

HUNTING FOR LIFE.

MAN AND BABOON MEET IN A DEADLY DUEL.

Struggling for One Hour on the Brink of a Precipice—Just as the Man is About to Give Up a Dog Comes to His Rescue.

I was walking through my lands and had my gun with me, and the baboons were screaming on the top of the rocky precipice that overhangs my homestead. The dogs in the farm yard, on hearing the noise the baboons were making, rushed up to the mountain, and were soon engaged with them in a deadly fight. I took up my gun and climbed up the mountain for the purpose of assisting the dogs and in the hope of saving them from being torn to pieces.

I had not another cartridge for my gun, so I put it down and picked up a couple of large stones and walked to within a few yards of the spot. I was just in the act of hurling one of them at the baboon when, suddenly, a tremendous male baboon, the largest I have seen, came straight at me in a bold and defiant manner, his eyes gleaming with anger and rage, and his huge jaws working together as if in anticipation of the crunching that was in store for me. I just had time to hurl the stone, in my now upraised hand, at him, when he was upon me. He seized me by the leg first, and bit me with such violence that I thought that every bone in my leg was smashed to atoms. I kicked with all my might, I tried to get hold of a stone. I attempted to seize him by the throat, and dealt him several blows with the fist, but it was all useless; the strength of the enraged African mandrill overpowered and mastered me completely.

After he had finished with my leg he raised himself on his hind legs, put his arm around me and seized hold of me on the chest with his powerful jaws. What could I do? Every now and then he let go his hold of my breast and snapped at my throat. I seized him by the throat with my right hand and clenched my fingers, but he would not yield his grasp for a single instant. Every time I moved he dragged me nearer to the edge of the precipice, and we were now within three feet of the brink and the ground sloping down to it. I knew that if I for a moment lost my foothold, down we should go into the chasm below. The wounded baboon and the dog, that were responsible for the awful predicament in which I now found myself, had just rolled over into the



I GOT THE KNIFE OUT.

We had been at it nearly an hour, and, as the baboon showed no signs of releasing me, I felt I should not be able to hold out much longer, as I am an old man, considerably over 60.

At this stage I thought myself of a pen knife I had in my waistcoat pocket. If I could only get it out, I might ward him off by stabbing him in the face. I gradually got my left hand into my pocket and got the knife out, the brute scratching and tearing my face with his hands all the while. I got it to my mouth and held it there till I had an opportunity of opening it with my left hand. I then began stabbing and prodding him, but the knife was not large enough to do him much damage. I drew blood, however, the sight of which only made him more vicious still. By this time I had scarcely a vestige of clothing left, and my lacerated body bore tokens of what a South African baboon can do when he chooses to tackle and fight an unarmed man.

I was wondering how all this was going to end, when one of the dogs that had been wounded in the fight, and which had recovered sufficiently to make his way to where we were, seized the animal from behind. I felt the brute wished to get at the dog. He threw himself from me upon the dog; they had one rough-and-tumble and then the baboon walked suddenly away along the ridge of the precipice, looking back from time to time, as if undecided whether he should renew the attack. It was some time before I could recover sufficient strength to descend the mountain. I got home, however, and the dog, too, after an encounter such as I shall never forget and the like of which I hope never to experience again.

Wild Sheep on Monhegan Island. About thirty years ago Moses Starling and others put two small flocks of sheep on Monhegan, a bleak and rocky island off the entrance to Penobscot bay, believing that sheep could take care of themselves almost anywhere. Since then the flocks have increased to an aggregate of 250 head, running wild and receiving no attention whatever. Once a year men have gone to the island, driven the sheep into a pen, and sheared them and marked the lambs. The sheep are now owned by half a dozen persons, some of whom have not seen the stock for twenty years.

GROUBED IN A SNAKE'S COIL.

The Boy's Life Saved Only by the Courage of His Dog.

