

**TEARS AND SMILES.**

[From the Cleveland Leader.]

The skies cannot be always clear,  
My dear;  
The merriest eye must still have its tear,  
My dear;  
The clouds that are frowning above us today  
Will presently break and go floating away,  
And the skies will be blue that are sullen and gray,  
My dear!

We can't have just happiness here,  
My dear;  
You would never be glad if you ne'er shed a tear,  
My dear;  
The sorrow that lurks in your bosom today,  
Like the clouds, when you've wept, will go float-  
ing away,  
And the skies will be blue that are sullen and gray,  
My dear.

If it's going to rain, it will rain,  
My dear;  
No matter how bitterly we may complain,  
My dear;  
There are sorrows that every good woman must  
bear;  
There are griefs in which every good man has a  
share;  
Only the fool who has never a care,  
My dear.

The skies cannot always be clear  
My dear;  
Sweets wouldn't be sweet were no bitterness here,  
My dear;  
There could never be joy if there never was sorrow,  
The sobs of today may be laughter tomorrow,  
And there's gladness as well as vain trouble to  
borrow,  
My dear!

**SAVAGE SPORT IN NORTH CAROLINA.**

**Mountaineers Fight Bulldogs Against Catamounts.**

"The most exciting battle I ever saw," said Capt. McVeigh, an old North Carolina deputy collector of revenues, or "revenuer," as they are called by the mountaineers, "was pulled off last week at Sim's Fork, near the Blue Ridge mountains. I was up in the mountains, looking for a notorious moonshiner, when I heard that a typical North Carolina bulldog and wildcat fight would be pulled off the next day at the Fork. I had never seen anything of the kind, although I had frequently heard the boys talking about the sport, and I determined for once in ten years to lay aside business affairs and to see for myself, so on the next morning, accompanied by some half a dozen newly-made acquaintances, I did so.

"On the road over the mountain, some seven or eight miles, we were joined by a number of mountaineers, until our cavalcade numbered twenty five or thirty. Some were mounted on mules, others on little mountain horses, sure-footed as goats, while still others strode along on foot, keeping pace over the narrow pathway or trail to the goal. At the foot of the mountain we reached the "Fork," a straggling village, composed of a dozen log cabins, with a bigger one as a common centre, in which was kept the post-office and general country store, where crackers and cheese and "mountain dew" were dispensed.

"Everybody in and about the Fork was up and about, gaping about, or talking with the visitors, who numbered about 150 people. In the centre of the 'square' a pen of upright timbers about thirty feet square, four feet high on three sides and twelve feet at the other, had been erected. On the higher side of the pen, about five feet above ground, a narrow shelf was stretched across, and in the centre was a stake, with a loose ring fitted into a notch above ground.

"Off to one side were three small cages, in which three tremendous catamounts, almost as big as panthers, reclined or paced to and fro, spitting and snarling with rage. Tied to stakes driven into the ground were fifteen or twenty ferocious, full-blooded bulldogs, all standing, straining at their leashes in their endeavours to get at their enemies. Half an

hour after our arrival a big red headed mountaineer named Poler, the owner of the big 'cat,' a monster in size and ferocity, managed to tie to the central stake a thin steel chain, about twenty feet long, and attached at the other end to a strong collar about the catamount's neck. As soon as the chain was fastened the cage was pulled away, until the chain was taut, when another mountaineer, standing on the high fence, pushed open the door with a long pole and quickly retreated. Out sprang the catamount. He was an old, experienced fighter, with a dozen victories as his laurels. The catamount quickly sprang upon the shelf stretching across the higher wall, and crouched to wait the advance of an enemy.

"Pretty soon a lank mountaineer led up an immense bulldog, brindled and covered with scars. Bets were made, everybody staking something, from a horse down to his gun. When the betting stopped the brindled bulldog was shown the cat and told to 'Go fur he un. With lips drawn back, showing rows of long, keen teeth, the bulldog warily approached the cat. Not a sound escaped his lips, but his yellow orbs contested in ferocious glare with the yellow eyes of the catamount. By the time the dog got within five or six feet of the wall against which the catamount was stretched upon the shelf, I could see the wildcat stretching his legs for a spring, and in a second he sprang out with a scream of rage and lit squarely on the back of the dog. Quick as his movements were, he only gave one long rip with his foreclaws before the bulldog whirled over and partly to one side, seizing the cat by the side. For a few seconds the fighting was terrible. Fur flew, and blood ran from a dozen wounds. The fighting up to this time was so rapid that I could not keep pace with it, and for that period the odds were in favor of—I could not tell which—bulldog or wildcat.

