

TO MY WATCH.

Little watch, fast ticking out
All the hours of pain and doubt,
All the tumult, toil and strife
Making up our span of life,
All the heart-wrung sighs and tears
Falling faster with the years,
As the petals drop and fade
From the bloom life's Summer made,
Ah! what though's each other chase
As I look upon your face!

Every tick your motions give,
One tick less have I to live,
Did I realize this thought,
With such solemn meaning fraught,
When some new-born joy drew nigh
In the happy days gone by,
And your slight han' is all 'o slow
Round about your face did go?
Ah! I those tardy hours have passed
Would they were not now so ast!

Never stopping in your flight,
Never pausing day or night;
Not a moment's rest you crave
From the cradle to the grave.
With a never-ceasing motion,
Steadfast as the tides of ocean;
Seeming evermore to hurry,
Yet without a moment's fury;
Till our worn hearts almost pray
That you would a moment stay.

All things rest—the clouds at noon;
And the leaves in nights of June;
And the grief-wildest ed brain
When sleep falls like softest rain;

And the stars when day awakes,
And the day when Hesper shales
Gleams of gold from out the skies
In wandering lovers' eyes.

You alone speed on your way,
Never resting night or day.

Yet what joys those hands have brought!
Golden days with rapture fraught;

Golden days by sunlit fountain;
Golden days on breezy mountain;

Days made more divine by love

Than by radiance from above.

Ah! those hands that to the sense

Bring such joys and bear them hence;

Could we know what Time conceas's

'Neath those little ticking wheels!

Yet when those slight hands shall mark

That last hour when all grows dark;

And shall still keep tickling on

When e'rth's light from me is gone,

Little watch, your face shall be

Still a memory sweet to me,

Though diviner light may shine

On these opened eyes of mine.

For your hands that never cease

Bring at last the perfect peace.

—[Tempo Bar.

TRAILED BY A PANTHER.

In the spring of '73 I entered the service of the Canadian Government in the capacity of a rodman in one of the numerous parties which at that time were engaged in trying to locate a practicable route for the projected Canadian Pacific Railway through the howling wilderness which stretched away westward from the shores of Lake Superior.

My party had spent the summer in running levels between Thunder Bay and Lake Shebandowan, and late in the fall had gone into camp near the first rapids of the Kaministiquia River, distant about twenty miles from its mouth.

More than two months had passed since the receipt of our last mail; so immediately upon our arrival at the river, a messenger had been dispatched for it to Prince Arthur's Landing, about twenty-three miles down stream, with instructions to return without delay.

Six days had elapsed since Sandy Macpherson, our messenger, had donned a clean shirt and bade us good-bye, with many a hearty assurance of a speedy return; and we were still looking anxiously and vainly down the trail for the first sign of his bushy whiskers.

On the evening of the day aforesaid the situation in camp had become simply desperate. Twenty big-fisted Highlanders sat on the trunk of a fallen tree just outside the camp and cursed Sandy Macpherson; and they were still at it when, late in the afternoon, I threw myself bodily into the ever-widening breach and announced my intention of starting for the Landing at once.

A lull in the men's swearing succeeded my declaration, and Sandy Macpherson's heartless desertion of his brother Scots in distress was forgotten as twenty pairs of hard, honest hands helped me to gird on my armor, which consisted of an old muzzle-loading "Colt's," and a heavy hunting-knife.

The day had been a gloomy, threatening one, and just as I had completed my arrangements for departure, a cold drizzling rain set in. But off I went at an Indian lope, a half hour of which brought me to the junction of the trail with the Pigeon River mailroad, at which point and close to the river bank, a crew of wood-choppers from the old Hudson Bay post of Fort William had recently erected a log shanty. As I was passing this lonely habitation two men, who were putting a punt in the stream, had come and inquired whether I was bound. Upon learning that I was on my way to the settlement, they offered me a seat on a pile of empty meal sacks in the bottom of the boat, informed me at the same time that they were about to pull down to the company's farm, distant about six miles, to bring back a cargo of potatoes. I gladly accepted the invitation, and we soon bowing down stream as fast as a two-mile current and four stout arms could send us.

