

IT WAS A GREAT SHOT

REUBEN PETTIBONE'S SON A CREDIT TO HIS FATHER.

The Man From Over Sinnamonahoning Way Tells of the System He Employed In Suddenly and Simultaneously Killing a Bear, a Buck and Two Pheasants.

"The peculiar success that attended my remarkable father, Reuben Pettibone, as a hunter," said the man from over Sinnamonahoning way, "was due to his marvelous knowledge of the anatomical structure of wild beasts as much as to his unerring skill as a marksman.

"It isn't enough to know," he used to say, "just where a deer's heart is located in the animal's body or the exact spot in the interior of a bear where the kidneys lie snugly ensconced and then to be able to sock a bullet there if you want to be sure of your game. Not by any means. A deer will go a mile easy enough with a bullet in its heart before it will drop, and you may plug a hole clear through a bear's kidneys, and yet he will hump himself and get far out of your reach in a laurel patch before he finds out that he is a goner. You may get the deer after a good deal of trouble and suspense, but you'll never get the bear. The safest and only profitable way to hunt, to say nothing of being merciful to your beast, is to kill your game dead where it stands or where it runs. Thus, always sever a ventricle of a deer's heart when you shoot, and all you have to do then is to walk up and skin the deer. Never skirrmish around to draw blood on a bear's kidneys. Separate the spinal cord at the neck with your bullet and the bear will die in the middle of a breath.

"Everybody knows," my remarkable father used to say, "that if you shoot the head off a pheasant as it swoops like the wind through the thicket, the pheasant will drop dead. Of course it will, but then see what a shocking looking thing the dead bird is with its ragged, bloody, headless neck. Beheading your pheasant thus is cruel. Just as the base of the bird's bill, below the eyes, is a bunch of nerves. A sudden shock to those nerves will kill the bird instantly. Direct your rifle ball as the bird takes wing, so that it will whiz over that bunch of nerves so close that if it was a hair closer it would break the skin. A stroke of lightning couldn't drop that bird any quicker than the concussion of that passing bullet will. Remember this, my son," Reuben Pettibone used to say, "and never waste, pain or mummix your game."

"Praxiteles," my remarkable father used to say, "never waste, pain or mummix your game. Let anatomical knowledge go hand in hand with knowing how to shoot. Then, if you keep your powder dry, you'll tumble things tremendous." And I followed his advice, and I have tumbled things, I take it. Indeed I have, but of all the tumbling of things I ever did nothing ever reflected more credit on my remarkable father than a neat bit of tumbling I did once down on the lower Sinnamonahoning. I claim no credit for it for myself. It was neat indeed, but far be it from me to say that I ever would have thought of doing it if it had not been for the precept and example of Reuben Pettibone. Never!

"Of all the multitudinous things I have tumbled I have seldom gone out with vengeance in my heart to tumble 'em, but this time I did. I did indeed. Good reason I had for it too, although I had been more than patient. When the ninth sheep disappeared from my pasture, though, I thought it was time to call a halt on the bear, and I took my rifle and went out, vengeful and determined. I got on the track of the bear about a mile down the Sinnamonahoning and followed it three miles. The stream made a sudden bend right there, and as I moved cautiously around the bend I came in sight of the sheep stealer stretched out on the bank sound asleep a hundred yards or so ahead of me. He wasn't in a position for me to give him a dead shot, and vengeful as I was I could not bear to think of giving him even a moment of suffering.

"I was on the point of hollering at him to scare him up and show me a proper shot when I happened to raise my eyes, and there five rods ahead lay a big buck chewing his cud in sweet contentment. Deer were uncommon scarce that season, and I had use for just such a buck as that, so I concluded to postpone my vengeance a moment, kill the deer and then attend to the bear before he could get up into the brush, for I knew he would be up and off at the sound of my gun. I was just about to run my eye over the gun barrel and let the buck die with the taste of his cud still in his mouth when what should come strutting out into the open, side by side, but a big cock pheasant and his hen. I

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE The Great English Remedy. Six Packages Guaranteed to promptly and permanently cure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency and all effects of Abuse or Excesses, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, which soon lead to Insanity, Incontinence, Consumption and an early grave. Has been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medicine known. Ask druggist for Wood's Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, inclose price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price, one package, \$1; six, \$5. One will cure, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada. Sold in Charlottetown by Geo. E. Hughes, Druggist.

THE CAT CAME BACK.

That's a peculiarity of cats; they always do; so do the thousands of persons who buy their clothing from us. They don't return from force of habit merely like the feline, but because they have learned that in the three great essentials—Quantity, Quality and Price—we are never found wanting. A matter worthy of your careful attention is our line of Men's Ulsters at \$3.95, \$4.50, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$12.

MISCHIEVOUS BOYS

All boys who amount to "shucks" are mischievous—so it is said—still they do wear out clothing very fast. There fore any possible saving on these essentials must be taken advantage of. Here is an opportunity right now. We have just put on sale some boys' and youths' Overcoats at very nearly

COST LINE

Tributes to the wearing qualities of our clothing are coming to us every day in the shape of new customers sent by old patrons. That is an indorsement worth having. We want you to become a new customer now. If you intend to buy a suit you want to feel certain that you will get 100 cents of value for every dollar invested. You may do this at other stores? you are certain to do it at ours.

