

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Maine Woodsman Rescorted to the Last to Subjugate an Infuriated Wildcat—A Crippled Boy Faced With Fire Down a Mountain to Save Human Lives

When Zenas Pillsbury, of South Presque Isle, Me., left his home on Friday for a trip through the woods over Potawash Mountain to the valley, where he has a hunting lodge, his wife said:

"Zenas, you'd better take the big rifle along."

"What for?" asked Zenas, who has been in the woods long enough to wish to be rid of firearms when they haven't any pressing use. "It's close time on moose and deer."

"I know," said the wife, "but on last Wednesday Henry Brooks got a bear over on the mountain, and they're ugly this time of year."

Pillsbury laughed at the woman's fears and tramped away with a small coil of rope over his shoulder and a knife in his belt.

By noon Pillsbury was well over the range, and was passing down the farther side into the valley, when his ears caught the sound of something that resembled the purring of a cat. He turned quickly to the right to look straight into the face of an "Indian devil," which is the woods name for a member of the cat tribe, panther-like, that sometimes drifts south from the great Canadian forests and kills sheep and runs away with children in North Maine towns.

When Zenas was a young man his father had taken him West to grow up into a stout lad, who could ride a bucking broncho, snuff a candle with a gun or lasso a steer at a gallop. Consequently in this critical moment Pillsbury's nerve did not leave him. Looking the big cat in the face, swiftly he took down the coil of rope from his shoulder and, quicker than it can be told, made a slip-knot and a noose in one end of it. Then he began a gentle dance before the eyes of the beast, who gazed at him in a sort of fascination. Pillsbury's arm swung round and round, faster and faster until the long noose stood out stiffly and hung like a lash as it flew through the air.

Then Pillsbury cast it. The noose settled over the small head of the animal and was drawn fast so suddenly that escape was out of the question. The cat leaped backward with a snarl of anger, and bit at the choking line in vain.

Near the spot was a good-sized beech tree, with plenty of space about its foot. Toward that Pillsbury looked, and when the cat was snarling at the rope, he leaped for the tree, the cat following. Pillsbury ran around the tree trunk with his end of the rope, and was close in the rear of the cat when the latter turned quickly and made for the man. This was just what Zenas wanted.

He pulled in his end of the rope, and the cat was hung fast. The more the cat pulled and dragged to get at Zenas, the harder Zenas held the rope. For more than an hour man and cat swung about the tree trunk.

At first this was fun. But when the operation had continued for an hour the woodsman became weary. To end it, only light or strategy remained.

Fighting a wildcat with a small knife isn't pleasant business, and Pillsbury chose the other method. Taking a grip on the rope, which held the cat around the tree, he picked up the slack and made another noose. This he cast deftly over the head of the animal and drew it fast, still keeping his hold upon the main part of the rope. Then he dropped the rope and ran swiftly until out of range of the animal's claws. The cat was secured. Pillsbury left him there and went on to camp.

When he came back in the afternoon the cat was gone, and so was the rope. —New York Press.

A Boy Hero With Wooden Legs.

Not far away from the Virginia line lives a two-thirds youth, for, unfortunately, both of his lower limbs are artificial, who has to his credit an act of heroism which should make him a loved lad as long as the memory of those who know him lasts. His name is "Tim" Olin, and his home is away up in the mountains, thirty-five miles from everywhere, as a book agent once said of that part of the country.

This bit of a boy about three weeks ago heard that forest fires were sweeping everything that would burn before them along the Virginia side of the mountains. One afternoon he climbed through the snow to the top of the mountain, one of the steepest of the Cumberland, and took a view of the fire-swept country below him. He was surprised to find the fire so fierce, and, as he watched, Tim saw that the red tongues were creeping on toward a little log cabin in which lived two old and helpless women, the Ober sisters, and their blind and crippled brother, who is one of the oldest men over on the other side. The lad realized that the house was a long way from any other farmhouse and knew that the people in the humble cot would find themselves powerless if they were left in the cabin until the fire got to their home. Without thinking of how much suffering it meant to his poor aching limbs, Tim started down the rugged hillsides on his perilous journey of heroism. He had a race with the fire, and twice fell from exhaustion and almost despaired of saving the old folks. But his indomitable courage never flagged and he kept going. He reached the old homestead just as the prairie fire was attacking the old frame crib.

He hurried into the house and informed the old and thoroughly frightened people of their danger. It only took him a few minutes to hitch the horse to the sled, and the old man was helped on to this. The four drove on to shelter at the nearest neighbors,

leaving the fire to do its worst. The home of the old people was partly burned during the night, but the boy had gotten some of the neighbors to go and fight the fire, and they were able to save most of the contents of the house.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

Saved Her Cousin From an Eagle.

