

Fort Bob Cat.

Mr. Jacob Owen was tipping sugar-... northwestern Ontario, when his feet slipped; he fell; the tapper, a peculiar tool, dropped point up in the snow and punched an ugly gash in his right leg. Veins were torn and he bled terribly.

John, who, with an ox-team, was hauling and setting up buckers, ran up. Tearing strips from his clothing, he bandaged the wound trying these bandages as tightly as he could draw them above and below the gash.

Mr. Owen rode home upon the ox-sled, and lay upon a couch, weak from loss of blood. Mrs. Owen wished John to go for a doctor, but Jacob objected. It would be a journey of miles; the doctor could not arrive until after many hours.

A small roll of adhesive plaster was kept in the house, with strips of which John and Mrs. Owen bound the edges of the wound together, carefully replacing the torn parts, and then washed and bandaged it.

Jacob assisted with querulous advice and railings at his luck. During the operation he lost more blood and turned pallid. Mrs. Owen administered a glass of hot cordial; he revived and talked.

"There, Maria Owen, that's as good as the best doctor could fix it, and saves five dollars' cost! I'll be able to hobble soon as them veins and things sort o' fine and glue together, so's not to bleed when I stir. But this luck is like to upset my whole year's calculations. I was counting on a big sugar-make for a starter, and fair crops following would let us pay off the farm debt this year. Hang! work's got to go on anyhow if I be laid up. John, yoke up your steers and go to the village and bring home my sap tank. Deacon Wait, the cooper, you know, promised to have my tank done last Saturday. But I don't believe he did it, and you may have to wait. Stand right over him, and don't come home till you get it. Take the light rifle; this long winter has brought no end of wolves and bob-cats down from the north, driving in all sorts of game. You may kill something. Every cent earned by the rifle this year will count as a sort of special providence, as your mother would call it."

Mrs. Owen remonstrated: "I shouldn't like to have John drive past Long Swamp after dark. Can't he wait till tomorrow morning?"

"No, he can't. By my judgement of the weather, sap's going to drip like all possessed to-morrow and John'll have to hustle to gather it. We must have that tank to put it in."

"But Peter Oldham and Vert Vannyck and James Olmehage were followed by wolves and bob-cats right in daylight," persisted Mrs. Owen, "and they might attack John after dark, close by Long Swamp, too."

"Pooh! John isn't any baby! They may gather and snarl, but who ever heard of the cowardly things actually tackling a young man with a team, lantern, rifle and axe? Do all the chores you can before you start, John; I don't want your mother to do extra work. She has more to do in the house than I ever meant she should. The very first minute I can hobble I'll do the farm work myself; but you'll have to hustle in the sugar-bush."

The steers were quick steppers; they were full fed and warm from their stalls, and John drove eight miles to the village by half past two o'clock.

Deacon Wait had not completed the tank but he went to work vigorously under John's urging. He said that he knew he ought to have had it done, but a woman came in and wanted her tub right off, and another customer wanted his barrel, and so things went. A man couldn't do business if he put people off who insisted and wouldn't wait their fair turns.

Several customers came and wanted work done 'right off' while John waited; but seeing John was there, keeping the deacon right down to his job, they had to wait. Perhaps partly for revenge, partly to try John's nerve, they sat round and related lugubrious yarns of the unusual ravages of wolves and bob-cats.

They told how Jake Smith caught a pack of wolves pulling down his pet better in broad daylight, and killed two; the others almost turned upon him, but at last reluctantly drew off. Smith had to butcher the heater. They told how Bob Brown heard his cattle bellowing only last Thursday afternoon, and found one of his young cows still alive and moping, partly devoured. He shot one of the wolves; the others threatened to attack him—probably would have done so had he been after dark.

Philbrick and Timmins and others had had bob-cats come boldly right up to their houses, and even into their barns, and kill fowls and young calves and small pigs and a colt. And they wouldn't risk one of their boys for any money to drive a pair of young steers past Long Swamp in the night.

If they thought to shake John's nerve, they failed. He rather hoped to get a shot at these fierce marauders, but he didn't believe they would venture near enough to give him the chance. He regretted that the evening would be so dark that one could see only objects close by, and could not shoot with any certainty. If he should have the good luck to have his steers attacked, and if he should kill several wolves or bob-cats in an exciting night affray, it would set him up as a hero among the young fellows all over the county.

After awhile, finding Deacon Wait eager to finish the tank, John went out to see to his steers and explore the village. While strolling, he met Mrs. Parman and Myra. Myra nudged her mother, and smiled at John.

