

FIGHT WITH A PANTHER

INFURIATED BEAST CHARGES A LUMBERMAN'S RAFT.

Logs Bumped a Tree on River Bank—Animal Was Asleep—Enraged at Being Disturbed Springs at Surprised Man—Is Tearing Him to Pieces—Companion Comes to Rescue With an Axe.

Henry Rogers, a stalwart lumberman not long ago closed a contract with a large mill concern to cut and raft the timber from a big area of virgin forest down the river. The company's sawing mill was a big undertaking and Rogers was employed on the job for several months with a considerable force of men.

I had met him on a hunting trip and he invited me to spend a week or so with him at his camp, says a well-known writer. Of course I accepted. He was camped in one of the best hunting sections that could be imagined and I packed my kit, took a large quantity of ammunition and caught the first train for a small town on the lower river, where Rogers met me with a resolute and cheerful countenance.

The forces of men in the woods and the hauling of the logs kept the game stirred up considerably and I had such a hunting trip as I had always dreamed of but had never before experienced. My bag included two bears, many deer and one or two wolves, to say nothing of turkeys, geese, ducks and squirrels without count.

Down River on a Raft. About the time that my vacation was drawing to a close Rogers made ready an enormous raft of logs, which he intended floating down the river, and as he was to accompany the raft, in person I decided to go with him, thinking that this would be a novel trip and possibly an exciting one, but my wildest fancy had not prepared me for the adventure we encountered.

Several tents were rigged up on the raft, where we slept at night as snug as if we had been ashore. The cooking was done on open fires built up on boxes of earth. During the day I traveled generally in the gasoline boat, stopping along from time to time to hunt out some stretch of forest or visit a lake where Rogers told me of his excellent sport. I could travel a great deal faster than the raft, of course, and I sometimes let it get five or ten miles ahead of me or I would run that distance down the river ahead of it and hunt until it overtook me or nightfall made me set out in search of it.

As a rule we tied up at night, especially in difficult portions of the river, where islands and shoals made navigation for the raft beset with dangers of grounding it or splitting it up on snags or the point of an island. However, as we suffered some delay and the contract time for the delivery of the raft at the mill was drawing close, Rogers decided to run as much as possible at night, and after that it was not often that we tied up. Nature favored us. The nights were almost as bright as day after the moon came up, which at that season occurred about 11 o'clock.

The Collision With the Tree. There was good light after moonrise until morning, but between dark and the hour for the moon to make its appearance it was as dark as a pocket and the traveling was beset with grave dangers. More than once on these occasions did the raft bump into the bank, driving the timbers together with a sudden, crushing sound.

One night, as we were traversing a most difficult stretch of water, a narrow channel where the great raft had scarcely more than room to pass, I was standing out forward where Rogers and three others were working the sweeps, guiding the unwieldy mass of timbers through the narrow channel. We were navigating a difficult bend, a point that required the greatest skill in steering, when the current got the upper hand and the raft was hurled toward the bank with a force that was amazing.

Just at this point a large, crooked oak tree hung low over the water and the raft swept beneath it. The extreme end of the foremost log struck the trunk with a force that shook the tree as if it had been a reed.

The Panther Springs Upon Him. I had braced myself for the shock the best I could, and I should have retained my legs if it had not been for a long, lithe object that projected itself out of the rank foliage of the tree straight in my face. It sailed through the air like a flash of light and with an unearthly scream it alighted upon my breast and its sharp claws tore through my heavy hunting clothes as if they had been the veriest gauze.

There was no mistaking what it was. It was a gigantic panther, and my heart turned sick within me as I realized it. The force of the leap threw me flat upon my back, but the enraged animal did not loosen its death grapple in the least. I could feel its hot breath burning my cheek and its sharp claws as they dug deeper and deeper into my flesh. It is a wonder that I did not become unconscious, but I was not to be so spared.