Miss Bertha Moore and her little golden-haired cousin, Elsie Talsen, went out for a quiet stroll along the mountainside near Germanic, Penn., in the great black forest the other morning. Bertha Moore is the typical daughter of a backwoodsman, tall and well formed, lithe as a panther and with the rustic beauty coming from a healthy outdoor life.

She lives with Charles Talsen and his wife in a cabin two miles from this place. They had wandered nearly half a mile from Talsen's home when Miss Moore sat down to rest beneath a shade tree while Elsie ran off to gather a bunch of daisies which she saw nearby.

Suddenly Miss Moore was startled by a child's shriek of terror and instantly she ran toward the spot where the child had disappeared behind a thicket of laurel. When she reached the spot where Elsie lay on the ground she saw an immense eagle of the species which infest the Allegheny wilds, endeavoring with its great claws to drag the child from the ground.

The brave young woman never hesitated, but rushed forward to save her little cousin. As she approached the eagle rose, but suddenly swooped down upon Miss Moore and sank its claws in her right shoulder. It was now a fight for her own preservation, and she grappled with the great bird. She was badly torn by the eagle's claws, but finally succeeded in grasping it around the neck, and this, by strenuous efforts, she broke. Miss Moore was bleeding from many wounds, but, fortunately, none were serious, and she started home with Elsie, dragging the eagle with her. The bird measures eight feet from tip to tip.

Hunter and Jaguar Bath Shot.

The Century is a "Big Game" number, and one of the articles is "Hunting the Jaguar in Venezuela," written by William Willard Howard. Mr. Howard says:

There is no recognized way of hunting tigers with guns. Sometimes the hunters go out on horseback, particularly in the cattle districts of the Orinoco llanos and the valley of the Amazon, with dogs and Indian servants to drive up the game. Oftener the hunter lies in wait for the tiger to approach a tethered calf.

When several hunters with guns go out together there is serious peril, as an incident I have in mind will show. A Venezuelan man of affairs, whom I know well, went to visit a friend on a coffee plantation, and incidentally to try a new rifle. The host called in two neighbors, and arranged a hunt. When the hunting party left in the morning the host's two young sons remained at home with three servants. Late in the afternoon, when the party returned, neither boys nor servants were to be seen. As the hunters roamed about the plantation, looking for the boys, they heard a crying in the top of a slender tree. The boys were in the tree, white with terror.

"What is the matter?" called the father. "Why are you in the tree?" "The tiger!" the boys shrieked. "A big female tiger is at the bottom of the tree." The tiger had been unable to climb so slender a tree.

The father pushed his way quickly through the bushes to shoot the tiger before it should escape. His friends followed slowly. In a few moments a shot was heard, and then a wild scream. The hunters rushed forward. Their friend and a big tiger were rolling on the ground together. They fired twelve times, as rapidly as they could work their magazine-riders and then tiger and man lay still.

Four bullets had entered the tiger and eight had pierced the body of the man.

A Bicyclist Lashed by Snakes.

Alfred Allen, who canvassed for subscribers for weekly newspapers at Binghamton, N. Y., had a queer experience. He travels through the country on a bicycle and was riding down a hill on the road between Montrose and Great Bend, Penn., when he ran into a lot of rattlesnakes. He saw the reptiles in the road ahead, but was going so fast that he could not stop. He realized that he stood a pretty good chance of being stung while going past them, as a rattlesnake is as quick as lightning to strike. The noise of the wheel had put them on the defensive and the rattles were giving that well-known warning to keep away.

Allen saw that he was in for it, so taking his feet from the pedals and putting them up as far as possible he went coasting down the hill at a lively rate. As the bicycle passed the snakes twenty heads darted out and Allen soon felt them whipping him about the back and legs at every turn of the wheels. He became so excited that he paid little attention to the handle bars. The wheel soon shied to one side of the road, dumping him over an embankment. When he got his equilibrium he picked up the wheel and found entwined about the spokes and sprocket chain a mass of dead rattlesnakes, crushed and torn into ribbons. He did not attempt to dislodge them, but waited until a farmer came along and took him and the wheel to Great Bend.—New York Sun.

A Few Years Ago Careful Estimates

were made as to the number of horses in the world. It was learned that there were over 68,000,000, divided as follows: In Europe, 37,000,000; Asia, 4,500,000; Africa, 1,060,000; America, 23,500,000; Australia, 2,000,000.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

Something Startling in Veils.