Myra was fifteen, but looked seventeen, with the grace and charm of a young lady. John was careless of girls in general, but—alas, for his heroism!—he was actually afraid of Myra Parman, who, although the gentlest, best-liked girl of the whole town ship, had mercilessly pricked the bubbles of his vanity. When, after many strenuous contests, he had risen to the dignity of champion wrestler of his age in school, and had lamed Bill Archer for a week with a hard back fall, Myra Parman had remarked: "If John Owen's brains were as strong as his legs, oh, my!"

Measner and envious boys nicknamed him "Luger," when they dared. That was only one instance of the witty disparagements by which she irritated his youthful ambitions. John thought she kept a special watch upon his foibles. A grown man would have been flattered by her notice of his faults, but John's wisdom teeth were not yet grown.

He shook hands cordially with Mrs. Parman and made Myra a bow he intended to be dignified. "Why, John Owen how you have grown! You're with a team of course. How's your mother? I'm just longing to see her! Did your father come? No? Tell him if he doesn't bring Maria to visit me soon I shall scold. Why, John, you're growing to look a man! I do believe you'll be bigger than your father. Teacher Trouty told me you're one of his best pupils. Myra says you're class companion in one thing—elementary physics, wasn't it Myra? This prattle wearied John. He liked Mrs. Parman, but she did make a fellow so embarrassed. And besides he fancied that Myra looked amused.

"Why didn't Mr. Owen come?" asked Myra. John related the dry misadventure. "Dear me," cried Mrs. Parman, "and nobody to help poor Maria. Myra, you'll have to go. Run home, dear, and get your things ready. Come along, John; we'll give you a warm supper before you start. Myra'll be delighted. How Jacob Owen will fret! Where's your team?"

John tried to demur against taking Myra. His mother would have to do extra work; he was afraid she could not get certain company for some time. "Company? Of course not! She needs help; that's why Myra goes. Myra will do most all her housework—she's a neat house-keeper. Myra has tact; she won't allow company to hinder her work, though I suppose all the neighbors will call to see your father. Such a dreadful hurt, too! Dear!"

John was appalled. A long, lonely ride with Myra! Then Myra for two or three weeks! It was a dreadful prospect! He had to have to be on his best behavior all the time. He'd tried to demur a-ain. He mentioned the alleged danger of passing Long Swamp after dark, and said that Deacon Wait would not be ready to start him before dark.

When a fellow really deserved admiration, she was so sincere! Approaching Long Swamp, they heard ominous sounds in the forest—melancholy howlings and wild screams, each moment nearer. Presently wolves, attracted by the scent of fresh venison, howled along the road half a mile behind them. Soon there were stealthy rustlings in bushes near by. The steers grew nervous, tried to run and shied uncertainly. John took the lantern and whip and went to their heads. They pushed their muzzles against his clothes, smelling loudly to assure themselves of human protection.

Soon Myra ran forward with the rifle. They've come up close behind! Give me the lantern and whip, and you go back and shoot; maybe you'll hit one."

John stepped aside and let the sled go ahead some yards. Straining his vision and listening, he thought he detected some dark objects crossing the road and fired at them. A surprised yelp followed, then quick rushes through the bushes, then a deep silence. He explored with the lantern, but found nothing. Previous sounds had led him to think a dozen prowlers had been near, but he heard only three or four retreating.

He went to Myra disappointed. "Hang it! I hit one, certain, but he got away. Hide and bounty both lost!"

They sat on the sled again, and the steers plodded quietly, seeming to take it as a reassuring cue when John touched them with the whip.

Wolves howled again far off. Bob-cats screamed nearer, especially along the hollow of a hill which the oxen must presently cross. The thirty steers ran down the short incline and across some eight rods of level bottom, and stopped to drink beside the rude little log bridge. A severe jolt, just as they started to run, loosened the tank and flung the deer off on the road.

Here was a halt. John would have to unleash the tank, pry it into place, release it for the deer. He scolded and worked. Myra held the lantern and laughed; the steers chewed their cud, contented to rest. Meanwhile the woods all about echoed savage screams. Just as John had got the steers ready to start, a chorus of snarls burst from the little hill down which they had come.

"Plagueation!" cried John. "They've got my deer!"

He ran back with the rifle, bidding Myra to start the steers. Fortunately the steers did not care for bob-cats; they were afraid of wolves only, and they marched resolutely toward the tumult. Myra, like her mother, dreaded lynxes—they uttered such unearthly shrieks; but she bravely plied the whip and lifted the lantern.

