unterd Circulation, - -

TALK THE REAL PROPERTY.

ARREST ASSESSMENT AND A

et be distinctly understood from

VOLUME XXVII.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

\$1.50 and postage per year in a svance.

EBENSBURG, PA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1893.

cousins and godehildren, all eager to be

Each had received a similar letter

from the old lady's housekeeper saying:

'Miss Gallipot thanks you for your de-

she begs you will not take the trouble

of coming so far. She appreciates all

your affection, but would not like to

trespass. If, however, you insist on

coming I have her orders to prepare a

Each found a comfortable apartment

made ready for his or her arrival.

and each found a Scripture text in large

capital letters framed upon the mantel-

room: "Where the carcass is there

Gray Court was full of guests, but not

one of them was admitted to the dying

The doctors, or the nurse, or the old

housekeeper seemed always on guard

and it would have been easier to slip

On the last day of the old year the

life of their hostess ebbed away; and

while the muffled peal was ringing out

over the frozen fields her naked soul

On the eve of the twelfth day was the

funeral, and, after it, all received a

mandate from the deceased's lawyer to

It was read in a very large room, like

a storeroom, in which they all found

The will commenced with liberal be-

quests to the deceased's doctor, lawyer

and parish elergyman, benefactions to

the local poor and to certain charities.

When these were finished the guests

her servants and a handsome provision

for the old housekeeper who had been

Then came a list of the names of all

the guests. "To each of whom," said

the will, "I leave and bequeath such

iegacy and bequest as I have already

indicated to you, my executor, and

The lawyer paused, and, rising from

his place, requested the attendant

servants to draw back the cortains that

hung on rings and rods all round the

This being done, large cupboards were

ischmed, each having painted upon it

To each guest the lawyer handed a

er, requesting them to open the cup-

card where they would find their be-

Each one found within his or her

upbeard every gift that ne or she had

yer made to the deceased exactly as

All provisions, fruit, cream, game,

ic. had (they were now informed)

been immediately dispatched to one or

other of the great London hospitals

But each emphoard contained also a

purse in which was placed the full

calue of such powisions, with a sum

equal to the compound interest on the

caine of the other untouched gifts.

they had been received.

The will went on:

faithful to her during so many years.

Then followed generous legacies to

past a sentry than to get past them.

crept shivering out into the night.

attend the reading of the will.

themselves for the first time.

breathed freely

shall the eagles be gathered together."

piece. The text was the same in each

sire to come and bid her good-by, but

'in at the death.'

room for you."

And each one came

chamber of the hostess.

NUMBER 40.

CARL RIVINIUS.

---PRACTICAL---

WATCHMAKER& JEWELER,

——AND DEALERIN——

Watches, Clocks

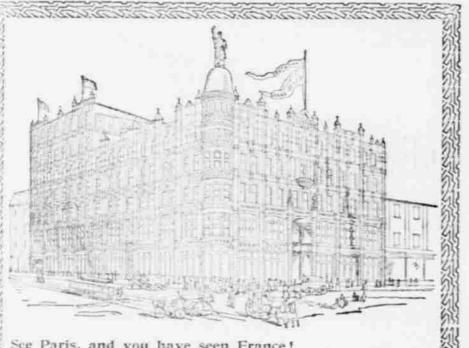
---JEWELRY.---Silverware, Musical Instruments ---AND----Optical Goods.

> Sole Agent Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches. In Key and Stem Winders.

ARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand. 1 of My line of Jewelry is ansurpassed

one and see for yourself before purchas | 1-F ALL WORK GUARANTEED CARL RIVINIUS. E emsburg, Nov. 11, 1885 -- tf.



See Paris, and you have seen France! See KAUFMANN'S, and you have seen Pittsburg!