My fellow-voyagers, who were both Scotchmen, seemed well pleased to have a guest, and chatted almost incessantly as the ugly craft shot down the swollen Globe-Democrat.

We had been running in mid-stream from the start, but as the boat rounded a sharp bend in the river it shot into a narrow cove, which gradually terminated in a dark ravine. The craft was laid alongside the banks, and after having been told fully half a dozen times that I would find the mail-road by striking out to the right from the head of the ravine, I leaped ashore amid a perfect shower of "guide luck to ye."

I lost no time in getting out of the ravine, for night was closing fast, and it was of the utmost importance that I should reach the road while light enough remained to keep three trees in line. Reaching the level, I laid my course carefully and followed it at a run. I was going along in good shape when suddenly I found the ground sloping away sharply to the front, the slope terminating in a shallow ravine densely timbered with spruce and "Jack" pine. It was quite dark in this bottom, and the spruce grew in almost impenetrable clumps, making it impossible to follow a straight line. As I pushed my way with nervous haste through the dripping boughs I began to realize that the darkness about me was not entirely due to the lay of the ground and thickness of timber growth. The dull twilight had faded out as suddenly as if the sun had been instantly

snuffed out of existence. As the daylight died the rain changed to a steady downpour, drenching me to the skin and chilling me to the marrow.

After a half-hour of struggling through a tangle of hazel thickets where the branches thrust themselves aggressively into my eyes, and a few remaining water-soaked leaves clung to my cheeks with a contact like that of a drowned man's hand, I came to the conclusion that I had been traversing the ravine lengthwise and in a direction parallel to the line of the mail road. I was on the point of changing my course when the ground sloped abruptly upward, and, scrambling up a bank of very greasy clay, I found myself in a clearing, one side of which seemed to me to stretch away indefinitely into the darkness. There was a smell of wet ashes and cinders in the air, and the half burned trunks of fallen trees were scattered about in a careless, unstudied manner.

For the twelfth time I extricated myself from an involuntary embrace with Mother Earth, and I was groping around for my hat, which had been lost in the last tumble, when my hand suddenly slipped downward into space, and a black gulf yawned before me, from falling bodily into which I was saved only by throwing myself heavily backward; in falling my hand came in contact with a partly consumed pine not. This I grasped and threw far out into the darkness. One, two, three seconds passed, and then the sound of a faint splash came from somewhere below. The missile had fallen into the river.

Then for the first time I became vividly conscious of the disagreeable fact that I was lost, and I had presented to me the delightful alternative of perishing from cold if I remained much longer in a state of inaction, or of breaking my neck if I moved from the spot.

As I sat staring into the darkness—my eyes gradually becoming accustomed to it—the indistinct outline of the river bank slowly unfolded itself to me. Trusting to my keenness of vision to keep me from tumbling over the bluff, I arose and began making my way slowly along it. I knew that down stream lay the stack told me that the ferocious creature was digging down to me with teeth and talons, and that the crisis of my life was close at hand.

The brute was digging right over the spot where my head lay. Changing my position slightly, I turned on my left side just as a paw was thrust into the space which my head had lately occupied.

Of course I could not see the paw, but I could feel it, for it brushed against my face as it buried itself deeply into the hair alongside me. I knew that the sharp fangs would soon follow.

I clutched the sinewy leg that rested so close to my face that I might have touched it by simply thrusting out my tongue. With a quick movement of my right hand I forced the knife upward through the hair until I felt a spasmodic twiching in the muscles of the leg, around which my left hand had closed in a death-grip. The point of the knife had found the panther's hide. Throwing the whole of my strength into the effort I drove the knife sharply upward—once, twice, thrice, as far as the hilt would let it go—and loosened my grip on the leg.

