

the strong odor that filled the cave, left no doubt of the presence of some large and terrible creature.

When the moon rose so as to shine directly upon the opening of the grotto, its beams lighted the beautiful spotted hide of a huge panther! The lion of Egypt slept with her head upon her paws, with the comfortable dignity of a great house dog. Her eyes, which were opened from time to time, were now closed. Her face was turned towards the Frenchman. A thousand confused thoughts passed through the soldier's bosom. His first idea was to shoot his enemy through the head, but he saw there was not room enough for that, the ball would inevitably have passed her. He dared not make the slightest movement, lest he should awake her, nothing broke the deep silence but the breath of the panther and the beating of his heart. Twice he put his hand upon his scimitar, but the difficulty of penetrating her hard rough skin made him relinquish the project. To attempt her destruction, and fail in the attempt, would be instant death. At all events, he resolved to wait for daylight. Day came at last, and showed the jaws of the sleeping panther covered with blood.

'She has eaten lately,' said the Frenchman to himself. 'She will not awaken in hunger.'

She was in truth a beautiful monster. The fur on her throat and legs was of a dazzling whiteness; a circle of little dark spots, like velvet, formed pretty bracelets round her paws—her large muscular tail was beautifully white, terminated by black rings; and the soft smooth fur on her body was of a glowing yellow, like unwrought gold, richly shaded with dark brown spots in the form of roses.

This powerful but tranquil hostess reposed in as graceful an attitude as a puss sleeping on a footstool. Her head stretched on her enormous outstretched paws, from which her long, white smellers spread out like silver threads. Had she been in a cage, the Frenchman would certainly have admired the perfect symmetry of her dark form, and the rich contrast of colors, that gave such an imperial brilliancy to her robe, but alone, and in her power, it was a different thing. At the mouth of the cannon he had felt his courage rising with increasing danger, but it was sinking now. The cold sweat poured from his forehead, as he saw the sleeping panther. Considering himself a dead man, he awaited his fate as courageously as he could. When the sun rose, the panther suddenly opened her eyes, stretched out her paws and gasped, showing a frightful row of teeth, and a great tongue as hard as iron and as rough as a file. She then shook herself, and began to wash her bloody paws, passing them from time to time over her ears, like a kitten. 'Very well done,' thought the soldier, who felt his gait and courage returning—'she does her toilet handsomely.' He seized a little dagger which he had taken from one of the Arabs—'Come let us wish each other good morning,' thought he. At this moment the panther turned her head towards him suddenly, and fixed a surprised and earnest gaze upon him.

The fixedness of her bright metallic eyes, and their almost insupportable brilliancy, made the soldier tremble, especially when the mighty beast moved towards him. With great boldness and presence of mind, he looked her directly in the eye, having often heard that great power may be obtained over animals in that manner. When she came up to him, he gently scratched her head and smoothed her fur. Her eyes gradually softened, she began to wag her tail, and at last she purred like a petted cat; but so deep and strong were her notes of joy, that they resounded through the cave like the rolling of a church organ.

The Frenchman redoubled his caresses, and when he thought her ferocity was sufficiently tamed he attempted to leave the grotto. The panther made no opposition to his going out, but came bounding after him, lifting up her back, and rubbing against him, like an affectionate kitten. She requires a great deal of attention,' said the Frenchman, smiling. He tried to feel her ears and throat, and perceiving that she was pleased with it, he began to tickle the back of her head with the point of his dagger, hoping to find a favorable opportunity to stab her, but the hardness of the bones made him tremble lest he should not succeed.

The beautiful Sultana of the desert seemed to tempt the courage of her prisoner, by raising her head, stretching out her neck, and rubbing against him. The soldier suddenly thought that, to kill her with one blow, he must strike her in the throat. He raised his blade for that purpose, but at that moment she crouched down

at his feet, looking up in his face with a strange mixture of affection and native fierceness. The poor Frenchman leaned against the tree, eating some dates, and casting his eye anxiously around the desert, to see if no one was coming to free him from his terrible companion, whose strange friendship was so little to be trusted. He offered to feed her with nuts and dates, but she looked upon them with supreme contempt. However, as if sensible of his kind intentions, she licked his shoes and purred.

The idea made him tremble. He looked at the size of the panther. She was three feet high, and four feet long, without including her tail, which was three feet more in length, and as round as a great cudgel.

Her head was as big as a lion's, and her face was distinguished by a peculiar expression of cunning. The cold cruelty of the panther reigned there; but there was likewise something strangely like the countenance of an artful woman, in the gaiety and fondness of the present moment. She had her fill of blood, and she wished to frolic.

During the whole day, if he attempted to walk away, the panther watched him as a dog does his master, and never suffered him to be far out of sight. He discovered the remains of his horse, which had been dragged near the mouth of the cavern, and he easily understood why she had respected his slumbers.

Taking courage from the past, he began to hope he could get along very comfortably with this new companion. He laid himself beside her, in order to conciliate her good opinion. He patted her neck, and she began to wag her tail and purr. He took hold of her paws, felt her ears, rolled her over the grass. She suffered him to do all this; and when he played with her paws, she carefully drew in her claws, lest she should hurt him. The Frenchman again put his hand upon his weapon, with a view of plunging it into her throat, but he was still held by the fear that the animal would kill him in her agony. Besides he really began to have an unwillingness to kill her. In the lonely desert, she seemed to him like a friend. His admiration of her gracefulness, beauty, and acuity, became mixed with less and less of terror. He actually named her Mignonne, in remembrance of a lady whom he had loved in his youth, and who was abominably jealous of him. By the end of the day, he had become so familiar with his dangerous situation, that he was almost in love with his exciting perils. He had even taught the panther her name. She looked up in his face when he called 'Mignonne.'

