

## A FAMOUS HUNTER.

ALVAH DUNNING CLOSING A CHARMED CAREER.

One of the Most Noted Characters of the Great Northern New York Wilderness—Has Dined with 102 Panthers—A Remarkable Man.

Alvah Dunning, the most famous of the North Woods guides, also the oldest at present engaged in the business, has been spending several days in Rome, N. Y., visiting friends and relatives whom he had not seen in many years. Famous men have followed Mr. Dunning through the forests and streams of the great northern New York wilderness, and have partaken of his hospitality and slept in his cabin at Raquette Lake, where this old man has been domiciled for sixty-three years. The snows of eighty-three winters have fallen upon him, and he is still as hardy as the oak, and he lives a simple and lonely life.

Around him on the lake shores are the luxurious cottages of the rich, who come to the woods from the city in



ALVAH DUNNING.

summer and bring their fashions with them. Though he mingles with these people, Uncle Alvah is uncontaminated by the habits of civilization.

Alvah Dunning is the picture of health, carrying his years well, and his eyes have a merry twinkle, their vision still being too good for the use of glasses. When but ten years old he went into the woods with a party of four hunters to carry birds for them, and ever since that time his life has been mostly spent in hunting and trapping, and for the past seventy years he has acted as guide. The last person of prominence he guided through the woods was former Gov. Black, while the latter was on his fishing trip last summer.

Dunning is personally acquainted with all the noted guides, and has trapped and hunted with Guides Wood, Dunakin, Stormer and Shepard. In eight years he killed 102 panthers; but now they are extinct, he having killed the last one seen in the woods at Lake Edmonds, near Blue Mountain Lake, about eight years ago. There were three "kitchens" in a tree, and he and the party he was guiding brought them down in one, two, three order. They were about eight months old, and weighed about forty-five pounds each. The day after killing the young ones Mr. Dunning found and killed the mother panther, and this is said to have been the last one.

### Wow.

When the rich old villain in the tank lay laid his gold at the foot of the young girl, she wavered for a moment, partly, of course, because the stage directions told her to waver, and partly, too, because she was more or less anxious to marry well. But even in that supreme moment her rare presence of mind did not desert her. "Where did you get it?" she asked, with a mocking laugh, recalling that salaries had not been paid in six weeks. "Curse you!" hissed the hoary-headed miscreant, staggering. She thought, now, of Gondolfo, brave, strong Gondolfo, who, when she was shipwrecked, had lashed her to a spar and held an umbrella over her to keep her silk skirt from spotting! She would give Gondolfo her hand, and he would lead her to the footlights, and they would sing an Irish ballad together!—Detroit Journal.

### Lincoln's Brother-in-Law.

Maj. Clement B. White, of Selma, Ala., the only surviving brother-in-law of Abraham Lincoln, was an officer of the Alabama state guard at the outbreak of the war, and under orders of the executive of the state took part with his command in the capture of Fort Morgan, Mobile bay, before Alabama had formally seceded from the Union. When it was reported to President Lincoln that his brother-in-law had performed this daring exploit against the national authority, on being asked what he would do about it, he replied: "Well, I suppose I shall have to hang White—when we catch him." Maj. White later performed many distinguished military and civil services for the Confederacy.—New York Tribune.

### Gracefully Submitted.

New York Tribune: M. Ernest Le-gouve, the senior member of the French Academy, has just received by vote of his fellow-members the \$2,000 prize of the Jean Reynaud Foundation. He wished himself to give it to the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," but submitted with a good grace to the choice based on his works concerning education and family life.

## HER VALENTINE.

The Lady of France in Olden Times Chose Him for One Year.

