

THE STORY TELLER

NECESSARY EVILS.

We sometimes think that toil's a curse;
We long for lots of treasure,
And yet conditions might be worse—
Is glided ease a pleasure?
I think at times we all would shirk,
But while we're hale and stout it
Is not so bad a thing to work—
What should we do without it?
And money—that's just shining dross,
The root of sin and sorrow,
Too eagerly we mourn its loss,
To gain, steal, beg and borrow.
It's sordid, wretched, worthless trash,
There's little room to doubt it,
Still, it is good to have some cash—
What should we do without it?
And love is cause of ills untold;
It makes us lots of trouble,
In some respects it's worse than gold—
An iridescent bubble.
And still it raises us above
Our baser selves. To scout it
Is foolish, so we'll cling to love—
What should we do without it?
—Chicago Daily News.

The Swamp Tiger.

By Lewis B. Miller.

I HAVE worked at handle-making so long that the swamps down about where I live call me "Ax-handle like." But my chief occupation is trapping—trapping coon and mink and otter. All the swampy country of southeast Missouri still abounds in fur-bearing animals.

Besides my trapping and handle-making, I usually try to preach on Sundays. My handle-making goes on all the year round, but trapping begins and ends with cold weather. Nature never clothes an animal with good fur except when it's absolutely needed.

When I have accumulated a considerable stock of furs and handles, I get somebody to haul me and them to the river or to the railroad, and then I run up to St. Louis and sell my stock. I have been going to St. Louis for years now, and the shops and factories that use my handles know they can depend on them.

There's still some large game in the swamps—deer and turkey and bear, and a good many panthers. I remember one time when a big panther came up out of the swamps and terrorized a whole settlement for a few months. That brute caused as much trouble and excitement as any four-legged thing I ever got acquainted with. Because he was so big and fierce we usually called him the tiger—the swamp tiger.

It happened a good many years ago, when I was a boy, living with my uncle on a tongue of land that ran out several miles into the swamps. The upland was too rocky and the swamp too sloppy to cultivate. But the few families that lived there were settled along the edge of the ridge, and had little farms between the two.

One day toward fall my aunt sent me over to Simpson's to borrow some bacon. I was still going barefoot, and had my trousers rolled nearly up to my knees, I recollect. I was seventeen years old, and as big as I am now. But everybody that felt like it went barefoot there in warm weather, even men 80 years old.

I crossed the ridge to Simpson's, and after talking with the boys till rather late, I borrowed a side of bacon—midding, we called it—and started for home, carrying it on my back. The midding was long and wide, but thin and rather light. Our gaunt, slab-sided swamp hogs never make thick meat. The bacon had been hanging in Simpson's smoke-house by two hickory withes, and I was carrying it by the same withes, one over each shoulder. There was a piece of tow cloth wrapped around it to keep it from greasing my shirt.

Dusk caught me three-quarters of a mile from home, and I heard what I thought was a woman calling. I didn't recognize the voice, but I had no doubt that it was Aunt Mat screaming at me. I had tarried longer at Simpson's than I ought to have done, and I felt certain she had got out of patience and started after me. "Yes'm, I'm a-coming!" I shouted back. Then I hitched the bacon a little higher and hurried along the rocky road at a trot. The screams sounded angry—Aunt Mat didn't have a very gentle voice when she was out of temper.

Before long I heard another scream. Looking down toward the swamp, I saw not Aunt Mat, but some big animal coming up the open slope to meet me. He looked like a cat, but a cat as big as a cow. The curve of the land made it impossible for me to see him while he was on the ground, but whenever he jumped I could see him plainly enough. Every jump must have carried him eight or ten feet into the air; and now and then he would stop and give one of those loud, womanish screams.

I flew so fast. The country was partly covered with scattering bushes, and the road was rocky and soon got dark; but little time did I lose for rocks or darkness.

The panther kept right after me. Every scream sounded nearer. If I hadn't had half a mile the start, the brute would have caught me. As it was, the moment I jumped Uncle Jimmy's fence the tiger screamed not 60 feet behind.

