



...A GAME WITH DEATH...

ANNOGA, an Indian boy of the tribe of the Coeur d'Alenes, was sitting one evening with Aakloo, his little sister, at the edge of the forest on the shore of Coeur d'Alene Lake and was telling her a favorite story, when at one of her interruptions he laughed and leaned carelessly back and looked straight into the eyes of a cougar.

"If I were drowning you would swim out into a great lake, too, like Grandfather Gray Beaver did, wouldn't you?" the girl asked. She spoke indignantly, for that day she had heard an old man say that boys like Kannoga, who went to school in the reservation instead of into the forest, could never be brave Indians, and she was sure that her brother was very brave.

It was her show of indignation and her eager confidence that caused him to laugh now and to lean back.

She waited, but he did not answer. With both hands clasped over his copper-colored shin, and one bare foot raised slightly above the log on which he was sitting, he stared into the great restless eyes that looked down at him from the nearest limb. He was without a weapon of any kind, and the cougar was full grown, with a body dry-looking and gaunt with hunger.

Although its glance was for the moment fixed on him he could see that it had been watching Aakloo and that its interest was still centered in her, as if it had chosen her for its victim. He was seized with sudden fear that she might move unexpectedly and thus cause the creature to spring upon her; yet he sat there seemingly unable to speak or to think what ought to be done.

"You would, wouldn't you?" asked the girl. Her voice broke the fascinating spell of those terrible eyes. Kannoga knew that she would turn in a moment to see why he had not answered, and in order not to direct her attention to the panther he lowered his glance and met hers.

But there was something in his face that made her afraid, and he looked with startling intensity far beyond her, down the long, darkening stretch of deserted shore, toward the skin-covered teepee by the spring, where Mar-tala, their mother, and Sis-sos-ka, their father, lived during the hot summer.

"Stand still!" said Kannoga, as calmly as he could. It cost him a great effort to remain quietly there, without looking up, when he knew what was overhead; but the effort caused him to think more clearly.

"Shut your eyes," he said suddenly. "What for?" asked Aakloo, frightened still more at the unaccountable change in his voice.

For a moment his fingers tightened convulsively over his shin, then gradually relaxed and unclasped. He lowered his upraised foot, moving it slowly, very slowly, down beside the log, and when it rested firmly in the sand he reached cautiously forward and caught the girl by the arm.

"We shall play a new game," he said then, and the strange, eager suggestion of a smile that flashed over his face reassured her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and at once shut her eyes.

Kannoga now looked steadily at the cougar, while he turned his sister about so that she faced along the shore.

"Walk as slowly as you can—with your eyes shut," he said.

She started slowly enough, but the fierce eyes overhead began to watch her intently again and to grow restless, while a yellow foot advanced uneasily along the limb and broad tawny jaws stretched farther and farther downward as she moved away.

But Kannoga silently held up his hand and waved it in the air. At this the panther's attention, attracted by the unexpected and rapid movement, was withdrawn from the girl.

"Go faster," said the boy; "go faster." She was out of reach now; he could tell by the fainter sound of her bare feet in the sand.

"Run!" he called. "Open your eyes and run, but don't look back, and don't stop till you stand in the teepee with Mar-tala."

"Is that all of the new game, Kannoga?" she asked, doubtfully.

"No," he answered; "there is more." Meanwhile he still sat in the same place, watching the cougar and holding its attention by the constant movement of his slender arm and of his grimy, tattered sleeve.

When Aakloo was at a safe distance the sense of his own danger came suddenly upon him.

If Sis-sos-ka would only come with his rifle—or Gray Beaver, an old man now, but still a great hunter. If he had only told Aakloo! He turned his head and looked after her. Down the winding track of sand beside the still lake, both grown a dull gray in the evening light, he saw her running, and he knew that long before she could reach the teepee he would be beyond the need of rescue.

He had turned his head for only an instant, but in that instant the cougar had crept nearer and its long tail had begun to swing slowly, stealthily, from side to side.

