

New Dog Proved His Worth Wildcat and Bear Hunt In a Nova Scotia Swamp.

Annapolis, N. S.—Uncle Ned held up a letter, took out his big iron rimmed spectacles, set them carefully across his nose and read:

Dear Sir: I received your letter will set the dog for ten dollars. He is a good dog for wildcat and mink or otter or enny trapper you want him on. He was trained befor I got him seven years with him. He is seven years old I give 24 dollars for him wood not sell him but am getting so I want go in the woods with him. I want if he smells a moose or a hare he will stay whar you are and he will bring the moose back to you he is a god dog his name is range range will close so good by yours truly Mr. John McBain.

With a smile Uncle Ned transferred his attention from John McBain to the "good dog," a fairly well bred English foxhound of uncertain age and modest demeanor, with a few deep scars on head and ears that represented his diploma as a wildcat and bear dog.

"Hm!" he mused, critically regarding the animal, who wagged his tail amiably, "ten dollars is a pretty good bargain for a really first class hound. I've heard of him before, too. Old John McBain used to be one of the best all around hunters and trappers in Digby county, and this old Range was always called the best dog in Digby county. Wonder why he wants to let him go, and at such a price."

We explained that the old man was really getting too feeble to cruise about the woods and wanted to have his dog in kind hands, but Uncle Ned was still sceptical as he led the way to the canoe for the cat hunt.

The late November weather was cold and crisp, and a light dry snow that covered the ground for about three inches promised to make tracking and going easy.

Our costumes were regulated by the advice of Uncle Ned. We wore thin underclothing of pure wool, thick woollen gray shirts, neckerchiefs, stout knickers with long stockings, and canvas leggings over a pair of ankle gaiters, which were made to closely by worn an extra pair of socks. We also wore our canvas shooting coats, which, though noisy, we soon found were excellent for smashing through the killing Nova Scotia thicket, and there is no reason for expecting quiet when after wild cats with a hound.

Hardly had we landed when the hound began to whine and howl and sniff the air eagerly. Uncle Ned nearly lost him by an unexpectedly hard and sudden tug on the chain, but recovered and let the dog drag him ten yards up the carry, where, sure enough, a fresh wildcat track led directly across the path. Uncle Ned hung on to Range long enough to make sure of the freshness of the track, and the next moment the merry music was echoed through the frosty air: "Ow! Ow! O-o-o-ow! Ow!"

Jack and I started to dash into the thicket after the hound, but Uncle Ned restrained us.

"Hold on, boys; no rush," he said. "Let's see where he's going. May come right around after the trail again, you know."

"We'll just sneak along the carry for a while and listen. If he gets too far away we'll follow and keep him within earshot."

"No use tramping through these swamps now, necessary. We're likely to get enough of it before night anyway. For I guess the best dog in Digby County is a good one, all right."

The admonition was well timed, for though the trail did not actually recede, it would certainly have necessitated a forced march of some miles without result had we followed the hound, for that cat's track was muffled described several figure 8s with a couple of miles between each, and judging from the baying of the dog, now faint, now stronger.

At one time he was entirely out of earshot, but a plunge of half a mile into a black swamp brought this ridiculous and yet mellow howling back to our ears again, and thence before we knew it he was past us not a hundred yards off. Uncle Ned and we hurried over to the track and found that the cat was evidently getting tired; at least, so said the old man, who judged from the slightly irregular footprints.

"We've got her sure, boys," he exclaimed, and a moment after the words left his lips the dog was heard again a quarter of a mile on our right.

"He's circling," said Uncle Ned. "Likely the cat won't leave the swamp, so we might as well wait and see what'll happen." Whereupon the old trapper squatted on his haunches while we, less afraid of forest chills, or rather less experienced in woodland precautions, followed his example as to rest, but seated ourselves upon adjoining logs.

Nearer and nearer came the deep baying and all at once I thought I heard him puffing at my very side. Looking down I saw an enormous wildcat half trotting, half sinking through the tangled and snow broken brakes, his ears laid back and his mouth half open. He seemed to take no notice of me, and before I could raise my 303 had disappeared in the bush.