Chicago Times-Herald: For many years it was the habit of the gay pleasure-seekers of France, men and women, to enroll themselves in companies composed of valentines. Every 14th of February they would assemble in the center of the town. Here, two by two (a lady and gentleman riding together), they would make the circuit of the neighborhood on horseback. The procession would generally be led by Cupid, Mercy, Loyalty and Chastity, attended by trumpeters, banner-bearers and a crowd of persons, young and old. Usually the procession would return to the town hall, where, in a rather sacrilegious fashion, the Valentines worshipped Love in a mass. Then each pair kissed and went their separate ways, for each was now to choose a new valentine. The names of all the gentlemen present, written on slips of parchment, were now drawn by the ladies from a casket. Thus each lady received a new mate for the coming year. Each gentleman was bound by laws, which were read aloud to the whole company, to be faithful to the lady who had chosen him for a twelve-month. He was to supply her with flowers to make her stated presents, to get as her escort whenever she wished, to compose songs in her honor, to fight in her honor, to resent every insult offered her, if in any respect he failed he was to be driven from the society of the other Valentines. The code prescribed the manner of his ex-communication, the final token of which was the burning of a bundle of straw on his doorsill.

## STILL SACRIFICING BUFFALOES.

How the Todas of India Are Dodging a Government Ban.

The Todas, who live in the vicinity of Ootacamund have one great ambition, and that is—the slaughter of buffaloes. This slaughter, which is done annually, says the Indian Daily News, is intended for the benefit of the souls of departed ancestors. Formerly each dead Toda required a couple of buffaloes to be sacrificed for the benefit of his soul, but the government has stopped this wholesale slaughter, and naturally the Toda is dissatisfied. Of course, he opposed this order in a constitutional way, but the government declined to yield, and when last month the season of sacrifice arrived it took steps to see that the order was carried out. Now the order authorizes the slaughter of two buffaloes, not per man, but per each place of slaughter. Accordingly the Todas have increased the number of places of slaughter, so as to let the soul of every dead Toda have the customary sacrifice of two buffaloes. So even the best concocted plans of the government often miscarry. The order has not diminished the slaughter of buffaloes, but has merely increased the number of places of slaughter, and thus made what was bad enough already a good deal worse.

## TO TEACH WINE-DRINKING.

Mrs. Frona Eunice Wait, a beautiful and fashionable western woman, wants to become recognized as America's official wine expert. She has made a life-study of wines, and her self-appointed mission is to go among society people and endeavor to educate them to the correct and refined way of serving and drinking the juice of the grape. Mrs. Wait is much in earnest in her mission of wine-drinking teaching. She is recognized among her friends as being able to tell good wine from bad wine with an expertness that can be acquir-



MRS. FRONA EUNICE WAIT.

ed only by one who has long made the subject one of study and observation.

## Wears His Wife's Laurels.

London Academy: A remarkable award was the prize given to M. Henri de Regnier, a poet, whose chief claim to respectful attention lies in the fact that he has married a distinguished poet, the daughter of the impeccable sonneteer, M. de Heredia. The prize may be described as one of collateral merit. It was in reality given to his wife, who has just published anonymously in the Revue des Deux Mondes a most beautiful poem—"Rencontre avec Persephone." Anonymous work cannot, even by an academy, be crowned, so M. de Regnier gallantly wears his wife's laurels.

## Van Dyck Tercentenary.

In connection with the Van Dyck tercentenary, which is to be celebrated at Antwerp in August next, one million special postage stamps will be issued, which will bear a portrait of the great painter from a drawing by Gerard Postelle. In the program of the fetes, drawn up by the committee appointed for the purpose, is included an historical procession representing the development of art from the earliest known time to the days of Rubens.

## THE DAGUERRETYPE

"It's an insult," said John Stone; "you shall send them right back. You're just as near a relative as the Gordons, yet they have got everything, just because they were there when your aunt died; and then because they knew you were entitled to something, in fact, just as much as they, from her estate, they have sent you this collection of odds and ends."

"Hush, John; never mind. It's not worth talking about, and we might just as well make the best of it. Beggars can't be choosers, you know, sagely remarked his wife.

The cause of this outburst was an oblong green pasteboard box, which had just arrived, and whose contents, so Eleanor Stone said, were not worth the express paid on it. An accompanying note, addressed to Mrs. Stone in explanation of the box, was as follows:

"Dear Eleanor: I send you here-with what mother, May and I have picked out as your share of Aunt Mar-cia's belongings. They weren't as much as anticipated, and we divided the rest among ourselves, as we had the care of her in her last illness. Your affectionate cousin,

"EFFIE GORDON."

