THRILLING EXPERIENCE

FIGHTING A COUGAR.

I had occasion, some months ago, to go from a point a long distance up on the Cowlitz River, across the country toward the line of the railroad. For some of the distance the road, or, rather, the trail, led generally covered with heavy forests, and tangled, imperetrable thickets of underbrush. More than forty miles were to be after daylight. I was mounted on a small Lest I should not be able to accomplish the journey in one day, or might not be able to reach some cabin along the route, I had taken the precaution to strap a pair of white trusty Winchester in hand. blankets behind my saddle. The only weapons I had were a small pocket-pistolsingle-barreled-and a small two-edged dirk.

On starting I had noticed that my pony was slightly lame. Thinking he would get over it when warmed up on the road, I pushed ahead. However, the lameness increased, and before noon I found that I should have to abandon the horse and make the remainder of the journey on foot, if another animal could not be obtained. No horse could be obtained for love or money, so leaving the crippled pony and the saddle at a logger's ranch, I pushed on, carrying my roll of blankets on my back.

The trail wound around through dense gloomy forests. So thick and tall were the trees that the lofty, interlacing branches overhead shut out the sun's rays, and much ot the light of day. In a sort of sombre twilight I pushed on. Before I had covered many miles, I began to feel some sense of uneasiness-a singular presentiment of evil drive away the fancy by thinking of my business. However, the feeling that there was some danger in my pathway increased. Some instinct told me I was being followed. Soon a peculiar whirring sound, resembling the purring of an enormous cat, attracted my attention. Casting a quick glance behind me, imagine my dismay at seeing in the trail, not seventy-five yards away, a large, fierce cougar.

The animal was trailing a ong slowly with its belly close to the ground, and switching its tail like a cat when preparing to spring upon an unsuspecting mouse. Catching my eye the cougar instantly stopped, placed its head close to the earth, and in a crouching attitude watched me intently. My situation was a very grave one. Armed with only a small pistol and knife, miles from human habitation, alone in the heart of a great gloomy forest, and confronted by a large, hungry-looking cougar, my position was not to be envied.

Fortunately, I was thoroughly acquainted with the cowardly disposition of the animal. Unless pressed by hunger I knew the cougar would not openly attack me. Grasping my pistol in one hand and the knife in the other, I turned and advanced toward the lurking foe. The cowardly creature retreated. To emphasize matters I discharged my pistol, taking precious good care to shoot wide of the mark. To wound the animal was the last thing in the world I wished to do. Deliberately reloading, I then turned and moved rapidly forward, keeping a sharp lookout over my shoulder. The cougar persistently dogged me. Sometimes it gained on me and I wouldhave to drive it back by shouting and discharging my pistol. This I kept up for about two hours. I hoped to finally trighten the animal away, but it still dogged my footsteps. I pressed on, weary and footsore, hoping soon to emerge from the forest or to reach some wayside cabin. Once on gone." open ground I felt sure the animal would abandon the pursuit.

But the timber apppeared to grow thickcr. To add to my fears night was coming on, and there were portentious signs of a coming storm. Low muttering thunder was heard far away, and I could hear the wind that preceded the tempest gathering its forces far back in the forest. Darkness fell, until I could scarcely distinguish the tortuous trail. Still my foe followed relentlessly. Soon the amorphous blackness swallowed up everything. By feeling my way cautiously I could follow the trail, Presently I reached the brink of a steep ravine. Below me I heard the hiss and roar of a stream. Broad streaks of lightning flashed across the heavens. By waiting for these flashes I made my way down the ravine. At the bottom flowed a broad, swift stream across which the trail led. could not tell how deep it was, but cross it I must. Taking advantage of a flash, I plunged in. The water was almost waist deep and cold as ice. Through this stream I floundered narrowly escaping being carried off m, feet by the force of the torrent. Finally, I reached the opposite bank. scrambled out, dripping wet and chilled to the marrow. By the next bright gleam I could see the cougar on the opposite side, just at the brink crouching that?" as if for a spring. In sheer desperation I fired at him, and turning rushed up the steep, rugged trail. Black gloom again succeeded. I stood still, my heart beating madly; I expected that the cougar would now certainly attack and rend me. Just then the animal gave a wild, fearful scream and plunged into the stream. Another flash came. As I turned tofly, I was the cougar, mid stream, struggling desperately in the mad torrent and making toward me. Before the gleam faded there came another blinding, fierce glare, followed by an awful peal of thunder.