Kannoga saw no hope of escape, but with every sense alert he studied his desperate chances.

The panther lay crouched with its head toward the forest, while he sat facing the lake. When he had carefully measured the space between them and the distance to the water he jumped away from the log and ran directly under the panther.

The animal instantly shifted its head, as if to leap down from the other side of the limb, but the boy did not appear



there, and it turned with marvelous agility before its great yellow body shot into the air.

Kannoga was crushed down under its weight, but he had reached the lake and felt where the water was nearly knee-deep. He felt the panther release its grasp in order to find firm footing, and when he raised up for air discovered its dripping head little more than an arm's length from his own.

Then he took a deep breath and lay down upon the bottom, hoping that the panther would leave him.

It stood there, however, watching over him and waiting.

He started to crawl out from shore, but it seemed to him that he had hardly moved when heavy claws sunk into his leg and dragged him back. Then, without letting go its hold, the panther immediately shifted its position and began to drag him out into shallower water.

He made desperate efforts to hold fast to the lake bed, for he knew what the end would be if he reached the shore, but his fingers only plowed through the sand.

The sharp point of a rock that tore him as he was dragged over it gave him hope; he grasped it with both hands and clung with all his strength, but in an instant his fingers were digging vainly in the sand again.

At last he raised his head for air.

The panther at once let go of his leg and came at him with open mouth, but it moved slowly in the water, and Kannoga, by a great effort, stood up.

Then the beast sprang upon him, but the boy had nerved himself, however, and fell as far out from shore as he could.

When the feeling of dizziness that followed the shock had passed he found that the panther held his arm in its mouth and was swimming—that its feet did not touch bottom.

Then, in spite of the terrible pain it caused him, he pulled his arm down until the cougar's head was submerged. Very soon it released its hold.

Then the Indian boy stood up again, and this time he became the aggressor. Grasping the slick, wet head with both hands he forced it deep into the water. The panther's feet touched bottom, and its violent struggles threw him down, but he got up again and held the glaring eyes and the red mouth with its white teeth more carefully—just under the surface of the lake.

Kannoga became very weak and his legs trembled feebly under him, but he was thankful that they were long, for he could stand with his head in the cool evening breeze while the cougar was drowning.

At first the panther made fearful sounds as the water filled its lungs, but these presently ceased, and at last it hung a dead weight in the boy's hands. He let it sink then and loosened a stone from the lake bed to roll upon its head.

His wounds were slight, but painful, and the terrible battle had so weakened him that when he reached the shore he fell exhausted, with his face toward the teepee.

He could not see Aakloo now, nor even the canoe that came in a moment to where he lay.

Gray Beaver and an old friend, paddling out from camp, had called to the girl as she ran on the shore, and had laughed when she told them why she could not turn her head to look after them.

Then they had seen the boy and the cougar in the edge of the lake, and their paddles had swung faster and with stronger strokes than they had used for many a year.

When Kannoga opened his eyes Gray Beaver leaned over him and spoke gently:

"Aakloo will understand that game better when she is older," he said.

And across a narrowing stretch of water the boy saw her waiting with Mar-tala.—Chicago Record.

SAVED FROM RUIN.

Not by His Wife's Hoardings, but By a Laugh.

"I don't suppose you have forgotten the panic of '93," said a business man. "I certainly have not, for I had that unlucky year impressed upon me in a way that I will not soon forget.

"You remember how money disappeared when the crash came? Banks that were fortunate enough to escape going down in the general crash hoarded their money and refused to loan a cent, even with the best security.

"I have always made it a rule never to talk business with my wife, and she, poor woman, never knew at the time the many anxious days that I had, for I tried to conceal my hopeless condition.

"At last it came to a point where I was without even a hope, and I staggered home with bankruptcy staring me in the face. I had made the fight and lost, and then, seeing all the savings of a lifetime swept away, I gave up like a man doomed to die, and knowing that no fate could ward off the blow.