I thought every moment that the animal would seize my throat in its jaws and it seemed an age that I lay there helpless with its cat-like eyes glaring into my own, scarcely six inches away. I was utterly helpless and resigned to my fate.

It certainly was not more than three or four seconds that I lay thus, although it seemed an age before I saw Rogers approaching me with a heavy axe raised above his head.

His Rescue by a Companion. He was running across the logs and once I saw him leap high into the air, but I did not then know why he did this. Afterwards I discovered that the raft had broken up and that I was upon a small portion of it that had gone on an independent cruise.

Rogers had jumped across a rapidly widening space of water to my rescue and had missed his calculation of the distance his life might have paid the penalty. The panther saw him

approaching, and with a snarl of rage it sprang from the approaching woodman. Rogers saw it coming and swung his axe above his head like some ancient conception of the god of battle. Just at this moment the raft swung around a bend of the river, which threw us out of the heavy shadow of the timber into the moonlight.

I have never seen a more inspiring sight than Rogers, standing with his axe poised and every muscle of his magnificent form tense, with anticipation of the shock, and the panther leaping straight for his throat. With a flash of light the axe descended just as the panther poised in air immediately before Rogers. The next instant the blade of the weapon crashed deep into the animal's skull and it fell, inert and lifeless, at the foot of my rescuer.

That panther's skin is the rug beneath my feet as I write, and faintly upon the top of its head is the scar of the blow that ended its life. The taxidermist who prepared it for me wanted to sew up the cut so that it would be invisible, but I would have none of it.

A NOVEL TRIO.

Robin and Sparrow Keep House With a Rabbit.

A sparrow, a robin and a rabbit have lived peacefully together in an old hollow log all winter and seem to be the best of friends. They took up housekeeping in the same abode to keep warm, and apparently have thrived without friction since the first snows came. The rabbit hardly needed feathered companions to add to his bodily comfort, as his kind are well protected by nature, but evidently he longed for companionship.

George S. Hixon, on whose farm the happy family have been sharing quarters, says that he has frequently seen the rabbit occupy the end of the log on cold days in order to keep his companions warm within. Sometimes he would keep his post for forty-eight hours without food, apparently for no other reason than to be sure that his pals within were shielded from the winter blasts.

Went Foraging. When the weather was agreeable the rabbit, sparrow and robin would go foraging together, the former picking up a living by gnawing the bark of poplar trees and the latter by delving about for what edibles they could find. Several times Mr. Hixon has observed them trailing along back to the log in Indian file. On these occasions the birds either hopped behind the rabbit or fluttered close to the ground.

"I went out one morning after a severe storm to place food where the family could get it and found the log entirely covered," said Mr. Hixon. "As I neared the spot there was a disturbance of the snow and out hopped the rabbit. After him came the sparrow and robin. The birds looked about in a dazed kind of way and then nestled close to their furry companion. At my approach they flew to nearby trees, but as soon as I had retired all three assembled for the feast I left."

TROUT STREAMS WANTED.

Fisheries Might Be Greatly Improved by Importation of Stock.

A correspondent of The London Times calls attention to the many neglected trout streams in Great Britain, meaning the smaller tributaries of well-known fishing rivers. These brooks are overlooked by the angler chiefly because the fish are small, a condition which can be easily remedied by building occasional small dams. In the ponds thus made the fish may lie in hot weather, and every such expanse of water is a catch-all for and actual producer of food for the trout. Such a policy, with proper stocking, would vastly increase the amount of fishing water available for the modest angler. These observations apply with considerable force on this side the water—not so much in the way of improving the smaller streams, which the Canadian small boy—more enterprising than his British contemporary—annually fishes to death, but rather by way of suggesting the introduction of trout into waters now given over to coarser fish. Rather few waters are adapted to that fastidious aristocrat, our speckled trout, but the brown trout will thrive in almost any northern stream not hopelessly polluted. He will even maintain himself against the perch and pike kind, but not for long against the omnivorous black bass. There are many streams which now afford only a negligible kind of mixed fishing that would provide tolerable trout fishing. Gradually the riparian owners will realize, first, that they are neglecting a valuable utility; next, that, since the day of our splendid wilderness trout is passing, it is time to consider the claims of the trout of civilization, the river trout of Europe. It is not given to all of us to fish the great lakes and streams of Canada, but a little thrift would provide plenty of fly-fishing within a hundred miles of home. And with the brown trout will presumably come also such engaging sophistications as the dry fly, which go far to compensate for a fly basket at nightfall.

