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The Herald.

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NEWS IN GENERAL

FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

UP THE FURROW.

The half-breed and I had been away from camp for several hours, leaving only Sam, the colored man, there, and were returning by the mountain trail. The last bend in this trail was seventy or eighty rods to the west of the camp and 200 feet above it and we instinctively paused for a look.

There were the two tents, the horses and mules picketed beyond, a smouldering campfire, the negro lying on the broad of his back with his head toward us. It was three o'clock in the afternoon of a summer's day. Sam was apparently dozing, for it seemed an effort for him to raise his hand to brush away the flies which persisted in settling on his face.

We were about to go on, when Joe suddenly caught his breath and grasped my arm and pointed to a spot about half way between the base of the bluff and the camp. There was sort of a natural drain or furrow running along the earth, deepening in our direction, and here and there a bunch of weeds to prove a little dampness. The grass was greener too, but not high enough to shelter a rabbit.

It was half a minute before I could make out the cause of Joe's alarm. Then my eyes rested on a full grown mountain lion working his way up the furrow. He had already accomplished half the distance, and just at that moment lifted himself erect to take a peep at the negro.

"Let us cry out and warn him," I whispered.

"It is too late," replied Joe. "Should he even get up the beast would be upon him in a flash."

"Then shoot!"

"It is too far!"

You have seen a hunter stalking game, but here was a fierce and hungry wild beast stalking a defenceless man. The scene was as plain and clear before us as if the distance was but a stone's throw. After the first few words we were silent. After the first move to use our rifles we simply waited. We certainly intended to do something, but—wait! See!

It was a sight ever to be remembered to watch that lion make his way up the furrow. He advanced foot by foot. He flattened out until you would have thought him a skin spread out to be cured, and he dragged himself along the earth. You knew he moved, but you saw no motion except that of his tail. Moving ahead or lying quiet, the tail switched back and forth with scarcely a second's interval. About every minute one of the negro's hands was lazily raised and swept across his face. When this happened, the lion, who could plainly

see the black paw sweep the air, settled down as if to spring. In the intervals he crept forward.

We stood there like men of stone and saw the distance decrease foot by foot. The lion had yet a hundred feet to creep when my mustang, feeding at least 300 feet from the other edge of the camp, raised his head and snuffed the air. The scent of the lion had come to him. He must have seen us, as we stood out in plain view, but he did not whinny, as both of us feared he would. Half a minute later Joe's pony also got the scent and started off at a fast walk. The lion remained as quiet as if dead for a full minute, waiting to see if the movement of the horses would arouse the man. It did not. Sam had grown more drowsy, and his hand was raised at longer intervals. Now the tufted tail waves to and fro again, and now the distance is again decreased. Foot by foot, foot by foot, and I have forgotten everything else on earth in watching the progress. Now it is sixty feet—now fifty—now forty—now the lion has settled down for a leap which will land him on the body of the sleeping man, when I hear the crack of a rifle, see the beast rear up and fall backward and struggle, and I sit down with shaking knees and palpitating heart. It was Joe fired the shot from his old fashioned long-barrelled rifle. He had only the faintest hope, but it was a dead shot, the bullet entering the back of the head.

The beast died hard. His limbs were still twitching as we reached the spot. Never had hunter in the west seen a larger lion. He had the strength to pull down a buffalo bull. The negro? We found him sound asleep, of course.

M QUAD.

We fully expect to have the opportunity of laying before our readers some time next September an accurate report of the meeting between John L. Sullivan and Charlie Mitchell, beginning this wise:

"When the bell tapped both men scored evenly and got away, Mitchell securing a distinct lead from the start, which he steadily increased.

"Second round—Mitchell continues in good form. At the end of his seventh round he threw off his shoes and after that he traveled somewhat lighter. Sullivan appeared to be losing wind, but his friends think he may overtake his competitor in the woods near the Alabama line along toward morning.

"Third round—Sullivan has just made a tremendous spurt of six miles. Mitchell is out of sight and pools sell 5 to 1 in his favor.

