

TO A SOUBRETTE.

'Tis years, soubrette, since last we met, And yet, ah, yet, how swift and tender My thoughts go back in Time's dull track To you, sweet pink of female gender!

I shall not say, though others may, That time all human joy enhances; But the same dull thrill comes to me still With memories of your songs and dances.

Soubretish ways these latter days Invite my praise, but never get it; I still am true to yours and you; My record's made; I'll not upset it!

Oh, happy days when youth's wild ways Knew every phase of harmless folly! Oh, blissful nights whose fierce delights Defied gaunt-featured Melancholy!

Oh, I, a shade, a mere reflection, Am forced to feed my spirits' greed Upon the husks of retrospection.

And lo! tonight the phantom light That as a sprite flits on the fender Reveals a face whose girlish grace Brings back the feeling, warm and tender;

—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

FIGHTING A PANTHER.

"Europeans, and especially Englishmen who have done India and Africa in search of big game, are inclined to laugh at our panthers. They appear to think that because the Buffalo is extinct, and the grizzly has become a rarity, we have nothing left in this country to afford them exciting, dangerous hunting.

"Now all I can say is that if they want rough-and-tumble encounters, I can recommend the Californian panther to them with strong testimonials, and they will not have to go far back to look for him, either."

The man who made this remark was Mr. John Murray, of San Francisco, a hunting enthusiast. As he lay back in his chair, holding a cigar with his left hand, he gave visible proof that he had had a rough encounter of some sort.

His right arm had been broken and badly lacerated, and packed away in splints, was hanging in a sling. His left hand was covered with strips of plaster, and the side of his face and so much of his neck as was visible showed the same signs of the surgeon's handiwork.

Mr. Murray had been away with a friend, Halstead by name, on a long hunt after deer in Mendocino County, California, and had returned in a shocking state of laceration. As soon as his doctor permitted him to receive company he invited half a dozen of his friends to dine with him, and talk over the trip.

Hanging around the walls were many trophies of the chase. Thrown over a lounge was an enormous panther skin, which measured no less than six feet and three inches from the point of the nose to the tip of the tail. This was the skin of the animal which had occasioned Murray's remark, and as he spoke he turned and gazed at it with an affectionate expression that contrasted strongly with the sight of the injuries he had received from the animal's claws and teeth.

"We did not begin hunting in earnest," Murray began, when he was urged to tell his story, "until we got well into the district, and had left even the log cabins and dugouts some distance behind us. Charley Halstead and I had with us my man Tom, our three horses and a pack mule laden with the tent, bedding, cooking utensils, ammunition and the necessary provisions.

"We killed a few deer, a coyote and some jackrabbits on our march, just to carry us along, and at last we reached our destination, and pitched our camp in the loveliest spot you can imagine. There was plenty of shade, good water, and a prospect of game in profusion. We had excellent sport, indeed, and but for my accident, we should have been there still.

"Charley and I had been out on a trail one day, and meeting home about an hour before sunset. We had to pass through a pretty thick belt of brush to reach the camp, and just as we struck a moderately thin patch in the middle of it, three fine deer sprang up almost under our feet. I fired both barrels, and brought down the leader, while Charley emptied his Winchester after the retreating pair without success. We were anxious to prepare the dead deer for transportation to the camp as quickly as possible, in order that we might not be caught by the darkness, and both threw down our rifles. We were about half done preparing the game, when I heard a rustling and crashing behind me, and, turning my head, I saw some animal in mid-air springing right for me.

"The natural instinct of self-preservation led me to throw myself on the ground as quickly as possible, and as I did so I felt the wind of the brute's passing body literally raze my hair. It had missed me, but it struck Charley, who was just by my side, broadside on, rolled him over for several paces, and dazed him so that he did not know where he was or what had struck him.

"It was a panther and as hungry and wicked as a panther can be. He had evidently been tracking these deer on his own account, and when he found himself forestalled, had worked himself up into a state of frenzy and attacked us.