Any other time I wouldn't have dared to go near Uncle Jimmy's without calling, "Hello!" He had the fiercest dog in the neighborhood—a dog that would try to drag a man off his horse. But this time that dog didn't even growl; he was covering against the wall, shivering and whining like a frightened puppy.

As I cleared the fence I saw light shining through the cracks. I made a straight dash for the clapboard door. And when the latch broke and the door flew in, I went through like a rock out of a sling.

Inside I stumbled my toe and tumbled sprawling on the floor. The midding flew over my head. Uncle Jimmy afterward told everybody that the whole side of bacon hit the farther wall so hard that it left a greasy picture of itself on the logs. Uncle Jimmy was a great joker.

The old man and his wife were frightened out of their wits. They had heard the screams, and thought for a broken moment that the tiger had broken in on them. They were just getting ready for him. Uncle Jimmy was loading his rifle as fast as he could, and Aunt Polly, his wife, was trying to light a pine knot at the fire.

While I was scrambling to my feet, Uncle Jimmy sprang forward, slammed the door shut and propped it with a stick of wood, but not before that dog of his had sneaked in and crawled under the bed.

Scarcely was the door shut when the tiger let out another scream, close by. Uncle Jimmy was running about the room, dragging his rifle by the muzzle. He had a bullet rammed down, and was searching every shelf in the cabin for a box of caps. Pretty soon the panther screamed again, behind the cabin now. Afterward we heard another scream, farther off.

By this time Uncle Jimmy had found his caps, and Aunt Polly had her pine-knot blazing. When they were both ready, Uncle Jimmy threw open the door, and after looking about cautiously, cocked his rifle and stepped out. I offered to carry the torch, but I wasn't very sorry when Aunt Polly insisted that she knew better how to hold it.

Uncle Jimmy tramped about the yard, with his wife at his heels, holding the pine-knot above her head. If the tiger was near, the torch would make his eyes shine, and Uncle Jimmy would put a bullet right between them. He was a dead shot.

I stood in the door, rubbing my back. The man with his gun and the woman with her torch moved slowly round the cabin. Once Uncle Jimmy thought he discovered the tiger's eyes, but before he could take aim they disappeared. It wasn't long before we heard a scream down in the woods. The beast was going away.

I stayed in the cabin a while; then Uncle Jimmy took his rifle and escorted me and my bacon home. I was afraid to go by myself.

That was the first time the swamp tiger had been seen or heard on Chinkapin Ridge; but it wasn't the last time by any means. Even we boys were afraid to go far to gather nuts, and the women and children hardly dared poke their heads out-of-doors. The men carried guns, especially at night. The tiger didn't show himself in broad daylight, although he was seen occasionally at dusk.

Meanwhile he was living on the fat of the land. He had feasted on our hogs and calves, and he even dragged down and killed two full-grown cows. He was a giant of his kind, and his size made him fearless.

We didn't know what became of the tiger during the daytime, but we supposed he must retreat into the swamp. One day Tim Watson saw him lying on top of a big log in the woods, asleep in the sunshine. Tim had his rifle, but instead of blazing away, he stole off and went for help. When he got back with several men and dogs, they caught a glimpse of the tiger as he jumped off the log and disappeared. The dogs growled and turned their hair the wrong way; but they wouldn't follow the trail. Trust a dog to know what not to attack!

Things went on from bad to worse along Chinkapin Ridge. Every morning some animal was missing, and the half-devoured remains were generally found. One evening at dusk the tiger dashed up to Mason's cow-pen, grabbed a rooting pig, and carried the squealing thing off under its owner's eyes. Three different men tried to kill the big brute when he came prowling around their houses at night, but their shots didn't take effect; and the belief got abroad that the panther's skin was too thick and tough for an ordinary rifle-bullet to penetrate. That made him more dreadful than ever. Several times parties gathered to hunt him down; but the dogs either wouldn't or couldn't follow a cold trail.

Along in December the first light snow fell. That was the signal for a general gathering. All the men on Chinkapin Ridge, and all the boys big enough to use guns, came together for a rousing hunt. My uncle was in the party, and so was I. Every fellow had tried to get the gun with the biggest bore. And I remember that we were all bragging about what terrific loads we had put in. Some had rammed down two or three big balls or slugs, and others enormous

charges of buckshot. I was carrying a musket loaded with nails.