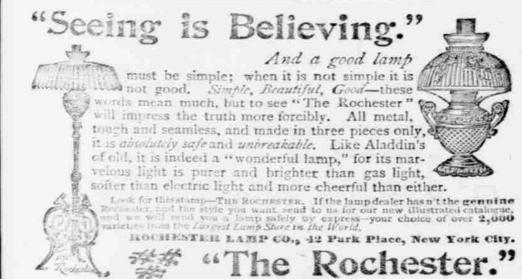
Kaufmann's is a whole city in itself, embracing over five acres of floor space and employing over one thousand hands -- more than the three next largest stores in Pittsburg & put together.

Kaufmann's is the only establishment in Pittsburg where you can get anything you may want -- whether to clothe a person or & furnish a home -- in the greatest possible variety % and at the lowest possible prices.

KAUFMANN'S.

Fifth Ave. and Smithfield St., Pittsburg.

Samples sent free. Mail Orders Promptly filled.



Gree Harning there hold to consuming for 20 years, No. 119 Road Wagon. W.B.PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

Mountain House

CENTER STREET, EBENSBURG. builten and ionic established Shaves

wheretol on Centre aftent, o MARIE GUTTING AND JAMES H. GANT.

WANTED SOLICITORS FIRST ... W.S. CONKEY CO. Publishers Chicago HL

1794. Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE ' ÆTNA" and other First Class Companies. T. W. DICK, FORNT FOR THE OLD HARTFORD

COMMENCED BUSINESS 1794. Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

On earth.

EBENSEURG. PA.

Ending on High strong in room formerly operated by the Western Union Telegraph Company (pinness) and pinness on the Western Union Telegraph Company (pinness) (pinness) and pinness on the pinness of the Western Union Telegraph Company (pinness) (pinn

PEREGRINE BROWN'S TELEGRAM When ill cures ill,

As it often will, Tis not always a homeopathic pill. How the fates did frown he wretchedest man in Meadowtowns

When he went to buy, The price was high: its pipe went out, while his chimney smeked; s well ran dry, though his bay was soaked. wouldn't have been so hard to bear Fortune's triess in her own domain. at her butter "came." and the kindly rain 'di only on her serried box. for punsy bods, and her starry phlox: Though the chimney smoked, her bread was Her ranks of milk pans silver bright;

At last one day, A gate gave way, and the cows broke loose in a wild forny On his neighbor's cornfield. Hip, hoorny: If the last straw breaks the camel's back, Twere strange, indeed, if so huge a pack Did not break down

"It's all your fault that things go wrong!"

Poor Peregrine Brown. From his wife's shrill tongue and his neigh-Hs fled: but the omnipresent wire, hat probes the world with its points of fire, perced to his hidling place. It said: Perceptine Brown, your child is dead; Your wife is dying. Home he sped, rectifug the ills that he had fled, Like grant-stings healed a month ago.

In the terrible wee That froze his heart like a shroud of snow. At the well-known farm, The anary neighbor touched his arm, e prowled: "Now pay me for my corn, That your cows destroyed!" With a flash of

Drown flung him his due. "Now tell me, man has my wife yet live?" The churi began, With shame-flushed cheek, to make reply: had never board she was like to die! is told you?"-A patter of little feet ort his words. No sound more sweet heard in Heaven. With sobs of joy The father chasped to his heart his boy.

Though the riln still soaks His hay and his rye. Though his climney smokes, And his well runs dry; Though the price is high And is ion as his well hough his "hired man" will run away his your profer green corn to have

"It's all your fault that things go vroug! Though the fates still frown (in a minor way) is blithe and gay-In fact, as all his neighbors say, the a the happinest man in Meadowtown

a les wife atill sings the same old song

SHE MADE HER WILL

Edward Payson Jackson, in Youth's Com-

But Her Many Relatives Were Hardly Pleased With It.