"Well, there lay Charley on his face, with the brute standing over him, and I could see the blood staining my companion's

brown hunting-shirt a darker hue than the panther's paw rested.

"I leaped to my feet, seized Charley's rifle by the barrels, and, swinging the stock around, aimed a heavy blow at the animal's head. He saw it coming, and met the attack with a quick turn and a snarl. The barrels broke from the stock with the force of the blow, which struck on the animal's shoulder, knocking him sidewise upon his back.

"Quicker than a flash he rose and came straight at me, open-mouthed; but fortunately he gripped my loose buckskin hunting-shirt in his teeth, instead of my shoulder as he intended. At the same time one of his hind paws struck my thigh, and only the stout buckskin prevented him from rending the flesh from the hip to the knee.

"The force of his spring knocked me down upon my right side. There he pinned me. I could not get at my knife, and poor Charley was only just recovering his wits, and for a few minutes or seconds—time goes slowly in a fix like that—did not know what was going on.

"I slipped my left arm around the head of the panther, and tried to thrust my finger and thumb into his eyes. I succeeded but partially; and as the beast seized my arm in his mouth, it gave me a chance to roll over and try to draw my knife. But the brute pulled at me so that in sheer desperation I grasped his windpipe and closed with him as one might with a man.

"It must have been an exciting scene. Charley said that at first I was at the top, then the panther; and all the time he was dancing around, looking for an opening to shoot, and in his excitement trying to fit Winchester cartridges into my rifle.

"I yelled with agony, and my antagonist howled and struggled. My clothes lasted about a minute, then skin and flesh began to suffer. Charley threw the rifle down, drew his sheath knife, and threw himself upon the beast, stabbing him wherever he got a chance, and once, poor fellow, putting the knife point through my second finger.

"All this infuriated the panther a thousand-fold, and, turning short round from me he threw Charley on his back and commenced to worry him. This gave me a chance to draw my knife, but I could only use it in my left hand. My right arm was swinging about like a pendulum, and rapidly turning me sick with pain.

"I attacked the panther just the same, and as I gave him a thrust that sent the knife through his shoulder, and then slipped off the bone, cutting its way out, we all



three rolled down a pretty deep hole or slide, where a great tree had been uprooted years before.

"As we reached the bottom, the yelling of the brute increased. As his grip relaxed for an instant, Charley rolled out of his embrace, and, steadying himself, sprang back again and plunged his knife into the panther's heart. Then Charley literally fell on top of us both, and, rolling off with his head and shoulders under the animal's hind quarters, struck me a severe blow in the temple with one of his heels.

"How long we lay there I do not know, but it was dark when I recovered consciousness. My first recollection was hearing Tom's voice calling my name. I called back to him, but my voice sounded harsh and strange in my ears. Tom heard it and speedily came down the hole with a lantern to see what was the matter.

"As soon as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I saw Charley, covered with blood, lying insensible under the panther. The animal was stone-dead, his last living effort having been to seize Charley's foot with his teeth. Fortunately he got his heel crosswise among his teeth, which were stuck fast in the solid leather of the heel.

"We pulled the carcass from off Charley, and, after getting him back to consciousness, found that most of his wounds were superficial, except the first deep stroke of the claw on the shoulder, and a contusion on the side of the head received when we all rolled down the slide.

"On examining the panther, we found that a sharp root projecting from the bank had impaled the brute through the loins, and that he was actually skewered where he was lying—a pretty fortunate thing for us, as we were both disabled, and but for that sharp root he must have finished us both.

"I was nearly torn to pieces, and had my right arm broken in two places. It turned out that Tom heard the shots, and, as we did not make our appearance, had rightly inferred, from the fusillade Charley made emptying his Winchester, that something had happened to us. He luckily remembered noticing the hole some days before, and made his way to it as soon as he saw the dead deer and the broken rifle. But for that he would not have found us until morning.

"Charley and he rigged up a litter for me between the two horses as soon as I was strong enough to travel, and we got back all right, though it took a long time to cover the distance.