Death of a Pioneer.

P. H. Bradt, a Fort Garry pioneer, died recently aged 93 years. He had been a resident of Winnipeg since 1875, and had had a remarkable career. He was one of the survivors of those who took an active part in the stirring events of 1837, having served with the Government against W. Lyon Mackenzie. He also wore the medal for Fenian raid services. The old man's memory was remarkable, and, up to the time of his death, delighted to tell of his experiences along the Niagara frontier in 1837. He was on sentry duty on the night the steamer Caroline was sent over the Falls, and saw that occurrence, being probably the last eye-witness of the tragedy.

Bringing Her Up. Little Willie, tired of play. Pushed sister in the well one day. Said mother as she drew the water, "This difficult to raise a daughter."

OLD TIME THEATERS.

The Way House and Stage Were Lighted in Garrick's Time.

It must have often struck people when reading of the performances in the eighteenth century how it was that the lightning was contrived. The power of oil lamps was limited enough. Theaters like Drury Lane and Covent Garden were of enormous size. There were no footlights, at least until about the middle of the eighteenth century, and they were the humble "floats," dim enough. Yet there was ample light to observe expression and play of features, so necessary in interpreting the fine old comedies of character. Nowadays the stage is one blaze. It is literally bathed and suffused in light. There are no shadows, and yet it might be said the amount of necessary light is no more than there used to be and is not nearly as satisfactory. How was it then?

In the theaters of Garrick and earlier days the stage was really lit by four great chandeliers, which hung directly over the heads of the actors from the arch of the proscenium and just outside the curtain. When the play was over, these were lowered slowly, a signal for the audience to depart. These chandeliers furnished a goodly amount of light on a circular zone immediately below them. The actors' faces and figures were lit in the natural way, as the sun would light them, but the rest of the stage was comparatively dark or gloomy.—Blackwood's.

HOW TO REPEL A DOG.

Letter Carrier Had a Remedy For Vicious Curs.

"No one comes in contact with all sorts of dogs more than the letter carrier," said the man in gray as the interviewer trailed along beside him. "Take it outside the business districts and every other family has a dog. Many of them I pay no attention to, but about one out of five aches to get his teeth into my legs at first sight. It is a part of my duty to teach such curs a lifelong lesson."

"Do you kick them?" was asked. "That would be foolish. I carry here in my side pocket about a quarter of a pound of dry fine cut tobacco. You see it is almost as fine as snuff. The dog that means to bite you won't come charging down with a roar. He sneaks up behind and gives a jump in. I am ready for it. Without seeming to be watching, I know where he is, and at the right moment he gets the tobacco dust in his eyes. Then there is a circus. That dog goes through such a performance as you never witnessed, and his owner, man or woman, indulges in all sorts of threats. I deliver the mail and say nothing and go on. The dog's eyes are sore for a fortnight, and if he afterward meets me on the street he will drop his tail and make a bolt for home. It's a lesson he never forgets, and I believe it also increases his owner's respect for Uncle Sam's uniform."

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

One Day's Work of a Sixteenth Century Law Student.

If law students of the present day are laboring under the delusion that when the world was younger there was less law to study and more relaxation for young men of their class, let them read the following extract that an English contemporary has taken from the "Memoirs of Henri de Mesmes," descriptive of a day's work of a law student at Toulouse in the sixteenth century:

"We used to rise from bed at 4 o'clock, and, having prayed to God, we went at 5 o'clock to our studies, our big books under our arms, our ink-horns and candles in our hands. We heard all the lectures without intermission till 10 o'clock rang. Then we dined after having hastily compared during a half hour our notes of the lectures.