Miss Gallipot was certainly very rich and was said to be enormously so. And her wealth had come to her quite unex-

It would have been natural that her cusin, old Josephat Gallipot (of the rea of Gallipot & Jams), who was snown to be a millionaire, should have test her something handsome. But no one could have guessed he would make her his heiress, least of all after she had quarreled with him. After he had been a widower twenty cars old Josephat Gallipot made up

mar at the price if she brought you her own

it in gold, and she's no feather by the look

She will make you miserable, and I would

or you to draw tack from giving her the op-

oriunity. See has no affection for you, and if

as have ony for her it will make it the worse

To this letter no reply was sent, and

a week later the milkman's fiancee be-

came Mrs. Gallipot. No further com-

minication took place between the

omsins, and a couple of years after-

ward Josephat Gallipot went the way

No one was more simply astonished

limi Miss Sarah Gallipot when she

carned that she had succeeded to his

To my wife I bequeath my memory, know

The will was dated a fortnight before

des death, and in process was duly

Then Miss Gallipot discovered how

tenderly she was loved, and how count-

less were her kinsmen and kinswomen.

For fifty-nine years she had been in

the habit of considering herself as

Nieces dropped from the sky, neph-

ews rose from the earth, the clouds

distilled godenildren on to her head and

ousins fell around her like hailstones.

Come brought game from the coun-

try, some sent choice fruits from their

If she had lived to be seven hundred

and eighty she could not have worn

out the cozy bedroom slippers that

were worked for her, and if she had

had as many mouths as the Nile she

could never have drunk up all the wines

Devonshire cream came out of the

west; cakes of all sizes, shapes and de-

scriptions came down from the north

and oysters from all quarters came rap-

And the letters of affection that ac-

companied them! These pass all de-

scription, and should have convinced

their recipient that of all the old ladies

that had ever lived she was herself the

dearest, most charming and most be-

Josephat Gallipot his cousin and heiress

It was a very hard winter, and from

almost the beginning of it the old lady

Eleven years atter the death of old

rather zione in the world. In her six

tieth year she found it was not so.

Nor did they come empty.

that were sent her.

ping at her door.

followed him.

. I by her freiends.

entire fortune. He wrote:

sand dollars per annum.

proved and administered.

of att flesh

"SARAH GALLIPUT

"And the resolute of my estate, real and per sonal, whether in lambs temporals, resises tanks, stock, jewelry, plate, pictures, books farniture, or of any bind whatsoever, 1 hereby is mind to marry his kitchen maid, are and conscath to my hearest relation. who was not more than forty years his e female, known to me or unknown, of whom: junior and was engaged to the milkline shown to me may act of kindness, com-Then Miss Gallipot wrote him a letduce the 3d day of January, in the year of our My DEAR Jos: I don't suppose it will make.

Josephat Gallipot, of the firm of Gallipot & y difference whether I write to you or not I have a require for you, and feel it on my wantee to do what I can to prevent your The will provided that such claim the transfer of yourself.
You have a serfect right to marry again if must, however, be ledged within six months of the death of the testator And thence arose the great Gallipot nd her. But the girl'you are choosing would

The whole property subsequently fell to a distant relation of the Gallipot family, of whose existence most mem bers of the family had up to that time been quite unaware. - London Million.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Tur: greatest song writer was Schubert. He produced over 1,200 songs. Good players of the harp are said to be the scarcest of all musical perform-.FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (who took

birth) will be seventy-three years old next month. Mr. Ruskin recently appeared at the inaugural concert of the Coniston Choral society, which was his first ap-

her first name from the city of her

log that my love has been enough for ber, and hat she has saved well during the two years of pearance in public for many years. In our wed led life, for I do not believe that our the work of this society he has always taken great interest. To my cousin, Sarah Gullipot, I bequeath Dyonak, the Bohemian composer solutely all my real and personal estate, it who recently conducted some of his egultum of her candor and sincerity, and h unavailing regret that I did not profit by

own music at the world's fair, declares that the possibilities of an American school of music lie in the southern negro melodies. He believes that American composers should study these songs and build upon them. Mrs. Gaston Boyn, of Newton, Kan.,

s prominent in club and musical cireles and is a woman of fine abilities entiring energy and large public spirit. She ranks as one of the best authorities in her state in regard to music, and she was some time ago appointed by the world's fair commission as musical director for Kansas.