"'Ole Brindle's got he un!' yelled an admirer of the dog.

"'The cat'mount's a tah'n he un,' yelled another, a backer of Poler's cat.

"The furious fighting was a signal for more betting. Between the screams and spittings of the wildcat and the low, deep growls of the bulldog, the crowd became excited and stakes of all sorts went up on the result.

"Half a minute later the cat tore himself loose from the dog, and was again safely ensconced upon the shelf. The bulldog, by this time, presented a terrible picture. Long rips from the keen claws of the catamount had made great red gaps on his shoulders and sides, and one ear was nearly torn from his head. His enemy, however, hadn't escaped. A big piece of furry hide six inches long and two or three inches in width hung, with its bloody side out, like a red flap on the shelf, while one of the cat's hind legs hung limp and broken over the edge.

"'You un's kitten's dun fer, Anso!' sarcastically remarked a brawny mountaineer.

"'Bet you my dog Pete 'gin you un's big foxhoun' the cat licks he un,' retorted the owner of the dog.

"'We un's take that bet right now.'

The dog again approached, and when within half a dozen feet of the wall the catamount crouched and made a sudden spring at him. Unluckily the broken leg threw calculations out of gear, for instead of landing as he had intended on the dog's back, he struck a little to one side, and, before he could gather, the dog, quick as lightning, had him by the throat. A few ripping slashes with sound

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fore feet and sound hind claw was all he got in before he lay lifeless at the feet of the dog, which still clung, bulldog-like, to his throat.

"It was the dog's victory, but for all future purposes he would apparently prove useless as a whole. A good deal of dog was left, but it was mostly in sections.

"In the next battle a cat was introduced which killed three dogs before he was returned to his cage to recuperate. Then came the 'fighter of fighters, as a long, lank-bodied cat, minus an eye, and with a body covered with the scars of former battles and victories, was introduced. No one seemed to care to risk a battle with 'Old Stonewall,' as the cat was called familiarly, until a sturdy mountaineer sung out:—

"'We uns 'll fight we uns' dog Jack fer a muel.'

"The bet was taken instantly, and the fighters were placed in position. The catamount adopted the usual tactics, waiting until the dog got within easy reach, when he sprang out with a shrill scream. Old Jack was a tactician. He didn't stand quiet in his tracks, but jumped to one side, with yawning jaws toward the catamount. The wildcat landed within a foot of the dog, and the next minute there was a rolling, tumbling bunch of fur, hide, and legs, and a mixed and mingled howl and yell as they came together. Old Stonewall proved to be too quick for Jack, it seemed, as he gave the dog a terrible gash across the throat, making the blood fly from the long slashes. True to his blood, however, Jack stood the pain without a murmur, as he snapped viciously at the forepaw of the cat. He missed, and in a minute was lying on his back, a dying canine gladiator. Two more dogs fell victims to Old Stonewall's tactics, when an old weather-beaten hunter said:—

"'You uns ain't got no fightin' dogs. Le's fight my ole Gen'ul fur a hoss an' \$20.'

"The owner of Stonewall and his friends quickly accepted the challenge. After the wildcat had a breathing spell of a quarter of an hour, everything was declared ready. The old hunter, who had gone into the brush, now approached, with the ugliest, scrawniest specimen of a dog I ever saw. I don't believe he belonged to any special breed known to fanciers, being to all appearances a mongrel, with a cross of bull, a touch of bloodhound, with a dash of the Danish wolf-dog. He was big, however, add strongly built, with a keen pair of eyes, and the finest set of teeth I ever saw. When the crowd saw the dog they began to laugh and guy the old fellow:—

"'What'n the worl' did you un get that thar thing?'

"'Be he un a dog, or be he un a cross 'tween a goat an' a rabbit?'

"'Shet up!' said the old fellow, 'an' come down with you un's bets.'

