

AN OUTLAW TRIBE.

By Frank Lillie Pollock.

EARLY one September day I left the river steamer on the head waters of the Ottawa, and struck off into a wilderness broken by settlements only near the navigable reaches of the river. I was looking for a farm.

My uncle, who had been in the militia during the "Fenian raids," unexpectedly found himself entitled to a quarter-section of what was known as "veteran's lands" in northern Ontario, and as he was unable to leave his business, I had volunteered to select a desirable claim. This would at the same time give me an opportunity for my customary annual camping expedition.

By way of companion I took with me a small but abnormally restless fox-terrier who had been in the woods with me before. No one can possibly be lonely in the company of a fox-terrier, and I had educated Jack to take a more scientific interest in partridges and rabbits than is natural to his breed. Having such small game and the occasional backwoods settlers to depend upon, I expected to have no difficulty about provisions, and carried merely a few pounds of concentrated supplies in my knapsack. The rest of my load consisted simply of a gun and a liberal stock of ammunition. At the end of the corduroy road, with a geological survey map as a guide, I took a half-obliterated trail into the forest.

I found settlers less frequent, the land less promising, and the woods much less penetrable than I had been led to expect. For three days and a half Jack and I threaded the tangled undergrowth, became involved in swamps, and rafted ourselves across rivers. During all this time the weather had been perfect, but the fourth day rose cold and cloudy. At about noon a heavy rain began, that presently settled into a dismal, all-day drizzle which saturated everything above ground, and produced an insupportably dreary effect of autumn and desolation.

It depressed even Jack's abundant spirits, and he trotted soberly behind me, manifesting only a slight interest in the rabbit and woodchuck burrows we passed. As for myself, I did not much mind getting drenched; but I greatly disliked the idea of a wet camp.

No shelter presented itself, but shortly before sunset I came unexpectedly upon an unmistakable wood-rung, choked with "second growth," yet indicating the neighborhood of human beings. I turned up at once, with the pleasurable anticipation of finding a clearing and a hospitable settler at the end of it; but as the road continued to show every indication of long disuse, these hopes gradually weakened. Still, there was certain to be a building of some sort, even if deserted, and, indeed, a quarter of a mile farther the road curved a little, and I saw before me the expected clearing, with the empty log shanty, black-windowed and deserted, staring drearily through the twilight rain.

It was a most melancholy-looking place, and under ordinary circumstances I should vastly have preferred camping in the open forest. But in this weather I welcomed it and pushed through the dripping jungle of shrubbery, weeds and berry bushes that had grown over and choked a rather extensive clearing.

The door had blown from its leather hinges and lay beside the threshold; leaves had drifted into the interior, and there were many birds' nests in the inner corners of the walls. The internal aspect of the place suggested that it had been abandoned for two or three years at least, but the roof did not appear to leak—not more, that is, than was naturally to be expected.

The shanty contained two rooms, and in the larger and outer one was the great rock fireplace, still showing traces of blackened brands. A couple of small windows appeared never to have been glazed, and there was not a stick of furniture about the place. A doorway with no door led to the inner apartment, and the presence of these two rooms, I thought, indicated that the house had been occupied by a real family; a bachelor establishment in the woods usually finds a house of one room most convenient.

This second chamber was fitted with a log shelf above the doorway, and on the opposite wall another shelf seemed to have served as a sort of table. Evidently other travelers had been harbored here before me, for the floor was heaped with twigs of hemlock and spruce, now dry and rusty red.

I carried an armful of this material back to the fireplace for tinder, and split out one of the window-frames for kindling. Jack's spirits had brightened upon getting under shelter, and he was manifesting enthusiasm over a hole which he had discovered in a remote corner of the floor. From its small size I concluded that it was a woodchuck's burrow, and from the dog's conduct I imagined that the owner was at home, for he became so noisy that I was finally compelled to suppress him with severity.

A blazing fire on the great hearth made a world of difference in the appearance of the deserted house. Outside the rain still dripped dully, but scarcely any of it came through the roof, and Jack and I slipped in considerable comfort on a couple of partridges and a lump of hard bread. I was tired, and after I had dried myself as well as I could, I dragged in a lot of the hemlock twigs and lay down before the fire.

I was awakened from heavy slumber by Jack's loud barking. I must have slept a long time, for the fire had

burned almost entirely out; only a few ash-covered brands glimmered on the hearth. I was greatly annoyed at the disturbance, and although I could not see the dog, I called angrily to him to be quiet.

