

## Will Manning, Modern Sportsman.

Will Manning, his schoolmates said, could get more time out of day than any other boy about the Saranac Lakes. "Why," exclaimed Arthur Comstock, "he milks a cow and goes fishing before breakfast, gets his Latin before school time, and after school splits a cord of wood, makes a boat piddle and gets enough berries for supper! You never saw the beat of it!"

Will's father is a section boss on the railroad, with little time to spare, and depends on Will to shorten his day by as much time as the wood pile or garden requires. Between times Will finds new pleasures of his own choosing. For a long time he preferred fishing or hunting according to the season, but one day he read in a book that, "in every woods a good eye selects the spot of typical beauty. A woods boy, too, used to arching trees, sloping mountains and pure eyes lakes. Will had not thought to look for more than deer tracks among lily pads.

That afternoon he paddled his home made canvas canoe to Bluff Rock Island down the lake, and looked back over his course between the islands. No wonder the Indians called this the lake of contented stars," the boy thought. "With I had a camera.

It was in some such way as this that most of the sixteen year-old boy's desires originated. His father taught him to use a shotgun, but a deer tracked him to want a rifle—which he got by selling berries.

The more he thought about a camera the more he wanted one. Only the week before, as he was going up the Stony Creek ponds on a camping-out expedition alone, he saw a deer among the lily pads six rods, or less, away. If he'd only had a camera!

Months later, in the fall, over a part ridge top one night, he said to his father: "Can I get me a camera?"

"Yes. What are you going to get it with?"

"There's those traps you used to use."

"That's so," said the son. "I'd get some mice and try to catch a fox if I were you."

So Will set a line of traps up the lake shore and through the woods to the top of Ampersand Mountain; but he caught only mice, muskrats and skunks; the foxes were too shy. At Christmas time he owned a camera that would do the kind of work he wanted of it fairly well.

His learning to take, develop and print pictures was in keeping with his setting trap. He went about it just as he had begun to shoot with a rifle. He put up a mark.

Gyp, the bound and exposed plates, one at a time, observing the focus, stops and time. Then he went hunting with his camera. He ran tows with bounds, but Reynard being a wise dweller of rocky hills beyond camera range only photographed a rabbit.

Gyp, as a mere dog, is a trite subject, but Gyp galloping on a fox track is a picture of general interest. That was written by Will on his first good print, and he endeavored to make every subject a story in itself.

In the course of time the inevitable happened. Will saw the difference between his own 4x4 plates and the 5x7, 8x10 and 11x14 taken with a first class lens; and in his mind he wished for a 5x7 of the finest quality. With such a one, he knew he could get beautiful pictures. He did a little work for which he was paid, and cleared the cost of his camera and materials in that way, but did not earn enough to buy a hundred dollar lens.

One day in July there was news for the hunters and summer people around Saranac Lake. Before daylight that morning the long-drawn, quivering cry of a panther came thrashing down Ampersand mountain stirring the night echoes, startling the campers and bringing back memories of wilder days to the old-time sportsman. Will Manning was on Ampersand Pond that night with his camera, waiting for a sunrise snap shot at deer among the lily pads. The cry was loud in his ears, so close that the acrobat's breath seemed to lift the ripples of the quiet pond. A moment later Will heard a deer rush from the water into the woods. Then he knew what the screaming animal was. At daylight the yelling ceased.

Unarmed and alone, Will was frightened, too, for had he not heard the tales woodmen tell of panthers that hunted men? Long after the sun rose, he started for his boat at the head of Lower Saranac. It was characteristic of the lad that he carefully tested his camera and carried it ready for use all the way.

"I'll come back," he thought, "just as soon as I get a gun."

A mile down, the trail was a little muddy for a dozen feet. Here was the panther's track. Beside the big paw-prints were those of a smaller cat—the track of a panther kitten, which accounted for the mother's screaming. The sunlight shone on the tracks, and Will, hoping to preserve a likeness of them, made three exposures of plates. A little way beyond he cut across through the woods for Loon Bay, where he had left his boat.

Of the three plates, one made a good negative, showing two paw-prints—one of the old panther, the others of the cub. Will took the plate to the village that afternoon to show Allen what he had done. A number of summer people were buying pictures of local places when the boy entered the store.

"Hello, bub!" greeted Allen. "Why don't you kill that panther the people up the lake are talking about?"

