

ing through the shrubbery, and by the light of their lantern they saw the fierce beast spring up into a tree and begin tearing the bark with its claws.

"It's a painter, sure enough," said Goodwin's neighbor.

"We'd better start for the house, seeing as how we ain't armed."

"And must I go home without my boy? How can I? It will kill my poor wife!"

"It's the only thing left us. There, the painter's going away. It's useless to stand here any longer."

The beast was heard moving off, and they turned sadly toward home.

On the following morning a large company of men and boys, neighboring settlers, were gathered with their dogs and guns around Goodwin's cabin door. The news of Charley's disappearance and of a panther in the neighborhood had spread like wildfire through the settlement. It was determined to hunt the monster to the death.

The excited party started at once, divided into two companies, each under an experienced hunter. It was thought by this method that the panther would have fewer chances of escaping, and be brought to bay with more dispatch than if the hunters marched all in one body.

Far up on the mountain the hounds took the scent and dashed away, followed by the hunters. But away to the left, on another ridge of the mountains, was heard the bay of the pack belonging to the other division. Still the enthusiasm of the settlers was not cooled. At noon the two parties met on the other side of the mountain. A light lunch was eaten, and then they started on the homeward track. Nothing had been seen of the panther.

On the Warner side of the mountain, late in the afternoon, the hounds of one of the parties made a great outcry. It was in a swamp, not far from the Goodwin pasture. The men hurried to the spot, jumping stones and bushes and the trunks of fallen trees in their haste. They met the dogs coming back. Two of them had bloody muzzles, and bore hideous wounds on the bodies.

"The dogs have had hold of something, and something has hold of them," said one of the men, quaintly. "It's a panther's work; I know the mark of their claws."

The hunters went through the swamp cautiously. The dogs would not go back again. No trace of the panther was found. Disappointed and weary, they proceeded down the mountain toward the settlement.

"What is that?" asked one of the men suddenly.

A sound like that of some one shouting was plainly heard. They all stopped to listen. The shout was repeated, and was not far off.

"It's my boy! It's Charley's voice!" cried Goodwin. "He must be alive," and he rushed in the direction of the sound.

At the foot of the hill before spoken of, in Goodwin's pasture, there was a large ledge of rocks. Toward that the party hastened.

Charley! Charley! where are you?" shouted the pioneer.

"Here I am," replied the little fellow—"down here in the rock. I can't get up."

Several of the party had already mounted the ledge, and they now saw what was the matter. There was a crevice or crack running through the rock from top to bottom, all the way from a foot to a foot and a half in width. Into this fissure the boy had fallen, and as the sides were steep and smooth he could not possibly climb out. A hazel withe was cut, and one end given him, and he was speedily drawn to the surface.

"How came you in there, Charley?" asked his father.

"I fell in," answered the boy. "I was out there under that maple when the panther jumped onto Tige. I ran to the top of this rock, and stumbling, fell down in there. The panther came several times and tried to reach me, but he couldn't. Oh, I'm so tired and hungry!"

"We'll beat home soon," said his father. "Your mother will be looking for you."

They hastened toward the cabin with eager footsteps, and soon met the other party, who were returning from a fruitless search for boy or panther. Just then the report of a gun was heard at the settlement.

"What does that mean?" asked a brawny pioneer.

"I don't know," answered Goodwin.

"Something must be the matter."

The party hastened their steps to a run.

At the close of the long afternoon, Dolly Goodwin, a girl of about sixteen, had gone out to do the milking. The cows had not been turned to the pasture that day, but had been kept in an enclosure near the barn, shut in by a stone wall eight feet high.

Her mother had objected to Dolly's doing this. "Father will be at home soon," she said, "and there will be time enough then."

But Dolly, who was a busy little body, insisted. "If you are afraid for me, I will take my gun. You won't have to worry then. The cows really ought to be milked, for it's almost dark. Besides, Brindle and Loo like me."

The girl took down a small, pretty musket from its place over the deer antler; it was her own, purchased the year before from her own savings.

The yard seemed a safe, cozy place, and Dolly felt like smiling at her mother's fears as she sat down on a stool and began milking one of the gentle, mild-eyed animals that were complacently chewing their cuds. She has one of the pails about filled, when there was a sudden disturbance among the horned inmates of the inclosure.

Dolly rose to her feet and gazed around, grasping her musket in both hands. We can see how she looked—a thin slip of a girl, with bare feet and ankles, a gown of linsey-woolsey, her gingham bonnet thrown back from her curls, and hanging to her neck by its fastened strings. The red in her cheeks and the flash in her eye made her look very charming.

