

## WHEN THEY ARE FIERCE.

TIMES WHEN THE LION WILL ATTACK A MAN.

One is His Approach Toward a Female Lion With Cubs—The Other When the Lion is Half Famished and Fierce With Hunger—An Old Hunter's Views.

'As a rule the mountain lion is a shy beast, which retreats from the presence of man and rarely will attack him even when wounded,' said A. H. Davis, formerly a prospector and hunter on the Pacific slope. 'I have brought one down from a tree with a bullet, and on striking the ground instead of showing fight the creature tried to crawl away to escape. Owing to the acuteness of its senses the mountain lion is usually forewarned of the approach of man in time to take itself out of the way unseen; and when confronted with humanity in the wilds it often displays a singular confidence and gentleness. But there are two conditions which completely change the mountain lion's ordinary disposition toward man and render this animal his inveterate and dangerous foe. The one is the approach of man toward a female lion with cubs; the other is when the lion is half famished and fierce with hunger. At such times the lion's fears and tolerance of mankind alike vanish, and it does not hesitate to attack him, even when the odds seem greatly against its success. Then its infinite ferocity, strength and agility, backed by its terrible equipment of teeth and claws, make it a truly formidable enemy.'

'In twenty years' hunting and prospecting along the Sierra Nevada and Cascade Ranges, I have personally known of three instances in which the mountain lion attacked man without provocation, and in each of these instances it appeared to have done so because of hunger. The first was many years ago in Oregon. Two men were driving a herd of hogs from the interior toward the coast when, while passing through a wild canon, a huge mountain lion sprang from a tree upon the shoulders of the foremost man and tried to tear his throat. It being cold weather the man had an overcoat of California overalls stuff, as strong almost as canvas, with the wide collar turned up about his ears, and this saved his neck from the lion's teeth. The other man had no firearms, but he ran to his companion's aid with the long blacksnake whip used in herding. A blow from the long lash of such a whip in the hands of a man who can use it cuts through hair and skin like a knife, and with his blacksnake he whipped the lion till it dropped from the man's shoulder and retreated. The drovers took their herd along to the next town, when they told their story, and a party of hunters went out, next day, and found and killed the lion, which measured ten feet from nose to tail. This is a foot longer than any mountain lion I have ever seen, but the statement as to its length was made to me on excellent authority, and I do not doubt its truth.'

'The worst instance I knew of a mountain lion's attacking a man resulted in a tragedy. A party of five of us were in the Sierra Nevada in November hunting. The peaks were already white with snow, and every snowfall drove the deer further down into the valleys, which were our hunting grounds. Deer were scarce that year, and for that reason, all the carnivorous animals that prey on them were unusually bold and hungry, and the ranchmen already were complaining of losses of stock through bears and wolves. There came a morning with a light snow, fallen the night before, just deep enough to track a deer in well, and three of us set out among the foothills in the morning. One of our three was a young fellow named Tillman, not long out of college. In the course of the day we got separated. About the middle of the afternoon my partner, Ferguson, and I came together, but Tillman did not turn up. Fearing he might have got lost we went in search of him. We came at last upon his tracks, and, following them up, we came, just at dusk, upon Tillman lying lifeless in the snow, his throat torn and his clothes partly stripped from his body. We at first thought it was the work of a bear, but the tracks in the snow showed it to have been a mountain lion which had leaped upon him from a thicket of Mountain cedar. The fact that Tillman's rifle had not been discharged showed that the lion had been the aggressor. After killing this young man and lapping his blood, the lion had dragged some brushwood over him and gone away. It was a startling sight to come suddenly on, and after we had laid poor Tillman's body out in decent shape, Ferguson and I stood looking at each other undecided what we'd better do next.'

'It's five good miles to camp, and no trail. We never can carry him there tonight. Ferguson said at last. 'I'll stay here and watch the body, it you'll go to camp tonight and fetch the rest of the boys out first thing in the morning.'

'So I gave Ferguson what grub was in

my haversack, and matches, and the axe, and started for camp, leaving him cutting wood for a fire. I got to camp all right before midni ht, and told the boys what had happened, and, next morning, at earliest daylight, we were on the move for the scene of the tragedy. When we got there Ferguson was sitting by the fire with Tillman lying there stark and stiff on the ground with a handkerchief over his face. After we had talked a bit Ferguson pointed out to us an opening in the bushes twenty yards away.

'There's the murderer,' he said. It was a mountain lion lying dead with a bullet hole in its forehead. It was a big and terrible looking brute, gaunt and lean, as if it had been near starvation before the bullet knocked it over.

'I was looking for him to come,' said Ferguson. 'He came before midnight growling about the camp. The fire kept him back for a while, but he kept coming nearer, until at last I got a fair chance to aim by his eyes. One shot settled him. If it hadn't—'

'Well, it did not need be said what might have happened if the shot had merely wounded the lion, for the brute was fierce with hunger and already had tasted human blood. We made a bier from saplings and got poor Tillman's body to camp and then out of the mountains, and thus our hunting trip disastrously ended.