"I don't know," answered Will, rather embarrassed. "I saw where she'd been."

"Yes, you did!" said Allen.

"Well, anyhow, here's a picture of her tracks," insisted the boy. This was an interesting announcement to the customers,

who wanted to know how and when and where at once.

One of them said: "I've got the best camera I could buy, and I haven't got a good picture with it yet. I'd give it for a photograph of that panther and her cub."

"To be sure!" asked Will, who had seen the camera while Allen was examining it a few days before.

"Yes!" the man said with a laugh. "You fetch me the picture to my Eagle Island camp, and I'll give you the camera on the spot."

Allen told Will how to use flash-light powder, adding that the panther would make a few good meals of him. But as it happened the flash-light information was not of value that trip.

At daylight the next morning Will was paddling up the lake again, a fresh breeze behind him and six days' rations in his pack, besides three dozen of the best plates he could buy. He intended to get some good woods views at any rate, whether he saw the panthers or not. Moreover, he had a heavy revolver with a stock fastened to it. By noon he was at Ampersand Pond camp. He knew the chances of ever seeing the animals were a thousand to one against him, and then the chance was they would be in poor light. But no matter he would try.

He circled the pond that afternoon, and finding no signs, he went over to White Lily Pond, half a mile distant. In the sand on its shore was a fresh track of the old panther, but not of the cub.

"It only I could find that little one!" thought Will, looking at the rock-studded and tree grown slope of Ampersand Mountain. He returned to camp then, and caught a few trout for supper. At dark he went to sleep, tired out with all the day's work he had done. To tell the story of his patient and systematic search for the panther's lair during the next three days and of the pictures he took is not necessary. The fourth day had its reward.

A cliff rises on the south end of Ampersand, and is level by a little pond called Teat-Drop, because it is on the face of the mountain. The outcrop on the pond flows down a beaver meadow three rods wide and thirty long. On each side is a dense tamarack swamp. The water is a dozen feet across in the meadow, but a mere brook inches wide, where it leaves the open.

Half-way down the meadow a wide, flat rock rises its head to the level of the grass tops. This rock is covered with blueberry bushes eighteen inches high. Will, who had ever seen the place before arrived at the upper end of the meadow about ten o'clock in the morning. He started down the outlet to see how large a stream was there. Near the rock he noticed some drops of blood on the grass blades and the tracks of a plunging deer.

"Huh!" he thought. "Somebody's violating the law."

A couple of rods away the animal had fallen, as the matted grass showed. In the mud near by was the imprint of a panther's spread out claws. A glance showed that the deer had been dragged to the top of the rock and covered with sticks and grass.

"Now's my chance!" thought Will. "She's gone for her cub and I'd better hurry."

With that he waded across the outlet up to his hips in water and mud, to set the tripod opposite the rock inconspicuously among mossy alders. He focused the lens on a twig lying on the deer, got out his extra plate holders and set down out of sight, the shutter bulb in hand.

Then came a cawing of crows, a chirping of black flies and punkies, each individual with a sting of its own. The punkies felt like streaks of fire, the flies crawled along his temples into his eyes, while mosquitoes bored deeper and deeper. But Will had tar oil with which he kept his face and hand dripping, and so he bore the discomfort. The bit of log on which he sat worked through the crust of alder roots and slowly sunk to the mud in which the boy's feet were already buried. Nevertheless, hours did finally pass.

Every minute had its novelty. Dragonflies swept over the rock, great meat flies gathered at the panther's cache. Shrikes and blue jays hopped among the tree branches coming closer, all eyes for danger. A hawk searched in and out among the grass hummocks for sweetmeats it could smell but could not place. The drowsy hum of its wings was like a sleepy one. Drowning the watcher was roused by dropping twigs, or a mosquito's attack. At about three o'clock, the shadow of the top twig of a pyramidal balsam showed, and then that of the bare side of the rock. Will watched it climb to the white ice line, over the lichens and moss into the quivering leaves of the bushes. He was worried lest a shadow should cover the panther when they came. It they came after sunset would they stand still long?

Three thoughts were suddenly interrupted. A kitten not three feet long came down apparently from the sky on the deer, growling and showing its teeth, trying to look more ferocious than playful. Will's jaw dropped. The sticks covering the deer were clawed aside, and in a moment the kitten was purring at the bloody throat. A low bunch of alders beyond the rock stirred, and the great face of the mother beast rose slowly as she stepped gently to the rock, eyeing her kitten with short glances and the swamp borders with longer ones.