"Fourth round—Mitchell has just stubbed his toe on the projecting root of a cypress. First blood for Mitchell.

"Fifth round—Slavin and Ryan, who have been acting as Mitchell's seconds, fell off their bicycles near the end of the 73d mile, completely exhausted. Mitchell, apparently as fresh as when he started. Sullivan is said to be laid up at a farmhouse near Bayou Catouche, under the care of a chiropodist.

"Later—The race has been awarded to Mitchell, who is still running. Sullivan is severely punished about the feet and may lose several toes," etc., etc.—Eugene Field

Something New.

Lieutenant Fiske, of the Navy, has invented an electric apparatus to find the range and position of an object and then put the shot and shell right there. Electricity is destined to work wonders in war. Edison has a scheme by which he will so charge the atmosphere within a certain radius that any white folks that come within it will be fit for an undertaker in short order.

Fiske's invention has attracted great attention, as it is applied mathematics and electricity combined. In order that our readers may fully understand this wonderful patent, we quote from the description of the scheme in the Army and Navy Journal:

"When the alidades are parallel their ends come to homologous points of the two arcs. Each resultant circuit therefore possesses from one end and the other of the transverse branch the same length of conductor *** the needle of the galvanometer is at zero. When the two alidades and by consequence the vertical planes of the two telescopes are parallel, the galvanometer is at zero."

Certainly it is, where did you expect it to be 60 degrees above as in Portland—not much. Well just keep it at zero till we catch the idea and the next war will be a daisy.

tioned by God to rid the earth of David B. Hill. He was taken into the Charities Commissioner's office in Brooklyn to-day by the Overseer of the Poor of Suffolk county, who said he had been arrested in Amityville while creating a disturbance. "Yes I am going to kill Hill," said Niewohner, "if I get a chance, and I am a Democrat, too. All I want is one chance."

He was sent to the Flatbush Insane Asylum.—The Republic.

Fatal Prize Fight.

On Sunday afternoon a fatal prize fight occurred in Portland, wherein a young man, who had heretofore borne a good reputation, lost his life while engaged in a prize fight. Pearl Henderson, an apprentice in a bookbindery, about 17 years of age and Charlie Bell, an apprentice in a drug store, repaired to a secluded spot on the East Side, and surrounded by a number of their companions they proceeded to hammer each other in regulation prize ring style for a purse of \$70. After 21 rounds Henderson fell to the ground exhausted, and died before medical aid could reach him.

FRESNO, Cal., March 15.—Papers have been discovered in the safe in Sarah Althea Terry's house, which are said to establish the claim of ex Judge Terry's friends that his shooting at Lathrop was the climax of a conspiracy to murder. Agents of Porter Ashe yesterday went to the Terry mansion and searched the house thoroughly. They found, under carpets and in private drawers several thousand dollars in coin, and paper money, and diamonds, and jewelry worth \$3,000.

Old settlers in Southern Oregon claim that the Indians kept the country looking neater than the whites do. There was no underbrush forty years ago in Josephine county, as the aborigines kept it burned off. Grass grew luxuriantly everywhere, but now much vegetation

SHOOK DICE WITH DEATH.

The Coolly Desperate Suicide of an Ohio Man Deserted by His Wife.

AKRON, O. March 17—Clifton Wright went into Broughol's saloon last night and called for a glass of seltzer, into which he poured enough chloral-hydrate to kill four men. He drank the mixture, and, calmly announcing that he would be dead in five minutes, proposed a dice game. He began shaking with the bartender, but three minutes afterward he became confused, put his hands convulsively to his head and fell forward to the floor. Everybody at first thought he was joking, being misled by his desperate coolness, but when he became unconscious he was whirled to his home in an ambulance, where he died in an hour. Two years ago he married a Miss Berth of Bowling Green, Ky. A week ago she left him without a word. Yesterday he received notice that divorce proceedings would be begun. His rash act was the result. He was a travelling salesman.

WANTED TO KILL HILL.

NEW YORK, March 17.—Carl F. Niewohner, who lives with his brother in Larimer street, Brooklyn, imagines that he has been commis-

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