It wasn't long after noon when we started out, and an hour or two later we struck the trail, made in the snow the night before. He printed the biggest panther tracks I ever laid eyes on.

Our party followed the trail round and round over the country. By and by we came to where the tiger had killed a hog. From there the tracks led down into the woods and through the woods into a ravine, and up the ravine to its head, where they disappeared into a hole under some rocks.

Besides the tracks leading in there were others leading out. But we felt pretty sure that the tiger was in his lair. The dogs wouldn't go near the hole and they didn't bark. But they kept their backs bristled and watched the hole and growled. Somebody got a long stick and poked it into the hole, but he jumped back suddenly, for a warning growl came from under the rocks.

Now we knew that the tiger was at home, and every man and boy of us—there were 12 or 15 in all—cocked his gun and pointed it at the hole. We expected the tiger to come out, and stood ready to make short work of him, but he didn't show himself; and before we could devise any way to stir him out night came on.

"Let's smoke him, boys," somebody proposed. And while some of us stood guard around the tiger's den the others went to piling dead brush against the hole. When there was a good-sized pile we set fire to it.

The snowy brush burned slowly and smoked a great deal. As the fire began to crackle the tiger began to growl, and when the smoke worked into the hole he growled louder. My uncle called out:

"Be ready boys! It's either come through that brush pile or suffocate, and he'll come through the brush pile."

We backed off several yards, and every gun was aimed at the point where the tiger was expected to appear. It was dark by this time—pitch dark everywhere except around the fire. For a time we could hear the tiger growling under the rocks.

We waited and waited, but still he didn't show himself. The fire climbed about the loosely piled brush until the whole pile was ablaze. Finally somebody, Simpson, I believe it was, spoke up:

"He's smothered to death, boys. That's why we don't hear him any more. No animal could live in that hole with that fire in the mouth of it. He was so afraid of the fire that he would rather suffocate than come through it."

After standing guard a while longer, we all agreed that the tiger must be dead. None of us knew that there was a little cave under those rocks.

Now we closed up around the fire and stood with our gun stocks on the ground, warming ourselves. We felt jolly over getting rid of our troublesome, dangerous enemy, and were going to pull straws for the skin. In fact, Simpson was arranging the straws, when suddenly something happened to the fire. As nearly as I can describe it, that blazing brush heap exploded!

There was a roar behind it, and the next moment the brush was flying, and the panther's frightful form came crashing through. As the big, savage brute burst out of the fire he knocked one man down, and two or three more fell over one another trying to get out of the way. I jumped back to dodge the flying fire and stumbled over a dog.

The dog howled and as I tumbled backward the hammer of my musket struck something and the old musket exploded with a roar. The load of nails went off through the woods, but I thought I was killed.

The second leap carried the tiger away from the fire and another carried him into the darkness. About this time the men recovered from their panic and began to shoot; and they kept banging away down the ravine. The heavily loaded guns sputtered fire and roared till every report seemed to split the very trees as it went echoing through the woods.

When the excitement was past we gathered around the fire again. Most of us felt rather sheepish over the escape of the tiger; but several declared that he must be mortally wounded and that we'd find him dead somewhere. But as we couldn't track him in the dark, we all returned to our homes.

The next morning we came back and took up the trail. We found several badly scarred trees; but there wasn't any blood on the snow, or any other evidence that the tiger had been hit. In fact, there was pretty good evidence that he wasn't hurt at all, for we tracked him as far as we could into the swamp, and the last we saw of his trail he was still going, 15 feet at a jump. He must have been pretty badly scorched and he was certainly badly scared.

For a year we half expected him to come back, but he didn't, and after that night we never heard of him again. I suppose his experience with the fire convinced him that life on the uplands wasn't very attractive. So he went back to his native swamps and stayed there.—Youth's Companion.

How He Would Know.

An inquisitive woman once asked Prof. Andree before he left on his ill-fated balloon trip: "How will you know when you have really crossed the North pole, professor?" "Oh, that will be simple enough, madam," replied Andree, with his well-known dry humor; "a north wind will become a south wind."