Suddenly she growled low and sharp, stiffening every muscle to the one that showed her teeth. The air currents, baffling to the kitten, had warned her of danger. The kitten stopped mauling its prey to lift its head. The old one began to crouch, her claws curling the bushes three feet away as they sank into the roots for a good hold. That was a spectacle that stopped Will's breath and drew his hands in a state, one of them on the rubber bulb. A little creak overhead told him of a forgotten but faithful camera.

The cat heard it, too, and sprang away into the swamp, fluttering the leaves and twigs like birds, leaving a lad weak with excitement, wondering that his hand should have closed at the right moment, and hoping that the plate would make a good negative.

Never did the way home seem so long to Will as on that day. Toward dusk he felt that behind him was a silent, fiend-like creeper following him, now to the right side, now to the left, then so close behind that claws seemed about to grip the back of his neck. The breaking twigs under his feet, the rustling of leaves over his head, the dread that was in the air sent him on fast and faster. Time and again he turned to face—nothing that he could see.

It grew darker; the mountains cast deeper shadows. Dusk settled down relentlessly. Something cracked a twig behind him—a veritable something. Will turned and fired with his revolver—once, twice, three times. The echoes died away. A minute passed, then another. From the ridge over which he had come came the panther's cry; again, muffled from the hollow beyond; then, loud and clear, from the foot of the mountain, farther away each time. At last far away, just over the top of Ampersand Mountain a farewell scream.

A few rods farther on his trail was Will's canvas boat. He carried it from its hiding-place to the water of Loon Bay, launched it, and paddled to a rock island, where he ate a good meal by a fire. Then he started down the lake, strong and vigorous once more, singing songs that caused island camps to listen wondering. On the next day, Will developed his plates one by one. Two or three were blanks, but the panthers showed up clear above the twigs and leaves.

He carried that plate, as soon as it had dried to the Eagle Island camp, and when he returned, the coveted camera was his own. Now with the old camera he plays; with the new one he seeks on the beachcombs ridges for bears. As for the panthers, Will Finch of Northwood, eighty miles over the woods from Saranac Lake, told me that he saw their tracks at Moose River last fall four months after young Manning's adventure.

### CHINESE GOOL-FELLOWSHIP.

They Prove Very Faithful to Their Chosen Friends.

Foreigners who have studied the Chinese in a sympathetic manner testify to their devotion to any one, be he native or foreigner, who once gains their confidence; and a story which is told by the author of "China in Transformation" goes a long way toward proving their contention.

In the last generation complete trust was the rule between the hong merchants and the American and European traders, and business was transacted in whole-ship loads. The friendly relations then established subsisted for a generation after the destruction of the "factories" in 1856, and the inauguration of the new era, which is of a more individualized and retail character.

One well known survivor of the old regime, an American gentleman Mr. X., had in consequence of the collapse of his firm fallen from affluence to penury, and was personally much in debt to certain of the representatives of the old "ho kong."

Seeing that the veteran remained in Canton, never visiting his home and family, his Chinese friend asked him why he denied himself the natural solace of his old age—permanent separation from the family home being specially intolerable to a Chinese, and guessing the reason, he produced Mr. X.'s note of hand for a large amount, and tore it up before the maker, saying, "Now you are free to go to your home!"

It is not only the Chinese gentleman who is large-hearted. Once upon a time the agent at one of the minor ports for a wealthy firm in Shanghai lived in lordly style. Times changed, and the big firm ceased business. Left stranded, the agent decided to set up for himself and work the connections he had formed among native and foreign merchants.

But the old style of expenditure could not be supported. Summoning his faithful "boy" or butler, he explained the situation to him; impossible to keep up the old expensive style of living, very sorry to part with such a good old servant, and so forth. The boy rose to the occasion in a somewhat surprising manner.

"What for masta too muchee sollee? My too sollee masta no catches good chance. My like stay this side. Masta how much can pay? (Why is master so sorrowful? I am very sorry that master is not doing well. I should like to stay in master's service. How much can master afford to pay?)

The master named a sum which was just two thirds of what his house bills had hitherto amounted to. "Muskee, masta; talkee so muchee, can do" (Never mind, master, whatever you say will do.) So said the accommodating serving-man.

