ATTACKED BY HORNETS.

How an Expert Bleyellst Was Dismounted by the Ugly Innects. The passengers in the stages on the

way to the morning train at Center Morlehes, L. I., witnessed an unusual sight, and for a time feared they would have to deal with a maniac. Rowling along some distance ahead

of the stages was a wheelman, evidently out for an early spin. He was riding on the sidewalk, and some of the stage passengers were admiring his expertness, when suddenly he dropped from his bicycle, and, leaving it lying on the walk, started for the middle of the roadway and toward the station as fast as his legs would carry him.

As he ran, the bicyclist kept brushing his head and face with his hands



THE DOCTOR TOOK SEVERAL IN THE DUST.

and going through other actions that led the passengers to conclude that he had suddenly lost his reason. Some of the women passengers became alarmed and screamed. They were certain the man was crazy, but the stage drivers knew otherwise, for they had recognized him as Dr. C. F. H. Boedecker, a well-known summer resident.

Before the lumbering vehicles could catch up to the doctor he had taken several rolls in the dusty roadway and had danced first on one foot and then on the other, never stopping, but all the while brushing his head and face with his hands.

When the stages reached the praneing physician the passengers learned the cause of his strange actions. They had not noticed that the doctor had deserted his wheel under a big tree. Neither had they learned, much to their own comfort, that the tree sheltered a very large nest of active hornets that had been made still more active by a shower of stones thrown at them by some boys.

The doctor arrived under the tree just in time to receive the full wrath of the swarm, and his strange actions on the public highway were fully justified by the number of stings he had re-

The hornets remained so active that it was found necessary to station a man near the tree to warn passers-by.

CRAWFISH IN A FROG.

Case of Jonah and the Whale in Which the Whale Got the Worst.

"There was a bad case of cruelty at our house recently," said the manager of one of the largest apartment houses in the city to a New York World reporter the other day.

The manager has a fad for pets from the sea. He keeps his pets in a small fish pond in the court of the house. He came across some large bullfrogs in the market one day and took them to the fish pond. One old fellow thrived there. He got so that he would sit on the edge and catch in his great mouth pieces of

beef tossed to him. This old frog was big and fat and comfortable when a few young crawfish made their advent in the pond.



SCRATCHED HIS HEAD.

The fat frog picked out the one he thought juiclest, dived after him, swallowed him at a gulp and took his accustomed place, a sunny spot on the edge

of the pond. "He looked very comfortable at first," said the manager, "but soon I noticed the old fellow was getting nervous. He shifted about on his seat, blinked his eyes very hard, scratched his head with his toe and looked surprised. Then he opened his big mouth and retched and retched, but with no results. I left him making a heroic effort

to look pleasant. "Next day the big frog was still more restless. He kept growing worse and worse, got morose, took to bellowing until people in the house would run to the windows in the court to see what the trouble was.

"I saw the old fellow was going to die, so I killed him. I ripped him open, and out wriggled the crawfish, chipper as you please. The frog's carcass was hollow. All his works were inside the crawfish."

Queer Natural Phenomena.

Near the middle of a white oak log three feet in diameter which was sawed the other day at Blanchester, O., were the figures 1780. It is supposed they were carved when the tree was young and that the wood grew over them without effacing the carved indenta-

STEERS ON A RAMPAGE.

Twenty-Five Break Loose and Charge a Police Station.

Twenty-five big bay Montana steers started a riot in the stock yards district at Chicago the other day, stopped street ears, pursued the police and terrorized the natives until their leader was killed. The steers were being driven down Center avenue to the Cudahy packing house at the stock yards, and acted quietly until they reached Forty-seventh street. At this point they broke away from the drivers and headed down Forty-seventh street. Men, women and children fled in terror and sought doorways and alleys for protection. The enraged beasts continued in their mad



THE BRUTE ONLY SHOOK ITS HEAD.

charge as far as Halsted street. There they turned, and at Matteson street a dozen of them lowered their heads and made straight for a south-bound electric car. The car was full of people returning from the down-town parades. They saw the steers coming, but didn't await their arrival. They escaped from the car as fast as they could and broke for the nearest houses.

With the spirit of anarchy rioting in their veins, the whole herd then charged the police station. The blue coats saw them coming and scattered. Disdaining to pursue a fee that would not stand up and fight, the steers turned and galloped on. Then the police became pursuers.