Once more I turned and fled up the trail. This time I reached the top, and at the same instant there came another blood-curdling scream from the enraged cougar. I rushed precipitately on, and in a moment reached an opening in the timber. My pistol being empty was useless, so I flung it away and grasped my dirk. I looked around and discovered that I stood upon the edge of a small clearing. Not a hundred yards away I saw, with a joy that no language can portray, the light of a candle shining through the window of an humble log-cabin. Help and safety were at hand. I shouted loudly, and a coarse, heavy "Hulloo there!" came back in response. The loud baying of a dog greeted me and it sounded sweeter than any music I ever heard.

But little remains to be told. The brave dog rushed past me, and making for the cougar, which was only a few rods away, quickly treed him. The logger at once compre-bended the situation. Telling me to go to the cabin, he seized his rifle and hurried to the spot where his dog stood barking and waited for a lightning flash. It came a moment later, almost as bright as day. It re-

vealed the cougar crouching on a large limb, not more than forty feet from the ground, just ready to hurl himself upon the dog. There was a sharp crack, and the ball crashed through the cougar's skull. Uttering a piercing cry, the creature fell, and after a brief struggle ingloriously gave up the

Just then the long-impending tempest burst forth in all its fury. That night I remained at the logger's cabin, and partcok of through a rough, wild country, which was his rough and wholesome cheer. Early the next morning I reached my destination without further adventure. The congar that foot. came so near getting my scalp was a very traversed. I started very early-shortly large old male. By actual measurement it was nearly nine feet from tip to tip. It was haps is not inclined to give credit to the Indian pony, of a scrubby, ignoble breed. the narrowest escape from a horrible fate I ever had. The experience has taught me one useful lesson; I will never again venture alone through the woods without having a

SAW VISIONS ON THE TRACK.

The Strange Effect of his first bad Accident on an old Engineer.

had met with an accident in which a human | four-footed mourners. life was lost. He was deeply affected, and twice that day the train was brought to a by the sudden and unexpected use of the air | tinction from a horse or a calf. brake. On the third trip after the accident far he has kept the vow. He resigned his position and went on a hunting excursion. is thus given by his fireman:

looking melancholy and oppressed, and would reveal what had been done. kept his eyes glued to the bull's-eye. Usually he is cheerful and pleasant, and an en- pass, unless, indeed there be cattle within a tertaining talker. He has been on the run | mile or less at the time of the slaughter. history of nearly every inhabitant of every | that twenty-four hours have elapsed. little town along the road. His gloom intle, and the next minute the train was at a | uriant, he only feeds a few moments con- top; ed me-one of God's angels, turned to the cab and started the train nostrils of the leader inhale the air, a again. 'I was sure I saw a little boy.'

miles, he was completely unnerved, and the and then emits a most unearthly prolonged, last thirty I he'd the throttle myself. Run- weird, moaning shriek or bellow. It is like ning his old engine? Yes. I've been pro- none of the various noises made upon other always been a good boy to me Jim." moted. But Uncle Charley will never pull occasions, but has a tone that is all its own I hurried to town and back. When I he valve of '97' again. His nerves are and which is evidently well understood by came near the house I saw a crowd of farm

Didn't Remember It.

"Absalom Carruthers," said his wife, with the accent on each syllable for good measure, 'you were intoxicated last night."

"Well, I failed to notice it." "Everybody else noticed it; they couldn't help it. You were irretrievably drunk." "Not by a jugful."

"No; but by several jugfuls." "You're away off, Hepsy."

"Not as greatly off as you were. You tried to open the gate with your latchkey, and you fell over it into the grass." "Nonsense."

"You came up the front steps on your hands and knees, opened the door, and inquired if Carruthers lived here. Do you know that?"

"Bosh." "And you stumbled on a dark flower in the carpet and nearly went down."