'Five years later I was one of a prospecting party that entered the Cascade Mountains in the early spring on a prospecting trip. The snow was heavy in the mountains, although among the foothills the valleys were green. Leaving our horses in care of two of the party five of us started up among the mountains one day for a two days' trip, intending to explore for minerals as far up as the snow line. At night we went into camp in the open air, in a growth of large pine timber. About ten feet from where I lay a Mexican named Montoya lay wrapped in his blankets. Some time near the middle of the night I was awakened by a yell from the Mexican, mingled with the sound of a fierce snarling. Lifting my head I saw in the darkness a large, tawny animal at Montoya's head tearing with teeth and claws at his throat. I grabbed my revolver, which lay always by my head when I slept in camp, and sent three shots into the creature as fast as I could fire. At the third shot it left the Mexican and started for me, but fell clawing and sprawling halfway between us; but it still tried to drag itself toward me by its forepaws. I jumped clear of my blankets and put a few yards more of distance between me and the beast then fired two more shots that finished it. It was a mountain lion, and one of my first three shots had broken its back. Like the one in the Sierra Nevada it was a gaunt beast, evidently half famished, and without doubt it had attacked the Mexican through hunger. Montoya was scratched a little about the face, but otherwise was uninjured, for at the lion's first onset he had instinctively ducked his head under his thick blankets, and the beast had no time to tear them from him before I shot.'

### THE YARMOUTH ROUTE.

Between the "Hub" of the Universe and the Land of Evangeline.

Those who are disposed to fasten the charge of non-progressiveness upon Nova Scotia enterprises might possibly discover, were they disposed to look about them, that the lack of progressiveness was in their standard of observation and not our native industries, says the bridgetown Monitor.

One of the most notable illustrations of the truth of the above is to be found in a brief glimpse at the history of the Yarmouth S. S. Company. This is a purely native enterprise; originated by provincial brains, promoted by provincial energy and financed by provincial capital. The history of this transportation line is but brief—only a decade—yet its rapid development, the remarkable foresight and energy displayed in its management and its great influence in stimulating every minor enterprise in Western Nova Scotia are without a parallel in the history of the province.

Less than a dozen years ago the steamer Dominion was amply sufficient for the freight and passenger business between Yarmouth and Boston. She was a screw boat, something over 400 tons, with an average speed of nine knots and stateroom accommodation for about 40 passengers. Suddenly it became rumored abroad that a scheme was afoot, with Hon. L. E. Baker as its ruling spirit, to place a new boat on the route. The wisecracks shook their heads and wondered that a level-headed man of Mr. Baker's calibre should promote and invest money in such a scheme.

As an instance for foresight it was indeed remarkable for the leap from the faithful old Dominion to the Yarmouth was a long and daring one that few men would have ventured to attempt. The Yarmouth was not created by the business, but the business was created by the Yarmouth, consequently the scheme was a bold one. Its success was quickly assured by the same indefatigable energy that originated it, and in a year or two those who had prophesied its speedy ruin were fain to adopt the tactics of the Spanish courtiers when Columbus demonstrated that an egg could be stood on end.

But the building of the Boston, four

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years after, again sets heads and tongues wagging; and, indeed, when a little provincial town of a few thousand inhabitants sent from its harbor the fastest single screw boat of her size in the world, elegantly fitted and furnished, with accommodation for 700 passengers, and of nearly 2,000 tons burden, to join with her sister ship the Yarmouth, of nearly the same speed and tonnage, in a business that four years previously had been easily handled by a nine-knot boat of 400 tons, there seemed ample reason for dismal forebodings as to what the end would be.

Regularity, safety, speed and comfort is the motto of the line, and results so far leave nothing to be desired. No other line has the same enviable record and no other line can boast of giving greater satisfaction. While other lines maintain but one weekly trip during the winter months, the Clyde-built lassie of the Yarmouth line maintains her two weekly trips in all kinds of weather.

But, great as were the changes in the transportation facilities, still greater were the changes produced in the business. Through the extensive advertising system of the Yarmouth S. S. Co., Nova Scotia became known as a land of promise, in the light of a summer resort, to our American cousins. The "Land of Evangeline" no longer existed as a hazy, mythical conception in the American mind, but was clothed with a breezy, beautiful reality, and events speedily proved that they were not slow in availing themselves of the magnificent facilities afforded for transportation to the new tourist resort.

Perhaps the day may not be far distant when a daily service will be established between Yarmouth and Boston, but be that as it may, no person with an atom of patriotic sentiment can fail to wish the Yarmouth S. S. company every success, or to admire the perseverance, foresight and energy of its originator and promoter, Hon. L. E. Baker.

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### BIRDS RULED OFF OF HATS

Baltimore Christian Endeavorers Have Taken Up the Subject.

The Baltimore Christian Endeavorers have set themselves against the fashion of wearing birds and feathers on hats. At a recent meeting of the Christian Endeavor Union in that city the report of the Information Committee included the following: "Some of you have noticed the approach of springtime. It brings up a subject dear to the heart of every woman as well as to the pocketbook of nearly every man—the spring hat. This allows of the suggestion that Christian Endeavorers ought to think a long while before buying a hat that is ornamented with feathers. The committee has been informed that the styles this spring are running greatly to flowers, and it takes much pleasure in commending this fashion note to the attention of Endeavour ladies. The subject of wearing feathers taken from mother birds which are killed, leaving broods of helpless young, is one on which Christian Endeavorers can afford to be on the right side."

A discussion followed this report, which proved that there is a strong disposition on the part of the Endeavorers to rule feathers off their hats, on the account of the cruelty necessary to supply the demand. This matter was first brought up at the last State convention, held in Maryland, and a firm stand was taken against the wearing of feathers. If the Endeavorers all over the country should fall in line with those in that State, it would do much toward creating a sentiment against the practice.

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SNELL, Truro, N. S.

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Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

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