Eleanor Stone took the note and flung it in the stove. "So much for my cousin's affection. It's too bad. I know Aunt Marcia must have had some money, and as for the bother of her last illness, it was self-sought, which makes me doubly sure she left something, for the Gordons are not the kind to put themselves out for nothing. If we only had just a little of her money to tide us over until you get well and put us on our feet again!"

Aunt Marcia was Miss Marcia Perkins, a maiden great-aunt of Eleanor Stone, who had lived somewhat as a recluse, and who had recently died.

Eleanor turned the box upside down, gazing regretfully at the little heap on the table. There were an old-fashioned bone hairpin, two bits of lace, surmounted with lavender bows, such as old ladies wear for caps, two or three cheesecloth dusters, five handkerchiefs, a hair-ring, and an old-fashioned daguerreotype in a rusty black and gilt case, showing the faded countenance of a genteel-looking youth of past date.

"There," said Mrs. Stone, derisively, "is my share of my lamented aunt's estate, and here am I, who expected a hundred or two, anyway, as hard up as anybody could be, with John sick and unable to work, while Aunt Susan, Effie and May Gordon, who know nothing of hard times, are probably basking in the sunshine of her dollars."

At this point, being of a philosophical turn of mind, she gathered up her inheritance, put it away in the closet, and devoted herself to her husband, who lay grumbling on the sofa, a victim in the clutches of rheumatism.



STOOD READING OVER HER SHOULDER.

Several weeks later Eleanor was brooding over the financial situation, when the bell rang and an elderly man stood at the door. He introduced himself as "Mr. Clavers," and said that, being the Gordons' family lawyer, and happening to be in town that day, he had come at their request to ask a little favor.

"Would Mrs. Stone care to part with a little old-fashioned daguerreotype the Gordons had sent her in a box of things that were Miss Perkins'?"

Eleanor's curiosity and suspicions were aroused by the sudden desire for this worthless relic of former days. Mr. Clavers explained that the ladies had taken a fancy for it, as an antique merely. They would be quite willing to purchase it, and if a \$10 bill would be any object—

"No," answered Eleanor, spurred on to refusal by a sudden conviction. "I didn't get many of my aunt's things, but what I did get I shall keep." Whereupon she arose and politely but unmistakably bowed the astonished old gentleman out.

Then she hurried to the closet, and, rummaging around, soon found the box, and in it the daguerreotype case. This she opened and began to scratch it all over with her thumbnail and to finger its surface carefully, hoping, all the while, that she had not let a \$10 bill go by for nothing.

It might really be a whim of Aunt Sarah's, after all, to want the old thing; yet somehow it seemed to Eleanor that she had once heard Aunt Marcia speak of a daguerreotype case with a secret spring and false back which was a much-prized possession, the gift of a dear friend.

Suddenly she gave a gasp and John looked up from his couch in time to see something white flutter to the floor. Forgetting his rheumatism, he sprang from the sofa and stood reading over

Eleanor's shoulder a bit of writing on a scrap of paper that meant much to those two:

"I, Marcia Perkins, hereby give to the person who, after my death, becomes the owner of the daguerreotype or Joseph Thurston, in the case of which this paper will be placed by me, the sum of \$2,500.

That was as far as they went. "Oh!" said Eleanor.

"Hum," said John, and there was a silence for as many as three seconds. "Go on," said John.

"It's nothing more about us. It's only that he," waving the placidly pictured young man, "was her lover. He was drowned at sea and her house and other belongings are to be sold and the money is to go to the Seamen's Orphans' fund."

"So Effie and the others will have to give up what they have already taken possession of, and instead of everything will have nothing."

"Good enough," concluded John, in a satisfied tone, "provided this paper is perfectly legal. Thought they could slight you entirely, but instead they made a mess of it themselves by giving you a cast-off, insignificant-looking trinket, which happened to be the most valuable thing your aunt left, after all."

"If everything is only turned over to us without any trouble," concluded his wife. "To think of their pretending she didn't leave anything!"