"Not a word of truth in it." "Tried to hang your hat on a fly on the wall, and then asked where that nail went

"You are totally hallucinated." "Why, you talked out of your ears, and when the baby cried on the bed you went to rocking its crib as hard as you could, sing-"Bye, O wy O, Baby." Recollect

"Recollect nothing." "I expect not, and you got on your knees and patted and rubbed the back of the hound

worked in worsted on the rug in front of the grate and said, ' Doggy, doggy.'" "I tell you I don't believe it." "And you gave me a \$10 bill and said I

could get a new bonnet with it, and here's

o' natural and familiar. But I wasn't an occasion. If he have any "cattle sense"

"Of course it does look familiar, and you between himself and the mourners, or if he said to my poor dear ma, 'Mother, you've be desirous of studying the spectacle he will got to stay with us till spring freezes over.'

Ah-yes--I--see; I-was-very-very -drunk."

Those Dainty Feminine Breakfasts

According to an English traveler who has patiently observed the ways of womankind in America, the following breakfast is the average for a young American girl: A large | will lower his head and, with a snort of dedish of hominy, a plate of scrambled eggs, a plate of picked up codfish and cream, a large bovine wrath. If that object escape with slice of tenderloin steak with fried oysters his life he will indeed be fortunate. Even and potatoes, some fried ham, an immense a horseman has been known to have had dish of buckwheat cakes soaked in butter anything but a pleasant half hour from an and swimming in maple syrup, the whole being accompanied with large bites from hot bread, waffles, graham muffins, etc., and washed down with three immense cups of hot coffee and milk.

Where there is no great love in the beginning, heaven may decrease it upon better of night descend. acquaintance.

A CATTLE FUNERAL,

One of the Strangest Sights that Are to Be Witnessed on the Range.

A cattle funeral may seem an odd, thing to write about but it is ten times more odd to witness. If the observer happen to be on foot in the vicinity of the scene of the ceremonies, however, he is apt to find it anything but odd, unless there be a tree or some other place of refuge convenient, or the curious onlooker be unusually fleet of

But doubtless the average reader does not know what a cattle funeral is like, and perpossible existence of such a thing. If he has never lived in a locality where cattle of a more or less untained disposition are wont to range, he will certainly never have an opportunity to learn by observation any of the peculiar and notable facts connected with this remarkable phenomenon of the

A cattle funeral, then be it known, is nothing more nor less than exactly what the words seem to indicate-a ceremony of Charley Morsey, for thirty-six years an mourning over the untimely fate of a deengineer on the Wabash road has resigned. parted herdmate, in which every individual that he regrets. Not only that, he is confined to his bed with | member of the band that is within longan hysterical attack which puzzles physi- range car or nose shot is bound to participate. In detail this ceremony consists of a About three weeks ago Engineer Morsey, sort of walk around, accompanied with the in making the usual run from Warrenton to | most doleful, ear-piercing, and heart-rend-St. Louis, caught two young men at the ing moans, shricks, and bellowings, and railroad crossing in O'Fallon. Both were varied by ponderous pawings in the ground instantly killed. It was the first time in the and the most singularly dexterous flinging of experience of the veteran engineer that he | the resultant dust upon the backs of the

To observe or participate in a cattle funeral, let the curious-minded go out upon standstill because he thought he saw some the range, select some spot which is open most superficial declamation; as a feather one on the track. This hallucination has and affords no obstruction to the view, and grown upon him until he has broken down from which not a "critter" is in sight. Just vacuum. foreboding. Still I went forward, striving to under the strain. It affected him most here, for the benefit of the uniformed or the peculiarly. At every railroad crossing he supersensitive ear, let it be explained that for where truth is not at the bottom, nature west like a great ball of fire, but leaves the imagined he saw people on the track, and the word "critter" is by common consent will always be endeavoring to return, and passengers on the fast train would be most used on the ranges as the shortest possible will peep out and betray herself one time or with great joy two or three black clouds unceremoniously bounced against the sides | means of defining the character of an ani- another. of the car and bumped against one another | mal which walks on four legs by contradis-

Having selected such a spot, let one of Engineer Morsey broke down. He vowed | the aforementioned " critters" be brought that when he had completed the run he was | quietly and secretly from a distance, and then on he would never make another. Thus without undue ostentation, as becomes poachers upon another man's range, let him be done to death. Let the offal be secreted. "We pulled out of St. Louis on time, and let all this be done so well that even | shining through the leaves. but I noticed that 'Uncle Charley' was the human eye can detect nothing that

