

The Blind Cougar.

It was a good day for deer hunting. Two or three inches of snow had fallen, and the air seemed soft, and heavy, as it does before a storm. We determined to utilize the favorable weather for the killing of our winter meat. Therefore, at about sunrise, my partner, Curtis, our Indian helper, Pete Debaw, and myself set out from our shack to make a circuit of the nearer hills.

In 1875, this rough Black Hills country abounded in big game—elk, deer, sheep, grizzlies, black bears and mountain lions. On that November day, at one o'clock or a little later, I had killed and hung up four blacktails and one cotton-tail buck. Then, in close pursuit of a wounded doe among a rough tumble of rock ledges, a serious accident befell me. Hot upon the trail, I was rushing through an undergrowth of cedar, when I burst from cover upon a precipitous slope and fell headlong. I dropped my gun upon the snow, and grasped in vain at bush and boulder to stay my downward flight. I pitched down an incline, rolled over and over, and dropped off the rim of a ledge some fifteen or twenty feet in height.

For some time I lay paralyzed, physically, by the shock of my fall. My face lay on the edge of a narrow shelf of rock and one of my arms overhung it. I had no power to retire from this perilous position, yet with a curious sense of helpless indifference I looked down into a black and dismal gully which I knew well was the hidden canon, as we had named it, of Spring Creek.

It was from twelve to twenty feet in width, a huge split between two masses of rock. It must have been nearly one hundred feet to the bottom, and a small stream leaped and tumbled through the boulder-filled channel.

So narrow was the cleft where I lay that an active man could have leaped it at a running jump. On the opposite side was a mass of rocks rounding off to the left, and below this a rough, narrow slope along the rim of the notch.

A poor place to look for deer, was my thought, and there was little likelihood of my hunting companions finding me soon, unless I could send my shouts to their ears. But as yet I had no voice for shouting.

At the end of half an hour the paralysis of my nerves had partially abated, and I succeeded in rolling myself over and gaining a reclining posture against the ledge. In so doing, I discovered that my right shoulder was dislocated, and that probably two of my ribs were cracked. I found that I was upon a shelf of rock some thirty feet in length, and not more than seven or eight in width.

Still nothing seemed to matter greatly, and when presently a gust of wind whirled by and great leafy flakes began dropping spirally into the notch, I felt a lethargic sense of indifference.

From this hazy condition I was roused by seeing a great reddish-yellow beast come out of a cleft in the rocks just across the narrow canon. It was a mountain lion of great size, and it paused upon the slope with upturned head and pricked ears, apparently listening and looking away toward the higher ground.

Now, for the first time since I had fallen I felt a thrill of fear. If the big cat were hungry, how easily it might leap the gully and devour me where I lay! Most fervently I hoped the creature might not stay beyond the rocks.

But the lion turned its head and seemed to be looking directly at me. It walked deliberately down to the edge of the cleft and for an instant I thought my time had come.

Still the animal showed no sign of having seen me. On the contrary, it turned immediately to one side, and began trotting back and forth in front of its lair. It travelled over a bit of some forty yards or more, wheeling with precision at the same point in each turn, and going over its path each time with the same movement—a shuffling, gliding trot.

It thus passed and repassed within ten or twelve yards of where I lay. And now, with awakened faculties, I discovered that this big male lion was blind. Instead of the yellow-green balls with cruel slits there were two prominent grayish white disks under its half-closed eyes.

It was a blind cougar out for exercise. Surely, with the notch between us, there could be little danger from this unfortunated beast! Fascinated, curious, and forgetting my helpless condition, I watched the little, powerful, enormous cat promading his beat—a path which he had doubtless trodden many thousands of times. Just so many steps in one direction, just so many back over the same line. At one point he avoided a projecting boulder; at another passed round a broken cedar sapling. He swung himself back and forth with the regularity of a pendulum stroke.

