

Vixen And The Panther.

(Continued from page six)

From his superior height the panther fancied he could escape her heels and reach the mare's back. Then the battle would be his and afterwards he could see to the colt at leisure. It was well devised, but this was his first attempt to dine on horse-flesh, and he knew not the omnipresent faculty of a horse's heels. It was upon this rock that his scheme went to pieces.

As he sprang from his vantage-ground, the impetus of his attack was tremendous and almost irresistible. Vixen almost stood on her head, and her heels met him fair in the stomach, so that he shrieked under the blow; but the mere momentum of his leap overcame the resistance of Vixen's hoofs to the extent that he reached her back, and bore the brave mare to the ground with his descending force. She numbly recovered herself, however, and shook him off, and by this time the cook came running toward the pen with his gun cocked, expecting to see the panther at her throat. But no; there was little fight left in him. He looked very sick as he tried to crawl out of the yard, and the cook was on the point of finishing him with a charge of buckshot, but Vixen intervened.

Leaving her colt she darted forward and tore his neck fiercely with her powerful teeth. The beast rolled over on his back, screaming madly; and as Vixen trampled him down with her front hoofs, he doubled and sank his claws into her neck and shoulders.

There for a moment he snarled and clawed while the brave mare's neck streamed with blood, and the cook sought a chance for a shot. But Vixen's plunges gave him no opportunity. It was plain to the cook that the mare would kill her adversary in a minute or two more, but he dreaded lest meanwhile she should be seriously injured.

With some misgivings as to the reception he might have from Vixen herself, though he was going to her assistance, he dropped his gun, drew his long knife and jumped into the pen. As opportunity showed itself he drove the knife with all his force straight through the beast's backbone, dividing the spine. And the lank carcass straightened out on the snow.

The brave mare stood over her fallen adversary and whinnied triumphantly; and she made it plain to the cook that she appreciated his assistance. Then the cook got water in his dish pan and washed her wounds. The dressing of them he left for his master to do on his return; but ever afterward Vixen was as gentle to the cook as toward her owner, though with the rest of mankind she would have naught to do.—C. G. D. ROBERTS in Youth's Companion.

TAPS.

(Theodore Roberts in the Independent)

Carry him out and put him away,
Reveille no more wakes him now;
We've sounded his last "Lights out" today,
And the dust has fallen on lips and brow;
So leave him there, leave him there, resting still

With heed no more for retreat or drill,
Lead his horse back to the camp again,
Lead the beast kindly, for don't you see
He frets at the guidance of other men—
He misses the press of the familiar knee:
So lead him back over the glaring sand
Kindly forsake of the other hand.

Three volleys over the trooper's grave,
And he moved no eye'ld at noise of the three,
"Ave" the first to the soul of the brave,
And the second "godspeed" from the company,
And the last said "Vale" and then we turned
And left him waiting what peace he had earned.

We shed no tear and we made no moan
For the man who has left us to rest awhile.
We pity him, lying there all alone,
We recall old gesture and quiet smile;
But why should we weep for him now, when he
Wanted "Lights out" through eternity?

Vacation For Farmers.

Take a week off and go picnicing with your family and neighbors. The farmer is about the only man who does not take a vacation in the real sense of the word. He has his cows to attend to and his hogs to feed, and this or that crop to look after, and while he may not work at his hardest gait every day in the year, he has these things on his mind. He gets to thinking after he has kept this up year after year, that the world can not get along unless he is on hand every morning, and this satisfies him and convinces him that a week away is among the impossibilities.

If such a man will take a week for real rest and get so far away from home that he can not hear his pigs squeal, and stay there for full seven days, he will come back so refreshed in mind and body that he will think he has taken several steps back in the number of years that has been credited to him.

We have a friend who has worked all his life on the farm, and never until recently, in all that time taken a real vacation, although he is not a man who feels impelled to work with a rush from daylight until dark. This summer he concluded to take a little rest. He got a tent and took his family seven miles from home to a beautiful place, and there they went into camp. The hired man was instructed to milk the cows and give the milk to the pigs and chickens. This was all he was required to do besides taking care of the live stock on the farm.

Then our friend sat down in his tent and rested. He says it took him two days to get used to doing nothing, and after that it suited him so well that he staid two days overtime.

When he got home his house and barn live stock and hired hand, were all there, and the world had not stopped a minute. The butter that would have been made from the milk was lost, but the pigs and chickens profited by it, and the price that would have been received for the butter was trifling in comparison to the good derived by the family.

Our friend says he never knew how good it was to sleep in a bed and eat at a table and work on a farm as he did after he came back from that vacation. The cause of all this was that he had had a change.—Farm News.

Feathers to Stockings.

Economical Suggestions for Women and Girls

The hat and bonnet, with its trimmings of feathers, ribbons or velvet, the silk neck scarf and tie, the cape, jacket, blouse, waist, skirt, sash and stockings, are all outward articles of feminine attire costing considerable money, and demand close attention, so that daily neatness and good taste be maintained from day to day.

When articles of everyday wear such as we have mentioned become faded and dingy, they are usually cast aside by the inexperienced and careless, who forget that the garments are still whole and yet serviceable. A few suggestions at this time will be useful.

Thrifty, wise and economical women and girls know just what to do when confronted with such a problem. They have a full knowledge of what can be done with the wonderful Diamond Dyes, those marvellous money savers, and they act accordingly. They use Fast Black Diamond Dyes prepared specially for feathers, which give a deep, rich and lasting black, make the feathers equal to new ones. Their dull and lifeless silk ties, scarfs, sashes and gloves are quickly made new creations by the Diamond Dyes. The faded jacket, cape, blouse, skirt and stockings are magically transformed to suit the taste of the wearer.

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