McKay Woolen Company, The Big Store—Bargain Corner,

had no sooner seen them than a comprehensive idea struck me, and I proceeded at once to carry it out. "This will be the neatest piece of work I have ever done," said I to myself. "I wish father was here to see it." "I was apprehensive of only one thing, and that was that the bear might wake up before things were in proper shape. I watched the two pheasants as they strutted on out side by side. I was ready to act the instant they got to the point my nice calculation had fixed on. They got there at last. I gave a yell. The bear woke up and sprang to his feet, broadside toward me. The buck rose like a flash at the same instant. The birds got up neck and neck. I fired. The bear sank down and lay there as if he had resumed his nap. The two pheasants dropped to the ground side by side, just the same as they had got up. The buck tumbled where he was lying when I woke him. "If you could see this, Reuben Pettibone," said I, "it's pleased you'd be, I'm sure, to know what an apt pupil I have been indeed and to see how deep your lessons did sink in." "Yes, the bear's spinal cord was severed at the neck, the bullet having plowed there just deep enough to do it and then gone on its way. There wasn't a mark on the pheasants. The bullet had skimmed that bunch of nerves on each and shocked them to death. The right ventricle of the deer's heart was cut in two, as if it had been done with a knife, so nice had been my shot."

The man in the red, blue, pink, yellow, green and purple Mackinaw jacket got out of his chair, lifted one hand and opened his mouth as if to speak. "Here, Mackinaw," said the man from over Sinnamonahoning way, handing him his plug of tobacco, "take a chew with me!" Mackinaw took the plug, bit off a chew, put the plug into his pocket and passed it slowly, looking dazed. The man from over Sinnamonahoning way mused a moment and then went homeward, grinning as if he had been having fun.—New York Sun.

WANTED!

5,000 men, women and children to call and inspect my New Goods. Compare prices with other stores, and be convinced by buying from me your watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, spectacles, eye glasses, etc, you will save money, and the goods bought from me will be warranted to give satisfaction.

C. C. JURY

Elastic Advertising Rates. When the advertising agent of one of the greatest shows on earth—for in the circus business "greatest" is not a superlative term at all—visited a small town in Kansas last summer, he called upon the editor of the local paper and inquired the cost of a double column display advertisement in the next two issues. "Two hundred and eighty dollars," was the reply, without a second's hesitation. "Great Scott! Are you crazy?" cried the agent. "What would you charge us for a full page?" "Two hundred and eighty—just the same." "But how do you figure it?" expostulated the circus man. "Haven't you any settled rate for space advertising?" "See here, mister," earnestly remarked the editor, "I don't pay any attention to space in this deal, but I do know just what an advertisement in this paper will cost you. You may have a column, or a page, or the whole blamed paper, just as you like. There's a mortgage for \$280 on this shop, and your circus has got to help me out with it. If it doesn't, I'm a goner, that's all. You may move right in here and run the whole shooting match for a couple of weeks to suit yourself, but we've got to ante up \$280 before next Saturday night. Now, then, are you a friendly Indian or are you a hostile?" All the dates and extra posters used last season by that show throughout the west were printed in a little one horse newspaper office in Kansas. The paper is still issued regularly, and its editor shows every evidence that he is at peace with all the world, and is prospering.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Moral Courage Hero. Mrs. John Hays Hammond, in her account of the Jameson raid, tells a good story of a "moral courage" hero, one of those who remained in Johannesburg, "guarding the women and children," instead of going out to meet Jameson. It seems this gentleman gravely said to her, "If there had been war, I wonder if I should have had the moral courage to keep out of the fight?" "I looked into his face," said Mrs. Hammond, "and, seeing there his character, answered with dryness, 'Oh, I suspect you would.'"

Compensation. He—Darling, will you miss me when I am far away in a foreign land? She—Yes, dear, but you will write to me often, won't you? What a chance it will be for me to increase my collection of foreign stamps!—Boston Transcript.

Two Feet Two. Said the girl to the hardware clerk, "I want two feet of hose." Said the smart Aleck, "Don't you mean hose for two feet?"—Hardware.

It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of man is tested.—James Russell Lowell. The wealth of the late Mr. Pullman is now stated at \$3,800,000.

For Sale or to Let "SIDMOUNT."

The beautiful residence of the Hon. F. Peters for sale or to let. This property comprises 20 acres excellent land, with large and commodious dwelling house, and outbuildings, all in good repair. The house is fitted with modern improvements, having hot and cold baths and heated with hot water, and lighted with electric light. The grounds are beautifully laid out and planted with ornamental trees. If not sold by private sale, it will be sold by auction on Tuesday, the 9th day of November, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Also—One driving mare, one superior cow, carriage, sleighs, robes, harness, farming implements, and a lot of hay and straw, etc., etc. The extensive sale of superior furniture will take place the following morning at 10 o'clock. R. BEARISTO, Auctioneer.