The 5-year-old son of Henry Hoover of Nelkirk, Ont., met with a singular adventure last fall. Mr. Hoover has a farm situated about a mile from the village where he lives, upon which is a brush pasture, to which the boy was sent to bring the cows. Not noticing where he was stepping, his foot rested on what he thought to be a dried stick, about the thickness of his arm, but which proved to be a huge rattlesnake, five feet long.

The snake, irritated by the unusual pressure, coiled itself so tightly about



TOOK THE SNAKE LOOSE.

the boy's legs that he was unable to free himself from its deadly embrace, and there is no doubt that he would have been killed outright had it not been for the assistance of a large dog that accompanied him.

At the bidding of the boy, the faithful brute seized the snake in his teeth, and the little frightened fellow, bracing himself in an opposite direction, so as not to be dragged, allowed the dog, by a great effort of strength, to tear the snake loose. So great was the shock to the little fellow's nerves that he became temporarily blind, and would in all probability not have reached home that night had it not been for his sagacious canine friend.

Placing his hand on the back of the dog he was piloted safely to the house. He has recovered his sight, but his mind is shattered, and his body the subject of frequently recurring spasmodic fits, the results of his terrible experience. His recovery is doubtful.

True Pathos. Four long years had Jack, the sailor, been away, and his ship was reported "lost, with all on board." The news seemed to pile years on his father's bent shoulders; his mother's smile faded out and wrinkles seamed her cheeks. One summer day, however, as the two came out of church with their pretty daughters—all three scarcely balancing the loss of the one dear son—a shabby, bronzed and handsome fellow rushed up to the group and took his mother in his arms.

"It's my boy! my own boy!" cried she, throwing her arms about him and smothering him with kisses, while the father managed to get possession of one brown sneaky hand.

"Come, mother, give us a chance!" cried the girls in chorus, and by this time the entire congregation had surrounded the wanderer and claimed his greeting.

"But you were drowned, Jack!" exclaimed the youngest sister, and Jack laughed as he explained:

"No, only partly. Two of us floated for days, reached an island in the Pacific, fell in with friendly savages, and then—waited for a ship. Got my belt full of money, father, but couldn't wait to buy a rag of decent clothes."

Then the minister said solemnly, "Let us pray," and there under the trees with uncovered head, he offered thanks for the wanderer's return. When he had finished, everyone was softly weeping, and not a soul dreamed that the tragic joy of the occasion could be turned into mirth. Suddenly Jack's mother, wrought up beyond endurance, opened her lips and spoke.

"Jack," said she sharply, "ain't you ashamed to come to meetin' with such a ragged old handkerchief as that?" Jack roared and so did the neighbors. Tears were wiped away and laughter reigned.

A Mammoth Oak. A giant oak, which was a king of the forest at the time William Penn bought the ground from the Indians, and which now rivals in size many of the enormous trees of California, stands alone in solemn grandeur on Old Pine road, about three miles above Fox Chase. This mammoth white oak is still sound and healthy, and measures twenty-seven feet in circumference or about six feet in diameter. The first branch which shoots out from the parent trunk measures nine feet six inches in circumference and extends out the enormous length of over seventy feet.

Tradition says that it was beneath the branches of this giant oak that the Indians held many of their councils of war, and of late years several camp meetings have been held under its shade, while the worshippers listened to eloquent sermons from many celebrated divines.

No Clocks in Liberia. Explorer Buttikoff says that a clock is rarely seen in the farm houses of Liberia, and many of the town people have no time pieces. He adds that there are few civilized countries where a time piece can be dispensed with so conveniently. The sun rises at 6 a. m. and sets at 6 p. m. almost to the minute throughout the year, and at noon it is directly overhead. Many of the people become so expert in telling time by the sun that they are rarely more than a quarter of an hour in error. In place of alarm clocks they depend upon the crowing cock to arouse them in the morning.

Waxing Carved Furniture. A new, soft brush is a good thing to dust carved furniture with, as the bristles will penetrate the deepest crevices.