He must have mistaken my tone for one of encouragement, for I heard him make a sudden rush across the floor. There was an outburst of snarlings, a sudden, sharp, catlike "yowl," and the sound of a vicious rough-and-tumble scuffle in the darkness. I jumped up, wide awake now, but before I could make any further movement Jack had broken away from his enemy and rushed back to me for protection. He was whining and quivering with rage and excitement.

From the other side of the room, from his unseen antagonist, I could hear a low, purring growl, rising occasionally to a shrill snarl, like that of a belligerent tom-cat. Although I could make out neither form nor outline of the animal, I was presently able to distinguish a pale greenish glimmer of eyes.

It was not difficult to identify their owner. It could be nothing but a lynx, I thought, that had strayed in some way into the cabin. So I was particularly alarmed, for the Canada lynx is neither very ferocious nor hard to kill, and I picked up my gun from the wall and cocked it. At the click the eyes seemed to regard me more intently, and the growling snarl rose a note or two. I aimed squarely between the phosphorescent points and pulled the trigger.

The flash blinded me, and I could see nothing. A savage snarl followed the shot, and Jack dashed yelping into the smoke. There was a confused scampering of feet across the boards toward the inner doorway and more outcries from the dog, who seemed to have followed his wounded antagonist into the second chamber.

I tried to poke up the fire, but it was too nearly extinct, and I lit a match. The room was empty, but in the middle of a shot-rune space on the roughly-boarded floor lay a broad patch of blood.

Jack was standing in the doorway, barking violently and looking back to me for encouragement, and I could see red streaks on his white hide before the match burned out.

I was considerably surprised that the shot at close range had not been fatal, but I reloaded my discharged barrel, lit another match and cautiously approached the door. In the insufficient light I could see nothing. I leaned into the doorway and held up the little flame. I stepped inside, and the match burned my fingers and dropped, and I was fumbling hurriedly for another when a sort of small, animated thunderbolt struck me on the top of the right shoulder.

Before I could realize what had happened my cheek was laid open by a savage claw-stroke. I felt the soft, cool fur against my neck, and I was being clawed and bitten with savage energy; the animal, whatever it was, was clinging to my coat and using tooth and claw to the utmost.

It was small, but its amazing ferocity terrified me, and I clutched at it and tried to throw it off. I was instantly bitten in the hand, and it hung like a bur, snarling in my ear; but I wrenched it loose and flung it to the floor. A medley of yelps and yowls told me that it had been attacked by the terrier, but I was making for the door in a panic.

I did not stop till I was outside the cabin, where Jack immediately followed me, having been worsted again. It was pitch dark and raining harder than ever. No sound proceeded from the unlighted shanty. Blood was trickling down my cheek, and I washed my wounds, which did not seem very serious, with rain-water, and tried to decide what sort of animal this could be, so small and so ferocious, that had attacked me.

It was much too small for either a boy or a Canada lynx; it had seemed not larger or heavier than Jack himself, but its savage energy of assault was terrific. In spite of the demoralized condition of my nerves, I was determined to clear up the mystery. Besides, I had either to rid the shanty of its invader or resign myself to pass the rest of the night in the rain.

It was hard, nevertheless, to muster courage to re-enter that dark cabin, but after some minutes of hesitation and doubt I did it, and reached the fireplace without interruption. I threw an armful of the sapin upon the hearth and lit it with a match; the resinous twigs blazed up like straw and illuminated the room brilliantly.

There was no sign of the enemy, although of course I could see little of the farther apartment. My courage revived at the cheerful blaze, and I twisted a stout torch of the dry boughs, lighted it, and again approached the point of danger, my cocked gun in my right hand and the flambeau in my left.

I realized that the brute must have dropped upon me from the high shelf above the doorway, and this time I poked about with my gun-barrel at arm's length until I had satisfied myself that there was no danger in that quarter. Then I stepped just inside the doorway, and Jack charged in under cover of the light.

The walling snarl began again. On the wide shelf directly opposite me crouched a yellowish-gray animal, which, to my astonished amusement, I recognized at a glance as a very huge domestic cat. The domesticity, however, was rather a racial than an individual characteristic, for I never saw a livelier picture of wild fury.

The fur stood on end all over its body, making it appear twice its real size; its ears twitched; its tail snapped viciously to and fro, and its eyes blazed green, while from between its bared teeth came that savage and rhythmic war-cry. Its gaze was alternately directed at me and at Jack, who started toward it, barking furiously, but taking good care to keep out of reach.