In a second the hound rushed past as fresh as a daisy, and we all followed as fast as the thick tangle of fallen logs second growth hemlocks and spruces and soft swamp would permit. Within half a minute we heard the hound bay "Tread!" with frantic but regular barks: "Ow! Ow! Ow!" Without rest.

Pretty soon came a yowl from the cat, followed by a series of howls, snarls and barks which betokened a canine-feline scrap of the liveliest description. As we came to the scene of the struggle there was a big tom, backed up against a log, like the very image of Satan. He was puffing and had evidently been cornered by the hound before finding a tree suitable for escape.

Now, I read last winter a series of letters by famous woodsmen on wildcats and Canada lynxes, the purport of nearly all of which was that these animals are poltroons of the worst description. Manly Hardy told us even how they are killed by a man with bare hands alone.

So be it, I question not the fact. But of one thing I am sure, namely, that those cats were not the kind we have in the Maritime Provinces, or at least in Nova Scotia, the Lynx gigas, or giant wildcat. However the question may be determined, let it be placed on record that this wildcat put up an excellent fight, all in and outmaneuvered he was.

He would make little jumps at the

dog and at us if we came too near. He got one good lick in on Range's nose that drew blood, and he growled spitefully. No doubt if a wildcat knew its power it could make it very lively on an unarmed man, for a full grown one is about as much like a bunch of steel springs run by a small cyclone as anything I can think of.

Range would rush in and grab the cat by the hindquarters when its attention was attracted by one of us, and the cat would turn and swat him well, though he was clever enough to escape in time nearly always. Jack and I enjoyed the mixup, but we were afraid that Range would eventually get a strange hold on the big cat and possibly spoil the skin, so not waiting for Uncle Ned, who was hacking at a small advantage of a retreat on the part of the hound and sent a 22 calibre bullet through the cat's body, unfortunately a trifle too far aft to kill.

Uncle Ned uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Sho! Too bad! You'll spoil the skin," said he. "We had him cornered and tuckered, and could have laid him out with a stick."

Range was still game, and though paralyzed in the hind legs, growled and cuffed savagely at the dog, who continued to worry him. Uncle Ned put an end to his struggles by a deft stroke over the head, after which he took the cat and "pulled its heart," an operation neither Jack nor I had seen or heard of, but which is common among trappers of an older generation, who were careful not to hurt their pelts.

A wildcat or any animal larger must, of course, first be rendered hors de combat before being handled, but such small game as mink, marten, hares and even foxes used commonly to be killed by pulling their hearts. The animal is either walked down with the snowshoes and then grasped with the left hand by the throat, or a coat or skin is thrown over the head before the grasp. The business end of the game being held harmless by the left hand, the right feels for the heart, which, on account of the strangulation, palpitates with unvoluntary force. Outside the soft skin the heart is seized by the right hand on one of its down jumps, and a pull in different directions by the two hands ruptures the heart strings, causing instant death.

The demeanor of old Range after the quarry was dead was amusing in its staid dignity. He sat down gravely and watched proceedings with an air of only half interest, as if to say, "My part of the work is done; I'd like to make a meal of that cat, but it's not allowed, so why excite myself?"

His apathetic manner continued as he trotted along in front of Uncle Ned, the chain being hardly necessary to keep him in step. Suddenly his mane bristled and a howling whine came from him as he snuffed the air suspiciously.

"Aha!" exclaimed Uncle Ned under his breath. "See his back go up. That's no cat. Whoa, boy, not so wild! Go on now, but don't get too skittish!"

And he let the dog pull him along in the swamp at right angles to the course we were taking. Range getting more and more excited with every step. Suddenly he burst out in a prolonged howling bay, a sure sign of a fresh track of some kind.

"A bear, I bet you!" said Uncle Ned, and sure enough the next moment the footprints of old Bruin appeared in the light snow. "Sho! I thought they'd all denied it by this time. Mild fall, though; likely they're late this year."