GREAT CLEARING OUT SALE SUPERIOR FURNITURE.

For Sale By Auction

I am instructed by the Hon F. Peters to sell by Auction at his residence, Sidmount on

WEDNESDAY, 10th NOV.,

Next, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m. All his household effects comprising Superior Piano, Drawing Room, Dining Room Hall, Bed Room and Kitchen Furniture.

Terms cash. R. BEARISTO, Auctioneer.

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Carpenters Wanted. At once—two Carpenters. Apply to PARKMAN & CRABBE. 25-14

Of all the nerve-tonics—bromos, celerics or nervines—your doctor will tell you that the Hypophosphites are best understood. So thoroughly related is the nervous system to disease that some physicians prescribe Hypophosphites alone in the early stages of Consumption. Scott's Emulsion is Cod-liver Oil, emulsified, with the Hypophosphites, happily blended. The result of its use is greater strength and activity of the brain, the spinal cord and the nerves.

Let us send you a book all about it. Sent free. SCOTT & BOWNE, Bellevue, Ont.

Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Gum. An unailing remedy for indigestion. Recommended by the leading medical authorities. See that the trade mark name "Tutti Frutti" is on each 5c. package. ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS.

CHARLOTTETOWN BOSTON Buy your tickets for Boston by the fast Steamer Halifax. W. W. CLARK, Ticket Agent.

A SONG. Bring me the juice of the honey fruit, The large, translucent, amber hue'd, Rare grapes of southern isles, to suit The luxury that fills my mood. And bring me only such as grow Where fairest maidens tend the bowers, And only fed by rain and dew Which first had bathed a bank of flowers. They must have hung on spicy trees In strds of far enchanted vales, And all night heard the ecstasies Of noble throated nightingales. So that the virtues which belong To flowers may therein tasted be, And that which hath been thrilled with song May give a thrill of song to me. For I would wake that string for thee Which hath too long in silence hung, And sweeter than all else should be The song which in thy praise is sung. —Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE SQUIRRELS IN THE OAK.

How They Kept House and Got Their Provisions. My favorite boarders in the oak were the gray squirrels. The boys knew their hole from the woodpeckers' at a glance, for it was in the living trunk of the tree, and the red brown margin always showed where their powerful teeth had been cutting away the bark that threatened to grow in and close them up. I have often wondered how the woodpeckers knew that it would imprison them, and that they must put up with the dead limb.

As for the grays, they were not afraid to live in the heart of the oak, and what stores of nuts, harvested in the hickories on the hill, they did manage to "tote" up there. There must have been a peck at least when I ruthlessly chopped into the hollow with a sharp hatchet and captured a fine brood of young ones that were soon tamed into graceful and affectionate pets.

The old father and mother we did not want, even if we could have caught them, because they are fierce and untamable in captivity.

The abduction of their pretty children did not seem to weigh much on their minds. They gave no sign of the poignant grief, not to be comforted, that I have seen, for instance, in bluebirds whose nest had been despoiled, but refitted their den as snugly as before and raised another family.

When my squirrels went harvesting, one of them first held his head in the mouth of the hole for half a minute to see if the coast was clear. Presently out he whisked and stopped again to make sure, while his mate followed. Then Mr. Squirrel gave a rasping, long drawn bark of defiance, which must have filled his lady's heart with admiration for his boldness and with apprehension lest some unwary creature should come within reach of her lord's anger.

Then—if you didn't betray yourself and send both scampering in wildest fright back to the hole—after playing hide and seek for a few moments they ran in single file out to the topmost twigs of a great bough, gained a branch of the neighboring bare walnut and, crossing to its farther side, made a desperate flying leap into the top of a young hickory. Running half way down this, they used a succession of dogwoods and oak saplings until they had reached the grove of tall, straight hickories on the hill, an eighth of a mile from their hole in the oak. Come on them suddenly now if you would care to see fast time made over this queer course and some record breaking leaps that fairly take away one's breath.—Scribner's Magazine.

Autograph Fiends.

The author of "Chats With Celebrities," Mr. Guild, says of the demand upon Longfellow for his autograph: I remember one very pleasant party at the poet's dinner table, at which Mr. Monti, Professor E. N. Horsford and myself were present, when Mr. Longfellow related a number of amusing anecdotes respecting applications that were made to him for autographs. He was very kind to autograph seekers and used to keep in a little box upon his writing table a number of slips upon which were written, "Yours very truly, Henry W. Longfellow." One of these would be sent to the applicant by a member of his family to whom he passed over their requests.

But the autograph seekers were not always satisfied with a mere signature, and he often sent a verse from one of his poems signed with his name. The most remarkable request, however, came from a lady in Boston, who, the poet said, sent him by express a package of 150 blank visiting cards, with a letter requesting that he would inscribe his name on each of them the next day, as she was to have a grand reception at which a number of literary people would be present, and she wished to present each one of her guests with the poet's autograph. This was too much for even Longfellow's good nature and would seem to be hardly credible had I not heard it from the poet's own lips.