

HANGING TO A BRIDLE

A THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS.

A Hunter Held Over a Bottomless Canyon by His Horse's Bridle Reins—The Mystery of Two Life Shots Explained—How Lee Cleared the Path.

During the fall of 1877, just after the expedition which had resulted in the running down and capturing of Chief Joseph and his band of warriors, my troop was detached to make a scout from Camp Brown down through the Rattlesnake range to the Platte river and from there to the Yellowstone by way of the Goose Creek trail.

When we camped on Clear creek, a comrade named Lee and I started off for a day's hunting among the high peaks of the Big Horn mountains, expecting to get a few sheep. Lee was a man of extraordinary strength and was noted in the regiment for his feats of muscular ability.

We ascended the mountain by a deer trail, Lee riding in advance. The trail led up a "hogback" until it ran out against the side of the mountain, where we had to pick our way over the side hill until we struck another trail winding in a zigzag manner toward the summit. We dismounted and led our horses, for the trail ran dangerously close to the edge of a cliff that formed one side of an immense canyon, whose depth we could only guess. Narrower and more rugged grew the trail as we advanced until it seemed to terminate at a point only a short distance in front of us.

We moved forward cautiously, for on one side the mountain appeared to rise from under our very feet into a wall of solid rock. On the other side we looked into the depths of the great canyon, which would prove an eternal gulf to either of us should he lose his footing and topple into it.

The apparent termination of the trail was due to a curve at that point, to round which required steady nerves. We passed it safely, but had not gone 30 yards when both horses bent their ears forward, snuffed and showed evidences of the greatest terror. Before I could ascertain the cause of it, being in rear of Lee's horse and unable to see beyond it, a shot was fired that awoke some thousand echoes.

What followed the sound of the shot happened so quickly that I did not realize danger until I found myself hanging between life and death. My horse, unable to see what was in the path ahead of us, but whose instinct warned him of the presence of some dreaded wild beast, had stopped in terror, and when the shot was fired, suddenly threw up his head and began backing. I had pulled the reins over his head, threw me off my balance, and before I could recover I was falling over the cliff.

Instinctively I tightened my hold on the reins and endeavored to grasp the edge of the cliff with my left hand as I was rolling over. I did succeed in checking the shock of my fall somewhat, but could not secure a hold sufficient to sustain my weight. For a moment I hung suspended over the terrible abyss, my whole weight resting upon my right arm. Quick as a flash I grasped the reins with my left also, and there I hung, expecting death every instant, for I knew that my horse would not stand long in the head thrown back.

I could see him standing above me, and the beauty of his pose and the rigidity of his position, as he stood braced against the weight dangling at the end of his bridle reins, made an impression upon my memory that will never be eradicated.

I asked myself how much longer it was possible to hang by so frail a support as a bit of leather. The grip of my hands was so tight that my finger ends were tingling and burning as though touched with a hot iron.

Suddenly another shot rang out, awakening a myriad of echoes that seemed to reach me with a muffled roar. Again that backward movement of my horse, and as I felt the reins drag along the edge of the precipice I thought I must surely let go and fall. Strange thoughts began to flash through my brain, mental pictures of loved ones long since dead appeared to whisper prayers for me, there was singing in my ears, and I realized that my strength was giving out.

Just then I heard my name spoken. At first I thought it was the voice of one of the visions my excited brain had conjured up. But no; there it sounded again. It was Lee's voice, calm, collected and inspiring. He was whispering words of caution.

Opening my eyes, I saw his face above me—what a white, scared face it was, I thought! Slowly, oh, so slowly, his hand stole down the reins until it rested upon my wrist. Then there was a quick grip of powerful fingers, an exertion of wonderful strength, and I was in safety. Lee told me afterward that I was unconscious when he stretched me out on the trail.

The first shot had been fired at a mountain lion that crouched in the trail a short distance ahead and had sent it crashing into the depths of the canyon. Hearing my cry of fear as I toppled over the brink of the cliff, he had shot his horse to clear a path to get back to where I was and had been in time to rescue me.—W. P. Conner in San Francisco Argonaut.

