

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE

TWO Boys and a Mountain Lion" is the title of an article in St. Nicholas. The author is Williston Hough, and the scene is laid in the Santa Inez Mountains:

At this moment the full moonlight fell upon the tree-top and bathed it in a mellow radiance which at once revealed the outline of the panther's powerful form crouching close along the tree-trunk; and even lit up the tawny yellow of his skin. Instantly the great beast showed his dislike of the exposure by creeping farther on among the branches, heralding the move by a half-suppressed angry snarl.

Vernon was glad of the moment's respite in which to think. He argued that the lion would not venture a leap direct to the ground—a straight fall of twenty feet, but would first descend the tree-trunk part way, and then make his spring. He had already taken his stand near the lower end of the slanting tree, and now he saw that the lion would be forced to advance straight toward him, which of course he would do slowly, and thus give him his opportunity.

"If he only waits till the moonlight comes!" thought Vernon, anxiously. For he knew that until the moonlight touched the sights of his rifle there could be no certainty in his aim; and to fire the shotgun at that distance would be hazardous in the extreme, while to advance into the moonlight would be equally so, for he could then be covered at one spring from the panther's hiding place.

"Only wait, only wait, old fellow!" Vernon repeated to himself, with increasing anxiety, as the critical moment drew nearer.

But the panther was already creeping forward along the tree-trunk. As he emerged from the partial shelter he stopped, stood up to his full height, bared his teeth, and snarled a savage snarl of defiance. Vernon hadn't realized before how big and terrible he would look! For a moment he almost wished they were back in the cabin. Morton grasped him by the jacket at the back; and Duke growled a fierce, long, guttural growl, while every bristle along his back stood erect.

The panther surveyed the scene with a calmness and deliberation calculated to unnervy any but the steadiest hand. He seemed to be weighing the relative costs of retreating and of advancing. Vernon was suddenly seized by a strong temptation to fire. But he knew that to miss the right spot by so much as an inch might be fatal—he dared not move, and the line of the moonlight on the ground before him was still three feet away! It was a trying moment.

Then the panther began to advance. He crouched, and crept slowly forward step by step, snarling and laying back his ears in an ugly manner, while he kept his wicked, gleaming eyes fixed steadily upon the trio.

Vernon felt his flesh begin to creep and his hair to stiffen, and his heart suddenly jumped and began pounding against the wall of his chest. "Fie!" he said to himself, clenching his teeth and fists.

It was over in an instant (Vernon was really a boy of splendid courage), and his thoughts were again fixed on the business before him—and none too soon!

The panther had stopped. He crouched lower. The tip of his long tail began to lash from side to side, his head was low and pushed far forward; his thin lips twitched nervously, and his ugly claws dug into the bark. Vernon did not need to be told that the lion meant to spring, and that to delay an instant would be fatal. The rifle rose to his shoulder—Ah! the moonlight fell full upon the sights. A rising roar was met by a clear sharp report, which rang back from the cliff and echoed again as a tawny body whirled through the air and fell in a shapeless, quivering mass on the ground below.

"Hurray!" shouted Morton, as the pent-up nervousness escaped in a wild yell of delight.

It was the proudest moment of Vernon's life as he looked down at the great beast's outstretched form.

"The standing up to it was the worst," said Vernon, as he thought of how he had to pull himself together when the panther began to creep toward him along the tree-trunk, uttering that ugly, hissing snarl.

He stooped down and lifted the huge, block-shaped head, and saw that the bullet had passed through the brain and out on the back of the neck. "Must have smashed his neck, too," he said, thoughtfully. Then his eyes swept over the handsome length of the skin, and he exclaimed: "By George, but that'll make a trophy! I say, Mort, we'll have it dressed and keep it! Old Mason'll do it for us." And as the lion caught their imaginations, they danced and circled about their prize in the moonlight like young savages, and the walls of the canon rang again and again with their glee.

Lion Hunting by a Lady.
In Pearson's Weekly Mrs. Hinde tells how, during a year spent in Africa, she greatly longed to see a wild lion,

and how at last, shortly before her departure from that country, she saw in a few weeks thirty or forty of these savage animals, and was successful in killing one herself. She was with her husband on the Athi River. The plains were covered with short grass. At half past five in the afternoon they climbed into a tree, sent their men and horses back to the camp, had an excellent dinner, and then began their respective watches. Of these silent night watches Mrs. Hinde says:

"As the night draws on, the grasses rustle beneath the stealthy footsteps of jackals, and suddenly one hears the weird cry of a hyena, which is taken up on all sides. Later come the antelope and zebras, and the rushing sound of a herd galloping past, and last of all the grunt which swells gradually to the heart-quaking roar of the lion.

