

TREED BY A BIG MOOSE. HOW AN EMBARRASSED HUNTER SECURED HIS RIFLE.

The Feroceous Onslaughts of the Maddened Animal Upon the Tree in Which Tom Lancy was Sitting—How the Moose was Finally Shot Through the Heart.

T. G. Lancy arrived at Pittsfield, Me., from a hunting expedition Monday night with three fine deer and a magnificent bull moose. Ben Seward and F. C. Pooler of Skowhegan, who were with him, had three deer apiece. The moose measured over six feet in height, has a fine set of antlers, and dressed 700 pounds.

The party, it seems, camped for ten days or so in the vicinity of Spencer Bay on Maine's principal lake. They found good sport, had a most enjoyable time roughing it, and on Monday morning embarked on one of the smaller Moosehead steamers for the foot of the lake, home-ward bound, each having as many deer as the law allows.

Tom and his companions, as the boat approached the shore and stopped, quickly launched a canoe which was on board and landed. Tom at once took the trail of the moose, while the others bore off in another direction to head it off. The trail led into the forest for half a mile, and then turned abruptly to the left across the point in the direction of the main lake.

Tom hurried on, intent on his prey. All at once in a thick scrub growth he sighted the moose very near at hand. It was plainly wounded, but not mortally. The beast turned savagely upon his pursuer, who, taken somewhat by surprise, quickly observed the first law of nature and got out of the way. He nimbly mounted a dead tree which stood slightly leaning close at hand, and was breathlessly poised thereon in a safe position by the time the huge beast paused, baffled and furious, beneath him.

What did he do? What could he do? His friends were out of hearing, the bull was raging beneath in furies, but as yet futile endeavors to dislodge him. All at once a flash of inspiration struck upon a man but once in a lifetime burst upon him.

He could regain his rifle; he could yet bring down his game and escape with his life. And he would do it. Within reach he noticed a strong sapling, which he calculated would bend to the ground beneath his weight, and then the impetus of a quick jump and the rebound of the sapling would bring him back to his place of temporary safety again.

Tom executed this manoeuvre, and before the mighty beast could whirl and reach him he had gone down with the sapling, grabbed his rifle, jumped for his life, and the little tree bore him up to a point from which he clambered safely upon his insecure perch again.

Summoning his companions and the boat's crew the moose was dressed and dragged to the shore, a short distance away, got upon the steamer and triumphantly transported to Pittsfield.

History of a Dainty Bit of Lace. Here's a curious bit of history that I ran across during the week, writes Nym Crinkle. In 1851 Queen Victoria offered a handsome prize for the best piece of Irish point lace to be exhibited in the first world's fair.

intricacy into a beautiful flounce about four yards long and a yard wide. It was a wonder of film. People held their breath when they looked at it for fear it would dissolve. It was a vapory story of harps and heather and shamrocks melting into each other; a cob-webby illusion, so artfully and cunningly devised that it looked like a simple poem.

TACKLING IN THE SKY. A Woman Aeronaut Tells How She Sailed Home in Her Balloon.

Carlotta (Mrs. Carl Myer), who made the sky voyage from Utica Park to the balloon farm in Frankfort on Thursday last, has consented to tell some of her experiences during the interesting voyage. This is the way she does it:

"The vessel used by me was the one always selected from our large stock of balloons when I wish to travel from the place of ascent to any given point selected which this time was my home, nine miles away, in a southeasterly direction. My reason for selecting this particular balloon is because it is the smallest and lightest hydrogen gas balloon in existence, and for that reason more easily managed in the air, responding to my will immediately as it part of myself.

"You see, I was now in line for my home, but I knew that in landing I must pass through the lower wind again, which would take me again southwest. So still keeping my balloon two miles high, I floated across the valley, across canal and river, till I stood over East Schuyler. Now my home lay three miles air line to the southwest of me, and I was just ready to use the lower mile high wind, blowing toward the southwest. So I pulled the valve-cord running from my car up through the bottom of the balloon neck clear to the top, where it opened two little doors that let out gas enough to make the balloon heavier than the air and cause it to settle slowly.

ABOUT ROYALTY. Exalted Position Does not Always Bring Happiness.

There is a good deal of sincere sympathy expressed with the Czarina of Russia, who has never known much actual happiness in her life since she entered the exalted estate. She has been a good wit, too, and a tender mother when court etiquette would permit, and in her early youth was almost as pretty a woman as her sister, the Princess of Wales.

Almost every one is well acquainted with that extraordinary insect called "daddy long-legs," which makes its annual first appearance in the month of May. But every one does not know, what Mr. S. H. Scudder has recently abundantly demonstrated, that this strange little creature, towering high above its fellows on its threadlike stilts, is probably, as its name may be thought to imply, a more ancient inhabitant of America than any representative of the human species.

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A Great Hypnotist.

"Professor Von Gookenheimer, they say is a marvelous mind-reader and hypnotist. "Yes; he claims he can attract the attention of a restaurant waiter by merely looking at him steadily for half an hour."

TAKING SWORDFISH. Dangerous and Exciting Sport With a Fish That Can Strike Back.

When the bluefish are not running in numbers, and the sea bass refuse to rise, the inhabitants and visitors of Block Island set out on a strange and exciting sport. On a sunny day after a savage northwest storm, while the long, restless swells are still capped with white, scores of small schooners and sloops will be seen cutting out of the harbors. This curious game haunts the warm waters of the gulf stream from Nova Scotia to Virginia.

With the summer guests these trips are the most wildly exciting sport to which they have ever lent a hand. They find much to wonder at in the strong, clumsy fittings of the little sloop in which they embark. The long bowsprit, with the basket-like iron "pulpit" where the spearman stands, the heavy lines and bright painted buoys, are all new to them.

The hesitating stranger is invited to try his hand at harpooning after a couple of fish have been taken, and with fear, and yet a longing to try it, he accepts. Clambering out along the bowsprit, he braces himself "pulpit" and grasps the heavy lance. No buck lever ever disconcerts a hunter any more than the sight of the sharp-fil approaching confuses him.

Mysterious Disappearances.

Some five or six years ago the son of the late R. J. of Tanjore—a man some 40 or 50 years of age, and of course the chief native personage in that part of India—made up his mind to become a devotee.

When on a long cruise the vessels always stand by and finish off each fish as soon as he weakens, and drag him aboard for fear of having to go out of their course or return to pick him up if left to die.

Some five or six years ago the son of the late R. J. of Tanjore—a man some 40 or 50 years of age, and of course the chief native personage in that part of India—made up his mind to become a devotee. He one day told his friends he was going on a railway journey, sent off his servants and carriages from the palace to the station, saying he would follow, gave them the slip, and has never been heard of since.

subject, I may tell the story of Tilleinatthan Swamy, who was the teacher of the Guru whose acquaintance I am referring to in this chapter. Tilleinatthan was a wealthy ship-owner of high family. In 1850 he devoted himself to religious exercises, till 1855, when he became "emancipated."

DISHONEST PASSENGERS. Tricks by Which Railroad Corporations are Defrauded of Money.

"Would you like to get an idea of how the railroads are victimized in all directions," said the general passenger agent of one of the leading Chicago roads. "If you would, here is a report which is a fair sample of what we receive every day."

"Where are you going?" the conductor asked. "You know my usual run." "Let me see. You generally get off at—?" "Yes."

"No, I guess not," said the conductor; "not this time," and he tore the full mileage out of the book and passed it, with the two dollars, back to the drummer."

Professional Skill Baffled.

The professional catalogue maker (at work on the index of his great volume—"Easy Reference Guide to Statistical Information")—I'm in a dilemma.

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