Tried to Brace Up.

Wife—You've been drinking! And you told me you were going to a prayer meeting!

Husband—Y-e-s, m' dear, I wash delayed at the prayer meeting, and I (hic) knew you'd make big fuss 'bout my (hic) comin' home 's' late, and I—I (hic) tried to brace up for the ordeal.—New York Herald.

DECADENT DIALOGUE.

How People Talk in One of William Sharp's Stories.

Mr. William Sharp, the disciple in England of Maeterlinck, has written a volume of dramatic interludes which he calls "Visita." It may interest some readers who are not well acquainted with the decadent species of dialogue to see the following scrap taken from the "Passing of Lilith," which by some is regarded as the most typical of the "Visitas."

Uinel—Lilith, heart of beauty, wilt thou come?

Lilith—I perish yonder.

Uinel—Thou canst not die. Thou art immortal.

Lilith—I dreamed that I should die daily and thousand deaths.

Uinel—Love scorneth fear.

Lilith—Fear warneth love.

Uinel—Come.

Lilith—Show me the portals of thy golden hours.

Uinel (troubled)—What wouldst thou?

Lilith—Thou.

Uinel—I must go hence. Already—

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A MEAN PIECE OF BUSINESS.

An Incident That Shows One's Faith in the Chivalry of the Modern Man.

This is a bit of genuine scandal. Everybody likes scandal. It is always such a comfort to find oneself a little better than one's neighbor. This bit of scandal is true too. There is a young man now living in Chicago who used to live in Washington. He was engaged to a Washington girl, but rumors concerning her reached him out in Chicago. They said, these rumors, that she had gone out to supper after the theater, and looking on the wine when it was red had become just a little boisterous.

Her immaculate fiancé came to Washington. He did not say a word to her of the rumors which had filled his soul with horror, but he took her to the theater and to supper afterward.

The Widow Chiquet was the third party at the supper, and she glared like a vulture on earth, like champagne. Her sweetheart urged her to drink, assuring her it would do her no harm whatever. She drank. In fact, she conjugated the verb to drink. It is things like that that keep one's belief in the innate chivalry of the modern gentleman from dying. I understand the man considers it a tremendous joke, and you may be able to see where the laugh comes in. I am not—Washington Post.

THE SMALLEST BOOK.

A Late Parisian Publication That Is Smaller Than a Postage Stamp.

The smallest book ever printed has just been issued by Messrs. Perrault, of Paris. It is the story of Perrault, Little Hop o' My Thumb.

This diminutive volume contains four engravings, and it is printed in movable type. It contains 93 pages of printed matter. The book is 38 millimeters long by 28 millimeters wide. The thickness of this volume is six millimeters and its weight is five grams.

The "dwarf book" of the Chicago exhibition could be held on a postage stamp of the Columbian variety, but it is quite surpassed by this product of the French press. The little French volume, with its illustrations and its 60 pages of printed matter, is not much larger than a 1 cent piece.

It is a complete book in every respect, the binding being perfect, the pages duly numbered and the title page appearing with all the formality of the most dignified volume. The pages can only be read by the use of a microscope, but then it is found that the proofreading had been excellently done.

Several French swells are carrying these volumes under their watch covers. A copy presented to a French library has been duly entered in the catalogue and placed on the shelves.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The most pleasant little pills for regulating the bowels are De Witt's Little Early Risers. Cure sick headache and constipation. Small pill. Small dose. C. W. Hodgkins.

Notice is hereby given that the Patton Hotel Co. is the owner of all the personal property in the Palmer house, Patton, Pa., consisting of carpets, bedding, furniture, safe, silverware, table service, bar room fixtures, supplies, etc., and the same is left on the premises subject to their orders.

All persons are notified not to interfere with the same. PATTON HOTEL CO. Patton, Pa., May 30, 1895.

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The Daily Post, a large eight-page paper, and The COURIER one year each for \$3.00. The price of The Post alone is \$3.00. Send us your order at once and get seven papers a week for the price you formerly paid for one.

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