I took in this surprising scene at the first glance, and at the second I perceived another cat, of a pure Maltese gray, lying apparently dead under the table-shelf. This must have been the one I had shot, and beginning to realize that I had to deal with a whole family, I looked about somewhat apprehensively for others. The third I presently discovered skulking in a dark corner, with gray back arched and tail puffed like a feather boa. This one seemed more anxious for concealment than for combat, and I glanced over the room for the rest of the tribe; but there seemed to be no more.

I have always had a fondness for cats, and in spite of the unattractive appearance of these specimens, I could not think of shooting them down. No doubt they had been abandoned here by the original settlers of the cabin, and I felt sorry for the deserted creatures. But it was absolutely necessary for the sake of peace to get them out of the house, and I shouted at them and threw chips and bits of bark.

These had no effect, and I picked out a lump of the mud chinking between the logs, and flung it at the cat upon the shelf. The missile hit pretty hard, and with a wowl of despairing rage the animal sprang from its perch and alighted squarely upon the terrier, who had ventured too near in his excitement. Jack yelped at the shock, but fought heroically, conscious that my eyes were on him.

I could make out only a tangled mass of white and gray fur, spinning like a wheel and emitting a frenzied medley of every imaginable sort of canine and feline ejaculation. The second cat joined sympathetically in the outcry, and the uproar was indescribable. But Jack was far outmatched in everything but weight, and in a few seconds he broke away again with a pitiful howl and darted behind me for protection.

Reckless with rage, the cat followed him. I kicked out wildly, and the cat fastened upon my leg with tooth and claw. I struck it with the butt of my gun and beat it with the flaming torch. Fire flew in all directions. The cat let go with a cowed snarl, but the loose hemlock had caught fire like gunpowder, and instantly the room was full of smoke.

I dashed to the door, preceded by the dog, and in the dark I stumbled over something soft that spat at me. Once fairly outside, I stopped and looked back. The inner room of the shanty seemed all ablaze, but I was pretty certain that the light mass of twigs would burn up and go out without doing any serious damage. This, in fact, happened, but even then I had no inclination to re-enter the building.

I did not mind admitting that I was fairly whipped. It was almost certain that the cats had fed, like ourselves, from the conflagration, but I greatly preferred to getting wet to run even a remote risk of another encounter with that outlaw family. And the rest of that night Jack and I spent very uncomfortably under a great spruce, wet and shivering.

As soon as it was light I went back to get my knapsack. My belongings, being in the outer room, had not been touched by the fire, and there was no trace of our nocturnal disturbers except the body of the dead cat lying among the scattered ashes. It was too badly burned for examination, but it was easy to see that its size was far beyond that of the hearth-rug puss.

Jack's hole in the floor had a new meaning for me now. It seemed to lead to a sort of den under the house, into which I could not see, but which, from the vile odor of decayed bones that came up, must have been in use for a long time. In fact, as everything indicated that the cabin had been for years abandoned by human life, it seemed to me probable that these feline tenants were of the second, perhaps of the third, generation from their domesticated ancestors. A cat, at the best, is domesticated only on the surface, and these cats had probably fallen into the life of the woods with the greatest facility, remaining at the shanty only through the characteristic attachment of their race for their wanted haunts.

Certainly these animals seemed to possess every qualification for flourishing in their new environment, and it seemed certain that they would in time tend to revert to the original savage type of their race. It is not impossible that some time in the future some naturalist may report the discovery of a new sort of lynx or catamount in the forests of northern Ontario.—Youth's Companion.

Old-Time Remedies.

In the family Bible of a Roxborough man there are a number of medical rules, written over seventy years ago by the great-grandmother of the Bible's present owner. Among the rules are the following:

"A stick of brimstone worn in the pocket is good for them as has cramps. A loadstone put in the place where the pane is, is beautiful for the Rheumatiz.

"If you have hiccoughs, pinch one of your wrists wile you count sixty, or get somebody to scare you and make you jump.

"The earache—Put onion in ear after it is well roasted.

"The consumption—Eat as many peanuts as possible before going to bed."—Philadelphia Record.

Greater Berlin's Population.—The present population of Greater Berlin exceeds 2,550,000—just 2,000,000 more than Munich.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



A Raggedy Doll.
My sister's got a lot o' dolls,
'N' one's a sojer one;
The's shiny buttons on his coat,
'N' he's got a teeny gun.

She's got a sailor doll, besides,
'Til clo'es all white and blue;
He wears a cap 'tith strings behind,
'N' letters on it, too.

'N' 'en the's more 'r'a dozen more
'At goes to sleep 'r talks;
'N' one big waw one, coat a pile;
'F you wind her up, she walks.

