

Cheese and Wildcats.

whoosh! it were gone. Fur's it went I could hear them beautiful strains, an if they'll only sing like that when I git to heaven, I'll stay there till hell freezes over.

"I told Blandon bout it next mornin an he looked at me an at the empty cheese can an asked me what my stummic was made outen, and said Kom-em-bare cheese must have a singler effect on the untootered imaghashun. It made me mad. We fisht a little that day but didn't ketch nothin. He kep lookin at me most o' the time an every leetle while he'n arsk me how big the cat were, an how many stripes it had, an wether its tail was curled over its back or only curved, an a lot o' dam nonsense like that. I thinks onet I'd give the boat a little twist an let him spatter in twenty feet o' watter, but he were a ol' man an they were 82 a day in it. That night he went to his treasure ches agin an took out nuther preeless can o' smell an says: 'Fergy, we'll have a little Rokefort.' He spread some on a piece o' toast an give it to me an, sir, sife were good. We et half the can an then we wrapt it up in a piece o' paper an went to bed. Coulden a been moren 12 o'clock when I heered the song. It seemed to have a dissopinted note in it -- a sorter sound o' sadness like -- I lookt up an theres the cat on its stummick by the fire an singen soft an low. I got on my all fours an cralled over to Blandon an yanked him by the wiskers. Here, I says, yer the fust man as ever said that Fergy lied and lived to git away with it. Raise up an look at that cat er I'll chaw yer ear. He raised up keerful like and took one look an throwed a ft. Peore ol' man, it knocked him clean off'n the thwart. I thrum a pail o' watter over him and he set up an wiped his wiskers. The cat took one jump that landed him forty feet three inches an as he went he

lookt back reprochful like as much as to say, 'give me Kom-em-bare er do'n't give me nothin. That cat were a 'good deal like some people.

"Next day ol' Blandon were the mild-est man you ever see. That night we tried the cat on groo-yare an we got a immertashun o' four fiddles an a drum playin the Arkansaw Traveller. Next night we give him e-dum, an he'd a jumped on us if I hadn't pulled a gun an told him to go way."

"Next night ol' Blandon says: 'This is a interestin visitor o' ours, but I'd ruther feed him on gold dollars than on em cheeses, fer my stocks gitten low an Gowd knows where I can git any more in this wildeness. To night, Fergy, I'm goin to make him wush he'd kep the simple appetites o' his childhood. With that he goes to his box an drors out a can an gits to the winard o' me an chopt the top off. Say, I been in the Chicager stock yards in August: I been where the creek had dried up an live thugusan ton o' feesh were rottin in the sun, but I never smell no smell like that smell. I gits to the other side o' Blandon an say I haint goin to die in no sich disgraceful fashion so longs there a gun 'thin ten mile. 'This is Lim-bugger,' says he, 'an eny livin becin, man er cat, has gofer be edicated up to it.' With that he et half o' it an left the other half settin on the table. I woke up bout 12, jist in time to see the cat hot footin it away from the table. Fifteen times he come back afere he could git near nuff the stuff to tackle it. Finally he gritted his teeth an jammed his nose inter the can an pulled it out agin. He reminded me o' a ol' boose fighter wat has to kick his self to make him take a drink in the mornin. Wen he got a taste o' thet Lim-bugger in his mouth he turned thirty-four hansprings and howled, screemed, barked, yapped, spittered, miaowed, sobbed, coughed, yelled, spit, swore an hollered. Ol' Blandon set up

an prayed. The last I see o' the cat it 'rowolvin thro the trees twenty feet above groun an glitten swifter at every turn."

"Now that cat, before he struck thet Kom-em-bare on the fatil night, were jist a ordnary wildeat, with nothin much the matter with him, but that fall we uster hear from him. His natur were ruint by excess, an he started out to git even on us all becaus thet Injianny man had led him astray. Ho goter be a rogue and quit sociatin with no other cats, an up to this time he never tasted no human blood."

(Concluded on page 8.)

HULL BRO'S. & CO.

Calgary, Alta. Banff, Alta.
Canmore, Alta. Anthracite, Alta.
Field, B. C. Golden, B. C.

Purveyors of Meats

Cattle, Sheep & Horse Dealers.

North-West Fire Insurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG.

Ike Byers, Agent,

Banff, Alta.

Chinese Laundry

*All work done in first-class style
and on short notice.*

*Prices reasonable. Work called
for and delivered free.*

Jim Toy, Prop.