Lieuts. Keleher and Fitzpatrick, with several officers, armed themselves with Winchester rifles and started after the steers in the patrol wagon. At Union and Forty-seventh streets a big yellow steer had stopped and was having things its own way. The streets were empty, but from safe positions in windows and on housetops the residents were watching the big steer tear up soil by the peckful. Lieut. Keleher rested his rifle on the side of the patrol wagon and fired. The steer only shook its head and seemed to laugh. The lieutenant fired again, but not until four bullets had entered the steer's body did it fall. At the fourth shot it leaped into the air and dropped dead. The officers then started after the rest of the herd. They were found at Fiftieth street and Union avenue, but their long run seemed to have exhausted them, and they were driven back to the packinghouse without any further trouble.

TUSSLE WITH A RAT. Customs Officer Discovers a New Danger

in the Service. Boarding Officer Theodore Lynn, of the United States customs service at Philadelphia, discovered a new element of danger in the service the other day, and in doing so experienced a sensati that he does not care to have repeated. In company with other custom-house officers, he boarded the British steamship Rotherfield, on her way up the Delaware from Poti, with a cargo of manganese ore for shipment to Pittsburgh. The ship was boarded some distance down the river in order that



GRASPED HIS TROUSERS' LEG.

the inspection might be completed before the wharf was reached.

The work was being prosecuted in the cabin of the vessel when a rustling was heard under the table, followed by a horrid scampering, and several big rats were seen to run through the door. At the same time Mr. Lynn jumped to his feet and grasped his trousers' leg. He struggled for several moments, finally pulling forward a large white rat. It was dead when he brought it out, but had only been killed after a big effort, and after it had fastened its teeth in the boarding officer's leg. The rat, which was as large as an ordinary kitten of good size, was said by the seamen to be a native of Russia. The rodent had evidently made the trip from its far distant home in the Rotherfield, which was over a month on the water. The cargo of ore did not offer much that was digestible, even for rats, and the savage attack this one made on the custom-house officer showed that it was most desperate and ready to fight hard

for its life or a chance to secure food. Society at Cedar Point, Kan.

Following is a society item from Cedar Point, Kan.: "Maude Hastings was pretty busy while here last week. She broke John Sayre's calt to ride, raked alfalfa, pitched wheat, and killed a snake. Come.again, Maudie."

DUFFY WAS A TERROR.

He Tells How He Slew the Desperado of Gray's Peak.

Trigger Jim Was After the Old Man, But After Emptying His Revolver Was Carved Into Mince Meat by Ills Agile Opponent.

The greatest liar in the whole Rocky mountain region, so asserts the Denver Field and Farm, is old man Duffy, a celebrated character around Denver for thirty years or more. He wears a tile of the vintage of 1847, and his general pastime is to entertain one-lunged tenderfeet who lounge about the apartment hotels. He is an antiquated Ananias run to seed, whose wife runs a boarding house on Champa street and doesn't allow him around in the daytime. A lifelong application to whisky of all kinds has given his face the color of a tainted beefsteak, and his eyes would disgrace a dissipated mud turtle. His voice is coarse and husky, conveying the impression that its owner has spent many years down a well. This old character poses as a one-time desperado and the hero of countless imaginary experiences to these gaping, wondering sons of the effete east who give him all he can drink to hear him talk, and who believe implicitly every word he utters.

Old Ananias was sitting the other day at a table with two convalescents, who were listening to him with open mouths and close attention, "Did you ever hear tell of Jim Bloodsoe? They called him 'Trigger Jim.' He was one of the worst men ever in this country. His range was from Gray's Peak to Denver, and he run that country to suit his own self. I was a howling coyote myself in them days. I heard of Jim. I sent him word to Central City I was coming up to tame him; that I wouldn't bring no gun, as I didn't need it to tame such a lamb as he was, I run considerable chances in this business, for I went right up and took nothing but my You know how Central City's built, don't you? There's a big street running from Black Hawk up a hill for mile. I looked for Jim all up this hill, everywhere, and didn't find him. I begun to think he wasn't around, when way up on the hill I run slap onto him before I knew it. He was laying for



JUMPED WAY UP IN THE AIR.

me, and had me covered with a sixshooter before I could get a knife.

"I started to run and figured to a dot when he shot. As he cracked loose I jumped way up in the air and did a split just like what those show gals does, only mine wasn't on the ground by six foot. The bullet went under me. I knew he had five more cartridges, at this special rate. so I hit the ground running, and squatted low down when his gun barked the second time. That bullet took off my hat and sent it spinning forty feet from me. I was to it in a second, and as I stooped the third shot come. It hit me just on top the lowest end of my spinal column, and plowed up a streak of meat clear to the nape of my neck. I was middle of the main street, and him right after me.