"A startled stillness follows, and then nearer and nearer comes the grunting, till the lion himself appears, walking very slowly, and stopping every few yards to roar and roar."

"On this particular night the watchers heard the lions cracking the bones of their prey in the patch of grass in front. When the meal was over, they began to play, and the noises they made suggested mammoth tom-cats. Each repeated the call in turn, and the grass rustled and swayed as they leaped about.

"It was in the hush of early morning," says Mrs. Hinde, "just before the rising of the sun, and during my watch that I thought I heard a sound in the neighborhood of the bait. Raising myself on one elbow, I saw a magnificent lion standing over the dead zebra, barely twelve feet away. He picked up half the zebra in his mouth and carried it just as a cat does her kittens, his feet apart and with a rolling walk.

"As I woke my husband, the lion—which was then about forty yards off—charged straight toward him, and with my 303 I hit him full in the chest, as we afterward discovered, tearing his windpipe to pieces and breaking his spine. He charged a second time, and the next shot hit him through the shoulder and entered his heart. As he dropped one could not help feeling a pang of regret, he looked so splendid. He gave about six sobbing sighs and ceased to move.

"We had nearly an hour to wait before our men and horses were to arrive; so we breakfasted, and as we finished our meal we saw four lions down by the river—a huge male, a lioness and two cubs. My husband took a shot—over me—and the lion fell with a roar. He struggled up again, and it was not until the third shot that he finally fell in the river grass.

"At the third shot our men approached, and they went down to the river and cut a path through the papyrus, along which to drag the lion. He was a grand, black-maned beast, well known to the natives as a man-eater and a cattle-thief. A deputation of thanks was sent to my husband by Lenana, the Masai chief."

The Bear Came Aboard.
A bear story with an element of novelty is related by Dr. J. Winslow Ayre in his "Life in the Wilds of America." The incident occurred on the Little Missouri River in Dakota.

A young Indian told us one morning that he had seen an old bear and a cub on the bluff of a small creek on the opposite side of the river. Several of the party at once took a small boat and started in search of the game, resolved to take the cub alive and keep it for a pet.

They proceeded up the creek for a hundred yards or more. Then, hastily clambering up the bluff, they soon found the cub in a recess of the rocks, but the dam was not to be seen.

This suited the hunters very well, as they were not in a bloodthirsty mood. By means of a rope, they secured the cub without difficulty, but when they began to drag it down the cliff it made a noisy protest, and by the time the men entered the boat with their prize, they discovered the old bear bounding downward in pursuit. Just at the mouth of the creek a large rock projected over the water, and toward this point the bear advanced.

Several shots were fired at her, but not one took effect. The men thought they could easily row away from her, but to their consternation, just as they were abreast of the rock she sprang from the extreme point directly into the boat!

The celerity with which the gentleman vacated the premises was really astonishing. Over the side of the skiff and into the water they plunged and swam to land, regardless of guns and wet clothing. The situation was ludicrous, or would have been so to persons in a less perilous position.

Meantime the boat had acquired sufficient headway to carry it down the river in midstream, with the bears still in it. Later it drifted ashore and was recovered, but the bears had escaped.

Mustn't Tickle Him.
Here is a notice that was published with all seriousness in a Kansas paper:

"We wish to bring to the notice of the friends of A. L. Gilland that his physician has cautioned him against any sudden starts or jerks. It has been the custom many times when greeting the old gentleman to take advantage of his extreme ticklishness. The surgeons say that a man of his nature after undergoing such a critical surgical operation would be liable to be badly injured by a sudden start. Therefore his friends should not greet him in the old way by poking their finger in his ribs."

ANOTHER GRAND REPORT FROM HIS MAJESTY'S DOCKYARD. AT PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND.

Where Upwards of 10,000 Men Are Constantly Employed.

