A Bear that Bolted.

A man named Ed. Wilson was brought into the Sister's Hospital on Tuesday from a camp in the timber beyond Gloster to be treated for injuries received by falling from a tree into which he had been chased by a wounded bear. The way it occurred was this: He and another man were chopping wood in the timber west of Gloster. While so engaged Wilson looked up and saw a huge bear placidly contemplating them from a distance of about fifty yards. The bear was sitting upright, with its 'arms' apparently folded, and seemed much interested in the manner of cutting and splitting cord-wood as if it might have some notion of going into the business itself. When described the bear was standing perfectly still, showed no signs of hostility and was simply and only an interesting spectator.

The wise thing for the men to have done under the circumstances would have been to leave the bear alone. So thought Wilson's companion and he said as much. But Wilson thought differently. He had a Winchester rifle and, noticing that the bear had a white spot in the centre of his breast just the right size for a nice mark, he said he believed he would take a shot at it. The other advised him not to do it and became suddenly conscious that he was wanted at camp. Wilson looked at the bear again. It still sat motionless and the white mark on the breast looked so tempting that, without more ado, he raised his gun, aimed and fired. But instead of hitting the white, which would have been a death shot, the bullet struck the bear in the shoulder. The wound did not cripple the animal much, but served to suddenly enkindle in its breast an eager desire to eat a wood chopper.

The next thing Wilson remembers he and his companion were doing the great tree-climbing act, with the bear within smelling distance of their heels. Wilson, in his excitement, climbed upon a limb, which was too weak to bear his weight. The limb broke and he fell. The distance to the ground was about thirty feet and he came down bang on top of the bear, which on account of its wound, had been unable to climb the tree. The jolt which the bear had received from the one hundred and seventy pounds of falling mortality was to it a new feature in man-hunting and it startled the animal so that it did not wait for further particulars, but fled in great alarm and soon disappeared in the woods. —*Helena Independent.*

Woman's Sixth Sense.

Here is a singular instance, says the Boston *Courier*, of the working of that subtile, fine, sixth sense, which is apt to effect women more than men, and which is so mysterious in character that we often incline to deny its existence at all. A lady sat sewing quietly in her sitting-room, and in an inner chamber the nurse had just put the baby to sleep and laid her in her basinette. As the nurse came out of the chamber she said to her mistress:

'The little thing is asleep for three hours, ma'am, I'll warrant.'

The nurse went down stairs, and for about a minute the mother sewed on. Suddenly a desire seized her to go and take the sleeping child from its crib.

'What nonsence!' she said to herself. 'Baby is sound asleep. Nurse just put her down. I shall not go.'

Instantly, however, some power, stronger even than the last, urged the mother to go to her baby; and after a moment, she arose, half vexed with herself, and went to her chamber. The baby was asleep in her little bed, safely tucked in with soft white and pink blankets. One small hand was thrown above the little brown head. It was half open, the exquisite fingers slightly curved, and the palm as rosy as the depths of a lovely shell.

'My baby!' whispered the mother, adorning the little sleeper as mothers will. 'My own, little baby!'

She bent over suddenly a third time, impelled by that mysterious force which was controlling her, and, for no apparent reason, took the sleeping baby in her arms and went swiftly into the other room. The had scarcely crossed the threshold when a startling sound caused her to look back. Through a stifling cloud of thick gray dust she saw that the ceiling above the baby's cradle had fallen, burying the heaps of rosy blankets, and lying heaviest of all upon the spot where, but for her mystic warning, her little child would even now be lying.

Was a Liar.

'So you struck the man because he called you a liar?' said the police judge.

'Yes, sir.'

'From which I am to infer that you were not a liar?'

'Oh, no, I was a liar and am yet. If I had not been a liar, I should have paid no attention to the fellow's remarks. Truth is so scarce, judge, that when I hear it, I can't keep down my enthusiasm.'

Fashion-Hints from Peterson's Magazine for September.

All skirts fall flat in front, and are puffed at the back; too much tournure, however, is in bad taste.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

Bonnets are nearly all small, close to the head, except in front, where many of them come up to a point.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

The hair, in Paris, is worn very high, with the puffs a little on one side, the opposite side being filled in with bows of ribbon and aigretts, according to circumstances.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

Long Swedish kid gloves are still worn for visiting, dinner, and evening parties. They are no longer worn over sleeves, however, for out-of door customs, but are thrust under the sleeves.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

Sashes and belts are coming largely into vogue. Pointed cointuries of velvet are much employed on dresses having trimmings of velvet.—*Paris letter in Peterson's Magazine.*

Boston has a man who has gone mad, according to the explanation offered by a friend, through making a chart of the marriage relations of popular actors and then trying to correct it for publication.

Velvet bands, running around the underskirt of a dress, are very fashionable; they show, at regular intervals, under long plaited strips of the material, or under the curved draperies of the overdress.—*Paris letter in Peterson's Magazine.*

Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad Time Table.

LEAVE WESTWARD.

	1	3	5	7	9
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M
Montandon	7.05	9.40	2.05	6.00	7.55
Lewisburg	7.25	10 05	2.20		
Fair Ground	7.30	10.13	2.25		
Biehl	7.40	10.27	2.35		
Vicksburg	7.45	10.36	2.40		
Mifflinburg	8.00 ar	11.00 ar	2.55		
			lv. 3.05		
Millmont	8.22		3.28		
Laurelton	8.33		3.40		
Wiker Run	8.57		4.06		
Cherry Run	9.15		4.25		
Fowler	9.35		4.47		
Coburn	9.48		5.06		
Spring Mills	ar 10.15		ar. 5.30		

LEAVE EASTWARD.

	2	4	6	8	10
		A. M.		P. M.	
Spring Mills		5.50		1.50	
Coburn		6.18		2.20	
Fowler		6.28		2.33	
Cherry Run		6.48		2.55	
Wiker Run		7.05		3.15	
Laurelton		7.30		3.40	
Millmont		7.40		3.52	
			A. M.		
Mifflinburg		8.00	11.45	4.15	
			P. M.		
Vicksburg		8.15	12.10	4.32	
Biehl		8.20	12.17	4.38	
Fair Ground	A. M.	8.30	12.33	4.48	P. M.
Lewisburg	6.35	8.45	12.50	5.10	7.30
Montandon	ar. 6.45	ar. 9.00	ar 1.05	ar. 5.20	ar 7.40

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail West; 3 and 4 with Sea Shore Express East; 5 and 6 with Day Express and Niagara Express West; 7 and 8 with Fast Line West; 9 and 10 with Williamsport Accommodation East.