But best of all's the raggedy doll,
'Til only one good eye.
A leg is broke, 'n so's an arm;
But 'at's no reason why

She can't like Mister Raggedy Doll
'Til best of all 't's lot.
She th'ows him 'round, misuses him,
'N' for days he'll be forgot.

But al'ays comes a time again
'Wen nothin' else 'll do
But Mister Raggedy, Raggedy Doll:
He's better 'n doll's at 's new.
—Christian Register.

'How to Make a Joggling Board.
It is a rare thing to find one of those fascinating things in any but the southern part of the country, where they are quite common. This seems rather strange, too, as the board is much



THE JOGGLING BOARD IN MOTION.

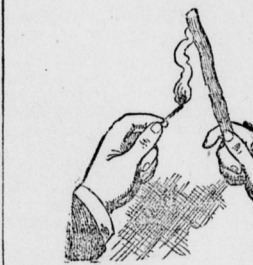
more interesting to navigate than an ordinary hammock, to say nothing of the greater number of people it will accommodate. To be sure, the one who sits in the middle will feel a little like a sardine.

The most important thing is the board itself, which should be of sea-

fasten with screws two stout cleats about a foot from each end. When the board is in position it should fit down over the pieces you have fastened across your uprights, and the cleat prevents it from slipping, as it is bent up and down. There are several ways of fastening this, but the one given is the simplest.—Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.

Incombustible Wood.

Alum and glue in equal parts are dissolved in water strongly saturated with salt. Both solutions are mixed together. Dip splinters of wood into



the fluid until every part is saturated, let them dry, and repeat the process. Wood prepared in such a way will not burn. To make the trick more interesting and to avoid the suspicion that the splinters are prepared, mix them among other unprepared splinters after marking them in a certain way. After burning a few splinters, pick out one of the prepared ones and declare that by your magic influence the splinter you hold in your hand will become incombustible. Hand it over to the audience, and it is easily

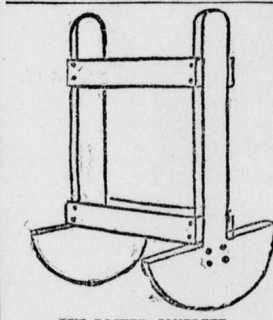
THE MISSING BOYS' PUZZLE.



In this German scene can you find two more boys?

soned oak, free from knots, with as straight a grain as possible, at least ten feet in length and not less than ten inches wide. The rockers or horses should be of hardwood, but spruce or hemlock will do. These should be very strongly made, with tight joints, well pinned or screwed together.

The four rockers must be cut from seven-eighths or one-inch stuff, according to the length of your board. Cut in a semi-circle, as shown in the drawing. There should be at least eighteen inches from point to point. The upright should be of seven-eighths or one-inch stuff also, about twenty-six inches in height and four inches in width. Cut along this line, half way through, and with a sharp chisel remove the section. This is to be done



THE ROCKER COMPLETE.

with all four pieces, and you must also in the top of the four rockers cut a section out into which these sawed ends will snugly fit. Fasten these in the rockers by boring four one-quarter-inch holes and driving pegs.

When you have completed the four rockers you are ready to join each pair. This is easily done by fastening two pieces three inches wide and four inches long on each side of the upright close to the rocker. About two inches from the top of each rocker fasten two more three-inch pieces. All of this work can be fastened with 1 1/2-inch screws.

Your rockers are now complete, and you are ready to place the board. Before doing this, however, you must

understood that nobody will be able to set it afire.—New York Tribune.

History's Great Naval Hero.

Paul Jones was a naval adventurer, whose real name was John Paul. He was born in Kirkcubright, Scotland, son of a gardener; took to the sea, engaged in the slave trade, settled in Virginia, threw in his lot with the colonists and against the mother country, and offered his services as a sea captain in the war with a ship of eighteen guns; he in 1778 infested the British coast and made a descent on the shores of his native country; his sympathies were with the French in their struggles for liberty, and he fought in their service as well, making the "proud Forth quake at his belying sails," and capturing two British war vessels off Flamborough Head. He died in Paris, where he languished in poverty, but the National Assembly granted him a "ceremonial funeral," attended by a deputation; "as good," reflects Carlyle in his apostrophe to him, "as good had been the natural Presbyterian kirk bell, and six feet of Scottish earth, among the dust of thy loved ones."

Ants and Spiders as Food.

In some countries the people eat ants. In Sweden they mix them with rye and flavor the stew with brandy. They make a dish of pressed ants, and soften it with milk until it looks like our chocolate.

In Africa the children roast large white ants and eat them by the handful like popcorn. Travelers who have eaten them say that they taste like almond paste.