When the sun went down, she uttered a deep and melancholy cry.

'She is well educated,' exclaimed the soldier. 'She has learnt to say her evening prayer.'

He rejoiced to see the panther stretch herself out in a drowsy attitude.

'That is right, my pretty bloode,' said he. 'You had better go to sleep first.'

He trusted to his activity to escape during her slumber. He waited patiently; and when she seemed sound asleep, he walked vigorously toward the Nile. But he had not gone a quarter of a league over the squalter when he hears the panther bounding after him, uttering at intervals a long sharp cry.

'Of a truth,' said he, 'her friendship is very flattering; it must be her first love.' Before she came up, the Frenchman fell into one of these dangerous traps of loose sand, from which it is impossible to extricate one's self. The panther seized him by the collar, and with incredible strength brought him to the other side of the ditch at a single bound.

'My dear Mignonne' exclaimed the soldier caressing her with enthusiasm, 'our friendship is for life or death.'

He retraced his steps. Now that he had a creature that loved him, to whom he could talk, it seemed as if the desert were peopled. Having made a signal flag of his shirt, he concluded to wait patiently for human succor. It was his intention to have watched during the night, but sleep overpowered him. When he awoke, Mignonne was gone. He ascended the eminence to look for her, and soon perceived her at a distance, crouching in the desert at long, big bounds.

When receiving his caresses, she purred aloud and fixed her eyes upon him with even more fondness than usual. The soldier patted her on the neck, and talked to her as he would to a domestic animal. 'Ah, ah, Mignonne! you have been eating some of Magrabin's. Aren't you ashamed? Never mind, there are worse animals than you are. But please don't take a fancy to

grind up a Frenchman. If you do, you won't have a love you any more.'

This singular animal was so fond of caresses and play, that if her companion sat many minutes without noticing her, she would put her paw in his lap to attract attention. Several days passed thus.

The panther was always successful in her excursions for food, and always returned full of affection and joy. She became used to all the inspection of the soldier's voice, and understood the expressions of his face. Sometimes he amused his weary hours by counting the spots on her golden fur, and observing how beautifully they were shaded, she showed no displeasure even when he held her by the tail to count the splendid whorls, that glittered in the sunshine like precious stones. It was a pleasure to look upon the graceful outlines of her form, and the majestic carriage of her head. She delighted him most when in a frolic. Her extreme gracefulness and agility, as she glided along, jumped, bounded, and rolled over and over, was truly surprising. When she was darning up the rocky eminence at the swiftest speed, she would stop suddenly and beautiful as the Frenchman called 'Mignonne.'

One day a very large bird sailed through the air over our heads. In the desert, anything that has life is very interesting. The Frenchman quitted the panther to watch the flight of the bird, as he slowly and heavily fanned the air. In a few minutes Sultana began to growl. 'She is certainly jealous,' thought the soldier, as he looked at her fierce and glittering eye. They gazed intelligently at each other, and the procoquette leaped as she felt his hand on her head; her eyes flashed like lightning, and she shut them hard.

'The creature must have a soul,' exclaimed the Frenchman.

This account was given me by the soldier himself, while I was admiring the docility of the powerful animal in one of the menageries at Paris.

'I did not know,' continued the narrator, 'what had done to displease Mignonne so much, or whether the creature was in mere sport, but she turned and snarled her teeth at me, and seized hold of my leg. She did it without violence, but thinking that she was about to devour me, I plunged my dagger into her neck. The poor creature rolled over, uttering a cry that froze my heart. She made no attempt to avenge my blow; she looked mildly upon me in her dying agony. I would have given all the world to have recalled her to life. It was as if I had murdered a friend. Some French soldiers who discovered my signal, found me some hours after, weeping by the side of her dead body.'

'Ah, well!' said he, after a mournful silence, 'I have been in the wars of Germany, Spain, Prussia, and France, but I never saw anything that produced such sensations as the desert. Oh, how beautiful it was!'

'What feelings did it excite?' asked I.

'Feelings that are not to be spoken,' said the soldier solemnly. 'I do not always regret my cluster of palm trees and my panther; but sometimes their remembrance make me sad. In the desert there is everything as there is nothing.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'I cannot tell,' he said impatiently. 'After a panther has added, "God is there without man."

THE MODEL HUSBAND.

The following description of a "Model Husband" appeared in the Boston *Oliver Branch*. It is, says the editor, from the pen of a lady in good position in society. The presumption, heretofore is, "that the model husband is the true style of a husband, and what a good married man should be." "In looking over," he further remarks, "nearly forty years of our married life we find that our good wife has never exacted quite so much of us, but she inertly 'waived her rights,' as approved."

"His pocket-book is never empty when his wife calls for money. He sits up in bed at night feeding Thomas Jefferson Smith with a spoon, and dreams of the new shawls she means to buy at Warren's the next day. As one good turn deserves another, he is allowed to hold Tommy again before breakfast, while Mrs. C. curls her hair. He never makes any complaint about the soft molasses-gingerbread that is rubbed into his hair, coat, and vest, during these happy conjugal seasons. He always laces up his wife's boots, lest a exertion should make her too red in the face before going to promenade Washington Street. He never makes a bad objection to her receiving bouquets of the late