So the household proceeded everything exactly as before—table as beautiful, servants as smart and as respectful, but the monthly charge thirty per cent less. A year passed; the new business had been uphill work; the emolument was disappointing. Again the master had to make an explanation to the servant; again the solution of the difficulty was to reduce the establishment.

"Never mind, master; tell me how much

you think you can pay," was the substance of his boy's reply.

The master was seriously taken aback, but he named a figure which was just one-half of what he had originally paid. The boy accepted as cheerfully as before, and the menage proceeded, not a salad leaf or a partridge or a mushroom the less; only the cost was reduced to very modest proportions.

Of course it is open to remark that the wily Chinaman had been extortionate in the old time; but what elasticity of accommodation, what practical devotion in misfortune!

### A STORY OF DANIEL BOONE.

In his book, "The Early History of Western Pennsylvania," Mr. L. D. Rapp tells an interesting anecdote of Col. Daniel Boone, which is characteristic of the humor and coolness of the famous pioneer. He was once resting in the woods with a small party of followers, when a large number of Indians came suddenly upon them. Boone had little doubt as to their hostile intentions, but giving no evidence of his fears, he invited the red men to eat with him and his friends.

The invitation was accepted. The Indians felt so sure of their prey that they could afford to wait. Boone, effecting a careless nonchalance which he did not feel, admonished his men in an undertone to keep their hands on their rifles.

Finally he rose and strolled towards the Indians, unarmed, leisurely picking the meat from a bone. The Indian chief rose to meet him.

After saluting, Boone professed admiration for the knife with which the chief was cutting his meat, and asked to see it. The Indian promptly handed it to him; and the pioneer, who possessed some skill at a sight of hand, deliberately examined the knife, then opened his mouth and apparently swallowed it.

The Indians stared in amazement while Boone gulped, rubbed his throat, stroked his body, and then, with apparent satisfaction, pronounced the knife "very good to eat."

After enjoying the surprise of the Indians for a minute, he made another contention, and drawing forth the knife, as the Indians believed, from his body, he politely returned it to its owner.

The old chief took the point cautiously and suspiciously between his thumb and finger as if fearful of being contaminated by handling the weapon, and flung it from him into the bushes.

The Indians seemed uneasy after that, and very soon marched away, without discussing their hostile intent. They did not choose to molest a man who could swallow a scalping-knife and call it "good to eat."

### PROGRESSIVE ECONOMY.

An old bookkeeper declares that it is surprising to see how many valuable things a man can buy if he simply economizes in little things.

"I once made up my mind I would become the possessor of a good gold watch. I saved up the money for it in this way: When I felt like eating a fifty-cent luncheon, as I often did, I ate a twenty-five cent one instead, and put the other quarter aside for my watch fund. You will hardly believe it, but in less than six months I had saved money enough to purchase the watch."

"But you don't seem to have purchased it," said his friend, observing that there were no outward signs of such a purchase.

"Well, no. When I found how easily I could get along without fifty-cent lunches I concluded I could get along just as easily without the gold watch, and the watch fund is growing into a house and lot fund now."

Tommy (aged 4)—Mamma, may I go out and play in the street now?  
Mamma—What! You want to go out and play with that big hole in your jacket?

Tommy—No, mamma; I only want to play with the little boy next door.

### BORN.

Caledonia, Nov. 1, to the wife of B. Harlow, a son.  
Brooklyn, Oct. 28, to the wife of George Daniels, a son.  
Hull Brook, Nov. 1, to the wife of Capt. Everett, a son.  
Dorchester, Nov. 1, to the wife of J. Murray, a son.  
Berwick, Nov. 2, to the wife of Geo. Woodworth, a son.  
Boston, Oct. 3, to the wife of Arthur Hayes, a daughter.  
St. John, Nov. 12, to the wife of J. Napier, a daughter.  
Middleton, Nov. 2, to the wife of F. Bentley, a daughter.  
Keeneyville, Nov. 1, to the wife of Dr. Saunders, a daughter.  
St. John, Nov. 11, to the wife of Joseph Chisholm, a daughter.  
East Manchester, Oct. 26, to the wife of D. Cummings, a son.  
Dalhousie, Nov. 6, to the wife of Jas. Hannam, twins, boy and girl.