Then let twenty-four hours, or even less, for thirty years, and knows the personal But for purposes of illustration suppose

Then suppose a bunch of 100 or 200 head creased as we got beyond the suburbs, and, of cattle come drifting down over the range beyond telling me to 'Heap her up, Billy,' to leeward of the spot where the slaughter incident until we reached St. Peter's. We of the bunch may be two or three miles perusually go through the town at a rattling | denly he commences to show signs of uneasgait. Suddenly I saw him jerk the throt- iness. Though the grass be deep and luxstandstill, while, with a white drawn face, tinuously, lifting his head and tossing his think. "Of course, father, I'll take it," I Uncle Charley was running along the fire horns as if an enemy were near. Suddenly said, heartily. He gave me the package. board. 'My God!' he groaned, as he re- there is a strong pull of wind, and, as the transfermation occurs like a flash of lightn-"The rest of the trip, a distance of sixty ing. He halts, throws his muzzel into the air, the entire herd.

With another strick, which can be heard for a mile, and even further, the leader breaks into a run, with his tail in the air and with head shaking angrily from side to side, followed by all the members of the herd, each adding to the volume of sound that now fills the air. As other animals feeding quietly at a distance hear the peculiar sounds they, too, prick up their ears; then, with answering shrieks, they gallop wildly toward the excited band and join it in pursuit of the leader.

That animal quickly arrives at the tell tale spot. He snuffs at the ground, meanwhile lashing his sides with his tail, and bellowing continually in a manner that suggests the height of rage. His eyes flash wildly, the froth droops from his jaws and flecks his neck and body. He paws the ground angrily with his hoofs and by dexterous twisting manages to cast great masses of the earth into the air and upon his Princess Starhemberg died at Salzburg

closely about the spot where their mate was slain. An inner circle is formed by the excited animals, with their heads all pointing and the vault was therefore rarely, if ever, to a common centre, and these beliew and paw the ground and race around and around funeral, the deacon stumbled over what until exhausted. Meanwhile the others are circling rapidly about the central cluster, and finally displace the earlier arrivals, whereupon they, too, go through the same | the gentleman's swords and spurs were performance.

clashed against horns, the bellowing of the angry animals is deafening, the air is filled | in the vaults, as if the thieves had wished with dust, the beasts seem actuated each by to mark that in death all are alike. The some particularly malevolent spirit, and crime may have been committed years ago, their actions appear prompted almost by so that it will be very difficult to trace the human understanding.

Woe to the unfortunate curiosity seeker "Something strange. That bill looks kind | who chances to go abroad on foot upon such at all he will put as wide a space as possible climb the nearest tree or seek some other "Yes, you did, Absalom," said the old point of vantage inaccessible to the madden-

If, on the other hand, he should be so lacking in common sense as to be unable to recognize the apparent signs of danger and should he approach too closely to the angry herd, his awakening to the peril will be sharp and sudden. Some angry beast will catch a glimpse of him, and, recognizing in him the responsibility for shedding of blood, fiance, make a wild charge for the object of encounter with a funeral party of this character.

The news of the death of a comrade seems to spread with the rapidity of the telegraph, and fresh relays of mourners constantly arrive, keeping up the strange spectacle for terribly shocked. I did not suppose he hours at a time, nor ceasing until the shades | would dare to do such a thing.

Occasionally the scene of bloodshed will didn't dare.

be discovered by some wandering "critter" who has that portion of the range to himself temporarily. There may be no other cattle within two or three miles, yet the lone mourner will commence the procedure already described, and within a quarter or half an hour he will have been joined by others, while inside of an hour there will be, a dense mass of excited cattle on the spot and from the range in every direction others

will be seen hurrying to the scene. Altogether a cattle funeral is one of the oddest and most interesting sights that can be witnessed-by a man up a tree.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

According to the security you offer her, Fortune makes her loans easy or ruinous. Let us watch that we never undo with our

hands what we say with our tongues. No man ever went to heaven without learning humility on this side the grave. -

Young, one is rich in all the future that he dreams; old, one is poor in all the past

Blessings often fail to reach us through the wall of circumstances with which we

have surrounded our lives. Next to invention is the power of interpreting invention; next to beauty the power of appreciating beauty.