"In ten minutes the owner of the indescribable canine had taken a wager of some sort from almost every man present, and then followed the battle. The dog walked warily toward the narrow shelf upon which the catamount lay stretched. He kept his feet ready for a spring, and when he saw the wildcat he braced himself and never moved his eyes from the cat. The cat sprang, and would have landed squarely upon the dog had the latter stood still, but he was too cunning for that. When the cat left the shelf the dog jumped toward the wall, and right under the catamount, and before the cat had fairly struck the ground the dog had caught him by a hind leg, cutting it terribly with his sharp teeth. The dog bit quick, and let go as the wildcat whirled to the right, and before the cat could get in its work the dog snapped him savagely on the jaw, cutting the cheek to the bone.

"By this time the catamount was in a rage over his hurts and his failure to rip the old man's dog as he had done the others. Crouching, he gave another spring, expecting to catch the dog about the head and tear out his eye. The General seemed to anticipate the movement, for when the wildcat struck the dog wasn't there. General had jumped a little to one side, and just as his enemy struck the ground he was

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on top, with his jaws set firmly across the wildcat's neck. The General was off again before the catamount could whirl over on his back and quickly gave the cat another snap on one of the hind legs. Three times the wildcat tried the same game, and three times he failed, getting only severe and painful wounds in return.

"By this time the excitement was at a pitch. The betting, which heretofore had been strongly in favour of the catamount, changed to an even thing. When the wildcat made his fourth spring the old man called to his dog:

"'Kill he un, Gen'l!'

The dog heard his master, responding with a wag of his stump of a tail, never removing his eyes an instant from the wildcat, which had gathered for the spring. With a scream of rage the cat came flying through the air, with his feet and claws slightly spread and his jaws dripping with blood and foam. His aim and inclination were all right, but, as before, he failed to connect.

"It was Stonewall's last jump, for, almost before he struck the earth, the dog was on his back. One fierce grasp behind the shoulder, a quick, sharp, savage shake, and the cat was thrown six feet away with a broken back. The catamount was dead.

Then followed a pandemonium. Everybody wanted to buy the dog or get one of his alleged breed. Half a dozen at one time asked the old man, who was a stranger, his name.

"'Sol Kitt'edge!' he replied.

"'Great gosh! not ole Sol Kitt'edge, the bar hunter of Big Smoky Mountain? That

settles it. They uns sez you un's dogs kin kill a painter.'

"'Two or three of 'em kin. Enny one of 'em kin lam a cat'mount, anyhow.'

This ended that day's sport in which everybody had bet, won or lost. We took the old bear hunter back with us to my stopping-place of the day before, and thoroughly enjoyed his company."—New York Sun.

**How to Dress Well.**

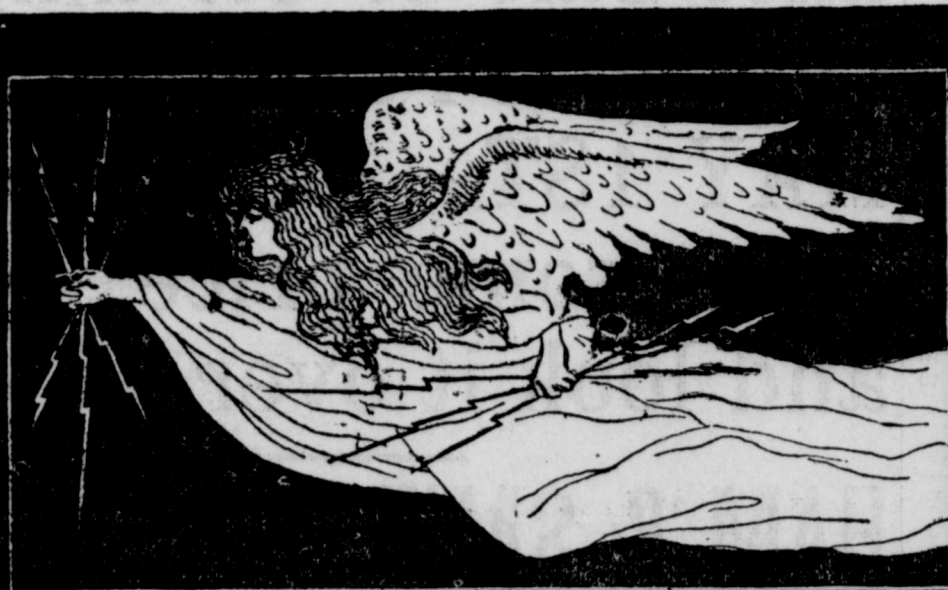
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