PLAYING FOR A LIFE.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE WITH RATTLESNAKES.

Charming Them With the Stratos of a Harmonica—Holding the Rattles in Check With the Music of "The Suwanee River."

"I was working for the J. Y. outfit," he began, "and we had just gone on the spring round-up and were working the Sun River range. I got melancholy, so, taking out a small mouth-organ or harmonica, which instrument in those days was a great favorite among cow-punchers, I began to play.

"I have heard some play on this instrument who would make a professional uneasy for his laurels. I was a fairly good performer, and being in, as I said, a tender mood, I gave vent to my feelings in 'Home, Sweet Home.' Then I went into what I considered my masterpiece, beginning, 'Hear me, Norma.' I played softly and slowly, and had got to 'At thy feet behold,' and which the boys always called for—that air, when I heard a low rattling and looking down a few feet below me saw a large rattlesnake coiled, with his head slowly swaying to and fro, and evidently enjoying the music.

"Ah, ha!" thought I, "here's a snake that appreciates operatic music. And as I had often read of the power music is supposed to have over snakes of all kinds, I determined to keep on playing and see what it would do, so I finished 'Norma' and went over it again. But this snake was soon joined by others, who, as they crawled out of their holes, assumed the same attitudes as the first, and were evidently charmed.

"By Jove, boys, they came out in droves, and I saw that the vicinity was alive with them. A long experience with these reptiles made me insensible to fear of them, and worked up by the novelty of the thing and the excitement of seeing so many of these powerful destroyers subject to my will, I forgot all about personal safety and kept on playing and enjoying myself.

"Once I stopped, and then began angry rattling and a quick disappearance of many, but they subsided and all came back as I resumed. I gave them airs from 'The Bohemian Girl,' varied with 'The Devil's Dream,' 'Mrs. McLeod's Reel' and 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' and they readily responded with their swaying heads to the different time. But the tune that seemed to please them most was 'The Suwanee River,' and one big fellow in particular, on whom I counted twelve rattles, got so excited that his leaps and twists had brought him within a few feet of where I sat. Then he suddenly quieted down and his head just barely came down above his coil, while his tail slowly rattled in time with the music.

"Then I caught his gaze, and, boys, I was fairly fascinated by the look I saw there. I believe this talk of snakes charming people to be all fancy, but in the eyes of this rattler that was fastened on mine there was such a wicked, cold, devilish, fiendish stare that I fairly shivered, and moved my hand around to get my pistol to take a shot at him. I was sitting up now, with my back almost touching a small ridge of rocks. Still keeping my harp in my left hand, I was on the point of pulling my gun from the scabbard, when a low, intense voice a few yards behind me said:

"Don't move, Jim, for God's sake, and keep on playing. There's a big rattler within six inches of your neck and another close to your hand. Keep on playing till the boys come up. I'm all alone and can't help you."

"I knew the voice to be that of my boss, Wallace, and from its tones I was in great danger, and for a moment I faltered, and in that moment I could feel the cold body of the snake as it came in contact with my hand; but, although I felt like yelling and jumping up, I knew that would mean death, for quicker than any living thing, excepting the cat, is the movement of a rattlesnake as it strikes.

"So I sat still and kept on playing 'The Suwanee River,' where I heart-



THEY CAME OUT IN DROVES.

ly wished I was. Every few seconds—they seemed years to me—Wallace would whisper, 'Keep up your nerve old man, the boys are almost here. There's lots of whisky in camp if you're bitten. Don't stop playing or you're a goner,' and other cheerful words, at which, serious as the occasion was, I almost felt like laughing, so wrought up was I.

"Still I kept up 'The Suwanee River.' My tongue got dry and my lips almost refused to shape the notes. On I kept until 'The Suwanee River' had run into a perfect muddle of extemporizing, the like of which no one ever heard before from a mouth organ. I tried to get back on some air I knew, but although I knew my life depended upon keeping the snakes quiet by the music, I could not remember a single thing,

and had reached the state when all I could bring out of the harp was the note made as I drew and expelled my breath.