Her quick eye soon caught a glance of a lithe, cat-like animal creeping stealthily along the high stone wall, its glaring eyes, the long undulating tail, and the tawny-colored hide, told well enough the character of the intruder. She knew it was a panther.

Dolly's heart rose into her throat, and for a moment, as she said afterward, she thought she should run as poor Brindle had done. But she was a pioneer girl, strong and healthy, and her nerves were soon under control. She raised her weapon to her shoulder and leveled it full at the tawny breast of the crouching panther.

Her aim was taken instantly. She saw the greenish eyes glitter and the long tail lash the wall excitedly. The next moment the savage beast sprang toward her. At the same moment her finger pressed the trigger.

She knew no more until she heard the baying of the hounds and the loud cries of the returning hunters. Her father opened the heavy wooden gate, and came in where she was leaning half fainting against the wall.

"I am all right now, father," said Dolly, in reply to his anxious interrogation, "but I was kind of sick like a while ago."

She still looked very pale.

"The girl has beat the hull of us!" cried a rough pioneer. "It's the very best we were after. See, there's the marks of the hounds' teeth. Well, it's saved us a journey to-morrow; that's a comfort. But you beat the dickens, Dolly, you do."

They all crowded around, offering congratulations, and for weeks afterward her exploit was the talk of the neighborhood.

The panther proved on measurement to be one of the largest of its kind, lacking only an inch of being seven feet in length, including its tail. The State bounty was forty dollars. This sum, with what she realized from its skin, made Dolly quite a rich young lady for those times.—*Harper's Young People.*

TRUE FAITH.—One day a Kaffir girl in South Africa went to a missionary and dropped four sixpences into his hand, saying: "This is your money." "You don't owe me anything replied the teacher." "I do," she answered, "and I will tell you how. At the public examination you promised a sixpence to any one in the class I was in who would write the best specimen on a slate. I gave in my slate and got the sixpence; but you did not know then that another person wrote that specimen for me. Yesterday you were reading in the church about Zachaeus, who said: 'If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.' I took from you one sixpence, and I bring you back four."

LIST OF LETTERS.

REMAINING IN THE POST OFFICE AT Salt Lake City, Oct. 5, 1882, which if not called for within one month, will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

LADIES' LIST.