"After dinner we read as a recreation Sophocles or Aristophanes or Euripides and sometimes Demosthenes, Cicero, Virgil or Horace. At 1 o'clock to our studies, at 5 back to our dwelling places, there to go over and verify passages cited in the lectures until 6; then supper, and after supper we read Greek or Latin.

"On holy days we went to high mass and vespers; the rest of the days, a little music and walks."

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Presence of Mind.

The Duke of Wellington was writing in his library when, chancing to look up, he saw a stranger near him who had entered unheard.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked the duke.

"I am Apollyon and have been sent to kill you."

The nobleman realized that he had an insane person to deal with, but he was equal to the emergency. With the utmost carelessness he inquired, "Got to do it tonight?"

"No."

"I am very glad, as I am quite busy now. Just send me word before you come again, and I shall be ready for you," politely bowing the crazy person out of the room.

Shortly the fellow was safe in the bedlam whence he had managed to escape.

The Home of a Genius.

Beethoven was born in a small house in Bonn. His father had inherited the vice of drinking, and often Beethoven and his younger brother were obliged to take their intoxicated father home. He was never known to utter an unkind word about the man who made his youth so unhappy, and he never failed to resent it when a third person spoke uncharitably of his father's frailty. Young Beethoven was thus taught many a severe lesson in the hard school of adversity, but his trials were not without advantage to him. They gave to his character that iron texture which upheld him under his heaviest burdens.

The Influence of Books.

Books have always a secret influence on the understanding. We cannot at pleasure obliterate ideas. He that reads books of science, though without any desire fixed of improvement, will grow more knowing. He that entertains himself with moral or religious treatises will imperceptibly advance in goodness. The ideas which are often offered to the mind will at last find a lucky moment when it is disposed to receive them.

Precious Spices.

There are portions of the globe today where spices are worth more than gold or silver. "In the arctic region spices are essential to health and happiness," wrote an explorer. "A dash of pepper, a pinch of ground cinnamon, a little nutmeg or a piece of ginger root revives the faded appetite wonderfully in the north. I have seen shipwrecked sailors fight over an ounce of spices with more fierceness than they ever did for money."

This One Especially.

From a Paris paper we take the following conversation in a police court: The President—it appears from your record that you have been thirty-seven times previously convicted. The Prisoner (sententiously)—Man is not perfect.—London Globe.

"The Blood is The Life."

Science has never gone beyond the above simple statement of scripture. But it has illuminated that statement and given it a meaning ever broadening with the increasing breadth of knowledge. When the blood is "bad" or impure it is not alone the body which suffers through disease. The brain is also affected, the mind and judgement are dulled, and many an evil deed or impure thought may be directly traced to the impurity of the blood. Foul, impure blood can be made pure by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures and purifies the blood, thereby curing pimples, blotches, eruptions and other cutaneous affections, as eczema, tetter, or salt-rheum, hives and other manifestations of impure blood.

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You can't afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a medicine of known composition, having a complete list of ingredients in plain English on its bottle-wrapper, the same being attested as correct under oath. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

Prophecy Fulfilled.

Patient—I have come to tell you, doctor, that that young stock broker whom my daughter met at the sea four months ago has now proposed to her, and they are engaged.

Doctor—Now, didn't I tell you that you would benefit later by your change?

A Big Meal.

He—What do you think? I overheard Mr. Spooner talking to Miss Phatter in the conservatory, and he told her she was sweet enough to eat. She—The glutton! That Phatter girl weighs fully 200 pounds.

Philosophy.

All philosophers are poor men, but it would be better for all poor men to be philosophers. As to the rich, they do not need philosophy.

Fidelity purchased with money, money can destroy.—Seneca.

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