There has been a great deal said about cobweb veils, but it is a term that was in no way descriptive except as comparatively with the heavy net veils. The newest veil is in reality a cobweb veil, with all the irregularity and variety of angular joints of a cobweb, and in the centre or thereabouts of each web is a chenille spider, with long, pointed legs. The effect at a little distance is of stars, but a closer inspection shows the mesh of the veil, and it becomes apparent without doubt that the spider's web and the spiders are all there waiting for the traditional fly. About the borders are figures of the same shape as the spiders, but without the chenille.

Popular Traveling Costume.

Flax-colored linen traveling costumes are chosen by many fashionable women. The Holland jacket-bodices open in front over a stylish embroidered vest. The good skirt is about four yards wide, and fits closely on the front and sides. The material, though it passes by the name of Holland, differs considerably in substance from the old-time linen, so-called, since there is a wire weave suggestive of wool in the newly-named variety. Cool-looking ecrú linens will also be in fashionable favor in coat and short Eton suits of various kinds. Other ecrú linens, almost as thin as batiste, and so generally becoming, are made with a belted waist, crossed with guipure insertion of an elaborate pattern, the belt and folded collar of colored silk. The two-flounce or double skirt is finished with tucks and insertions of the guipure. The close sleeves have waistbands of the satin and turn-back cuffs of the lace.—New York Post.

Women at Auctions.

Nowhere does the propensity in women for bargains show to such extent as at an auction. There was a recent auction of household furniture in a city several times smaller than New York and not so much troubled by the auction mania. But the women of the place turned out bravely, showing a pretty spirit which needed only practice to develop into metropolitan proportions. The auction was to be held in the house to which the furniture had belonged, and all the small household necessities which accumulated gradually were sold and seized upon with avidity by the bidders. They paid enough for collections of dust rags to buy a piece of new cheese cloth in the shops, and they bid for cheap articles of crockery, bought for a certain temporary prettiness, and paid for them prices far exceeding what they must have cost at the five and ten cent stores. But the provincial spirit of the auction was shown in the charming and neighborly spirit in which people took their bad bargains. A woman who found that an enormous enameled tray was too large for her family handed it back to the auctioneer with that reasonable excuse, and he sold it for her. The woman who had bought a carpet which had been too freely visited by the investigating Buffalo bag did not like the price she had paid for the carpet when she had discovered it, and it was reduced and whether it was of the auction genus, metropolitan or provincial, the bidders staid packed in sulfoacting crowds for nearly the whole of a hot June day, and went without their dinners to do it.

Novelties on Dry Goods Counters.

Cluny lace collars, boleros, etc. Scarlet belts of leather, kid, etc. Plaid ties in silk, linen and cotton. Muslin gowns with surplice waists. Lisle suede gloves for midsummer wear. Organdie gowns flounced to the waist. Black hats trimmed in green and white. Shirt-waist jewelry set in silver, enamel and gold. White violets with immense green leaves and white hats. Nun's veiling in light colors for semi-transparent gowns. Five-inch widths of taffeta ribbon for belts, collars, sashes, etc. Black batiste, organdie, lawn, diamity, etc., for mourning wear. Many silver fasteners designed to keep skirts and belts together. Light pompadour silks for summer evening and bridesmaids' toilettes. Black Amazon shapes severely trimmed with a band of velvet and quills. Tiny capes or collars of mousseline platings, ribbons and artificial flowers. Veils having a very deep border to wear with the many designs of walking hats. Inch-wide neck ruchings of lace or plaited mousseline edged with lace or narrow ribbon. Lawn and China silk dressing sacques made with bolero effects and Valenciennes lace. Natural pongee frocks and those of plain India silk, the latter sold plaited, for little girls. Colored pique jacket suits for girls' street wear and white pique frocks for dressy wear. Crush belts with an enamel buckle and long ends to the skirt edge of satin ribbon No. 60. Sailor hats very much trimmed, double brimmed and with the odd crown larger at the top.—Dry Goods Economist.

Three Good Liars.

The men who utilize the corner grocery for a club room in the evening and on stormy days had just been discussing a fox hunt, about which one of their number had read aloud, when the conversational naturally took a reminiscence turn.

"Nothing enter or more cunning in the world than a fox," said Goggles, by way of introduction. "I remember one night when I was a boy that we heard a great fuss among the dogs that were chained up. It took us about half an hour to get dressed and armed to sall forth for the purpose of investigating. Not discovering anything, we loosened the dogs, and they darted off on a trail, yelping as they went. We didn't know whether it was man or varmint, but after a long run the dogs brought up at the hen house and tried to tear it down. Well sir, an old fox had deliberately showed himself to the dogs, so as to excite them, made that run while we were getting ready for trouble, and, circling round, was robbing the roast while the dogs were off the premises."