Sometime ago the Portsmouth Times and Naval Gazette published a most thrilling and remarkable experience of the wife of Mr. Frederick Payne, himself connected with the Portsmouth Dockyard for many years. The report produced a great sensation, not only in Portsmouth, but throughout the country, being considered of sufficient importance for reproduction and editorial comment by the leading Metropolitan and Provincial Press of England, as showing the marvelous powers which St. Jacobs Oil possesses as a cure for Rheumatism, its application having effected a perfect cure in the case of Mrs. Payne, after having been a helpless cripple and given up by several physicians.

We have now further evidence of its intrinsic value as a Pain Conqueror. Our readers will do well to follow the intelligent and highly interesting details as given in Mrs. Rabbets' own words:

To the Proprietors St. Jacobs Oil:
Gentlemen—My husband, who is a shipwright in His Majesty's Dockyard, met with an accident to his ankle and leg, spraining both so badly that his leg turned black from his knee to his toes. The Dr. said it would be months before he could put his foot to the ground, and it was doubtful whether he would ever get proper use of his leg again.

A few days after the accident I had a book left at the door telling about St. Jacobs Oil, so I procured a bottle from our chemist, Mr. Arthur Creswell, 379 Commercial Road. I began to use St. Jacobs Oil, and you may guess my surprise, when, in about another week from that date, my husband could not only stand, but could even walk about, and in three weeks from the time I first used the Oil my husband was back at work, and everybody talking about his wonderful recovery. This is not all. Seeing what St. Jacobs Oil could do gave me faith in your Vogeler's Curative Compound, and favourably mentioned in the book left at my house. I determined to try the compound on my little girl, who was suffering from a dreadful skin disease, the treatment of which has cost me large sums of money in going from one doctor to another with her all to no purpose.

She has taken two bottles of Vogeler's Curative Compound, and one would now hardly take her for the same child, her skin has got such a nice healthy colour after the sallow look she has always had.

I shall never cease to be thankful for the immense benefit we have derived from these two great remedies of yours. I think it a duty to recommend these medicines now I have proved their value.

(Signed) ELIZABETH S. RABBETS, 93 Grafton Street, Mile End, Landport, Portsmouth, England.

A liberal free sample of Vogeler's Compound will be sent by addressing St. Jacobs Oil Ltd., Baltimore.

The above honest, straightforward statement of Mrs. Rabbets' evidence is stronger and far more convincing than pages of paid advertisements, which, though in themselves attractive, yet lack that convincing proof which Mrs. Rabbets' description of her own experience supplies. St. Jacobs Oil has a large sale throughout the world than that of all other remedies for outward application combined, and this fact is its superiority over all others.

Some people are such natural born liars that they look ashamed of themselves every time they are caught telling the truth.

We refund 10c. for every package of FUR-NAM FADLESS DYE that fails to give satisfaction. Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo.

It takes a level-headed man to survive a stroke of good fortune.

Six Japanese artists are to be decorated by the French government.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home, in New York. Cures Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, moves and regulates the Bowels and Destroys Worms. Over 80,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed Free. Address Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

One of the Buenos Ayres newspapers has a consultation room in which the poor can get medical aid and medicine free.

Prehistoric Pictures Found.
What Nature describes as a picture gallery of the Stone Ages has been discovered in the cave of Combarelles, Dordogne, France, by Messieurs Capitan and Breuil, who have come upon 109 figures engraved upon cavern walls, representing parts of the whole outline of then living animals, some of which are now extinct. No fewer than 40 are representations of horses and horse-like creatures—of two distinct types. Very ancient though these remains are, going back to the close of the palaeolithic period, they point to the fact that even then the horse was a domesticated animal in Western Europe, for several of the figures are those of haltered horses. Some of the pictures seem to stand for bisons, reindeer, antelopes, the eland and wild deer. Of the mammoth 14 examples are present, some of them exhibiting coverings of hair. A few rude outlines seem to have been meant for the human face.

Nearly 10 per cent of all children learn to walk by the time they have reached their tenth month.

The Mexican bullsnake is being used in Washington as a rat catcher.

HOW NATURE COMPENSATES.

Small Creatures Are Much More Ingenious in Self-Defense.

