and found the tracks of the lioness going into a long strip of high, feathery grass. We could find no tracks coming out so we concluded to burn the patch. It was perhaps 200 yards long and fifty broad. I could not command the whole of it, so I told the men to light it at the top and along one side, and Abdullah and I took our station half way down the other side and about thirty yards from the edge of the grass. "At the bottom edge I put a warrior on a pony to see if the animal broke cover that way. A great part of the grass was burnt before there was any sign of the lioness. Then I caught sight of her sinking along through the thin grass at the edge of the strip going toward the bottom end. She did not see us as we were rather behind her and was standing still. "When I shot she seemed to stumble forward, but recovering herself caught sight of the man on the pony, and before I could shoot again she was half way to him and going like a flash. He had not seen her when I shot, as she was hidden by the grass, and by the time he had turned his pony around and started she was close to him. He darted straight away from me and I dared not fire at the lioness for fear of hitting him. "For nearly 200 yards it looked any money on the lioness. She got right under the pony's tail, but did not seem to know how to strike, and at length the pony began to gain on her. She at once pulled up and turned into a brush where she lay down, stretched out at full length, panting. Running up I shot her before she could prepare for another effort. "The natives said that the reason she did not catch the pony is because a lion cannot spring without a momentary halt. If this is so a pony could always get away from a lion galloping straight behind it, unless the pony was such a bad one that the lion could come alongside. "Hunters feel safe when on a pony and in the open. There is really no danger if the pony is not too tired and if the lion is kept at a distance so that the pony can get started if the animal charges. Unless wounded, lions are inclined to run from a man either on foot or on a pony, except when very hungry.

HE SAW LINCOLN KILLED.

STORY OF THE ORCHESTRA LEADER AT FORD'S THEATRE.

Pierced by Booth's Dagger Just After the President Had Been Shot Down—A Graphic Recital.

WILLIAM WITHERS, Jr., now orchestra leader at Daly's Theatre in New York, held a similar position in Ford's Theatre, Washington, at the time President Lincoln was shot down by John Wilkes Booth. Every time Mr. Withers goes to Washington he is requested to tell the story, and although many and varied are the recitals of this thrilling event, his account is somewhat different from the others. Here is the story as he tells it in the Washington Post: "I was leader of the orchestra at the time, and as the President was to witness the performance of 'Our American Cousin,' I thought that as befitted the occasion I would compose a song. So I did. It was entitled 'Honor to Our Soldiers,' and dedicated to the President. This was to be sung between two of the acts by a quartette I had engaged and the entire company, who were to be attired in the American colors. "As I was on my way to the theatre I met John Wilkes Booth just in front of George Harry's saloon, which adjoined the theatre. It was a sultry night, and Booth had his overcoat over his arm. 'Good evening, Billy,' he said. 'Come and have something?' "As I was leaving to enter the theatre Booth remarked: 'I'll witness the performance to-night.' I noticed nothing strange about his demeanor, and subsequently saw him as I was coming out for the overture. "Soon the President, his wife, Major Rathbone and Robert and Tad entered their box. I signalled for 'Hail to the Chief,' and the audience cheered and the President turned smilingly and bowed. Then he seated himself, and with his accustomed modesty drew the curtains half across the box. "After the first act J. P. Wright, the stage manager, sent me word he would be unable to have the special song sung at that time, but he would try to have it rendered between the second and third acts. A similar message was sent to me at the close of the second act, and I became somewhat exercised. I started to go upon the stage, when I saw Booth on the balcony, walking down the aisle in the direction of the President's box. He was seemingly attentive toward the acting, for the curtain had again gone up. I encountered a scene shifter, Spangler, whose office I afterward learned was to turn out the lights in the theatre as soon as the shot was fired. He obstructed my passage. "What do you want here?' he demanded. In reply I told him it was none of his business. Mr. Wright appearing, Spangler left his position on the stage alongside the box in which was the apparatus for illuminating the theatre. I closed the lid of the box and set upon it to talk to the manager, unconscious that I was spoiling the plan. "Mr. Wright told me the song would be sung at the close of the performance, and Miss Keene had sent word to the President requesting him to stay to hear it. "I was just about to return to the orchestra when the crack of a revolver startled me. All was quiet instantly, I saw a man jump from the President's box on to the stage. It was Booth. He ran directly toward the door leading into the alley. This course brought him right in my path. He had a dagger in his hand, and he waved it threateningly. He evidently did not recognize me, for he appeared like a maniac, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets and his hair was dishevelled. "With head down he ran toward me and cried: 'Let me pass.' He alighted at my feet with the knife, cut through my coat, vest and underclothing. He struck again, the point of the weapon penetrating the back of my neck, and the blow brought me to the floor. I watched him make his exit into the alley and caught sight of the horse, held by 'Peanut John.' "The commotion in the audience was something terrible. Several actors, including Harry Hawke, rushed out, and a man, who proved to be a detective, lifted me up and said, 'I arrest you.' "What's this all about?' I asked. 'I'm stabbed.' I was quickly told that was the matter. The thought flashed across my mind that Booth was the assassin. "I was taken to the police station and my deposition was received in the presence of Mayor Watach. That was, I believe, the first intimation that they had of the identity of the murderer. I was at the trial of the conspirators, and the second to give testimony. My wound healed in a short time.