There was little trouble over the matter, the paper being dated, signed and witnessed. Thus the Gordons reluctantly saw their knowledge of the daguerreotype's secret came too late, while the Stones, with its aid, were enabled to buy a pleasant little home, where, secure from "hard times," they enjoy life together, the daguerreotype case occupying the place of honor.—Boston Post.

## BABY WAS PROVIDED FOR.

Incident of a Department Store—A Bit of Human Nature.

It was in one of the big department stores, says the Washington Post. Two women stood near each other before a counter, where the belongings of very little children are sold. Both looked with wistful yet widely different expressions at the tiny garments displayed. The one woman asked to be shown knitted undershirts for a baby. The saleswoman drew out a box and took from it some absurdly small garments, soft, creamy, fleecy, the most delightful combination of silk and wool. The woman—a young woman she was, almost a girl—took them in her hands with evident delight.

"How much are they?" she asked. The saleswoman named a price that was twice the size of the tiny shirts. "A piece?" asked the would-be customer, timidly.

"Yes," answered the saleswoman. The customer put down the little garments. She looked tired and weak and bitterly disappointed. It's heart-breaking not to be able to buy what you want for your baby.

"Show me something—something cheaper," she said swallowing a lump in her throat.

The other woman, who had been looking into the showcase, had seen it all. She spoke to the saleswoman brusquely.

"I can't wait any longer," she said. "Tell me the price of that bonnet over there."

The saleswoman hurried to obey. One doesn't keep a chinchilla collar and an imperious manner waiting if one knows one's business. There was a moment's whispering and the saleswoman returned to her waiting customer. From another box she produced some garments precisely similar to the too expensive ones.

"Here's some shirts," said she, "that we've marked down to close out. We have only a few left. They're only—." And the "only" was exactly half the price she had named before. It wasn't cleverly done, but it deceived the tired woman. She went away with the wistful look gone from her face. The chinchilla collar went down in the same elevator with her, and the face above the collar wore a look almost of envy added to its wistfulness. I fancied—though it's folly, of course, to imagine that women with chinchilla collars and imperious manners ever envy tired women who have to ask for something cheaper.

## Sinner's Funeral Sermon.

"De freed' what I's a-preachin' over," said the colored deacon, "is done pass ter his reward. Dey offered \$10 reward for 'im whilst he wuz wid us, but death kotched 'im fo' de sheriff. He passed erway endurin' er de blizzard, w'en hit wuz so col' dat he had a chill which wuzn't due 'twell spring-time, but forced de season en come on 'im. He went a-shiverin' out er night time. He wuz short er coal in dis world, but bless God! he won't run out er it in de nex'! De city water pipes busted on 'im, en he didn't have no water ter drink. But dey don't drink water whar he at now—leas'ways, de rich man didn't w'en he ax Mister Latherus ter tu'n de hose on 'im. He didn't fotch nuttin' out er hit, 'cep' de rheumatiz in his lef' leg. Hit is now my privilege ter consign 'im ter de dus', whar we all gwine lak a race-hoss on a plank road, ef we don't study de wants er de heathen en wake up w'en de hat is gwine roun'. Bre'r Williams, pass de hat whilst we sings!"

## Those Girls.

Maud—Between us, dear, I think the count's compliments rather crude. He told me the sight of my beautiful face actually made his mouth water. Edith—The idea! I'm sure your face doesn't look quite that much like a lemon.

## IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

Foreshadowings—His "Good" Charter—The Chiros of Puerto Rico—A Missouri Boy Kills a Wild Cat Using Rocks as His Weapon.

### Foreshadowings.

Wind of the winter night  
Under the starry skies,  
Somewhere my lady bright,  
Slumbering lies.  
Wrapped in calm maiden dreams  
Where the pale moonlight streams,  
Softly she sleeps.

I do not know her face,  
Pure as the lonely star  
That in yon darkling space  
Shineth afar;  
Never with soft command  
Touched I her willing hand,  
Kissed I her lips.