As he spoke he released the hound, who sprang up at a slight rise crowned by dwarf spruce, on the top of which appeared an enormous boulder cleft in twain by some playful freak of prehistoric nature.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the old man. "Don't mean to tell me that's a den? I've known that pile over fifty times."

But a den it was nevertheless, a fact at once proved by the actions of old Range, who stood at the mouth of the hole in the rock and barked furiously, as if he were waiting for us to get on. He was in fact waiting for us to get on, and he was in fact waiting for us to get on.

Uncle Ned, who was unarmed except for his axe, crept a yard or two into the arch of stone, but presently backed out with an alacrity unusual in a man of his years.

"Crushy!" he called. "It's a den all right! Get your soft nosed cartridges out, sucker! Go in there, boy! (To Range.) Dick 'em! Take hold of 'em! I was decidedly in a bad case of introversion for a full grown bear outside of a trap, while, besides steel jacketed bullets for wildcats, I carried a handful of soft nosed 'Hoxies' for my 303, with which I now proceeded to fill up my magazine with feverish haste.

Nor was I any too quick, for good old Range, obeying the command of the trapper, had rushed into the hole without a moment's hesitation. In a trice came a medley of howls, snarls and yelps, borne to us as from the horn of a huge graphophone.

In ten seconds the hound came backing out, barking and snarling and snapping at something that was evidently following him, and as soon as the dog's position was again in full daylight this something was revealed to us in the form of a big bear, whose little red and black eyes snapped viciously, while she emitted a curious snarling whine. When she saw us she raised herself to a semi-erect position and was on the point of retreating into the den when Range sprang fiercely at her throat.

Facing him like lightning, she handed him a cuff that would have laid the foundation for his epitaph had it reached him in full force, but the veteran hound had been there before, and got away with a badly ripped ear. As he bounded back my chance came, and I pumped a bullet full in the old lady's face.

As I did so, and before we could tell what was the effect, a curious scratching was heard at the mouth of the den, and one after the other our rushed two more than half grown cubs. There was a lively and very complicated mix-up of bears, men and hound, in which no one of us dared to use his weapon for fear of making matters worse.

I was dimly conscious of Uncle Ned astride a cub bear, a beast like a hound of the Baskervilles being whirled in the air, and Jack doing a tight rope performance over a big windfall, the whole picture being suddenly blotted out by an awful pump, the full force of which was concentrated at the very base of my anatomy, and which in some occult but most efficacious manner landed me on top of a big rock with my slightly clouded gaze directed toward the heavens.

Uncle Ned was the first to recover; in fact, perhaps he didn't have to, as he

strenuously denied afterward that he had ridden a cub bear. Anyhow his stenographer "lively there, boys!" brought up both to our feet. The first thing I saw was one of the cubs going it hell bent up the hill, and I brought up my rifle to stop him when Uncle Ned called out:

"Steady, Doc! Let the cubs go; they'll be better next year. Drop the old lady—there she goes over that log!"

I turned in time to catch a glimpse of the dam smothering off in the middle distance, but as I was on the point of firing Range bobbed up at her heels and both disappeared from sight together. We scrambled after them as fast as we were able, and as the hound and her would impeded the bear's retreat we came up to them in a few minutes.

She was bleeding badly from her neck, but the bullet had evidently not disabled her to any extent, for she was full of fight. She would face the hound, drive him back with a wild pass or two and then turn and run, only to be brought up again after going a few yards by the dog at her heels. I waited for a good chance and then let her have it behind the shoulder, when she came down in a heap and for good.

We laid her over a big log for a gloating contemplation and were glad enough to sit down and confine our entire energies to gloating.

"Wow!" exclaimed Jack. "Talk about the strenuous life! With which he passed his flack, that was summarily emptied between puffs. The sun was high in the heavens when Uncle Ned struck through the woods for the end of the carry, where our canoe and lunch awaited us."

As we were about to start, we were greeted by the praises of the "best dog in Digby county," and we voted to grant him hereditarily an augmentation to his title (since he bore no arms), dubbing him "The best dog in Digby and Annapolis counties."