"I knew that my wife must be told, so I took her in my arms and broke it to her as gently as possible.

"For several minutes she said not a word, and I began to fear that the shock had been too much for her. I had told her that if I could only raise a small sum it might see me through the worst and enable me to get upon my feet again.

"Finally she spoke: 'John,' she said. 'I have always had a presentiment that some day something might happen, and whenever I chanced to have a little money that I thought I would not need I put it away in one of Willie's discarded toy banks. I haven't the slightest idea how much there is, but I have been adding to it for years. I will get it and we will count it together.'

"I never knew until that moment how a man feels when he is relieved under the gallows.

"She placed the bank before me, and I dumped the contents upon the table. There was a total of 73 cents, mostly in pennies.

"It was so comical that I had to laugh. But that laugh saved me. It drove away the gloomy thoughts with which I had surrounded myself, and I took courage again to look the situation in the face, and finally won out.

"I am still paying my wife her usual allowance; but I haven't the face to ask her if she is again putting aside for a rainy day."

Bismarck's Barber Was Bright.

The late Prince Bismarck's barber is said to be well on the way to making his fortune, for he has saved no less than eight years' clippings from his master's hair. These he is now dividing into small quantities, and incasing in gold brooches, scarfpins and lockets, allowing three hairs to each ornament, and selling to the public. The barber states that he had the late Prince's permission to do this.—London Tit-Bits.

An Old Canal.

The Dismal Swamp canal, which connects Chesapeake Bay with Albemarle Sound, enables small craft to avoid the perilous passage around Cape Hatteras, and is a part of the inland navigation between New York and Florida, will be opened soon, after extensive repairs. This waterway is said to have the oldest canal charter in existence, dating back to 1787.

English Geographical Ignorance.

Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, says at the Lambeth conference, held last summer, he found the idea of what constituted his State very vague. The authorities considered it some out-of-the-way place, and he found himself placed with the diocesan representatives from New Zealand and other islands and colonies of Great Britain.

The Sirdar's Namesake.

A registrar in the East End of London has recently recorded the birth of a child who has been named Sirdar Kitchener.

A man dare not complain of the size of his milk bill; if he does, his wife will take it as a permission to buy a cow named Daisy.

Women, as a rule, hate hars, yet they very often force men into that class.

A KIND-HEARTED WOMAN.

Fighting the Battle of Street Car Employees on Staten Island.

Mrs. George Livingston, of Staten Island, is at work fighting vigorously in the cause of the conductors and motormen of the picturesque New York Island.

She says they are overworked, are badly paid, and are not treated as if they were Americans. If they com-



MRS. GEORGE LIVINGSTON.

plain they are discharged. Mrs. Livingston has appealed in vain in their behalf to the vice president and manager of the New York and Staten Island Electric Company.

The company, Mrs. Livingston says, will not obey the law that restricts the hours of labor of motormen and conductors to ten. The courts must enforce the law and punish the company to make it docile and sympathetic. She has directed, therefore, a suit of two discharged men against the company.

Mrs. Livingston's surroundings are not those of the usual reformer. The provocation must be great, since she has become one. Her home on the shore road at West Brighton is happy. Her husband is a successful man of business. One of her sons is a veteran of the war with Spain. Her three daughters are witty and admired. Mrs. Livingston is the cousin of Tom Appleton, of Boston, whose epigrams are celebrated. She is related to the leading families among the exclusives of New York's fashionable society.

She says: "I want to prove that this is America still and that there is no man feeling on Staten Island."

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

Value of Advertising.

The New York Press recently published the details of an incident which proves the value of judicious advertising. About two years ago a woman discovered the formula for a new cosmetic which was better than any other in use, and made of ingredients which are entirely harmless. After satisfying herself that it was an article which women generally would be glad to use, she set about some means to manufacture the cosmetic and place it upon the market.