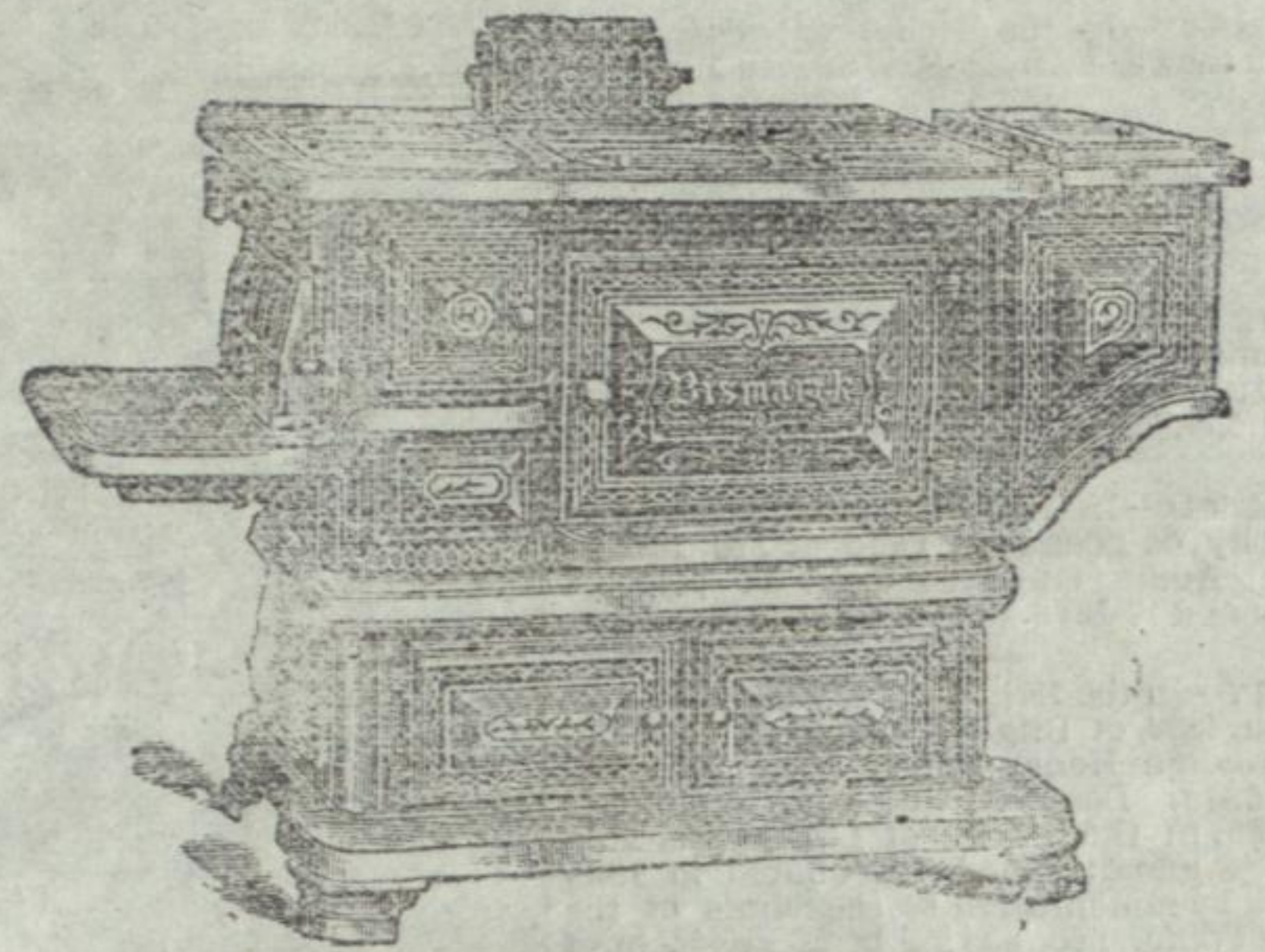
A	Allen D	Goodman T B Orchard S
A	Adamson A M	Hardy Mrs
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A	Anderson H	Hawkins E
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C	Clayton M	Lincoln S
C	Cannon M T	La Brie E E S
C	Cave M	Leland E E
C	Collins A	Lundberg E
C	Cot A	Larson H
C	Chyroy A	Lewis H
C	Camp C	Lugder L L
C	Campbell J M	McCallister A
C	Connover J 2	McCallister A
D	Drake A	Moss Mrs
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D	Decker F E	Merideth E
D	Davis E Y	Moses S
D	Dick J 2	Murdock M
D	Davey J H	Mair M
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F	Farnsworth A E	Monson S
F	Fisher L	Nordstrom O
F	Florence L	Newland E
F	Foley R S	Newton L
G	Geritt C	Nilson M
G	Garrett M E	O'Haro S
G	Graves T B	Osborn M
G		Olsen M

GENTLEMEN'S LIST

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A	Allen H I	Henry A M	Nilsen J 2
A	Ackins G	Hays A W 2	Newman J B
A	Axon J 2	Hunt C	O'Connor D
A	Alcock J	Hardy C W	Ontario Lodge
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B	Burnswood J	Hickok W L	Russell G W
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C	Casney W	Leibes L	Tadd J
D	Dreland &	Lichtenstein M	Trier J
D	Hays	Larsen P	Thomsen N 2
D	Day A B	Leslie T	Tate G
D	Davis D E	Lawson W	Thomson G
D	" G	Lamsen W F	"
D	" G B	Lund W	Utah Northern
D	" J J	Land W	RR
D	Dyer F A	Larson H M	"
D	Daines E	McCullough J	Van Hagan J
D	Dougard F	" 2	Van Dour N V
D	DeGraf H P	McGrath M	" W C
D	Duncan J	McCombe J	Wells F
D	Dunham S C	Macomber S H	Webbs E F
E	Evenson J 2	McFarlane A	Wright E F
E	Edwards K	McCoy H	Webb F O
E	Eldridge E	McAllister J	Williams C F
E	Elder J B	Mulhall A 3	Wilson C
F	Fletcher E F	Madden C E	Wyatt A M
F	Fenton G O	Morris T	Walsh H
F	Farrow J	Musgrave E	Walton G W
F	Freelove J	Morton E E	Winter G W
F	Fowler J R	Miller F	Wallace E C
G	Glen A G	Martin E	Wolf H
G	Gill D R	Moore E O	Waldron J B
G	Gould C A	Marcroft H	Wardrobe J
G	Grant E	Mitchell H D	Willis J H
G	Gregory H G	Mather J C	Wilkinson M
G	Gooder G	Mahanny J C	Worthington L E
G	Gabrielson H B	Mathews J C	Wells P
G	Gray J	Mead N	Worthington S
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