

Adventures of an Aged Indian Hunter.

Mitchell Sabattis, the old Indian guide, has suffered a second stroke of paralysis and is fast losing his strength. He is known to every visitor to the northern part of the Adirondacks. He does not know himself just how old he is, but his relatives say that he must be nearly 108. He lives with his son Harry at the foot of Mount Sabattis, which was named after him. The house is about half a mile from the shore of Long Lake, where he has passed the greater part of his life in the quest of game and fish.

Mitchell was a son of Capt Peter Sabattis. He is one of the St. Francis tribe of Banakas Indians and the last full blooded member of the tribe in this country.

Capt. Peter Sabattis and his son Mitchell gave the lakes, streams and the mountains of the region about here their Indian names. Too Long Lake they gave the name Qua-nah-ga-wah because of its shape. Raquette Lake retains its original name, also derived from its shape. Forked Lake was called Nek-taw-pa koh, 'out and in' as Mitchell says. To Blue Mountain they gave the name Nep-pers-long-we watch jo, because it is always blue. The name Utowana comes from the Mohawk Indians and indicates an abundance of game. Suranac was named Sun-ha-lan-ok, it being an entrance to Lake Champlain. The Tudper lakes, large and small, have their names in Indian. Big Tupper was called Pas-kon-ga-mah, supposed to apply to its round shape. Little Tupper was called Pas-gum-ga-nah-seck. Mount Mercury in the language of the St. Francis tribe was known as Wah-um-de-hag meaning that it was always white.

A strange fact of Mitchell's long life in the woods and his hunting and trapping experiences is, he has never suffered serious injury by coming in contact with the wild animals, and he has had many an adventure with panthers, moose and bears as well as deer and wolves. He says that the panther was a thorough coward and relates many stories which bear out the statement. One of his favorite panther stories is as follows:

"It was when I was a young fellow. I was a pretty good shot and had lots of pluck. One morning I found a panther track near High Pond and with the dog in a chain we followed it up. We located the panther under the bushes and started him up. I let go of the dog and he went after him. I had with me a young fellow who was considered to be one of the best shots in the section. I followed the dog closely and the other hunter was not far behind. Up on the side of the mountain the panther came out between the other hunter and myself. The fellow backed up on his snowshoes and fell down. The panther jumped through the snow and at each leap the dog went into the hole that the panther had just left. The dog finally got the panther by the hind leg as he was going up a tree. He hung on until the panther shook him loose. We could see the panther up in the tree and I told the other hunter, who had by this time come up, to take his gun and shoot the panther.

But he said no and we argued for some time as to who should take the first shot at the thing. I was finally the one to do the shooting and at the first shot I killed the panther, the shot going through his heart.

"On that same day we found another track, only it was larger than the track of the first panther. The last track wound around a ledge of rock on the side of the mountain. We followed that track for some distance, but did not find the game. At last we discovered that the panther had gone down and back in the track. After going for about forty rods in the opposite direction we found the remains of a buck. The panther had been in the habit of going there and eating, after which he would return to his hole. We saw where he had gone in a hole in the ledge. The ledge was just above the snow and about eight feet wide. By getting on the ledge I could see far down into the hole where the panther had gone. When I stepped on the ledge the panther let out the worst howls I had ever heard. He fairly made my hair stand up. The young fellow was below on the ground.

"Better get off," he said.

"No, guess not," said I.

"When I backed off the ledge he stopped growling. Then he went back to see if he would growl again. The old fellow was pretty mad about it. But he would not come out. I made up mind from the sound of his growl that he was about six feet above me and that he could see me,

yet I could not see him. I decided to try and smoke him out and went back to where the buck was lying in the snow. There I found some firewood and made a fire. The smoke did not get to him, for he did not come out. He was in there though and began to growl again as soon as stepped back on the rock.

"Cut me a pole," said I, "I'll punch him out," I had begun to get used to his noise and my hair straightened out.

"No, let him go," said my friend.

"I got the pole and pushed it into the hole. It was all ice inside there and I could not get to the panther. I reached the upper ledge and thought the panther was under me. Every time I jabbed the stick into the hole he growled good and hard. At last I touched him. Then he growled the worst yet. I could hear him walking around inside there. I gave another poke with the stick and the panther came out of the hole. When he passed me, he was within two feet of me. All there was between us was a light ridge of snow. He never stopped, and got well away. The dog was let loose and he took after him. The other fellow would not shoot. As the dog followed the panther he barked as though he was after a deer. When we came up to the panther he was under a log. The dog was jumping back and forth trying to get at the panther. The panther did not offer to hurt the dog, only when he came too near he would strike at him. By and by the dog dived in. I saw the panther take the dog's head in his mouth and I made up my mind that was the end of

the dog. The dog began to back up and pulled the panther out far enough that I could shoot him.

