

MEN AND OTHER ANIMALS.

A COLLECTION OF GOOD STORIES—THE OWLS RAN THE PLACE—A HUNTER RESCUED BY A MOUNTAIN LION.

PLAGUE of owls has for two weeks disturbed the peace of John Mayer's home, in the outskirts of Plainfield, N. J.

Since then the owls have taken complete possession of the outbuildings and their surroundings. Scores of the birds, which are of the day-owl species, have followed the first comers and have made their nests in the barn.

HE HUNG TO THE HORNS.

How a Mountain Lion Rescued Buffalo Jack.

Buffalo Jack, a well known hunter in and about Sheridan, Wyo., recently told an interesting story of a desperate fight he once had for his life.

"I wuz up 'mong them air mountains yander one day a-takin' a look 'round fer to pervide some meat fer my cabin. It wuz a rael unlucky day fer shootin' an' I s'pose I must a kick't 'bout thar'n' onto a hull forenoon an' didn't see nothin' wurth wastin' powder at, an' ez I wuz powerful tired a-trampin', I jest 'cluded I'd rest a spell, an' so I set down on the pint of a rock like an' 'gin takin' observations, thinkin' I mite see sumthin' arter awhile.

"So I jest slipt up like, so's to git a n'er range of the beast, an' hed to crawl on my han's an' feet a considerable distance to make a circuit. Soon's I got up cluss 'nuf ez I tho't I orter, I peep't out from behind a stone, and thar I seed one of the biggest bucks rite in front o' me that I ever seed afore in all my life, skurely more'n three rods off, an' with his head down and eatin'.

"The buck dropt, ez I intended, an' I tho't I hed him dead to rights, sure. So I jest laid down my gun an' pulled out my muntin' 'n' ez I rushed up to cut his jugular an' let him bleed. Well, jest ez I hed got to him an' wuz ready to slice fer his jugular he giv' an' awful jump to his feet, an' ez he did I seed thar wuzn't much chance to git in my work in the carvin' business, so I ketch'd him by the horns with both han's, an' let my 'nife drop.

"In a mimit more me an' thar air buck war havin' a powerful wrastrin' time, an' we both of us kick't an' skirmish't an' waltzed over 'bout all the rocks in thar part of the diggin', an' we kept goin' down the hill fer most an hour, until the first I know'd that air buck hed got me rite on the edge of a tur'ble precipice, an' I cudin't throw him down nor git him back no way I cud fix it.

"He wuz so lation stout, too, that I cudin't git away from him nuther, an' I 'cluded my only salvation wuz in hangin' on an' freezin' to the critter. An' thar I hung to thar deer's horn rite over thar precipice, a stickin' on like grim'death, an' a sayin' all the pra'r's I ever know'd. Fer thar air buck's eyes look't mighty wicked, like he thought he'd got the dead wood on me fer sart'n.

"He'd shake his head, ter try an' throw me over, an' I didn't care to do nothin' but hang on an' take my chances, ez jest then he seem'd to have the drop on me. But I didn't squeal nor make no noise 'tho', but kept up a heap o' thinkin'.

"Finally I wuz plaguey n' played out, an' felt ez I wuzn't worth a cent no more. I tried climbin' over onto the deer's back, but 'twouldn't work at all, an' thar he'd stand braced an' cudin't be moved. Directly, while I wuz still a-hangin' there by them thar animal's horns I heard a low growl, an' in a mimit more I seed a mountain lion a-eyelin' us both an' gettin' ready to jump.

"Wall, sir, the mimit that thar deer heerd that air lion's growl he jump't back ez zif he'd been shot, an' throw'd me head over heels among the stones above him, an' a quick ez a flash he took to his heels an' broke roun' the p'int o' the hills an' disappeared.

"The lion first eyed me a second, an' must a 'cluded that I wuzn't worth a cent no more, fer he shed aroun' me in a circle like an' the last I seed wuz him he wuz a makin' some powerful jumps arter thar air buck, and I suppose he got him, fer I never seed nuttin more of either of them. But atween you and me that air mountain lion cudin't come along in a better time to do me a right down clean favor, an' I'll be hang'd if I'll ever forgit it either. I've never had the heart in me to kill one o' them air lions since that time an' I s'pose I never will."