BAD BACKS.

Bad backs are found in every household. A bad back is a back that's lame, weak or aching. Most backache pains come from kidney derangements and should be promptly attended to.

Reach the cause of backache by relieving the kidneys and curing their ills. Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys only and cure the

dangers of urinary and bladder disorders, from common inflammation, to Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's disease. CASE NO. 40,321.—Mr. W. H. Hammer, well-known builder, residing at 125 N. Hinde Street, Washington C. H., Ohio, says: "I am glad to endorse a remedy which possesses such inestimable value as Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me of inflammation of the bladder which had caused me much annoyance and anxiety because of the frequency and severity of the attacks. I have advised others to take Doan's Kidney Pills and I know they will not be disappointed in the results."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine, which cured Mr. Hammer, will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

All the Requirements. The Youth—Sir, I came to ask your consent to my marriage with your daughter. The Old Man—Is your income sufficient to support a wife? "It is; and in addition to that it is sufficient to enable me to stand an occasional touch from my wife's father." "Say no more, young man. She's yours. Bless you, my son!"—Stray Stories.

His Idea. Mrs. Henpeque—Married men live longer than single men. Henpeque—Yes; and it serves them right.—Detroit Free Press.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders For Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds, cure Feverishness, Constipation, Stomach and Teething Disorders, and destroy Worms. All Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A life without principles and principles without life are two evils to be avoided.—United Presbyterian.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Jealousy is the drop of bitter that prevents the wine of love from cloying the palate.—Town Topics.

Pike's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N. Y., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill-manners.—Chesterfield.

The Public Awards the Palm to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

There is no power sufficient to make a man out of patty.—Ram's Horn.

Iowa Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash, bal. \$3 crop till paid. Mulhall, Sioux City, Ia.

The blacksmith is a blow hard—when his fire is low.—Farm Journal.

If you want creamery prices do as the creameries do, use June Tat Butter Color.

Paint does not make a painter.—Ram's Horn.

THOUSANDS OF AMERICANS FOR WESTERN CANADA.

"There will be thousands of Americans coming up here in the Spring," was the remark made by a farmer from the vicinity of Langdon, North Dakota, when he arrived in Winnipeg, Manitoba, the capital of Western Canada, a few days since. He was the advance guard of a large body who are following him, and he has already invested in several farming sections for himself and others and purposes to take up his permanent abode in this country. He went on to say: "Hundreds are coming from my district alone. I know this to be a fact, for many of them are neighbors of mine. The chief topic of conversation with the farmers is the coming immigration in the spring."

"The impression general in the part of Dakota where I live that farmers can get from 10 to 15 cents more a bushel for wheat on the American side of the line than on the Canadian, has not prevented people from turning their eyes to Canada as a place to live in. They know they can get land in this country which is every bit as fertile as that in Dakota at about one-quarter the price. It is safe to say that the exodus from Dakota into Canada this year will exceed the expectations of all Canadians."

The Government has established Agencies at St. Paul, Minn.; Omaha, Neb.; Kansas City, Mo.; Chicago, Ill.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Wausau, Wis.; Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie, and Marquette, Mich.; Toledo, Ohio; Watertown, S. Dakota; Grand Forks, N. Dakota; and Great Falls, Montana, and the suggestion is made that by addressing any of these, who are the authorized agents of the Government, it will be to the advantage of the reader, who will be given the fullest and most authentic information regarding the results of mixed farming, dairying, ranching and grain-raising, and also supply information as to freight and passenger rates, etc., etc.

PERISHABLE GOODS.

Non-Marrying Young Man of Twenty-Four Gives His Doting Mother Much Concern.

In a Vermont village there lives a young man who has reached the age of 24 with no apparent thought of taking to himself a wife, although all his companions have either "settled" or left the place. He is regarded by the entire community as a confirmed bachelor. His mother looks upon his state with a sadness which has afforded more or less amusement to her summer boarders, says Youth's Companion.