I have not heard her voice,  
I do not know her name;  
Yet doth my heart rejoice,  
Owing her claim;  
Yet am I true to her:  
All that is due to her  
Sacred I keep.

Never a thought of me  
Troubles her soft repose;  
Courant of mine may be  
Lily nor rose.  
They may not bear to her  
This heart's fond prayer to her,  
Yet—she is mine.

Wind of the winter night,  
Over the fields of snow,  
Tenderly blow!  
Somewhere red roses bloom;  
Into her warm, hushed room,  
Bear thou their breath.

Whisper—Nay, nay, thou sprite,  
Breathe thou no tender word;  
Wind of the winter night,  
Die thou unheard,  
True love shall yet prevail,  
Telling its own sweet tale;  
Till then I wait.  
—Julia C. R. Dorr.

### His "Good" Charter.

The wagons of the freighters were, in the sixties, the only means of transporting goods across the plains. During the dry season it was easy to ford the little creeks, but in the spring, when the snow began to melt and run down the mountains, these streams, transformed into raging torrents, were too dangerous to pass through. Temporary bridges were then built by the ranchmen, who compelled the freighter to pay toll.

Their toll, however, was lawful only if they had received a charter from the territorial authorities; then they might charge such toll as they pleased. The price for each team of six yoke of oxen and wagon was determined by the ability of the freighter to pay, varying from five to twenty dollars.

Col. Inman and Col. Cody (Buffalo Bill) in their book, "The Great Salt Lake Trail," tell an amusing story of a ranchman who, although without a charter, enforced the payment of toll on those who crossed his bridge.

In the spring of 1866 two trains, traveling in company, drew near to Rock Creek, over which a ranchman had erected a bridge. The train in the lead was in charge of a man known as Stuttering Brown, because of an impediment in his speech. As they neared the bridge, Brown rode back to the other wagon-master and said:

"B-b-billy, wh-what are you g-g-g-ying to do about p-p-paying t-t-toll on this b-bridge?"

Billy answered that if the fellow had a charter, they would be compelled to pay; otherwise they would not.

Brown rode back to the bridge, where the ranchman stood to collect his toll in advance—five dollars a team. Brown had twenty wagons—his friend twenty-six—and he refused to pay the one hundred dollars demanded. "Why won't you pay?" asked the ranchman.

"Y-y-you h-h-haint g-g-got a ch-charter."

"Yes, I have, and I'll show it to you," said the ranchman, "if you'll go back with me to the ranch."

Brown went—it was only two or three hundred yards—and in a short time returned to the train. The other wagon-master asked if the charter was all right. "Yes," answered Brown, "I've settled, and you'd better pay up."

After crossing the bridge, Brown now and then broke out into loud laughter, but not until the train had camped would he disclose the cause of his hilarity.

At supper he said that when he rode to the door of the ranch, he sat on his mule and told the ranchman to trot out his charter, and be quick about it. The man went in, and soon returned, shouting:

"You stuttering thief, here it is. What do you think of it?"

Brown looked up; the ranchman was pointing a double barreled shotgun, with both triggers cocked, straight at his head.

"Is that your charter?" asked the wagon-master.

"It is," answered the ranchman.

"What did you do, Brown?" inquired his friend.

"N-n-not much. J-j-just t-t-told him th-th-that's good, and settled."

### The Chiros of Porto Rico.

Strange tales of a curious religious sect in Puerto Rico are told, says a Binghamton letter to the Baltimore Herald, by Rev. William Maxfield, a returned missionary. The sect, which carefully excludes foreigners, is known as Chiros. One of its peculiar ceremonies is that of "flogging the devil."

This rite is celebrated every Friday, at daybreak. In the seaport towns it takes place on board fishing smacks or other craft owned by members of the sect, and often is attended by the entire population of the village.

The life-sized figure of a man supposed to represent his satanic majesty

is dragged on deck, and amid jeers and curses, fastened to the yard arm. For some time the figure is allowed to hang, then it is carried three times around the deck of the craft, and finally fastened to the capstan or some convenient post, where the crowd proceeds to belabor it with clubs, shrieking that they have killed the devil.