This is a snapshot taken of the Empress of Germany while she and her husband were in London on a visit to King Edward. Although it is a snapshot it is specially posed by the Empress herself who was asked permission before it was taken. It will be noticed that her expression does not give the idea that she is very much worried, so probably her husband's health is not as bad as the people say.

First Englishman in Japan. Mr. Wilson Crowdon, chairman of the council of the Japan Society, points out that the grave near Yokosuka, in Japan, of Will Adams, famous in history as the first Englishman to set foot in that country, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, has fallen into decay and needs considerable repair. Will Adams was so highly respected that he was ennobled by the founder of the last family of Shoguns, and his memory is still so highly revered in the country that a movement has been set on foot and a considerable sum subscribed by the leading Japanese statesmen, Generals, Admirals and others to restore the imposing and fast perishing tomb which marks the place of his burial among the beautiful hills that overlook the great naval station of Yokosuka.—From the London Evening Standard.

The virtue that is in us is put in us by the Divinity.—Plato.

Still I am learning.—Michael Angelo.

Here is a Prescription For Good Health.

If you strengthen, vitalize and enrich the blood, you at once supply the body with renewed vigor and power to resist disease. But vitiate or deplete the blood in any way, and you sow ill-health and decay.

If from any cause your blood is impoverished, if your cheeks lack color, and you feel weary and unfit for work, you should at once use Ferrozone, because it contains all the elements lacking in weak blood. Ferrozone makes the blood rich in red cells, supplies those essential qualities that become exhausted through toil, anxiety, or long sickness.

You soon realize that Ferrozone is a helpful blood medicine because under its influence lost color comes back to blanched cheeks, appetite increases, food is assimilated, and forms an enormous mass of new and rebuilds all weak and overstrained organs.

To show just how Ferrozone has been successful. Note the following letters: head them carefully:

Mr. A. L. Godfrey, of Victoria, writes: "Last winter I had a Grippe, and recovered very slowly. When well enough to leave the house I was ten pounds lighter than my usual weight. My appetite was poor, and I knew my blood was thin, because cold affected me so easily. I must say that Ferrozone did me untold good. I recovered my weight in a short time, and have felt like a different man ever since. Ferrozone is a great tonic and a first-rate remedy for people who are not feeling well."

No person in poor health can afford to miss the robust health that Ferrozone invariably brings. Refuse all substitutes for Ferrozone, which is prepared in the form of a chocolate-coated tablet, and sold in 5¢ boxes, or six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or by mail from N. C. Fenton & Co., Hartford, Conn., U.S.A., or Kingston, Ont.

Considerable trouble has been brewing in Zululand, which is now an administrative portion of Natal. There has been a great deal of unrest among the warlike Zulus, who have only recently taken to the more peaceful pursuits of agriculture and cattle rearing. This nation of warriors is always liable to be aroused by a cry of "Africa for the Africans," which, it is reported, has recently been preached to them by emissaries from a society started among the negroes of North America. Recently one of the loyal chiefs, Sitshishili, was found murdered in his kraal. He had been loyal to the government since 1884, when Dinizulu succeeded his father, Cetewayo. This and other events have shown that the pacification of the country which was attempted last year has still to be brought to a successful conclusion, and on November 30 the Governor of Natal issued a proclamation at Pietermaritzburg calling attention to the disturbances in Zululand and the necessity for their cessation. The arrest of Dinizulu was effected without the firing of a shot. The chief, accompanied by fifty followers, surrendered unconditionally at 11 o'clock, and is now under a strong guard at Nongoma. Dinizulu shows every sign that the severe strain has added to his physical infirmity. The Zulus are the most magnificent and warlike of the South African natives. Before the first Zulu War they had learned some sort of discipline, and they inflicted terrible punishment upon the British forces before they were subdued. There was a small outbreak last year, and they have again become turbulent. Outrages and murders have been increasing, and the government has decided to bring Dinizulu as a prisoner to Pietermaritzburg. It is believed that the Zulus, as a nation, do not desire war with the colonial forces, and that when the king is out of the way order will be restored.

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