"As the terrible discord reached the snakes a change came over them, and I could see my big enemy in front preparing to strike and heard the one at my hand rattle continuously, when a low 'Now, boys,' and a deafening report behind me came and I saw the big one in front part company with his head, and then I fainted and knew nothing more till I felt something cool-hot going down my throat and came to to find my head supported on Wallace's knee, and one of the boys pouring whisky into me out of a pint cup, while the bodies of a half-dozen snakes lay wriggling close by.

"The fellow by my hand had bitten me, but as I drank about three pints of ranch whisky, the two poisons and a fight for it, and whisky came out ahead. I was sick for a couple of days, but felt no other bad effects from the bite. There it is on my thumb. I have never tried to charm any more rattlesnakes, and the sound of the 'Suwanee River' gives me the horrors."

A PANTHER'S FIERCE JEALOUSY.

A Strange Story of a Brute's Vengeance from New Mexico.

A strange instance of jealousy in an animal is reported from a ranch in the range northwest of Silver City, N. M. A Mexican named Juan Lopez some years ago caught a young mountain lion and raised it as a pet. He had the animal completely under subjection and it was as docile with him as a house cat. The lion is now about 4 years old and is full grown, but it has always been accustomed to sleep at the foot of the bed of its master and has followed him like a dog when he went around the place. Lopez had the lion trained for hunting and it was always with him except when he came to town. It had never shown any dangerous disposition when with other people, and would allow visitors to fondle it.

Lopez recently married and his bride insisted that the lion should be made to sleep out of the house, as she was afraid of it. Lopez assented to her wishes and built a house for his pet near the door of his cabin. When he attempted to make the animal go in it that night



THE NIGHT THAT MET HIM.

the brute for the first time was disposed to rebel against the wishes of its master, and the result was that it received a whipping. It went sullenly into the box, but all night long the Mexican and his bride could hear its low growls. Next morning the animal slunk into the house and curled up in a corner, repulsing the caresses of its master. It was sullen all day, but the bride noticed that it watched her constantly, and she became so nervous that she insisted that her husband should get rid of the big lion, and he promised to do so as soon as possible.

The second night it went to its hut outside with little opposition and next morning Lopez started to town to find a purchaser for his pet. He left the animal at home and told his wife to pay no attention to it but go about her work as if it was not in the house. Lopez had no difficulty in finding a purchaser for his lion, and about 5 o'clock in the evening started home pretty well intoxicated with mescal. He arrived home after dark, and was surprised to find the house dark. As he entered the place and groped about he stumbled over something on the floor. Stooping down he discovered that the object was a woman's body. He quickly struck a light, and was horrified at the sight that met his gaze.

The young wife had been torn to pieces by the savage brute. The struggle could not have been long, as the marks of the teeth showed that the lion had jumped upon her back and broken her neck at the first bite. It then had torn the victim to shreds. The animal, after completing his bloody work, had fled to the mountains and has not since been seen.

The young husband's grief was so great that he became insane and had to be confined to prevent him from taking his life.

The Match Trade.

The oldest and it is said the largest match factory in the world is in Sweden. Matches were made there long before the old roughly trimmed splinter of wood, tipped with sulphur, was discarded with the tinder boxes for which they were used. In twenty-five years the export trade of Sweden in modern matches increased 1,000,000,000 boxes a year. Some of the machines for making the matches which we use in these days make 300 revolutions a minute each, and turn out about 2,500,000 of matches daily, or about \$821,000,000 annually. Rather more than five matches per head for the whole population are used daily in the United States. In France 200,000 matches are used daily. Strange to say, the quality in many cases is so bad that the State "intends to resume the manufacture," and computes that the profits will produce a revenue of \$200,000. Altogether there are in Europe about 40,000 factories, and they yearly produce matches valued at \$10,000,000.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

GHOSTS STROLLING AROUND AN OLD HOMESTEAD.