Here, despite his infirmity, was no caged, hampered and rod-beaten creature of the menagerie. By some means, the blind lion had been well kept. His red-yellow coat was sleek and handsome, and his great muscles moved and glided over each other like well-oiled parts of perfect machinery. He dropped his lower jaw now and then, and once gave a mighty yawn, displaying rows of fangs which might have rent the skin of an alligator. Once only he halted upon his beat to sharpen his claws upon a sandrock, and his great talons rasped and grated upon the stone in a horribly suggestive fashion. I rejoiced, indeed, that he was blind. And so, I lay watching, while the big panther glided back and forth and the whirling snowflakes and dry leaves across the notch; and out of a cross current nearly in front of his lair, the lion caught my scent!

Instantly the gliding, graceful figure

was transformed, and a fierce snarling beast reared upon its hind feet, snuffing in eager anxiety to find the prey. The lion whirled about several times, then made a leap to the right, then directly toward me. Then he lost the scent and crouched, his red muzzle quivering, his ears twitching curiously, while his tail whipped to and fro.

Now he rose again and moved, sniffing cautiously along the rim of the gully. He seemed to reason that the scented creature must have shifted its position. Again his nose took wind of me, and crouching, he sniffed down at the gaping cut as if to make sure of the direction. Then his ears were laid flat, and his yellow talons were unsheathed to take firm grip upon the rock. I gave myself up for lost.

With his snarling menacing me and growling louder and louder, I knew the creature was certain of his ground. He had not been blind always, and he had leaped many times upon the shelf where I lay. Horrified, I watched him gather himself and then vault in a sweeping curve above the chasm and alight upon the rocks within four or five steps of where I lay.

I expected instant death. My nerves were suddenly racked with cutting pains, which ran through my chest until I gasped for breath. And yet the snarling, sniffling lion did not spring upon me. He had jumped to windward of me, and the air currents no longer carried the scent. He reared again upon his hind feet, sniffing anxiously. Then to my joy his bristles, lowered, his savage aspect change to one of distrust, and he turned and leaped back across the cut.

He stood upon the brink for a moment in a listless attitude of suspicion, and then, snuffing away, disappeared within his lair.

It was now snowing very fast, and in the next few minutes, relieved of intense reacting pains, I did some hard thinking. I dared not shout to attract the attention of my fellow hunters, and I was in momentary fear of a reappearance of the puma, or, worse yet, of its mate.

The weather was warm, hardly at the freezing point, and I was warmly clothed. I might, I concluded, survive twenty-four hours and longer if I let alone by the lions, and long to store that time Curtis and Pete would be scouring the hills for me. Camp was not more than two miles distant. I decided to lie quiet in the snow until I should hear some sound of searching.

Within half an hour the wisdom of this course was made apparent. Then I saw, coming down out of the storm upon the far slope, two more red-yellow beasts, which soon proved to be the blind lion's mate and her well-grown cub.

I shrank in fear under my covering of snow. Some hint of my presence there was yet in the notch, for both the lions paused, at twenty steps or so, and snarled angrily, with blustering backs and nervous twitchings of their tails.

For a moment the two seemed to be glaring straight at me, and I closed my eyes in fearful suspense. I waited, hardly breathing for some seconds; then, hearing no more of the cougars, I looked again, to find that they had passed on and gone into their lair. It was but a moment, however, before they reappeared, and this time the blind mate was with them. The three passed together up the slope, in single long jumps, and went over the ridge beyond. There had been a kill somewhere, and the blind lion's mate and cub had come dutifully to conduct him to the feast.

Under other circumstances, I should have felt the keenest interest in this evidence of family devotion among fierce beasts, and, with perfect opportunity, I should have hesitated to kill either the dam or her cub. As it was, I was to witness something very like a tragedy.

The lions had been gone a half hour, perhaps, when I heard the booming crack, crack, of a rifle just over the rock ridge in front of me. I answered the shots with a halloo as lusty as I could give, and hitched myself to a more conspicuous posture against the ledge. I shouted again and again, a rather feeble wail, but loud enough to be heard at a considerable distance.