"There's one of his last pictures," said the mother, displaying a photograph on a small card. "It's a good likeness, isn't it? Getting kind of drawn round the mouth, same as his pa, he is. I said to him that I'd been wanting he should have a dozen taken so I could give 'em round to his friends—young ladies—for sometimes a picture standing on a bureau, facing right to you every morning, will start a kind of affectionate feeling. I've been waiting in the hopes he'd think of it himself, but when I saw this spring that he was beginning to fade and show his age, I took matters right into my own hands, and marched him to the photographer's quick as I could. I only hope some good may come of it."

His Judgment.—"I've been told," said the amateur, "that I'm a good actor. What do you think of that?" "I think there are some awful liars in this world."—Chicago Post.

Faith overcomes many failures.—Ram's Horn.



How an abscess in the Fallopian Tubes of Mrs. Hollinger was removed without a surgical operation.

"I had an abscess in my side in the fallopian tube (the fallopian tube is a connection of the ovaries). I suffered untold misery and was so weak I could scarcely get around. The sharp burning pains low down in my side were terrible. My physician said there was no help for me unless I would go to the hospital and be operated on. I thought before that I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which, fortunately, I did, and it has made me a stout, healthy woman. My advice to all women who suffer with any kind of female trouble is to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once."—Mrs. IRA S. HOLLINGER, Stillville, Ohio.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

It would seem by this statement that women would save time and much sickness if they would get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and also write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free and always helps. No other person can give such helpful advice as Mrs. Pinkham to women who are sick.

The K. C. S. Almanac for 1903. The Kansas City Southern Railway's Almanac for 1903 is now ready for distribution. Farmers, stock-raisers, fruit-growers, truck-gardeners, manufacturers, merchants and others seeking a new field of action or a new home at the very lowest prices, can obtain reliable information concerning southwestern Missouri, the Cherokee and Choctaw Nations in the Indian Territory, western Arkansas, eastern Texas, northwestern Louisiana and the Coast country, and of the business opportunities offered therein. Write for a copy of the K. C. S. Almanac and address, S. G. Warner, G. P. A., K. C. S. Railway, Kansas City, Mo.

Enterprising Drummer. Shopkeeper (whose patience is completely exhausted)—Snippers, call the porter to kick this fellow out. Impertunate Commercial Traveler (undaunted)—Now, while we're waiting for the porter, I'll show you an entirely new line—best thing you ever laid eyes on.—Glasgow Times.

Seeking a New Home? Why not try the great Southwest? Low colonist rates on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Ask for particulars and literature. Address James Barker, Gen'l Pass. Agent, M. K. & T. Ry., 263 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

A young woman is suing her husband for divorce on the ground that he is a fool. He says the mere fact that he married her prevents him from setting up any defense.—Chicago Daily News.

"What is it that makes men great, papa?" "Persistent advertising, my son."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Happy Homes

One of the essentials of the happy homes of to-day is a fund of information as to right living and the best methods of promoting health and happiness. With proper knowledge, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and are of not less value than the using of the most wholesome foods and the selecting of the best medicinal agents when needed. With the well-informed, medicinal agents are used only when nature needs assistance and while the importance of cleansing the system effectually, when bilious or constipated, has long been known, yet until within recent years it was necessary to resort to oils, salts, extracts of roots, barks and other cathartics which were found to be objectionable and to call for constantly increased quantities.

Then physicians having learned that the most excellent laxative and carminative principles were to be found in certain plants, principally in the leaves, the California Fig Syrup Co. discovered a method of obtaining such principles in their purest condition and of presenting them with pleasant and refreshing liquids in the form most acceptable to the system and the remedy became known as Syrup of Figs—as figs were used, with the plants, in making it, because of their agreeable taste.

This excellent remedy is now rapidly coming into universal use as the best of family laxatives, because it is simple and wholesome and cleanses and sweetens the system effectually without disturbing the natural functions and without unpleasant after effects and its use may be discontinued when it is no longer required.

All who would enjoy good health and its blessings should remember that it is the one remedy which physicians and parents well-informed approve and recommend and use and which they and their little ones alike enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all reliable druggists, at the regular price of fifty cents per bottle, in original packages only, having the name of the remedy—Syrup of Figs—and the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N. Y.