The inventor was a poor woman, and she went to a rich friend and sought to interest her in the project. As usual in such cases, the rich friend was not disposed to lend \$2,500 without security, even to a friend. She did, however, lend \$500, and with this sum the discoverer of the complexion compound began operations. She advertised a little at a time, paying in advance. The business grew rapidly, began to crowd out other cosmetics, and enabled the woman, who really possessed a valuable secret, to advertise upon a larger scale. Now, after two years, the business is carried on in an expensive suite of rooms, and profits are said to be \$300 a week.

Word Advertising Well.

It is a common mistake to put second-class work into the wording of advertising; to use old phrases and to follow in the well-worn ruts of custom. The wording is all-important, for a fortunately chosen phrase may be the nail that shall fix the matter securely in the public mind. To change the figure, your public in these days of much advertising, is a shy bird and the salt must be dextrously thrown. The effective advertisement must be picturesque and sprightly, without being coarse or slangy, and must put the public in good humor, even when imparting the most prosaic information.

A Cordial Approval.

"Say, Weary, I see that another big trust is bel'n' organized to control all th' soap output of th' country." "I'm glad of it. There's altogether too much o' the incendiary stuff bel'n' scattered permiskusly aroun' th' country."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

By the time spring arrives, the average man discovers that he has unintentionally made it a bad all winter to collect cough medicines.

Way Up in It.

The fair young girl looked at the gilded clock on the mantel.

"I don't want to hurry you, Mr. Slowgo," she sweetly explained, as she met his questioning look. "but the fact is it is almost time for me to come home from the club. And I just want to say this: If ma says, 'I move we adjourn,' don't you attempt to lay it on the table, or to raise a point of order, or anything else that's foolish, because you might as well understand, right here and now, that ma's simply a howling Jim-dandy when it comes to rules of parliamentary procedure, and don't you hesitate to recollect it!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Summer and Winter Clouds.

Many must have noticed that in winter time the sky seems to lack the roominess and lofty arching of summer. It appears only cloudy, or partially cloudy, days to be nearer the earth than is the case on similar days during the summer months. That this appearance is no figment of the imagination is shown by recent investigations made at the Upsala observatory on the elevation of clouds. It is found that all varieties of clouds float at a much greater altitude in summer than in winter. The months of great elevation, at least in Sweden, are June and July.—Youth's Companion.

Little Courtesies.

There is something luminous about a child's definition. Every American will agree with the little lad in a board school in England, who, in an examination on Scripture subjects, gave an original answer to the question: "What can you tell me about Moses?"

"Please, sir, he was a gentleman," replied the little fellow.

"A gentleman?" repeated the inspector, "what do you mean by that?"

"Please, sir, when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water, the shepherds came and drove them away, and Moses helped the daughters of Jethro, and said to the shepherds, 'Ladies first, please, gentlemen.'"

The inhabitants of the Andaman islands are said to be the smallest race of people in the world. The average height of a full-grown Andaman is less than four feet, and the anthropological experts who recently visited them found but few that weighed over 75 pounds.

When coming to San Francisco go to Brooklyn Hotel, 208-212 Bush street, American or European plan. Room and board \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day; rooms 50 cents to \$1.00 per day; single meals 25 cents. Free coach. Chas. Montgomery.

Female fish of all species are considerably more numerous than males, with two exceptions—the angler and the catfish.

No household is complete without a bottle of the famous Jesse Moore Whiskey. It is a pure and wholesome stimulant recommended by all physicians. Don't neglect this necessity.

Judging the Man.

"They say Jobson has inherited \$10,000."

"That must be a mistake."

"What makes you think so?"

"I saw him less than an hour ago and he was perfectly sober."—Chicago Evening News.

In Doubt.

Ethel—Did Will seem to be nervous when he proposed to you?

Frances—I don't know. The janitor had let the steam go down, and I couldn't tell whether he was nervous or merely shivering because it had got so cold.—Chicago Evening News.



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