"He was a monster and weighed about 200 pounds, measuring nine feet from top to tail. We took his skin and left the meat. That made the second panther I had shot that day. I got \$62.00 a head from the State. In all I killed nine panthers. I have been twice within ten feet of a panther, but he never attacked me.

"On one occasion I was hunting on the side of a steep mountain. I started up a panther, he jumped from a log to another. I was obliged to go around. I got pretty close to him and stepped on a limb of a spruce tree lying on the ground. The limb broke with me and left me straddling the log with a foot on either side. I could not touch the ground with either foot. I turned around and saw that the panther was ten feet behind me and he had his eyes on me. Had I been facing him I could have shot him. I scrambled around to get a shot at him and he got away before I could shoot him.

"I followed another panther under the roots of a tree upturned. I supposed he would wait for me to get a shot, but he did not. He started and my gun was not over two feet from him when he went past. My shot never touched him. All I could see of him was the snow falling from the trees as he passed down the mountain and ran against them.

"I killed nine moose. The first moose I ever killed was at a time when father was with me. In those days in the summer we would camp along the lakes or streams where it was convenient. In the winter we would get into a settlement and live. There was a log house in Newcomb where we had lived many winter, but white men got in there and occupied the log house. Father was a great hunter for marten. We would start out and go for days through the woods looking after the traps, camping here and there. Father would go into the woods and trap moose by deadfalls and

hunt marten. We started from the foot of the lake one morning in the winter and travelled until about noon. Then we came up to a moose yard. We could see where the moose had eaten the trees. We hadn't gone but a few rods further when we saw a moose. Father pulled off his snowshoes. The moose which was a cow, heard us. She had her head raised up to break off some of the boughs of a tree. Just beyond her was a bull moose. She hit him as she started. We started after the moose as fast as we could go. Father wanted to shoot the moose himself. We chased her through a sort of a swamp and through some hard wood.

"She is pretty tired," said father; 'she won't go much further. We will make a camp here for the night.' The next morning the cow moose was there, and we started her again. There was a crust, and she heard us coming on the snowshoes. I was told to go to the top of the hill and then follow her. I was pretty tired and very hungry. I travelled for a mile and a half and then returned.

"I met father coming up. He said the tracks I had been following were those of a bull. The bull and cow travel differently. The bull will throw his feet out to each side like a pacing horse, while the cow drags her feet in the track. We found the cow moose off to one side and she was very tired. I was young and could run like a deer. Father told me to run around her, and I did. I ran around her and shot her, too, when I got within good range. We made a fire there, and father cut from the moose the midriff. We roasted it on little sticks.

"We'll camp here," said father. I shovelled out the snow and he skinned the moose. By the time he had the moose skinned I had the camp prepared. We roasted the marrow bones for supper. At night we lay down and pulled the moose hide over us with the hair side next to our bodies.

"When we woke in the morning the hide

was frozen stiff. Father raised it up so that I could get out, and then I raised the hide so that he could get out. She was a very fat moose.

A Charmed Life.

The scenery along the Kentucky river above and below Harrodsburg has been justly compared to the highlands of the Hudson. Towering cliffs, hundreds of feet in height, impress the beholder. In 'Historical Sketches of Kentucky' an incident is told of one of the highest of these.

Jotham Strout was hoeing corn in the bottom just opposite the ferry, when his attention was attracted by a rattling noise above his head. Looking up, he was staggered at seeing a man tumbling down the fearful precipice, now touching and grasping at a twig, now at a root, without being able to check himself. Finally, with a crashing of limbs, he landed in the top of a buckeye tree, about fifty feet above the general level of the bottom.

Mr. Strout ran to the place with all haste, dreading to find a dead man, and not doubting he would be terribly injured, if alive; for the distance the man had fallen was one hundred and seventy feet, and from the last point where he had touched the rock to the top of the tree where he lodged was forty-five feet.

Fancy Mr. Strout's surprise, then, to find the man standing erect at the foot of the tree, feeling of his arms and body.

"Are you hurt?" cried Mr. Strout.

"That's what I'm trying to find out, my friend," was the answer. "It's my impression that I am alive, but rather sore."

Not a bone was broken, and despite a few bruises, the man seemed to be as sound as before the terrible fall.

"That fellow bore a charmed life," was Mr. Strout's remark whenever he told the story.

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