SPEAKING OF SNAKES.

Adventure With a Rattler in a Georgia Bar Room.

"Speaking of snakes," said a gentleman who was wasting an hour in the rotunda of the Southern hotel a few nights ago,

says the Globe-Democrat, "I once witnessed a sight that made my blood freeze, and I cannot think of it now without shivering. I was in Savannah, Ga., and stepped into a bar room kept by John Sullivan to get a drink. There was a crowd of jostling fellows in there, laughing and chattering as they drank, and suddenly one of them exclaimed: 'Scatter, for God's sake, boys; the snake's out.' I thought he had 'em, but he didn't. A negro who lived out near the swamps, about three miles from the city, had caught a huge rattler, fully five feet in length, in a barrel, and had boxed it up and brought it to the city. Sullivan bought it as a curiosity and put it in a cage in the saloon, and the reptile had got out of his cage and was crawling on the floor. It wouldn't do to let the creature get out for it was a terror, and the boys were in a quandry to know how to catch it.

Presently I saw one little black-haired fellow—I afterwards learned that his name was Jack Abrams—start for the snake with one foot stuck way out in front of him, hopping along on the other. When he got within four or five feet of the critter the snake coiled up and gave its rattling rattle—and let me tell you that if ever you hear a rattler sing you will never forget the sound. Abrams paid no attention to the warning, but kept on hopping closer and closer, and presently the snake struck him on the leg, six inches above the shoe top. I drew my revolver and wanted to shoot the reptile, but every one shouted, 'Don't!' and I put the pistol up. Abrams and the snake had it. He tried to get his foot on its head and it struck him half a dozen times at least; but Abrams was successful finally and succeeded in mashing the snake's head to a jelly. I dashed for a whisky bottle to fill him full, but he laughed and so did the crowd. When they got through Abrams pointed down to the leg that had been stung so often, and said: 'It's cork.' It was, and the drinks were on me."

A FEATHERED RAT-CATCHER.

A Pennsylvania Farmer Who Keeps a Hawk to Kill Rodents.

Farmer Isaac N. Baldwin of Elk Hill, Susquehanna county, found a large hen-hawk in his cellar one morning in April, says a Scranton, Pa., correspondent of the New York Sun. It had entered through a narrow window on the back side of the house, and it was perched on an apple rack when Farmer Baldwin first saw it. In one of its talons the bird was holding a large rat with a firm grip. The rat was squalling hard, and the hawk had its neck curved and was eyeing the struggling creature with evident satisfaction. Pretty soon the rat stopped squalling, and the hawk then grasped it with the other claw and tore the rat in two parts. It then made a breakfast of the rat, and when it had finished Mr. Baldwin walked toward it. The hawk flew over to a potato bin and alighted on the edge of it, but it didn't attempt to sail out of the window, and Mr. Baldwin, imagining that the bird would just as soon stay there as not, closed the window up tight.

Rats were thick in the cellar, and for three weeks the hawk slaughtered them at a rapid rate. Every day Mr. Baldwin put a panful of fresh water in the cellar for the hawk to drink, and the bird thrived and appeared to be entirely contented. Mr. Baldwin's folks and the neighbors frequently went down cellar to see the hawks catch rats, and after while it got so used to seeing them there that it didn't seem to mind them at all.

After the hawk had been there three weeks or so the rats became scarce. Then Mr. Baldwin set a wire trap in his granary and caught an old settler. It was a big and a vicious old rat, and it bit the wires of the trap and squealed hard to get out. Mr. Baldwin carried the trap into the cellar, intending to liberate the rat and let the hawk go for it.

When he got there the hawk was perched on the apple rack, apparently half asleep. He held the trap in one talon and the rat squealed with terror at sight of the hawk, and the hawk walked right up and was ready for business. Going to a corner of the cellar, fifteen feet from the hawk, Mr. Baldwin raised the trap to a level with his shoulder, and got ready to lift the lid. With its neck stretched out at full length, the eager hawk watched every movement of the squealing rat from its perch. It was prepared to spring at an instant's notice, and Mr. Baldwin quickly opened the trap. The rat made a jump for freedom and the hawk darted at it like a flash and caught it before it touched the floor. For a moment the rat squealed louder than ever and tried to bite the hawk, but the bird handled it as though it was a plaything, flying up to its perch before the rat was dead.