Running into the dark, John could hardly keep in the road. Luckily the sky was clearing. Although there was no moon, the broad space of starlight shone on the road-way, which was cut away wider on the hill. St. Andrew's, August 1, by Rev. A. W. Mason, F. C. Pike to Adelle Tourtellotte.

Liverpool, July 25, by Rev. Geo. W. Ball, I. E. Payne, a daughter.

Springhill, Aug. 1, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Axel W. Boe, to Edna Brown.

Dieby, Aug. 4, by Rev. Byron B. Thim, Dennis E. Fowle, to Sadie Watkins.

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Milltown, N. B. Aug. 1, by Rev. F. W. Murray, R. S. Sawyer, to Jennie C. Quinson.

East Passage, Aug. 2, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Forman Nickerson, to Sophia Blades.

Waterville, Kings Co., July 25, by Rev. E. O. Ford, John H. Buse, to Ella M. Clarke.

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The deer was mangled, but not spoiled. John soon had it roiled, with three bob-cats added. All the way home he alternately grumbled and bragged. The deer's hide being torn, it might not sell, but it would be proof of his fight for it. Myra jested and laughed, although bob-cats followed and screamed to the very edge of Smith's clearing, which was next to Owen's.

Mrs. Owen welcomed Myra as a special providence; she would be just the help needed. At table John narrated large, Myra small, gently checking his boasting. Where he exaggerated she diminished. But when she went to her room with Mrs. Owen, she sat down and cried a little then explained: "O Mrs. Owen, it was terrible! If John had shown the least scare, I tell I should scream. But I know John is brave. I do wish he would not brag—he doesn't need to."

"It's only his boy bumpiness. His father was so at his age. He'll outgrow it."

When M. S. Owen and Myra visited the sugarbush, Myra heated an end of the big iron poker and burnt into the wood of the tank: "Fort Bob-cat, John Owen, Trumpet Major." Nevertheless, John now thinks Myra Parman the nicest and bravest girl in all the Ratsy Lake country.

Results Tell.

The proof of the pudding is the eating, and the proof of the extraordinary power over pain of Polson's Nervine is in using it. Polson's Nervine never fails to perform wonders in every case of pain. It cannot fail, for it is composed of powerful pain subduing remedies. It goes right to the bottom, and pain is banished at once. Nervine cures all kinds of pain, internal or external. Go to any drug store and get a bottle, and be delighted by its promptitude in doing its work.

Brain Workers Long Lived.

Brain workers, according to statistics which have been published recently, are long lived. Five hundred and thirty emi-

nent men and women of the present century were taken, and their duration of life gives an average of about sixty eight years and eight months.

Bixby's French.

"That's all right. 'Coffee with milk.' What then?"

"Why, he got mad." "What for?"

"Because they didn't bring him coffee and an egg."

"Yes, we had quite a blowout at our house early this morning."

"Peculiar time for it."

"Yes. The new hired girl blew out the gas in the gas stove, and the gas blew 'out the side of the kitchen."

BORN.

Halifax, Aug. 4, to the wife of F. S. Fader, a son.

Pagwasb, Aug. 2, to the wife of R. F. Black, a son.

Truro, Aug. 2, to the wife of Howard Christie, a son.

Carleton Place, July 31, to the wife of C. Hubbard, a son.

Moncton, Aug. 6, to the wife of Wm. Freeze, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 1, to the wife of Angus McLeod, a son.

Boston, July 30, to the wife of John McKinnon, a son.

Pictou, July 24, to the wife of Chas. E. Hamilton, a son.

Westville, July 30, to the wife of Ronald Carrigan, a daughter.

Amherst, Aug. 1, to the wife of Harry Miner, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 8, to the wife of W. E. Thompson, a daughter.

Amherst, Aug. 4, to the wife of A. G. Bradshaw, a daughter.

Valley Station, July 24, to the wife of Will Robinson, a daughter.

Yarmouth, July 31, to the wife of A. Roy Williams, a son.

North Kingston, July 20, to the wife of Hebron Fisher, a son.

Hillsboro, July 31, to the wife of Frederick Long-wood, a daughter.

Roxbury, Mass., July 28, to the wife of Fred O. Gray, a daughter.

Lunenburg, July 29, to the wife of Dr. R. H. Burdett, a daughter.

Dedham, Mass., July 17, to the wife of Frances London, a daughter.

Black Rock, July 15, to the wife of Capt. James Harrison, a daughter.

Clark's Harbor, Aug. 1, to the wife of Thomas N. Nickerson, a daughter.

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Willamette, Aug. 1, Noble M. Wood, to Bertie, a daughter.

Sussex, Aug. 8, by Rev. E. H. Nobles, John A. Gally Horton Bunting.

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