Then, as if by magic, I was confronted by the three lions, which had slid down an inward curve of the rock ledge upon my left. They came on in great bounds to within fifteen or twenty yards of my perch. There, catching sight of me, the two foremost came to a halt, and unfurled their voices in menace. It was easy to see that something exciting and unusual had happened to the puma family. The blind one, apparently moved by its helplessness, slunk to its cavern, muttering hoarsely as he ran. Despite their savage demonstrations, the dam and her cub did not attack.

Some new fear seemed to possess them. They whirled about repeatedly, to guard against surprises. They flung themselves upon the snow, and lashed their tails excitedly.

I understood that someone—Curtis or Pete, doubtless—had been shooting at them. Perhaps for the first time they had heard the thunder of a gun and the hissing whine of bullets.

Then a rifle cracked again, this time close at hand, and I saw the cougar dam flatten out upon the snow with a bullet through her brain. The cub bounced about wildly, spitting and hissing, until two or three more shots were fired, when it, too, dropped in its tracks, dead. Looking in the direction of the firing, I saw our Indian, Pete, searching for a way to descend the ledge.

While Pete was hunting for a path, the blind lion ran out of his lair, which he must have considered unsafe against the new foe. He stopped over the bodies of his dead mate and cub and sniffed at them in apparent great anxiety. Then his tail drooped and his hair shrank upon his skin. A great fear had seized him. Suddenly he uttered a strange, whining lament, sprang toward the cabin cleft and leaped into its abyss.

Was it a case of suicide? It has always seemed so to me, and yet, in his sudden sense of loss, in his great fear and excitement, the creature may have had no other

aim than mad flight, and may have gone to his death quite by accident.

I was as much overjoyed as Pete was astonished at our meeting. Before noon the Indian had hung up a deer on the ridge, and when he returned to get the meat he found three lions had torn down the carcass. He had missed, and as the lions ran he had followed, shooting at them as long as they were in sight.

By making a strenuous effort I found that I could stand on my feet, but I was not released from my shell until the Indian procured an axe and bridged the gulch with poles.

HE DIDN'T BUY A SAW.

It Sounded Easy When His Wife Proposed It but it was Different in the Shop.

When the men with the red mustache started down the stairs his wife ran to the door and called I'm back.

'Donald,' she said, 'I want you to go into a hardware store to-day and get a saw. Don't forget it, please. We need one badly.'

Being an accommodating person the man with the red mustache said he'd get it. He chose the luncheon hour as the most opportune time for making his simple purchase. He was in a good humor and he smiled blandly when he went bustling into the store and said, 'I want a saw, please.'

The clerk who had come forward to wait on him had a merry twinkle in his eye and the twinkle overlaid at the question and spread all over his face in dimples.

'What kind of a saw?' he asked. The prospective purchaser began to perceive what an intricate business the buying of a saw really is.

'Why,' said he, 'I don't know. Just a saw. Any kind will do, I suppose.'

The clerk sighed. 'If you only knew what you want to use it for, perhaps I could advise you,' he suggested.

'What I want to use it for?' echoed the man with the red mustache. 'Why I want to saw, of course. At least my folks do.'

'Saw what?' asked the clerk.

'I don't know,' admitted the nonplussed shopper.

The clerk brightened up again and led the way to the rear of the store. 'I will show you a few of the different varieties of saws we have on hand,' he said. 'Observation and an explanation of their uses and prices may assist you in making a decision. Here's a metal saw. It is the hardest saw there is. It is made of highly tempered steel and will saw iron, copper, lead and all manner of metals. It is small in size and sells for \$2 to \$2.50, according to the style of the handle, which comes in beechwood and oak, the latter being more expensive. Is that the kind of a saw you want?'

The man with the red mustache was sorely perplexed. 'No,' said he, 'I don't think so. We have no metals at our house to work on, that I know of.'