There wasn't a soul in sight; every body run in his hole at the first beginning of things. I never lost track of the number of shots though, and had my fingers on the bowie. Next fire I jumped sidewise and the bullet hit my hind pocket and scattered a deck of monte cards all over creation. At the fifth crack I made a cat-a-cornered whirligig sort of a jump and got a hole in my coattail. Only one more shot left. Just in time I took another straight-up jump, only I forgot to do the split this time, and the bullet took away three of my toes. I turned while up in the air and was on to him before he could stop himself. The coroner found forty-two cuts in him, all done in forty-seven seconds.

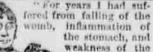
'My best record, gentlemen. I had a hat, coat and pair of boots ruined and had lost a deck of cards and three toes. I was mad, and I took and pried out his eyeballs, put 'em in my pocket and departed. I had them stuck into a stuffed mountain lion that I had choked to death one day, and, with them eyes, he was the savagest looking beast you ever saw. Had a sort of human cannibal look about him. I just want to show you my foot, so you see for yourselves, gentlemen." And Ananias took off his shoe and put his naked foot up on top of the table as a verification of his statements. Sure enough, three toes were missing. This was a clincher.

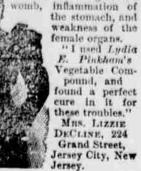
A Remarkable Duck Story.

An eider duck was recently shot on the Norwegian coast. When picked up by the lucky hunter it was found that the bird carried a ring about its neck, upon which was engraved the words: "Godthab, Greenland, 1876." Twenty years is a considerable age for a bird. but what is more wonderful is the fact that this duck must have crossed the Atlantic ocean and traveled at least three thousand five hundred miles from the place where it was first caught to the spot where it was shot.

Belonged to a Modern Jonah.

One leg of a pair of trousers was found in the stomach of a big shark caught near Annapolis, Md., a few days





GOULDS VAST WEALTH. It is Appraised At Over Eighty-Two

Surrogate Fitzgerald has returned to David McClure, appraiser of the Jay Gould estate, his report on its value in order that the collateral inheritance tax may be levied. The report values the personal property of the estate at \$80,934,580 and the real estate at \$2,000,000. The residuary estate amounts to \$73,224.54.

Millions Of Dollars.

The appraiser is ordered to compute the commissions of the executors and trustees and to deduct the full amount from the whole estate before giving the residuary estate among the children. Howard A. Taylor was appointed special guardian for the Countess de Castellane and Frank J. Gould. Hugh A. McTernan was made special guardian of the children of George and Edwin Gould.

A CATSKILL HOTEL MAN.

(From Catakill N. Y., Recorder.) Mr. Joseph McGiffet, one of our prominent hotel proprietors, has reason to extol the merits of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. In speaking of it he said: "I was all run down from kidney and liver trouble, three physicians treated me but I grew worse. A friend said to me. Why don't you take Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy? It cured me.' So I began its use the result was I gained daily, and in a little while I was sound and well again. I suppose I have recommended it to a hundred or more of my summer boarders, and in every instance it has i ne them good."

A Great Offer.

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For New York, I'hiladelphia, Reading Potts-ville, Tamaqua, weekdays 11.55 a.m., For Williamsport, weekdays, 7.35 a.m., 8.25 p. For Danville and Milton, weekdayr, 7.85 a. m., For Danville and Milton, weekdays, 7,35 a. m., 3,18, For Catawissa weekdays 7,35, 11,55 a. m., 12,20, 5,00, 6,35, p. m. For Rupert weekdays 7,35, 11,55 a. m., 12,20, 3,25 5,00, 6,83, p. m. For Battimore, Washington and the West via B. & O. R. R., through trains leave Reading Terminal, Philadelphia, 3,20, 7,55, 11,26 a. m., 3,46,7,27, p. m. Sundays 3,20, 7,55, 11,26 a. m., 3,46,7,27, p. m. Additional trains from 24 and Chestnut street station, weekdays, 1,3 5, 541, 8,23 p. m. Sundays, 1,35, 823 p. m.

TRAINS FOR BLOOMSBURG Leave New York via Philadelphia 8.00 a m., and via Easton 9.10 a. m. Leave Philadelphia 10.00 a. m. Leave Reading 11.00 a. m. Leave Pottsville 19.30 p. m. Leave Tamaqua 1.30 a. m., Leave Williamsport weekdays 10.10 a m, 4.30 p.

m. Leave Catawissa weekdays, 7.00, 5.20 a. m. 1.30, 5.27, 6.15. Leave Rupert, weekdays, 7.08, 8.27, a. m., 12.06 1.37, 3.36, 6.23.

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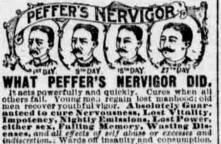
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Forty Fort.
Bennett
Kingston
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