Light is above us and color around us; but if we have not light and color in our eyes we shall not see them outside us.

The soundest argument will produce no

more conviction in an empty head than the and a guinea fall with equal velocity in a It is hard to personate and act a part long,

In any mind of nobleness a lapse into transgression against an object still regarded as supreme issues in a novel and pure devotedness, chastened by humility and watched over by a passionate regret.

The Bible, without a spiritual life to interpret it, is like a trellis on which no vine But this didn't cure him, and he still faces | Where even the coyotes cannot find it, and | grows-bare, angular and in the way. The and hears danger signals. The account of let the hide and flesh be carried away. Bible with a spiritual life is like a trellis the last trip which Engineer Morsey made | Then let earth be thrown on the blood | covered with a luxuriant vine, beautiful, strains to hide all traces of disturbance, odorous, and heavy with purple lusters

A Story for the Year Round-

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said, hesitatingly. Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hayfield, where I had been since early morning. was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles to town. I wanted to get my supper he was silent. We made the run without of the day previous occurred. The leader and wash and dress for singing-school. My first impulse was to grumble, for I was vexed don't stop there according to schedule, and haps further from the scene of blood. Sud- that he should ask after my long day's work But if I refused he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. And something

"Thank you, Jim, I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong today." He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town. As he left and just overhead the infernal din never he put his hand on my arm, saying again. "Thank you, my son, you've hands at the door. One of them came to me, tears rolling down his face. "Your father," he said, "fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were of you."-I am an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over, in all the years since that hour, that those last words to me were: "You've always been a good boy to me." No human being ever was sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is bitter remorse in remembered neglect or coldness to loved ones who are dead. Do not begrudge kind deeds and words, especially to those about the same hearth. It is such a little way we can go together. He is richest of all who is most generous in giving the love that blossoms continually in kind words and deeds.

A Gruesome Story.

A Vienna correspondent telegraphs: -A lately at a great age, and was taken to The others come racing up and crowd Aferding, where the church is built over a family vault of the Starhembergs. None of the family had died for the last fifteen years visited. On entering it to prepare for the turned out to be a skeleton, and it was soon discovered that thieves had been in the vault. All the coffins were broken open, stolen, and the ladies' dresses torn and de-The scene is a terrific one. Horns are spoiled of lace and gold trimmings. There was a gruesome heap of skeletons all together culprits.

Memory's Impressions on the Brain-

It is computed by leading physiologists that, since one third of a second suffices to produce an impression on the brain, a man of 100 years of age must have collected on or in his brain matter 9,467,280,000 impressions. Or, again, take off one-third of the time for sleep, and we still find 6,311,520,-000. This would give 3,155,760,000 separate waking impressions to the man who lives to the age of 50 years. Allowing an average weight of four pounds to the brain, deducting one-fourth for blood and vessels, and another fourth for external integument, it may be said that each grain of brain substance contains not less than 205,542 traces or impressions of ideas. Of course these figures and calculations will need to be applied according to the temperament of the individuals to whom they are fitted, but they all point to one fact: Divine handiwork is grandly shown in memory.

Winning Against Long Odds. Her mother-I saw him kiss you, I am

Herself-Nor I. In fact I bet him he

THE GREAT MONSOON.

PICTURE OF AN INDIAN SUMMLE.

The Awful, the Dried and Withering Earth-The Black Cloud-The Mass of Fiery Vapor Rolling On-The Rain and Afterward.

Let me try to give a pen picture of the end of an India summer and the beginning of the period when the monsoon rains de-

Day after day the sun pours down withering heat, the air is sick with it, the ground is hard as iron, and gaps in great cracks, as though open-mouthed, pleading to the pitiless sky for a drop of water; the wide expanse of country that a few months past was green and flower-besprinkled is brown, the grass crisped with a fierce heat and falling to powder if rubbed; the trees, mostly evergreens, are parched and dusty; no breath of air rustles through, no leaf stirs. They resemble great toy trees, with leaves

of painted wood. There is no sound of life anywhere; the noisy, green parrots are silent, and hide from the sun in the heart of the densest and leafiest top.