'Perhaps you would like a meat saw?' suggested the clerk. 'Steel in these is of hardly so high a grade and I could let you have a good one for a dollar. But you're not a butcher?'

The man who wanted a saw shook his head mournfully and the clerk continued.

'There is a regular Fitch saw, for general utility purposes, which will cost only 50 cents. How does that strike you? No? Then here's the cabinet maker's saw. I can give you a very good one for \$3. Then I have over here plumbers' saws, the fine delicate saws used by all manner of artificers and the ordinary wood saws which will cost you anywhere from 50 cents to \$4. In that back room we have still other varieties—the two-man ten foot saws, buzz saws and circular saws. If you want to pay a big price you'd better take one of the latter. I'll give you a good one for \$50. Would you like to see them?'

The man with the mustache looked about him wonderingly.

'No, thank you,' he said. 'I never dreamed that there were so many different kinds of saws. I guess I won't take any till I find out just what kind I want.'

The clerk bowed affably. 'I regret being unable to make a sale,' he said, 'but I really think that the wiser plan.'

Love Makes

the world go round, but a bad cough or cold knocks all the sentiment out of a person. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam will cure the cold, stop the cough, and restore the sentiment. 25c. all Druggists.

To her Principles.

A pretty and pathetic little story of adherence to principle under trying circumstances is told of an old woman who lived in the heart of the mountain region of New Hampshire.

The nearest church was fourteen miles from her roughly built home in a logging camp, and her nearest neighbor was over eight miles distant. Finally the beauty of an interval two miles from the camp drew to it a number of people, and at last a hotel was built.

When the hotel had been open for some weeks, the wife of the proprietor one day

received a call from her neighbor of the logging camp.

'It's a sight of comfort to me to have you so near,' said the woman, wistfully. 'I used to have neighbors where we lived before we came here. I'm too busy to get away from the house on week-days generally, but Sunday afternoons ever since you came I've walked down to a gap in the woods, and there I can look through and see the smoke coming out of your chimney, if it's a good clear day, such as we sometimes have. It's real company for me.'

'You poor, dear soul!' said the warm-hearted landlady, with tear in her eyes. 'Why haven't you come down here any and every Sunday to have a talk with me?' 'You're real kind,' said her visitor, with a flush of pleasure, 'but you see I was raised among folks that didn't hold to Sunday visiting, and I've tried to keep to my principles just the same way off here. The first time I saw that smoke coming out of your chimney,' she admitted with a trembling smile 'it did seem as if I'd got to come, but I thought of the way I was raised, and I managed to hold firm. And when he offered to come down with me of a week-day, I felt repaid and rewarded, after only waiting seven weeks, wasn't I?'

'I am a man of few words,' said the busy citizen.

'I am glad to hear it,' answered the caller, with a superabundance of assurance. 'I've got a whole lot to say to you, and the fewer times you interrupt me the better I'll be pleased.'

BICYCLISTS, young or old, should carry a bottle of Pain Killer in their saddle bags. It cures cuts and wounds with wonderful quickness. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

BORN.