Several more rats were caught in the barn and let loose in the same way, and not once did the hawk fail to grab one before it had reached the cellar bottom. After a spell the fun got to be stale and a few days ago Mr. Baldwin killed the hawk with chloroform and is having a Scranton taxidermist stuff its skin.

AN INTERRUPTED FIGHT.

The Bulls Were Hard at It When a Snapping Turtle Interfered.

At Stoney Ford, on the famous stock farm of Charles Bachman, two Holstein bulls were pasturing in different fields, one on one side of the Walkill river and one on the other side. There had been a bitter feud between the two blooded animals for a long time, and a few days ago one of the bulls took a position on the river bank in his pasture and bellowed a challenge to his enemy, the other bull. This was quickly answered by the Holstein, and he lost no time in getting to the bank on his side of the Walkill, says a Goshen, N. Y., correspondent of the New York Sun. The two bulls stood in that way bellowing and muttering, and pawing dirt for a long time, each working himself into a deeper rage, until at last one bull could contain himself no longer and plunged into the river and swam toward his rival's domain. The rival did not wait for him to get there, but jumped into the river and swam to meet him. The two ugly animals, their tempers uncooled by their bath, met in midstream and attempted to have the matter out right there. The lack of footing and the strength of the current prevented either bull from making any telling assault, but each tried his best to do battle.

While the bulls were butting and bellowing in the river in the stream, the one that had jumped into the river first suddenly gave a tremendous bellow, and, turning about, pulled back for his pasture, bellowing lustily all the way and shaking his head violently. He reached the shore, drew himself out and scrambled up the

bank. Then the cause of his sudden panic and retreat became apparent. A large snapping turtle, for which the Walkill is noted, had been attracted to the spot where the bulls were fighting in the water, and the fact of this had presented an appearance to its liking, the turtle had closed its powerful jaws on it well toward the butt end. This attack in the rear was more than the bull had calculated on, and he pulled for home. When he got out of the water he kept right on bellowing about the field and making such a rumpus as that farm had never known before.

The other bull, when its foe retreated so noisily and suddenly, seemed seized with panic, too, and swam back to his pasture as quickly as he could. When he climbed the bank he gazed back at the strange circus his rival was having and uttered not a sound. After tearing about the lot two or three times the bull the turtle had caught succeeded in making the snapper retreat, and he was picked up and subsequently sent to a restaurant keeper in New York City. The bull that the turtle didn't catch has gone to the bank and renewed his challenge every day since the turtle broke up the fight, but he evidently pays no attention to it. He evidently fears a repetition of his first experience.

ABOUT NOVEL WRITING.

The Relation That Should Exist Between Style and Matter.

Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

No romance is any the worse, but far the better, for being well written. To be well written it must be suitably written, and the style which is excellent for a sober, delicate, scientific story is not so excellent for a tale of adventure. Even the novel-publishing newspapers, as long as they get their weekly allowance of incident, do not grumble, probably because the language is good. Its excellence, however, depends on the matter. Elegant and rhythmic English and dainty and prolonged descriptions are not in place in a novel of romance; they cease to be in place as soon as the separate charm of the style becomes a rival to the interest of the story. A drama may have too much wit, though this is an uncommon fault, and a story, too, is marred when the attention, instead of being concentrated on the action, is claimed by the manner of the narration. Even in tales of analysis and science, one often sees that the author has reached the end of his pen, while he sought the best or rather the most unexpected word. This is actually a frequent vice in modern, especially, perhaps, American, novels which aim at style. There are some readers who prefer these interruptions and delays; they think 'em proofs of delicacy and exquisite care. This appears to me to be a fault in any work. Often, it is true, in Shakespeare, one is forced to stop and read again and again some passage for their extraordinary, astonishing beauty of its manner. But we may be sure that Shakespeare did not stop as he wrote and worked the thing up; Shakespeare who never "blotted a line." Of course passages may be "worked up," and yet a story, too, is marred when the ample, there is a beautiful sentence in one of Isaac Walton's "Lives" which reads in its ample brevity as if it were quite spontaneous. But several rough copies of it, none of them good, are found on a fly of a book which had been in the possession of Isaac.