"An expert at figures says 12,000 vehicles, a quarter of them omnibuses, pass through the Strand in the day, and the narrowness of the street causes each of their 63,000 occupants to waste on an average three minutes. The total waste of time equals 3150 hours, the money value of which, at the very moderate rate of one shilling an hour, is \$750 per day, or over \$230,000 per annum.—London Sketcher.

Low-Down Trick of a Parsnip. An Oxford County (Maine) farmer hardly knows whether to boast or complain of a low-down trick a parsnip played on him by growing twenty-five inches downward from the golden surface. A man in Searsport in the same State grew a beet weighing almost eighteen pounds.—New York Sun.

German Southwest Africa, a tract of over 800,000 square kilometres, had last year only 750 male Germans in the whole territory, and of these nearly 800 were in uniform.

THE TURBOTS' UNIQUE EYES.

Lying limp and slimy on a fishmonger's slab, or dry and sandy in the Dutch fishwives' baskets, the turbot is perhaps the least interesting of fish, says the London Spectator. When swimming in an artificial sea or lying on the sandy bottom it is the most attractive of all the denizens of this mock ocean, and whether at rest or in motion has an air of vigilance, vivacity and intelligence greater than that of any of the normally-shaped fish. This is in part due to his habits and in part to the expression of the flat fish's eye. This, which is sunk and invisible in the dead fish, is raised on a kind of turret in the living turbot, or sole, and set there in a half revolving apparatus, working almost as independently as the "ball and socket" eyes of the chameleon. There is this difference, however, in the eye of the lizard and of the fish—the iris of the chameleon is a mere pin-hole at the top of the eyeball, which is thus absolutely without expression. The turbot's or "butt's" eyes are black and gold and intensely bright, with none of the fixed, staring, stupid appearances of ordinary fishes' eyes. It lies upon the sand and jerks its eyes independently into position to survey any part of the ground surface and the water above or that on either side at any angle. If it had light rays to project from its eyes instead of to receive, the effect would be precisely that made by the sudden shifting of the jointed apparatus which casts the electric light from a war ship at any angle on the sea, sky or horizon. The turbots, though ready, graceful swimmers, moving in wave-like undulations across the water, or dashing off like a flash when so disposed, usually lie perfectly still upon the bottom. They do not, like the dabs and flounders, cover themselves with sand, for they mimic the color of the ground with such absolute fidelity that except for the shining eyes it is almost impossible to distinguish them. It would appear that volition plays some part in this subtle conformity to environment, for one turbot, which is blind, has changed a tint too light and not at all in harmony with that of the sand.

Bovine Triplets Almost Alike. E. E. Hall, who lives on North Park avenue, near Capitol Hill, is prouder than ever to-day of a cow that he purchased a few months ago for \$50, at a time when people told him he was foolish to put so much money into an animal that could only give milk and might die on his hands at any time. The cow yesterday gave birth to three calves, all of which are fine and healthy, and it is believed they will live to become full grown cows and to be valuable adjuncts to the dairy, too, for, by a singular coincidence, they are all heifers.

There are other coincidences about the calves that make their owner proud of the animal that bore them. The old cow had some idea of symmetry. Her young ones are all red except for the marks which are placed with precision that reminds one of a lesson in geometrical art. Each little one has, to begin with, a white star on the forehead. Then there is one with a white star on each hip. As for the others, one has a white star on the right hip, and the other a white star on the left hip. With the first one lying in the middle and the others arranged on each side of her it looks like a full section out of a new pattern for wall paper. In every other way the calves look so nearly alike that if it were not for the peculiar marks referred to the members of the family that owns the mother would not be able to tell which was which.—Helena (Montana) Independent.

The Cat Wears Glasses. Max, the handsome Maltese pet of Miss Thompson, of San Francisco, Cal., is perhaps the only cat on record that wears spectacles. Miss Thompson says she has owned Max since her early youth, and has found him a most invaluable possession besides being a loving little companion in her loneliness. A few months ago, much to her distress, Miss Thompson discovered that Max was losing his eyesight, so she carried him to a well-known oculist to be treated. At first the man of science refused to make the experiment, scarcely knowing how to begin, but at Miss Thompson's suggestion, he secured a line and the picture of a mouse, and by holding these alternately and at varying distances before Max, was finally enabled to test his eyes quite thoroughly. After the necessary treatment, the doctor fitted Max with a pair of glasses, the gold frames having to be made to order, of course, and now the big cat looks as wise as the proverbial owl with his double eyes, and Miss Thompson declares it is as good as new again.—Philadelphia Times.

An Autographic Pane. While King George of Greece was staying at the Park Hotel at Wiesbaden, a few years ago, he noticed a window pane upon which his father, the King of Denmark, had cut his name with a diamond. King George took off his own diamond ring and engraved his name below his father's. A few hours afterward the Czar saw the window and immediately cut his name. Then came the Kaiser, who added his name to those of the three royalties. A British diplomatist and an American millionaire are now trying to outbid each other in order to get possession of the illuminated piece of glass.