You may, perhaps, see a crow or mynah sit solitarily on a bough, with drooping wing and gaping beak, helpless in this great purgatory of fire.

"The monsoon, the monsoon-will it never come?" you ask as you toss half naked on your bed, worried by prickly heat and insects which shall be nameless, not the worst of which is the persistent, blood sucking mosquito. Heat apoplexy has, perhaps, prostrated one or two of your friends, and a second in the open air unhelmeted would be sudden death.

"Will the monsoon never come?" Every evening the sun drops down in the heat behind him. One evening you notice climb up in the east to take a peep at his descending majesty. They are the advance guard, you think, of the monsoon, and it will surely rain before morning.

Morning dawns, and the sun sets to blowing his heat furnace strong as ever; the sky is once more a great dome of burnished brass. The monsoon at last blows the warning trumpet, and the soughing of his wind to the far-away horizon calls you out from your bed to the veranda. Nature holds her breath: a great calm, a strange hush-the hush of expectancy-fills earth and air.

Ha! here comes the monsoon. Away on the western horizon a great black cloudwave surges up toward the zenith, blotting out the burnished sky in its progress, just as though you poured ink slowly into a brass bowl. Behind this black wave and moving with it is a great dense ebon mass, cut every instant by forked lightning and bellowing, deafening thunder. The quick darting adder tongues of flames flash everywhere, search the bellowing heavens throughout from top to bottom, throughout the whole cloud-packed dome.

Now for a second, only for a second, the quick-flashing lightning ceases, and an inky blackness, the blackness of Erebus, succeeds, and the thunder bellows as an Englishman in his sea-girt little isle never heard it bellow. It is no distant rumble, gradually rolling nearer and culminating in a resounding crack overhead. No; around

The bellied clouds are pregnant with thunder, and the flame forks flashing hither and thither pierce their wombs and loose the thunder from its prison. It reminds one of Michael and his celestial host warring with Lucifer and his legions. It is terrible, says the London Hawk.

Inside your bungalow the first advancing wind that heralded the monsoon carried with it clouds of blinding dust, which is now piled up an inch high on table and chair and shelf. And still the war of the elements

You can not hear your neighbor's voice, though he shouts his utmost; the birds, affrighted, shriek in the thickets and the native servants huddle themselves together in dark corners for safety. The sky opens its floodgates and rain in torrents pours down without intermission for eighty or ninety hours on the parched earth. Splash! splash! on the roof-not in showers, but in

This is the monsoon. And when it has passed, what a transformation it has effected. The arid plain is one great lake, through which rise innumerable trees of glossy green, and crowding their leafy cathedrals flocks of parrots and mynahs chatter their thanks to God for the welcome rain.

The great lake soon disappears, absorbed by the thirsty earth, and reveals a far and tair expanse of verdure, beautiful beyond words in its dazzling greenery and sprinkled with flowers that have shot up in a night, earth's embodied hymn of praise to the Creator for the blessing of the monsoon.

Maternal Duties.

Ethel-Ma, I want some water to christen my doll.

Ethel's Ma-No, dear; it is wrong, you know, to make sport of holy things. Ethel-Well, then, I want some wax to

waxinate her. She's old enough now to have something done to her !"-Grip.

Forewarned.

"I trust you will not be shocked, madam; your husband is shot, and they are bringing him home on a shutter." "I have had a premonition of this; he

was half shot when he left the house."

Athletic Lung and Heart. " Athletic lung" is a medical term used

to designate the abnormal development of lung possessed by some athletes. The condition is produced by those forms of exercise that call for the constant use of the lungs at their highest power. The result is an enormous development of lung capacity. Such men, upon giving up their active athletics and taking to sedentary pursuits, are peculiarly subject to pulmonary complaints. The overdeveloped lung is only-used in part, and the unused cells easily fall a prey to disease wher once an athletic lung is restored to health: The wise physician forbids any violent athletics on the part of the patient, for a second attack is likely to be fallowed by collapse. The term "athletic heart" is applied to a similar condition of the heart produced by like causes.