



A LESSON IN ITSELF SUBLIME.

A lesson in itself sublime,
 A lesson worth engraving,
 Is this: "I like no breed of time,
 Save when the sun is shining."
 These motto words a dial bore,
 And wisdom never preaches
 To human hearts a better lore
 Than this short sentence teaches.
 As life is sometimes bright and fair,
 And sometimes dark and lonely,
 Let us forget its pain and care,
 And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart,
 But has some bird to cheer it;
 So hope sings in every heart,
 Although we may not hear it;
 And if to-day the heavy wing
 Of sorrow is oppressing,
 Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring
 The weary heart a blessing.
 For life is sometimes bright and fair,
 And sometimes dark and lonely,
 Then let's forget its trials and care,
 And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,
 And then forget their glances;
 We take the cup of life, and taste
 No portion but the bitter;
 But we should teach our hearts to deem
 In uncorrect drops the strongest;
 And pleasant hours should ever seem
 To flatter round us longest.

As life is sometimes bright and fair,
 And sometimes dark and lonely,
 Let us forget its trials and care,
 And note its bright hours only.

The darkest shadows of the night
 Are just before the morning;
 Then let us wait the coming light,
 All hoding phantoms scorning;
 And while we're passing on the tide
 Of Time's fast ebbing river,
 Let's pluck the blossoms by its side,
 And bless the gracious giver.

As life is sometimes bright and fair,
 And sometimes dark and lonely,
 We should forget its pain and care,
 And note its bright hours only.

AN EXCITING PANTHER HUNT IN THE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA.

It may not be generally known that a part of the State of Virginia where the counties of Shenandoah, Hardy and Pendleton join, is as wild as any other part of the territory of the United States, and abounding in most kinds of game. The waters of Cedar Creek, a wild and romantic stream, wash the base of the tall ridges which rear their frowning summits of rock far overhead, altogether presenting as primitive an appearance as can well be imagined. The persons alluded to in the annexed sketch are residents of Shenandoah county, on the road from Capon Springs to Strasburg. Mr. Adam Rudolph, who was the principal actor in the incidents related below, lives on Cedar Creek, about ten miles from Capon Springs. He is now about sixty-years of age, but shows no mark that time has weakened his abilities to clamber over the hills or surmount the crags of Cedar Creek. Tall and erect in his carriage, with the eye of an eagle, an indomitable will and energy of character, he would have made a formidable foe to the Indian had his lot been cast on the frontier. He, however, dispenses the favored genuine Virginia hospitality to those who may be thrown in his way, and a friend of gun or rod is always sure to find a hearty welcome.

A short time since the inmates of a dwelling, not far from Cedar Creek, at night, were startled by the attempts of a large animal to get into the house. A sick lady, infant and nurse, occupied a room on the first floor. A brother and sister occupied apartments above, and the husband was absent. From the listlessness of the hour the entire household was asleep. The lady was awakened by hearing something at the window, and turning towards it, in the full light of the moon, she saw the head of an animal at a pane of glass, which was almost instantly broken, and a large round head thrust through the opening—the sack bent, and seemed as if it would give way. Her screams aroused the house and brought her brother into the room, when the animal with difficulty withdrew his head. An effort was made to pursue it, but the only dog on the premises refused to leave the house—his instinct, probably, telling him there was danger.

The next morning the circumstances became known to the neighbors, and as the ground was covered with snow, so that the beast might be easily tracked, it was

determined to hunt him up. Accordingly, Mr. Rudolph and four of his neighbors started on the trail, and followed the track up the steep of Paddy Mountain, the snow being on an average twenty inches deep. All this and the following day, until near night, were consumed in the hunt, when the track ended at a den. Having succeeded thus far, they concluded to go home, and make the effort to get him out the next morning.

On the following morning, some two hours before day, accompanied by their trusty dogs, they retraced their steps, and after a long and laborious walk, arrived at the den, only to find to their great satisfaction that the animal had left his retreat and gone further. They, however, again followed the track, keeping the dogs back so as not to destroy the foot-prints by running over them. In a short time they came across the carcass of a deer, which had been recently killed and nearly devoured. From this they judged they were close upon him. The route now was on the very summit of Paddy Mountain, along which they plodded through the deep snow, until near the setting of the sun, when they had the satisfaction to find that the game had again taken to a den.

Darkness in an hour would overshadow them, so that there was but little time to spare for consultation. Supposing the animal to be a bear, they cautiously made a reconnoiter, each with his rifle to his shoulder, ready to shoot him if he should move out, which the bear invariably does if he hears a noise outside of his den. But, as there was no appearance of his coming out, they drew closer, and examined the entrance, which was a hole near perpendicular, about six feet deep, with masses of shelving rock around it. While they were doing this, one of the dogs ran upon the flat rock which crowned the den, and placing his nose to a small rent, gave unmistakable evidence, by erect tail and a low growl, that the animal was within. He instantly darted round and entered the hole, followed by the others, before could be prevented.

In a moment a terrific growl was heard, followed by a blow of the animal's paw on the rock as he struck at the dogs. Soon the mingled growls of the animal, and the furious barking of the dogs, with cries of pain and rage of the latter came from the den. The question was now, what was to be done? The dogs must be got out, or all would be killed, as those which might be wounded could not retreat on account of those pressing behind. The old hunter then told the youngsters of his