Many people cook and eat the locust. They boil them in salty water, roast them in oil or fry them in butter. Sometimes they make dry and grind the locusts and make the powder into bread by adding a little water.

The Mexicans are fond of roasted spiders. They also dry the eggs of a certain water fly, grind them into flour and sell it by the sack. This flour is sweet and much used for cakes.

These are only a few of the many queer things eaten by the boys and girls of other lands. The children of our own country often eat roasted grasshoppers, and say that they taste like parched horse corn or maize.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

No insect is so dreaded in Africa as the tsetse fly, the bite of which is fatal to horses. The only effectual protection to the horse is a complete suit of pajamas, which are largely in use. The cloth of which the pajamas are made is sting-proof.

Dr. Calvello, an Italian, has discovered that nine per cent. of essence of thyme and eighteen per cent. of essence of geranium make an excellent disinfectant, when freely used, for the fields of medical operators. As these essences enter largely into the composition of eau de Cologne, it follows that this scent is a good antiseptic for ordinary purposes.

In his experiments with various vehicles, M. Michelin has found that iron tires require greater motive power than either solid rubber or pneumatic. An electric automobile running with five per cent. greater speed with pneumatic tires took eighteen per cent. less power than when fitted with solid tires; and in stopping, the solid tires required an increase of fourteen per cent. in braking power.

For shallow-draught steamers, both side-wheels and stern-wheels have disadvantages, especially in the weight of their machinery, while propellers—as they have been used in fixed tunnels—lose efficiency through increased friction as loading sinks the tunnel's opening. In a new English propeller boat for shallow rivers, the stern end of the tunnel is made adjustable by a hinged flap. Raising or lowering the flap keeps the opening just below the surface, and it is claimed that with a moderate load the gain is twenty-five per cent.

The search for a welding process for aluminum still goes on, in spite of the claim of several investigators that they have discovered a practical solution of the problem. One of the latest claims is that of Mary W. Emme, of New York City, who has discovered that the result may be attained by heating the two contacting ends of aluminum under suitable condition approximately to or above a temperature of 600 degrees Centigrade. To carry out the process successfully the parts must be scrupulously cleaned before heating them to the welding point, and it is stated that the result is a mass possessing the same physical qualities of a piece of aluminum which has never been subjected to separation.

The London School of Tropical Medicine has discovered a new parasite which is the cause of a tropical fever which resembles malaria, but which does not yield to the same treatment, and is generally fatal in its result. The new creature does not inhabit the corpuscles like the malaria parasite, but is free in the blood current, like the filariae, which is the cause of elephantiasis; and it is either identical with or closely resembles the parasite communicated to certain animals by the tsetse fly. It is described as a trichosoma. Its discovery is too recent to admit of more than a bare mention, but it undoubtedly opens out a prospect of cure in a class of cases which have hitherto proved almost absolutely intractable, and once more demonstrates the wisdom of establishing such a school of medical research.

The promises of economy gains from burning pulverized coal have for years led to persistently recurring experiments and each new venture in the field has been heralded with claims of final success. After all, however, experience in every instance seems to have ultimately demonstrated that it is difficult to obtain combustion of such fuel with as small an amount of air per pound of fuel as can be obtained in the best practice with coal fired on an ordinary grate, and this has always tended to make the economy lower than with the usual method. Besides this, the power required to operate the coal pulverizer and feeder has counted against the efficiency of the plant as a whole, and there is generally some difficulty from the collection of ashes and unconsumed particles of coal in the back connections of the boilers. Judging from all the available data, these drawbacks still remain to be overcome.

The Hoodoo at Work.

The conductor of an elevator in a big downtown office building appeared nervous a few days ago. "I've half a mind to ask the superintendent to let me off for the remainder of the day," he remarked. "Why? Because there's evidently a hoodoo of some sort at work, and I feel almost sure that an accident is going to happen to me or to this car. I tell you, the feeling is a mighty uncomfortable one. What has caused me to worry? Well, sixteen people, by actual count, have told me this morning that last night they dreamed about this elevator. Now, you must admit that that's something more than a strange coincidence. "I guess I'll feel better tomorrow if I rest to-day," added the elevator man, as he carefully started the car down-ward and toward the basement where the superintendent of the building has his headquarters.—Washington Star.

Tailors' Resourcefulness.

If men knew the many artifices the tailor has to resort to in order to make them presentable they would be less ready to make him the butt of ridicule. Truly the tailor has need of padding and wadding, haircloth and canvas, to enable him to clothe his customers in such a way as to hide their deformities, and bring into prominence their points of beauty.—Tailor and Cutter.