With a yell of agony the mortally-stricken brute sprang upward, fell back on the stack, thrashed around there for a while, and, finally rolling off, struck the ground a dead thud, that told me well the knife had done its work.

I had not the faintest recollection of leaving my hiding place that night, but when morning dawned I was found by one of the Mission herders miles down the river wandering about the woods in a delirium of fever and with a bloody hunting knife dangling by its loop from my wrist.

In a little whitewashed bedroom of the old Mission I saw, during the following fortnight, panthers enough to have stocked a dozen menageries. When at last I was able to sit up and talk I learned that during the first week of my illness searching parties had scoured the woods in quest of the supposed victim of the bloody knife that had been found on my person. At last an Ojibway trapper struck my back trail and followed it up. At the foot of the haystack in the clearing he found the carcass of the panther lying just where it had fallen, with its heart divided in two. The creature weighed 182 pounds; and measured seven feet three from tip to tip.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

roof without difficulty. Running along the ridge, knife in hand, I leaped to the stack, and driving knife downward into it, pulled myself to the top. Tearing away a portion of the thatch, I worked my way, head foremost, into the newly gathered hay, to the centre of the stack. Half dead from the cold and exhaustion, I lay there with the quick surge of my pulse sounding in my ears with the distinctness of a drum beat.

While I did not care to hope that I had wholly outwitted the panther, I was at least safe from immediate attack. Moreover, I was assured of a breathing spell, without which I should have been as a child in the clutches of the powerful brute that was making the clearing resound with its cries.

Suddenly the cries ceased, and the stillness of death reigned in the great gloomy bottom. I clutched my knife tightly and listened. I had just begun to flatter myself that the panther had lost the trail at the creek, and had abandoned the pursuit, when a deep throned growl came from the roof of the shanty, and in the next breath the stack was shaken from top to bottom, as the savage beast landed upon it directly over my head. And there it lay, a dead, suffocating weight, waiting, no doubt, for some untoward accident to betray my true position.

For fully fifteen minutes I lay there, hardly able to breathe, much less to stir a muscle, when I was suddenly taken with an acute chill, and in spite of every effort to keep it back, a convulsive shiver ran through my frame. That settled it. In the next instant the swaying and rocking of the stack told me that the ferocious creature was digging down to me with teeth and talons, and that the crisis of my life was close at hand.

The brute was digging right over the spot where my head lay. Changing my position slightly, I turned on my left side just as a paw was thrust into the space which my head had lately occupied. This peculiar condition of affairs prevails in the Portuguese possessions of South Africa. It seems that the negroes there, when employed for any definite object, have to be carefully and laboriously instructed how to perform their work. If a man be temperate in his habits he will in one or two months be sufficient to maintain himself in idleness for nearly a year, and the consequence is that he returns to his home, and the instructions which have been given to him are entirely lost. With an intemperate native the opposite state of affairs exists. Month after month, on the receipt of his wages, he spends his entire earnings in liquor, and never having sufficient funds to take him home, remains with his employer for years, becoming more and more valuable as time passes by reason of the fact that the repetition of instructions becomes gradually less necessary.

The town of Warrenton, Ga., was treated to some excellent music a few days since and the producer was a one-armed colored lad who hails from Florida. The wonderful feature about this talented musician is that he performs skillfully on three instruments at the same time, guitar, harp and a call bell. Having only one arm it seems impossible for him to perform this great feat. His arm off near the elbow, so to this he fastens a stick about the size of your little finger and eight inches in length, which he uses to beat on the guitar strings instead of picking them. At the same time, guitar, harp and a call bell. Having only one arm it seems impossible for him to perform this great feat. His arm off near the elbow, so to this he fastens a stick about the size of your little finger and eight inches in length, which he uses to beat on the guitar strings instead of picking them. At the same time, guitar, harp and a call bell. 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