It is a remarkable fact in the compensation of nature that the larger animals, fishes and insects are not as a rule so ingenious in defending themselves as the smaller ones. One of the apparently least formidable of insects, for instance, is the peripatus, which is preyed upon by all its neighbors. When attacked, however, it ejects from its mouth a tiny secretion, which immediately crystallizes on coming in contact with the air. The instant this fluid strikes the peripatus' enemy it becomes like so much glass or ice, binding and holding its victim. Like the chameleon, many flat fishes have the power of changing the color of their bodies or any part of them to match a background. The sand dab and the California sole possess this quality to a marked degree, some of them changing their color almost with the rapidity of lightning. A very interesting test was recently made in an aquarium with a sort of big chess board containing squares of different colors. On a white ground these fishes were noticed to become very pale in appearance, while when passing over a red, black or brown square they would quickly assume shades in harmony with those tints. This is evidently a means of self-protection. Again the Pacific coast octopus can hide itself by clouding the water about it. It has been found, for instance, that one of these creatures, a few inches long, can cloud 50 cubic feet of water in a few seconds.

What Do Our Schoolboys Read?

Does the schoolboy of to-day know anything of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, James Russell Lowell and Fitz-Greene Halleck, whose poems his father, or even his elder brother, can still recite? He is such a superior young person that he hesitates to question him as to what he really knows and what he had put behind him as belonging to a past age. One often wonders whether he has abandoned the habit of reading everything except the current periodicals and popular novels. If the worthies just mentioned and others of their day have been laid on the shelf, so far as educational purposes are concerned, who are their successors? The modern school education is unquestionably a great advancement over that of even 20 years ago, yet it is not possible that in some ways its attitude is a trifle too iconoclastic? Conservatism and clinging to traditions are in their way excellent habits for a commercial people, and we should be sorry to see the boy of to-day grow up entirely ignorant of all those things which make fragrant the memories of our own school days.

The picking of the raisin and strawberry crops in California is almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese.

Coughs

"My wife had a deep-seated cough for three years. I purchased two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, large size, and it cured her completely."
J. H. Burge, Macon, Col.

Probably you know of cough medicines that relieve little coughs, all coughs, except deep ones! The medicine that has been curing the worst of deep coughs for sixty years is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't, take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to have a residence on Deeside, and have selected Craigowan, near Balmoral, which has hitherto been the residence of the King's Commissioner.

Best For the Bowels.
No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARA help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARA Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

The California giant trees, or Sequoias, are, in the opinion of Richard T. Fisher, probably 5000 years old.

ETS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 521 trial bottle and treatment free. Dr. R. M. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

He who laughs last is slow to see the joke.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

It is proposed to increase the strength of the Belgian army to 150,000 men.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 822 Third Avenue, N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900

Cupid and the burglar both laugh at locksmiths.



Mrs. L. A. Harris, a Prominent Member of a Chicago Woman's Political Club, tells how Ovarian Troubles may be Cured without a Surgical Operation. She says:

"Doctors have a perfect craze for operations. The minute there is any trouble, nothing but an operation will do them; one hundred dollars and costs, and included in the costs are pain, and agony, and often death.

"I suffered for eight years with ovarian troubles; spent hundreds of dollars for relief, until two doctors agreed that an operation was my only chance of life. My sister had been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for her troubles, and been cured, and she strongly urged me to let the doctors go and try the Compound. I did so as a last resort; used it faithfully with the Sanative Wash for five months, and was rejoiced to find that my troubles were over and my health restored. If women would only try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound first, fewer surgical operations would occur."—Mrs. L. A. HARRIS, 278 East 81st St., Chicago, Ill.

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When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

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The great cereal, produces from 60 to 80 bushels of grain and a ton of hay, so good as timothy, per acre. We are the introducers.

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We have the largest array of feeder plants found in any catalogue in America. We have the finest varieties, the highest yields and the most nutritious. Our plants are of great value to the farmer, and high in soil value after mowing. Our Free Plant gives 100 bushels of hay per acre. Our Timothy is good for 100 bushels of hay per acre. Our Clover grows as fast as a weed, and is a most valuable pasture plant. It yields a harvest of 100 bushels of hay per acre every year. (Over 2,000,000 pounds sold the past few years.)

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Our great catalog with a large number of rare form seed samples is mailed to you upon receipt of but 70c. In 10c. These seeds are sent to you in a separate envelope.

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The greatest bay in the world is that of Bengal. Measured in a straight line from the two inclosing peninsulas its extent is about 420,000 square miles.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

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No article should be accepted by the public unless the name carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

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