The error is to employ a research in style, which is inappropriate and tardy. This is as much the fault of some good novels in the way of analysis, recklessness of taste, and even of grammar, is the fault of some books of adventure. The worst of it is that, to a good many persons, the fault in the former class appears a merit. When Mr. Stenhouse, the admirable "Master of Ballantrae," makes the old Scotch steward talk about "the hurching reverberations of the firelight" he drops, for once, into the error of style which is too often recognized as an excellence. At all events the business of "heredity," as in M. Zola's long series of romances, can never, probably, be much admired by more than a passing fashion. Heredity is much too fleeting and peculiar in its manifestations to be seized scientifically. It is about as hard to handle as a subject which is scientific, too, more or less, and is overworked and tedious. But a novel of heredity is usually thought scientific, while a novel of hypnotic influence is thought romantic. They are about equally scientific and equally transient.

PROCTOR KNOTT.

A Good Story About the Kentucky Congressman.

Many stories are told about Proctor Knott's career in the house. He was undoubtedly one of the brightest men who ever came to congress from Kentucky. His Duluth speech reads almost like an inspiration. He is as ready with his pencil as his tongue. He is a born artist as well as a born orator. The light and shade in his drawings equal the light and shade in his speeches. In long and wearisome debates he amused himself by stretching his arms over his desk and sketching scenes in the house. He took a pen and ink photograph in three minutes and that would be recognized by every member on the floor.

In the Forty-fourth Congress he had the well known Jim McKenzie as a colleague. Jim is full as bright as Proctor Knott, but lacks Knott's artistic gift with the pencil. One day in a dull debate, Knott stretched a little pond surrounded by a fence. The pond was filled with ducks. He drew a jackass, whose head was stretched over the fence looking at the ducks.

He had hardly finished the sketch when a little page came down the aisle. The boy caught a glimpse of the picture. The pages were always eager to secure Mr. Knott's drawings.

"Oh, please Mr. Knott," said this lad, "may I have that sketch?" "Yes, my boy," the Kentucky congressman replied, "you're welcome to it."

The boy thanked Mr. Knott and rushed down the aisle with the sketch in his hand. As he neared his month Jim McKenzie caught his arm and said: "Here! What's that? Let's see what you've got."

The boy passed him the sketch. He gazed at it and smiled. Then he wrote beneath the picture: "Proctor Knott fishing for ducks."

The page seemed hurt. He ran back to the author of the sketch, and with tears in his eyes, said: "Oh, Mr. Knott, see what Mr. McKenzie's done to your picture."

IT ISN'T HER DUST

Cleopatra's Alleged Mummy Pronounced a Fraud by Egyptian Experts.

The Secret Region of Arabia Into Which No Prying Foreigner is Allowed to Penetrate.

AN elegantly dressed young man clad in a perfectly fitting summer suit, with broad black sash of latest style, was among the arrivals at the Windsor yesterday, says the Denver News. The visitor registered as August Rogy of Princeton, Ill., but is proprietor of a large ranch in Dakota and has spent ten years in traveling in different quarters of the world, paying special attention to the countries of the Orient.

From early youth Mr. Rogy has been an ardent admirer of horses, and the last three years were passed in Northern Africa, Egypt and Arabia, studying the history and characteristics of the Arabian horse, which he pronounces as incomparably the finest of its species to be found in the world.

"In all Arabia there may be 3,000 or 4,000 of the finest blooded horses," said he, while speaking of the subject. "From this you will perceive that the Arabian horses are not so numerous as is often supposed. It is often with the greatest difficulty that a blooded animal can be bought for exportation, and then the prices are so high that few can risk the investment. I have known as high as 4,000 sheep or 300 camels to be traded for one horse.