Truro, Oct. 2, to the wife of George Yuill, a son.
Parsboro, Oct. 1, to the wife of J. A. Tibbets, a son.
Moncton, Oct. 4, to the wife of T. P. Legere, a daughter.
Pictou, Sept. 20, to the wife of Dr. Webster, a daughter.
Brookton, Sept. 19, to the wife of Clarence Grant, a son.
Sydney, Oct. 2, to the wife of Allan McDonald, a son.
Windsor, Sept. 25, to the wife of C. Logan Smith, a son.
Acadia, Aug. 20, to the wife of Wilson Rankin, a son.
Richibucto, Sept. 23, to the wife of J. Nes Arseneau, a son.
Richibucto, Sept. 30, to the wife of Henry O'Leary, a son.
Dorchester, Mass., to the wife of Gilbert S. Crosby, a son.
Folly Village, Sept. 30, to the wife of Wm. Urquhart, a son.
Fallsview, Oct. 4, to the wife of John MacAloney, a daughter.
Lakeland, Sept. 25, to the wife of Joseph Jeffers, a daughter.
Cross Roads, Oct. 1, to the wife of James Rector, a daughter.
Annapolis, Sept. 20, to the wife of F. Ed. Nogler, a daughter.
Parsboro, Sept. 27, to the wife of Irving McNamara, a son.
Shediac, Oct. 2, to the wife of O. H. Melanson, a daughter.
Moncton, Oct. 2, to the wife of N. C. McLeod, a daughter.
Richibucto, Sept. 23, to the wife of Albert Arseneau, a son.
Beaver River, Sept. 9, to the wife of L. W. Beveridge, a son.
Molus River, Sept. 9, to the wife of Donald McEachern, a son.
Tatamagouche, Sept. 18, to the wife of H. V. Casidy, a daughter.
Debert River, Sept. 19, to the wife of Mitchell Chisholm, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Maitland, Oct. 2, Bessie Roy to Walter Forman.
Yarmouth, Clarence Gray to Minnie Hamilton.
Halifax, Oct. 3, Joseph Crockett to Lillie Hopie.
Kingston, Sept. 19, William Clark to Annie Kennedy.
Bear River, Oct. 3, Melvin Purdy to Minnie Dakin.
Digby, Oct. 1st, Charles Scragg to Irene V. Menne.
Westville, Sept. 26, Lelia Jimima to George Peters.
Moncton, Sept. 25, David Campbell to Eliza Hardy.
Boston, Sept. 22, Frank Morrell to Nellie Stanley.
Yarmouth, Sept. 29, Frank Cox to Theresa M. Gayton.
Notre Dame, Oct. 3rd, John Horeman, to Be. ha May.
Ell Grove, Oct. 3rd, Harry Banks to Miss Lillie Bell.
Annapolis, Oct. 1, Charles H. Banks to Minnie Marshall.
Lunenburg, Sept. 26, Charles Hebb to Florence Cook.
Woodstock, Sept. 29, J. N. McIntyre to Hattie J. Jones.
Plymouth, Sept. 29, Stanley R. Purdy to Annie Purdy.
New Germany, Sept. 19, George Rushford to Flossie Smith.
Halifax, Sept. 26, Robert McKay to Margaret Grant.
Halifax, Oct. 1, Christopher Coleman to Lizzie Power.
East Boston, Sept. 23, A. Gaudet to Maggie J. Davies.
Port Maitland, Sept. 29, E. Weatherbee to Dora Adams.
Yarmouth, Sept. 26, Fred Raymond to Clara E. Crosby.
Halifax, Sept. 26, James A. Robertson to Ellen Attye.
Springhill, Sept. 22, James McPherson to Florence Tooten.
West Hantsford, Sept. 27, John Ripley to Hattie Embree.
Napan, Sept. 26, Alex J. Godfred to Christena M. Dickson.
Yarmouth, Sept. 29, Oscar L. Carey to Ella Grace Hatfield.
Millton, Sept. 36, Henry Dinsmore to Lizzie May McBean.
North River, Sept. 19, Stephen Robar to Clara Demone.
Summersville, Oct. 1, Handley Loomer to Eva Masters.
Summersville, Sept. 8, Captain Fred Ogilvie to Susie Masters.
Calais, Sept. 18, Frank Appleby to Elizabeth N. Trenham.
North River, Sept. 26, Hugh McLean to Lillian H. Stevenson.

Milltown, Sept. 16, Justin Bridgman, to Harriet E. Dighton.
Hants, Sept. 26, Elizabeth Sutherland to John R. G. Armstrong.
Philadelphus, Sept. 26, F. K. Leeman to Janet M. MacEwen.
Charlottetown, Sept. 25, Albert A. Duff to Mary J. Henderson.
Dartmouth, Sept. 28, Joseph M. Mooney to Ann L. Mapplebeck.
Fox Harbor, Sept. 20, James A. McEachern to Annie Macauley.
West, Pictou, Oct. 1st, David D'Entremont to Sara D'Entremont.
Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 20, Margaret Kelly, to Frank Phorson.