### MARRIED.

Campbell, Oct. 31, by Rev W. H. Street, Basil Lank and Mary Gleave.  
Centerville, Annapolis Co. Nov. 7, C. L. Pigott to Lillian A. Messenger.

Hebron, Oct. 31, by Rev Edwin Crowell, Fred Crowell to Annie A. Moses.  
Woolville, Oct. 31, by Rev T. A. Higgins, James Christie to Mary Brown.  
Halifax, Oct. 31, by Rev Z. L. Fash, Charles B. Bentley to Edna B. McDonald.  
St. John Nov. 12, by Rev F. J. McMurray, Patrick Ryan to Ella Drummond.  
Matland, Oct. 31, by Rev F. J. Fentlow, Jesse O. Harris to Estella Wenzell.  
Hebron, Nov. 3, by Rev Douglas Himeon, Harvey A. Chaboulet to Annie C. Priddy.  
Yarmouth, Nov. 3, Nov. 7, by Rev W. F. Parker, William T. White to Julia H. Smith.  
Weymouth Bridge, Nov. 6, by Rev Turner, L. D. Moody Mullen to Lydia Mullen.  
Charleston, N. S. W., Oct. 4, by Rev Raymond Holway, Frank Wolfe to Annie De Ell.  
Fox Creek N. B., Oct. 22, by Rev D. Lezer, Ferdinand B. Bourgeois to Agnes Richard.  
Young's Cove, Nov. 1, by Rev H. H. Howe, William Augustus Bailey to Josephine Clayton.  
Boston, Nov. 1, by Rev Charles L. Pace, James Hartley to Nellie F. Andrews.  
Montague, P. E. I., Nov. 9, by Rev R. F. Whiston, John W. Campbell to Jessie E. Campbell.  
Fairview, St. John Co., N. S. W., by Rev Alfred Barham, Henry Adolphus McDonough to Ella May Burgess.

### DIED.

Halifax, Nov. 7, S. F. Johnson.  
Boston, Oct. 23, George Dexter, 79.  
Boston, Nov. 3, James Currier, 63.  
Halifax, Nov. 9, Edward Harris, 83.  
Westport, Oct. 23, Urban S. Tins, 16.  
Halifax, Nov. 12, Catherine Foy, 63.  
Halifax, Nov. 6, George O. Minton, 37.  
Halifax, Nov. 7, Michael Cavers, 82.  
Nictaux, Nov. 6, Albert Bon-ait, 10.  
Kentville, Nov. 6, Jeremiah Collins, 71.  
Hamlet, Nov. 12, Mr. W. T. Scribner.  
Yarmouth, Nov. 10, Rupert Eaton Olive, 26.  
Amherst, Nov. 7, Mrs. James Wydm, 61.  
Winnipeg, Nov. 11, Mary, wife of Charles F. Tuck, Clark's Harbor, Nov. 1, Mr. Benjamin Nickerson, 87.  
Harrington Passage, Nov. 3, Miss Marie Hichens, 74.  
Cartago, Costa Rica, Oct. 16, Henry Spurr De Blos, 48.  
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Nov. 8, Mrs. John Anderson, 44.  
Yarmouth, Oct. 27, Josephine, daughter of Horace C. Bishop.  
Grand Falls, Nov. 3, Victoria, wife of Peter G. Fraser, 61.  
Albany, Oct. 19, Stella May, daughter of Phineas Whitman, 30.  
St. John, Nov. 10, Jane, daughter of the late Robert French.  
New York, Nov. 6, Jessie Amelia, widow of the late Geo. Salter, 80.  
Three Fathoms Harbor, Nov. 8, Plume C, wife of Pleasant V. Leves, Hants county, Nov. 9, Melinda, wife of Joseph Masor.  
Southey, E. Island, Oct. 10, Sarah N., wife of the late William M. Taylor.  
Moncton, Nov. 9, Francis Laura, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Macdonald.



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Express for Campbellton, Fergusham, Pictou and Halifax	6.15
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou	11.15
Accommodation for Moncton and Pictou	12.00
Express for Pictou	12.45
Express for Moncton	13.45
Express for Quebec, Montreal	19.35
Express for Halifax and Sydney	22.45

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.45 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

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Express from Quebec and Montreal	11.50
Accommodation from Moncton	12.15
Express from Halifax	12.45
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D. FOTTERGER,  
Gen. Manager

Montreal, N. B., June 15, 1900.

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