The Bedouins are the best judges of horses in the world, but do not treat their horses as fine animals are treated in this country. The Arabian horse is watered but once a day and never fed more than twice, even though he cost a large fortune. The fine horses are owned exclusively by the chiefs, or the very rich natives, and it is not uncommon for an Arabian to jump on his horse, ride at high speed 40 or 50 miles without stopping and let his horse stand hitched in the hot sun all day at the end of his journey. Under such treatment the best steeds break down. The prevailing color is gray. There are but few blacks or bays. The spotted or piebald horse is considered inferior about there is an impression in this country that such is the favorite in Arabia. A Bedouin chief would be ashamed to mount a spotted horse. The idea originated in this country from the fact that early circuses imported spotted horses on account of their striking appearance. There are parts of Arabia and adjacent countries where the best blooded horses are found, but foreigners are rigidly excluded. No traveler can penetrate these regions except in disguise. Of course everybody knows that the Arabian horse is the best saddle horse that can be found, but is worth nothing as a trotter, never having been taught the gait. The pedigrees date back over 1,000 years to the time of the Mohammedan conquest. The fine horses of Europe and America owe their points to Arabian ancestry."

Mr. Rogy said that the Mexican saddle and bridle are close imitations of those in use in Arabia, having been introduced into Mexico at the time of the Spanish invasion. The Arabian saddle is much higher behind, extending to the shoulder blades of the rider. There are many varieties of the Arabian strain, each of which has its peculiar excellence. The noted Baedeker of Northern Africa is a cross between the Arabian and the native horse of Algiers.

In the course of his travels in the East Mr. Rogy spent a great deal of time inspecting the ruins of the celebrated cities of antiquity, and for several weeks camped in the theater at Persopolis. His voyage upon the Nile was one of the pleasantest experiences of his life. "The pyramids will not last forever," said he, "for at their base the dust and broken fragments of rock have accumulated in some cases to a height of 150 feet. While I was in Egypt the discovery of Cleopatra's mummy was announced. The report caused a great commotion at Cairo, and the experts of the Egyptian government were ordered to pass judgment on the genuineness of the find. They made a critical examination and returned to the capital laughing, as it was their unanimous opinion that it was not the veritable body of the Egyptian princess. I see that parties in Chicago are offering a big sum for the mummy for exhibition purposes. As the Egyptians are the best authority on antiquities of their own country, it is not probable that their first opinion will be reversed."

A Close Call.

An old-fashioned dry goods merchant doing business in one of the interior towns for many years failed the other day, says the New York Sun. And when an agent for one of the creditors reached the place it was to find the proprietor working hard to figure it all out.

"Lands, but I can't see why I should fail!" he kept on saying. "Mebbe, though, I didn't collect sharp enough." "You have a heap of old goods here," said the agent as he looked around. "Yes, more or less."

"When did you take your last inventory?" "Inventory? Take everything down?" "Yes."

"And make out a list?" "Yes."

"And put down the cost?" "Yes."

"And dust off the shelves and mop the floor?" "Yes."

"That's it."

"And clean the windows and paint the front of the store?" "Yes."

"I never went into that. I was going to one day about fifteen years ago, but they had a wrestling match in town and I let the inventory go. Mercy on me, but I can't understand why I should fail!"

According to Cushing.

I heard a pretty good story about a certain ignorant justice who does business up in Fulton county, says the Amsterdam, (N. Y.), Democrat. The justice was elected over an able but very unpopular lawyer and his first case was that of a prisoner charged with violating the fishery law. The complaint and warrant were defective and this the defendant's attorney took exceptions to in a masterly argument, winding up by moving the prisoner's discharge.

"Is the motion seconded?" asked the judge. "It is," replied the prisoner. "Gentlemen," continued the justice, "it is regularly moved and seconded that the prisoner be discharged. All those in favor of the motion say 'aye.'" "Aye," from the prisoner and his counsel.

"I opposed, no," Silence followed, and after a short pause the scales-holder said: "The motion is carried and the prisoner is discharged." Whereupon, to the surprise and amusement of all, court was declared adjourned.

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