DIED.

Sydney, Oct. 1, Annie Jost.
Moncton, Oct. 5, Oscar Tower, 5.
Souris, Sept. 25, J. mes Gorman.
Wisconsin, Sept. 30, Nettie Gray.
Hillsburn, Sept. 23, Percy Kay, 7.
Hillsburn, Sept. 25, O. le Coates, 1.
Windsor, Sept. 30, Ralph Croft, 16.
Tusket, Oct. 2, Sarah Blauvelt, 79.
North Winslow, Mrs. James Munn.
Fox Creek, Oct. 3, Blair LeKett, 9.
Pictou, Sept. 23, William Quateley, 1.
Alma, Sept. 21, James Macintyre, 20.
Boston, October 1, James B. Sweet 50.
Milltown, Sept. 18, Neil McStrath, 64.
Yarmouth, Sept. 29, John Harbert, 94.
Sydney, Sept. 24, Isabella Morris, 72.
Yarmouth, Sept. 29, John Harbert, 94.
Charlottetown, Sept. 23, Wm. Brown 74.
Digby, Sept. 22, Mrs. Israel Herzer, 61.
Back Bay, Sept. 29, Gertrude Cook, 13.
Truro, Sept. 23, James E. Johnson, 4 yrs.
Pictou, Sept. 25, Elizabeth McKenzie, 48.
Deer Island, Sept. 20, James Chaffey, 68.
Springhaven, Sept. 29, John Harbert, 94.
Charlottetown, Sept. 27, Cyrus Shaw, 51.
Dartmouth, Oct. 3, Mrs. Annie Curtis, 35.
Lower Truro, Oct. 3, Thomas Shaw, 77.
Spartan, W. I., Sept. 3, Mr. D. M. MacLeod.
Liverpool, Sept. 25, Mrs. George Allen, 85.
St. Stephen, Sept. 24, Mrs. David Hatfield, 86.
Stanley Bridge, Sept. 23, Hugh Cousins, 78.
Mount Stewart, Sept. 19, Mrs. James Dunne.
Golden Ridge, Sept. 30, Mr. Richard Boyd, 57.
Plymouth, Sept. 29, Mrs. Jernah Turner, 67.
Wilmet Valley, Sept. 23, Mrs. Wm. Cairns, 66.
Farmington, Sept. 22, Mrs. Geo. Robertson, 45.
Lakeville, Ill., Sept. 16, Mrs. Jane Potter, 94.
Belmont, Colchester, Sept. 23, Ezra Cuttle, 50.
New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 15, Clarice Pike, 8 mos.
Gay's River, Colchester, Sept. 27, John Blades, 66.
Minasville, N. B., Sept. 3, Robert Henderson, 62.
Charlottetown, Sept. 23, Mrs. Mary Macdonald, 91.
Yarmouth, George infant son of Mr. Irvine Lovik.
Campobello, Sept. 12, Woodbury infant of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bailey.
Roxbury, Mass., Oct. 1, Lyons, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, 5 mos.
Granville Ferry, Sept. 27, James, infant of Wm and Lalia Marsh, 7 mos.

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TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban for Hampton.....5.20
Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.15
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....11.10
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Guebe.....12.00
Express for Sussex.....13.45
Express for Hampton.....17.45
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....19.35
Express for Halifax and Sydney.....22.45
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 19.35 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.45 o'clock for Halifax, Quebec, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sydney and Halifax.....6.00
Suburban from Hampton.....7.15
Express from Sussex.....8.35
Express from Quebec and Montreal.....11.50
Accommodation from Moncton.....14.15
Express from Halifax.....17.00
Express from Halifax.....18.15
Express from Hampton.....21.50
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager
Moncton, N. B., June 18, 1900.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.