A naturalist paper relates an interesting instance of a tond's cunning. A broad of chickens was fed with moistened meal in saucers, and when the dough soured a little it attracted large numbers of flies. An observant toad had evidently noticed this, and every day toward evening he would make his appearance is the yard, hop to a saucer, climb in and roll over and over until he was covered with meal, having tone which he awaited developments The flies, entired by the smell soon swarmed around the selfeming batrach-

This plan worked so well that the toad made a regular business of it.

Queer Currency. In Dikoa, in Ademouah, in Logone and elsewhere small cotton strips are the regular currency. In Bagirari these strips are so small that from seventy to one hundred and fifty of them would have to be pieced together to make a shirt. In Darfoor the gray, coarse shirting circulates as money, and in Tiout, in upper Egypt, this material is dyed three yards' length.

ROSY-CHEEK AND CURLY

When I go home, this welcome waits Each evening when the day is fled: The pattering of little feet:

They come with shouts of rioting: They're laughing so they scarce can speak a pair of highwaymen are they; And I, an easy-yielding prev

But curly heads will sometimes ache, And fill our souls with sudden dread; And roses fade, while hearts stand still. It, may there come no touch of ill To rosy-cheek and curly-head!

Where'er they bloom, Thy sunlight shed! Bless little heads of rippling hair! take into Thy tender care Each rosy-cheek and curly-head

the Rector to Buy.

to my paytent cooker," said the mildmannered man with the soft low voice to the rector of St. Bartholomew's. "It onsists, as mebbe you can see-"

"But I don't desire a cooker, and would not look at one if I did," interrupted the rector of St. Bartholomew's as irascible manner as is permitted to his cloth.

ued the mild-mannered man with the soft low voice-"small, mejum and large. They're made of tin, genuwine block tin, not rolled tin. I have frequently been congratulated on the quality of my tin. Said Bishop Dobson to me: 'Hicks, I congratulate you on the quality of your tin."

of St. Bartholomew's with languid interest. "I don't remember to have seen his name in the church calendar." "Methody," explained the mild-man-

nered man. "I'm a Methody. Here's which you will in turn indicate and hand over to them on the occasion of the reading of this, my last will and

in large letters the name of one of the

the cooker," said the mild-mannered man. "It's made of genuwine blocktin, and Bishop Dobson himself said: Hicks, I congratulate you on the quality of your tin.""

the mild-mannered man, confidentially. "With Hicks' paytent cooker as an argumint, you will git one easy. They come in three sizes—small, mejura and large. This here is the small one. Folds all up, you see, like a telescope. Menne you wouldn't believe it, but one of them small-sized cookers saved my life once. It was in the spring of 1853, or the fall of 1852, or the winter of 1854. I don't remember which and it don't make no difference, that Rev. Dr. James Wilyums, D. D., and I took passage for Africky in the brig Thomas J. Walkup, goin' as missionaries to some of the numerous cannibal tribes that keeps down the population, and consequently accounts for the depressed values of real estate in the Dark Continent. Rev. Dr. Wilyums was to teach the savages religion, but my mission was a more important one. I was to introduce Hicks' paytent cooker among em. You can see that even this largesized cooker won't hold a man, to say nothin' of the mejum and small ones. Now I calculated to teach the savages to use my cookers, and when they got so attached to 'em as to never eat. nothin' except what was cooked in a cooker-seein' that you couldn't cook a man in 'em-cannibalism would naturally die out. When I broached my plan to Bishop Dob on his eyes shone and he said: 'Go, Hicks, go. Your wor't will supplement the work of Rev. Dr. Wilyums. I heartily commend your plau, and I congratulate you on the quality of your tin.' Them was his words, and

" 'Well,' said the old chief, 'them's

the kind of victuals we eats. We don't consume much in the way of breakfast foods, infants' foods and the like. If your cooker can't cook our style of provisions we ain't got any use for it." "And with that they put me in their

ian, and whenever one passed within two inches or so of his nose his tongue darted out and the fly disappeared. dark or blue and then cut into pieces of | but the witch doctor prophesied a lot of

Then elinging arms, and kisses sweet From rosy-cheek and curly-head

To curiy-head and rosy-cheek.

od bless all little checks of rose!