Home for Cats. Lady Marcus Beresford is an English woman who has devoted herself to the pursuit of providing a home for cats. She has succeeded in establishing and endowing one in Englefield Green, Windsor Park. She has made cats her specialty, and her collection of Angoras is famous.

A BOY WHO WORKED UP.

One day many years ago, a bright boy found employment in a photographic gallery in Nashville, Tenn. His wages were small, but he took good care of them, and in course of time he had saved up a snug little sum of money. One day a friend, less thrifty than he, came to him with a long face and asked for a loan of money, offering a book as security. Although the other knew there was little probability of his ever being repaid, he could not refuse the request. "Here is the money; keep your book and pay me when you can." The grateful lad went away in such haste that he left the book behind. The kind youth, with curiosity, examined the volume. It was a work on astronomy, by Dick, and it so fascinated him that he sat up all night reading it. He had never seen anything which so filled him with delight. He determined to learn all that he could about the wonders of the heavens. He began thenceforth to read everything he could obtain relating to astronomy. The next step was to buy a small spyglass, and night after night he spent most of the hours on the roof of his house studying the stars. He secured, second-hand, the tube of a larger spyglass, into which he fitted an eyepiece, and sent to Philadelphia for an object glass. By and by he obtained a five-inch glass, which, as you know, is an instrument of considerable size. Meanwhile he worked faithfully in the shop of the photographer, but his nights brought him rare delight; for he never wearied in tracing out the wonders and marvels of the worlds around us. With the aid of his large spyglass he discovered two comets before they were seen by any of the professional astronomers, whose superior instruments were continually roaming the heavens in search of the celestial wanderers. This exploit, you may well suppose, made the boy famous. He was invited by the professors to Vanderbilt university to go thither and see what he could do with their six-inch telescope. In the course of the following four years he discovered six comets. He was next engaged by the Lick university, in California. With the aid of that magnificent thirty-six-inch refracting telescope, the largest ever made, he discovered eight comets, and last summer astonished the world by discovering the fifth satellite of Jupiter. He invented a new method of photographing the nebulae in the milky way, and has shown an originality approaching genius in his work in star photography. Perhaps you have already guessed the name of this famous astronomer, which is Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Lick observatory, and this is the story of how he worked up.

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An Autographic Pane. While King George of Greece was staying at the Park Hotel at Wiesbaden, a few years ago, he noticed a window pane upon which his father, the King of Denmark, had cut his name with a diamond. King George took off his own diamond ring and engraved his name below his father's. A few hours afterward the Czar saw the window and immediately cut his name. Then came the Kaiser, who added his name to those of the three royalties. A British diplomatist and an American millionaire are now trying to outbid each other in order to get possession of the illuminated piece of glass.

Home for Cats. Lady Marcus Beresford is an English woman who has devoted herself to the pursuit of providing a home for cats. She has succeeded in establishing and endowing one in Englefield Green, Windsor Park. She has made cats her specialty, and her collection of Angoras is famous.

A Boy Who Worked Up. One day many years ago, a bright boy found employment in a photographic gallery in Nashville, Tenn. His wages were small, but he took good care of them, and in course of time he had saved up a snug little sum of money. One day a friend, less thrifty than he, came to him with a long face and asked for a loan of money, offering a book as security. Although the other knew there was little probability of his ever being repaid, he could not refuse the request. "Here is the money; keep your book and pay me when you can." The grateful lad went away in such haste that he left the book behind. The kind youth, with curiosity, examined the volume. It was a work on astronomy, by Dick, and it so fascinated him that he sat up all night reading it. He had never seen anything which so filled him with delight. He determined to learn all that he could about the wonders of the heavens. He began thenceforth to read everything he could obtain relating to astronomy. The next step was to buy a small spyglass, and night after night he spent most of the hours on the roof of his house studying the stars. He secured, second-hand, the tube of a larger spyglass, into which he fitted an eyepiece, and sent to Philadelphia for an object glass. By and by he obtained a five-inch glass, which, as you know, is an instrument of considerable size. Meanwhile he worked faithfully in the shop of the photographer, but his nights brought him rare delight; for he never wearied in tracing out the wonders and marvels of the worlds around us. With the aid of his large spyglass he discovered two comets before they were seen by any of the professional astronomers, whose superior instruments were continually roaming the heavens in search of the celestial wanderers. This exploit, you may well suppose, made the boy famous. He was invited by the professors to Vanderbilt university to go thither and see what he could do with their six-inch telescope. In the course of the following four years he discovered six comets. He was next engaged by the Lick university, in California. With the aid of that magnificent thirty-six-inch refracting telescope, the largest ever made, he discovered eight comets, and last summer astonished the world by discovering the fifth satellite of Jupiter. He invented a new method of photographing the nebulae in the milky way, and has shown an originality approaching genius in his work in star photography. Perhaps you have already guessed the name of this famous astronomer, which is Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Lick observatory, and this is the story of how he worked up.

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