"If you think that panther's skin does not show much sign of punishment, just turn it over, and count the knife-thrusts. Fifteen! Yes, and several stabs in the head that cannot be counted in. Big game may be all very well, but a panther is quite exciting enough for me."—Witt. P. Pond, in the Youth's Companion.

STUNNING RACING TOILETS.

Dainty Costumes Worn by Pretty New York Girls This Season.

These are the days when the girl wants a stunning racing toilet. Shall she dress as her French sisters in masses of lace and silk? If so let her take a changeable silk in which old rose predominates. Let her have a vest or stomacher of white embroidered in rose hued horseshoe designs.

Let her wear white canvas shoes and carry a sunshade of white lined with rose. Cream hued silks trilled with brick, terra cotta and all shades of red make gorgeous racing costumes, and pongee gowns with brown velvet jackets are also worn.

But if you desire to look like an English woman you must wear a tailor gown of gray cloth and a gray tulle bonnet and carry a gray parasol. A dash of violet here and there makes the costume more effective. I saw a beautiful girl driving a spanking team the other day. Her gown was of violet and gray—gray velvet sleeves and silver trimmings, and a silver aigrette glistened next a cluster of violets in her smart gray cloth toque. You can't be amiss if you wear gray or mauve this season.

A pretty costume for cycling, hunting or mountain climbing, did you say? Well, I beg and beseech you, my sisters, as many as are here present, if you are going to the mountains do not put on trousers. The dress reform ladies are making a desperate effort, I know, to lead you to adopt a semi-masculine attire somewhat like a fencing garb. Don't do it. Be girls even when you are roughing it. Have a plain box plaited skirt of light weight check serge, brown and white, with a box plaited hunting jacket. Trim it with bands of soft Suede leather. Wear Suede gaitlets and a tourist's cap to match your cap and you'll look like a lady, not like a What-is-it.—Chicago Herald.

Queen Victoria's Square Toed Shoes. It is a pity that there are not more mothers guided by the Queen's excellent example in the matter of squared toed boots and shoes. Not only has Her Majesty persistently worn this shaped chausseure all through her own life, but she insists that the royal children shall all be similarly shod.

It is nothing short of absolute cruelty to imprison growing children's feet in the unnatural, pointed toed instruments of torture that we have so long permitted to remain the fashion, and there can be no doubt that the children of unthinking and fashionable mothers do suffer very greatly from this barbarous practice, but perhaps now the fact is made known that not one of the growing members of the royal family is ever seen in anything but sensibly shaped boots, it may induce the foolish women to make their little ones comfortable now and save them from much suffering in after years.—Ladies' Pictorial.

Chicago's Idea of Art. Charles Hutchinson, president of the Chicago Art Institute, has just returned from a visit to Florence, where he invested \$200,000 in old paintings from the collection of the late Prince Demidoff. Rubens, Rembrandt and Van Dyke are said to be represented in the paintings purchased.

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No Wonder. Mrs. Yergler—What makes you look so sulky? Servant (scowling furiously)—No wonder I look sulky. Here you are going out again in that dress which you promised me when you don't wear it any more.—Ex.

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gay of wing As Eden's garden bird. To be an object of public admiration is a delightful thing, no doubt; but it is much better to be an object of private affection. One devoted heart is worth a million of fascinated eyes, and to miss the chance of a good husband and a happy home for the sake of much eye worship and lip service is a most unfortunate blunder.—New York Ledger.

How Was She Concerned. Miss Catch—You believe in Darwinism, I believe—the survival of the fittest, the doctrine of selection and all that sort of thing. Mr. Backward—Yes. Miss Catch—Um—ah—well, how is it that you don't live up to your belief and select some one?—Munsey's Weekly.

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Art Silks. These beautiful Fabrics are largely used for DECORATIVE PURPOSES, especially for Drawing Rooms.

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Don't be Seen too Much on Promenades—It Exhibits Poor Taste.

Among the various "walks of life" from which men choose their wives, fashionable promenades are by no means the most eligible. "I really think my daughter would spend her whole time in Fifth avenue if I would

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