-Edgar W. Abbot, in Outlook.

HICK'S PATENT COOKER. The Pathetic Story That Induced

"I would like to call your attention

"They come in three sizes," contin-

"Bishop Dobson?" queried the rector

a certificate from my pastor saying I'm an individeoal of moral character and use good tin in my cookers. Here's a letter from Rev. Edward Atkins-but I don't set much store by that, bein' as he is a Baptis', and no judge of tin. The principle on which my cooker is "You will have to excuse me," said

the rector of St. Bartholomew's, looking hard at the heavy gold watch presented him by the parish on his last birthday, "but I have a sermon to

"Mebbe your lady would like to see 'I have no wife," said the rector,

with the merest suspicion of a blush. "Then buy a cooker and git one," said

"Well, sir, the mornin' after I arrived in Africky I began to talk to the chief about my cooker, when what does he do but take me down to the leadin' grocery store of the town and show me Rev. Dr. Wilyums chained up.

" 'Can you cook him?' axed the chief. "'No,' said I, my breath all gone with surprise at the turn affairs had

jail, and that was the last I ever seen or heerd of Rev. Dr. James Wilyums, D. D. They would have et me at once, but the chief's daughter, Ugogina, fell in love with me, and made 'em put off the obsequies or festivities, according as you looked at it from my standpoint or the savages'. I talked nice to Ugogina, and got her to bring me my mall-sized cooker, the only one the old witch doctor what kept the cookers would let her have; and with that I eooked them savages the finest kinds of victuals they ever et, and they set me free and made me royal cook, and the chief kinder smiled indulgently at the way Ugogina was makin' up to me. So you see the small-sized cooker saved my

"I'll buy the small size," said the rector, hastily. "I have a sermon to write.

"Now you just take my advice and git a mejum size. You can afford it. When you take that small-sized cooker round to that young lady you're after, when you ask her to marry you what'll she think? Why, she'll say to herself that in bayin' this small cooker you are layin' out not to ever have any comany to mosts and if she is a girl that is fond of company, you're runnin' a risk. Wait till I tell you how the mejumsized cooker saved my life. Well, the old witch doctor took a big dislike to me, and kept tellin' the folks that I would make a better meal cooked than I would cookin'. Ugogina wanted to marry me, and the chief was willin', calamities if the marriage took place,

THE MISERABLE MILLIONAIRE. and scared the chief. Now I didn't want to marry Ugogina, but I could see I am so very, very rich it is a nuisance quite; that if I did I would be saved from It keeps me anxious all day long and widebein' et: but I thought I would try to awake at night save myself and get out of the marriage My bonds they are so many that it makes my fingers sore also. I could have run off to sea To cut off all the coupons, which I deem a any day, but there warn't no dreadful bore. boats. I could see ships sailin' by quite

often, but there warn't no way to git

off to 'em. I decided to fix the witch

doctor first. I got Ugogina to wheedle

the old feller to give me my mejum-

sized cooker, the small-sized not bein

got a lot of African beans and some

large enough for my purposes. Then I

hollow reeds and some sticky clay. I

set the beans a cookin' and put the

reeds into a little hole I made in top of

the cooker. I invited the witch doctor

in, and told him this was some of my

new vaporized atmospheric air, and

told him to put his mouth to the reeds

and suck some in. You know, if you

have studied chemistry, that beans are

highly charged with gas. Especially is

this true of the genuine African bean.