"I walked up one moonlight night," volunteered the man on the wood box, "and seen a fox under an apple tree where a fat pullet was roosting. I knew the fat couldn't climb so I just stood at the window laughing. The fox barked to wake the chicken, and then began circling around the tree, slow at first, but going faster and faster. Of course the terrified pullet followed him with her eyes and got so dizzy that she fell out of the tree."

"I see something like that once," said the lank individual on a painted keg, "only that the chicken I was watching wrung its own neck, 'cause the fox was goin' so durned fast."

Then, by common consent, the crowd took up the subject of fluids.—Detroit Free Press.

Steering a Steamship.

Gustav Kobbé has an article entitled "Steering Without a Compass" in the St. Nicholas. Mr. Kobbé says:

The degree of "A. B." is not confined to college graduates. Aboard ship it means "able-bodied" seaman.

Every nautical A. B. knows how to "box the compass" and how to steer by it; but you will be surprised to learn that no good helmsman will steer by a compass unless all other things fail him. Among those "other things" are the horizon, the wind, the wake of the ship, the stars and the soundings, and the line of the surf when running along the coast. And so the able-bodied seaman, when a galestorm takes his trick at the wheel, hands over the helm to him with this caution: "Keep your head out of the binnacle!"

I am speaking of sailing-vessels. Steamers, especially those that travel on regular routes, steer by compass. They "run their courses" from point to point—from light-house to light-house, light-ship, day-mark, buoy, bell or fog-whistle. In thick weather they know, taking wind and tide into consideration, how long they should stand on each course, and try never to pass the "signal" at the end of it. When they have seen or heard that signal, they start on the next "run" or course. This is called "running the time and distance." I have gone into Halifax on a steamer that met with thick fog from Cape Cod down. One morning the Captain said to me:

"We ought to pick up Sambro in half an hour."

Surely enough, about half an hour later we heard, through the fog, a cannon-shot, the distinguishing fog-signal of the Sambro light-station on the Nova Scotian coast.

Real sailors—the Jack tars that man sailing-vessels—actually prefer, as I have said, to steer by signs rather than by compass; and there are times when the steamer-pilots have to.

Couldn't Tell.

Stepfather is counted for two words and grandmother as one by the British postal telegraph authorities. When I asked why, in Parliament, the postmaster general was unable to reply.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called Graino. It is made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-quarter as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 25 cts. and 50 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for Graino.

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makes countless millions mourn." We know of no better illustration of the above quotation, than where a man allows his wife to wash on a washboard, when he can purchase her a Rocker Washer, which operates so easily, and is virtually done away with a 1 the hardships of washday. See advertisement in another column.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cent bottle.

Rev. H. P. Carson, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, 1893.

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ELIZA P. PARKER.

Curious Dinner at Jericho.

An American traveling in Jerusalem describes an interesting dinner he ate recently at a hotel in Jericho. "We sat on the porch of the hotel at Jericho," he wrote, "after a dinner at which we were served with butter from Norway, cheese from Switzerland, marmalade from London, wine from Jerusalem, oranges from Jericho (in no respect inferior to those from Jaffa or the Indian river, Florida), smoking Turkish tobacco, which, like the Turkish empire, is inferior to its reputation, and a cup of coffee from—the corner grocery of Jericho."

Detecting Icebergs.

One way in which the crew of an ocean steamer detect the fact that they are nearing the neighborhood of icebergs is by observing the action of the propeller. The water surrounding the vicinity of icebergs is much colder than ordinary for a considerable distance around, and when the vessel enters water of such a reduced temperature the propeller runs faster. When this action is perceptibly increased without the steam power being augmented, word is sent up from the engine room to the officer on the bridge, and a close lookout is kept.

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"Will you kindly allow me," writes Miss Mary E. Saitt to Mrs. Pinkham, "the pleasure of expressing my gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking your Compound? I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration and general debility, caused by falling of the womb. It seemed as though my back would never stop aching. I could not sleep. I had dull headaches. I was weary all the time, and life was a burden to me. I sought the seashore for relief, but all in vain. On my return I resolved to give your medicine a trial. I took two bottles and more ladies would only give your medicine a fair trial they would bless the day they saw the advertisement, and there would be happier homes. I mean to do all I can for you in the future. I have you alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am very grateful."

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