When the clothes are cut into shreds and the figure entirely denuded, exposing the block of wood that serves as a head, it is repeatedly dipped overboard, and finally chopped into splinters and burned.

"It was in an inland town that I first saw the ceremony," says Mr. Maxfield. "I was roused from sleep by the passing of a howling mob, dragging the form of a man, which they occasionally jumped upon and kicked. My first impression was that some unfortunate wretch had incurred their wrath, and they were wreaking vengeance on him."

"Hurrying on my clothes I rushed forth, hoping to save the body from further mutilation at least. Following the crowd to the public square, I saw them halt and haul the body on to the limb of a tree. Then I saw that the figure was stuffed with straw."

"Quickly the bundle of rags was fastened to the trunk, sticks were piled around it, and soon the fire was blazing merrily. Around this pyre danced the disorderly crowd, until suddenly there was an explosion, and the figure was blown to pieces. A bag of gunpowder had been fastened around the neck. Then the fire went down, and the howling crowd dispersed."

Another ceremony of this strange people is called "Drowning the devil," and this is sometimes accompanied with serious consequences. The victim is a man or woman of incorrigible temper whom a neighbor has charged with having a "devil."

A council of the "Chiros" is called and evidence taken as to the truth or falsity of the charge. If in the opinion of the board it has been sustained, a day is appointed when the victim shall be purified, and a spot is selected. This is usually in a running stream, as it is held that the devil cannot stand running water.

A crowd of worshipers form a ring around the unfortunate subject, and march to the stream, chanting a weird wail. Arriving, two of the strongest men force the victim into the water, and though he struggles violently, they hold him under until "the devil goes out"—that is until he becomes quiet; and frequently when taken out prompt remedies have to be resorted to to prevent death from drowning.

In one or two instances the victims perished. After that the authorities interfered, and ceremonies of this kind are now rare and conducted much more carefully.

### Fought with Rocks.

Springfield (Mo.) correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Johnny Vanschaick, a Taney county lad, living near Bradleyville, has made himself a hero of that locality by killing a full grown wild cat. The boy was making a trip through the White river hills a few days ago, when his dog scented dangerous game. Johnny had left his gun at home, and regretted that fact very much when he saw a strange, furious beast of the cat family give battle to the dog. He could not run away and leave the dog to fight the "varmint" alone, however, and, arming himself with a handful of rocks, the brave youth made an attack on the wild cat. A few well aimed rocks drove the animal into a small tree, but Johnny kept up his fire until the enemy sprang to the ground and took refuge under a shelving cliff near a little stream. The dog could not get at the wild cat here except by crawling under the rock, and that he refused to do. The boy then got a long pole and punched the savage beast out into the open field, and the dog now seized the cat and the fight became furious. The combatants rolled into the creek and made the water foam with their struggles. Johnny was on the edge of the stream throwing a rock at the wild cat every time he could get a good aim. Sometimes the mad feline stood up on its hind feet and struck the dog savage blows with its deadly claws. The boy became greatly alarmed for fear the dog would be killed, and pressed his attack. Finally, after stunning the animal with another well directed rock, the lad seized a club and closed in on the beast. A few blows on the head crushed the skull of the wild cat. The dead animal measured four feet, and its skin now decorates the wall of Johnny's home, a trophy of which the boy is very proud.

### Spiders Spin Ropes.

Spiders have been set to work spinning ropes for human aeronauts. This novel idea has been put into operation at Chalais-Meudon, near Paris, where a spider factory for the special manufacture of balloon ropes for the military aeronautic section is now in full swing. The spiders have to work pretty hard for their living, as each little creature is made to spin thirty to forty yards of thread before he is allowed to have a rest. The method of working the spiders is ingenious; twelve spiders are placed above a reel, to which their threads are attached, and the reel is gently revolved, so that it winds off the thread as fast as the little spiders produce it. Eight of the sets of thread, after being washed to rid them of their sticky out covering, are then woven into cords. These are found to be both stronger and lighter than the silken cords which have hitherto been used by balloonists, and the only drawback to their popularity is that they are at present remarkably costly.