

Mountain Lions.

The people of Sanborn and vicinity have been in a state of considerable excitement the past few days over the report by reliable citizens that they had seen two mountain lions out at Kee lake south of Sanborn, other citizens have been driving into town with their horses on a dead run and saying that they were chased right into town by these big brutes. Only the other night, while the good people of Sanborn were all slumbering peacefully, and Munger, the night operator was just in the most interesting part of Buffalo Bill's Indian fighting, a roar broke the stillness of the night that shook the brick depot at Sanborn from one end to the other. Mr. Munger's heart almost stopped beating, and when he stuck his head out of doors he hair assumed a perpendicular position as he saw what he at first supposed was a large tan colored calf sitting on the depot platform, but when it let out another snarl and a roar the operator concluded that it was a fine specimen of a mountain lion that was keeping watch on the depot. The operator sent in "30" to headquarters and then locked himself in the brick freight house until morning, during which time the lion had made itself scarce. Hunting parties are being talked up for the purpose of capturing the animals and farmers, whose nerves could never be shaken before are now compelled to take a bottle of nerve tonic in their hip pocket when they go into the country. As Sanborn is somewhat like Coopers-town in regard to being a prohibition town, the story is undoubtedly well founded.

Later—Since we set up the above, Fireman Ernest Reed of the branch engine, says that he heard a roar early the other morning close to Bald Hill creek, which he thinks must be the roar of a mountain lion. He also saw a