The Murder of the Little Lakes Recalled—An Apparition Which Walks in the Swamp—A Growsome and Unusual Story.

On a rise of ground sloping toward a swamp fringing the more northern of two bodies of water known as the Little Lakes in the town of Warren, N. Y., stands a dilapidated frame structure, whose story of blood some half-dozen years ago appalled the civilized world. Here it was that Roxana Druse, assisted by a daughter of 17 and abetted by two shiftless nephews,



ON STORMY NIGHTS.

butchered, hacked and chopped her husband, William Druse, and then, with true hell-born instincts, boiled, roasted, and burned the remains and scattered the ashes in the swamp, adjoining the premises. The story is a familiar one.

The miserable little frame farm house wherein this tragedy was enacted has literally been carried away piecemeal by morbid-minded relic-seekers. The wall-paper with which Mrs. Druse covered the blood-bespattered walls, has been torn off and carried away; the floor, which she daubed with liberal coats of paint to hide the crimson stains, has been hauled, sawed and appropriated by the army of elinker-brained individuals who have visited the place. Just what pleasure these people derived from these so-called relics it is difficult to determine. The snake-fence which once surrounded the buildings, has also been carried off, but whether as relics or for fuel by some poor but dishonest neighbor is not known.

And now it is said that the old house is haunted. It would be difficult to imagine a more favorable place for spooks, even were there no horrible tale connected with it. Situated in the rear of a great barren field with a swamp at the back, and the highway seldom traveled, however—some 500 yards distant, with towering chimneys, flapping clapboards, creaking doors, and great rents in the sides—the building presents a truly uncanny aspect. But when added the details of a crime, the awfulness of which six years of retelling has not served to augment, a growsomeness surrounds the premises which the stoutest-hearted yokel does not care to investigate.

It is said that upon storm-swept nights the place is visited by the wraiths of the murdered Druse and his demon wife. There are sounds of pistol-shots and groans, of wild yells and curses. There is the noise of a falling body, pleas for mercy, followed by the dull thud of an ax chop, chop, chopping off hands, arms, legs. The whole horrid tragedy is again enacted. A brief silence ensues, and then issues forth from the house a ghostly apparition, which glides around to the rear of the building, follows a path swampward and disappears. It has been noticed that the spook appears to be that of a woman, and it carries concealed a large package of some character. This is supposed to be the ghost of the murderer, and that the package she carries contains the head and cremated remains of the murdered husband.

Of all those still living who were connected with the tragedy, the daughter, Mary, is slowly dying in prison of consumption; the little boy, George, is still living with the kind-hearted farmer who adopted him; Frank Gates is living somewhere in the South and Chester Gates, the younger of the two nephews, is making a living from the sales of a liniment made from a favorite formula concocted by the old man Druse.

A FIGHT WITH A WOLF.

The Man Won the Fight and Got His Bounty for the Skin.

It was winter, the snow was two feet deep in our settlement, which was in the Province of New Brunswick. Wolves were plenty, and Johnson and



HE HELD HIS DEATH GRIP.

myself were doing a good business trapping them. On each was a bounty of \$10, and each skin was worth \$5 more. One Sunday morning, after Johnson had made himself ready for church, he thought he would examine one of his traps set in the edge of the woods near his father's field. Putting on his heavy boots, and without gun or ax, he strolled across the field. When near the spot the rattling of the chains by which the trap was fastened quickened

his ears, and, behold, a large wolf was

slightly caught by the end of his paw. "Now," he soliloquized, "if I go back for the gun he may succeed in getting free before my return," for the brute was making frantic efforts to free himself. The bounty \$10, the skin \$5—it would not do to miss him. Being a fine athlete Johnson made a bound for the wolf, catching him by the throat. In the mean time the wolf had cleared himself from the trap. Then came the tug of war in that two feet of snow. The struggle was short and furious.

Johnson held his death grip, sometimes on top and again underneath the brute, both so covered with snow it was difficult to distinguish wolf from man. The wolf at last was overcome, kicked and choked to death by his powerful antagonist. Johnson did not attend church that day, for his Sunday clothes hung in tatters; besides, there were some ugly scratches from the sharp claws of the now dead game.

"I will never try that again, Mack," he said to me. "I thought myself a match for almost any wild animal of these woods, but this fellow was a bigger job than I reckoned on."

MYSTERY IN A CAVERN.

Does It Contain Booty Secured by a Once Notorious California Bandit?

On the north side of Table Mountain and near its top is an opening in the lava that has since early days been known as the "lion's den." It was so named from the fact that for years it was the lair of a band of ferocious California lions that, when this country was devoted largely to sheep raising, made nightly depredations upon the flocks and caused the owners much annoyance and loss. When pursued the animals would seek refuge in this den and no hunter would dare to enter it.

The ground about the entrance to it was covered with bones, and remnants of sheep and other animals. With the increase of population the lions have gradually disappeared, although as late as last spring two of the animals were seen to enter the cave. Strange to say, no known man has ever penetrated to its fullest depth. The mouth is about four or five feet high and three feet wide, and the opening descends with a sharp incline for about 200 feet. Further than this it has never been explored.

Now, however, a party of young men have made arrangements to explore it, and, if possible, penetrate to its bottom. That it is of great depth is certain, for one can stand at the opening and heave great stones down the declivity, and the sound will gradually die away in the distance. The young men have procured several hundred feet of rope, lanterns, torches and ladders, and will thoroughly explore the cavern.

What adds peculiar interest to the expedition and gives zest to the explorers is the well-known fact that in the heyday of his career as a bandit Joaquin Murietta and his band of faithful followers made the recesses of Table Mountain their base of operations. From there they would swoop down on the miners, and then, laden with gold dust, retreat to the mountain. Search as they might the officers could not locate them. It has been supposed by many that perhaps in this same cave was where the famous outlaw secreted himself. It may be, too, that down deep in the bowels of the earth Joaquin hid the greater portion of his ill-gotten, but nevertheless just as potent wealth.

Hypnotizing a Horse.

Senator Stanford believes that magnetism can be developed in men and horses by intelligent effort, and in breeding thoroughbreds on his California stock farm he has made experiments to that end. The triumphs of Sunol and Palo Alto prove his theories to be correct, he thinks. "To a friend he is reported to have said: 'In short, my secret is this: I cultivate the horse's magnetism and intelligence, I let him know I want his utmost, but I let him understand I will not press him too far; then he trusts me and does his best. They know me as children would, and manifest attachment for me. I have found that if you press a horse too far for an instant you may be weeks getting back where you were. From the colt days they know I am studying to help them, not to hurt them.'"

The Maine Coast Dwellers.

Some of the Maine coast dwellers are no better off in respect to school and church privileges than the people of the remote Aroostook wilderness, who never see anything much except trees and bears. A man who lives on Great Diamond Island, Portland lower harbor, has three children of school age, but there is no school on Grand Diamond, and therefore he appeals to the mayor of Portland for assistance in the matter. It has been arranged that the children shall be transported daily, at the city's expense to Peak's Island, where there is a school. It isn't every poor family who have a private steamboat at their disposal daily, as in this case, and the children enjoy the distinction about as much as they do the trip.

"Aroostook or Bust."

Fourteen years ago Benjamin Simpson and family passed through Bangor on their way from Biddeford to Aroostook county. They traveled in a big covered wagon, drawn by a pair of horses which had been provided for them by citizens of Biddeford, for the family were in reduced circumstances. On either side of the wagon appeared the legend, "Aroostook or Bust," and the outfit attracted much attention along the route. Simpson didn't "bust," but is now a prosperous farmer in Glenwood, one of the richest sections of the garden county, and is about to receive a pension from the government for disabilities from long service before the mast in the navy.