Well, sir, that old chap swallered a lot

of that gas, and quicker than a wink

Ugogina and I knocked him over and

plastered his nose and mouth up with

clay, and I'm a dummed liar if that gas

didn't float that old feller right up in

the air, clear out of sight. You see, he

was remarkably capacions, and the gas

was remarkably strong-remarkably

strong. I stood there in front of the

people when he was floatin' in the air,

and told 'em I was a magician, and

could set 'em all floatin'. They was

scared; wanted to elect me chief; but !

wasn't used to high political honors.

and compromised with alderman and

president of the school board. Well,

sir. Ugogina was dyin' to marry me at

once; but I staved her off for a time by

sayin' I wanted to git my trousseau

ready. That's how the mejum-sized

the rector, faintly. "It can be used by

St. Margaret's ward of the guild church

"Or country fairs, either. However,

I think you would like the large-sized

cooker for the church fairs. But you

wait till I finish my story. Now, I was

engaged to a girl in the United States.

If I married Ugogina what would be

the consequences? Breach of promis-

suit for ten thousand dollars, and me

with no assets but three sample cookers

of block tin. What then? Default of

payment, state's prison for life. 'Sides,

I didn't want to marry Ugogina. What

did I do? Well, sir, one day I see a

ship goin by, and, stretchin' out the

large-sized cooker-they are all air-

tight-I jumped on it and puddled off

to the ship, poundin' on the small and

mejum-sized all the way to scare sharks.

That's how the large-sized cooker saved

"Fut me down for the large size,"

"I knowed you would," said the mild-

nannered man with the soft, low voice

"There's something affectin' in the

story of how them cookers saved my

life."-Wardon Allan Cortis, in Har-

The King of Spiders.

species of spider that has yet been made

the subject of entomological investiga-

tion. This web-spinning monster lives

in the most mountainous districts of

that rugged island, and places his trap

-not a gossamer snare of niry light-

ess-but a lings not of yellow silk

from five to ten feet in diameter, across

chasms and fissures in the rocks. The

supporting gays on this gigantic net.

which in all cases is almost strong

enough for a hammock, are from five to

twenty feet in length (as conditions and

árcumstances may require) made of a

eries of twisted webs, the whole being

of the diameter of a lead pencil. As

might be imagined, this gigantic silken

trap is not set for mesquitoes, flies and

pestiferous gnats, but for birds, gaudy

moths and elegantly painted batterflies

some of the latter having a spread of

wing equal to that of a robin or a bine

jay. Some extra fine skeletons of small

four d in these webs, with every vestige

of flesh picked from them. The owner

and maker of these queer silk traps is a

spider with a body averaging four

and a half inches in width and six

length, and with legs nine to twelve

inches from body to terminal claw

Some are spotted, others red with

greenish gold abdomen and legs. - St.

STRANGE AND CURIOUS.

DURING a cyclone in Oxford, N. C., a

two-room dwelling was carried off 200

yards without injuring the occupants.

ter (England) "zoo" drops a penny in

the slot and takes out a biscuit. The

visitors supply the pennies. The ele-

phant will not accept any other coin.

ALABAMA comes to the front with a

woman who was struck by lightning

seven years ago, has never spoken

since, and whose eyes grow "luridly

brilliant" at the approach of a thunder-

FRANK AUSTIN, of Eckerly, Ind., had

collie dog that was very fond of him.

He was going on a journey the other

day, and the dog wanted to accompany

him. Austin drove him from the train

and the dog was so dejected that he

lay before the engine, and the train

There is a chicken on exhibition at

Galveston, Tex., that has four beaks

and three eyes. Another freak of na-

ture was born several days ago in Ma-

con, Ga. · A woman purchased a dozen

eggs and, shortly after returning

home, she found a four-legged chicken

A SPRINKLE OF SPICE.

tooth?" Dentist-"Yes; you took gas.

Treetop-"How much a thousand do

you charge for that?"-Brooklyn Life.

STRANGER - "When will the next

train leave?" Agent-"Can't say: road.

n hands of receiver; engine locked up

for contempt of court."-Atlanta Con-

Judge-"Have you any remarks to

your sentence?" Prisoner - "Yes; I

will thank you to have a sofa put in

the eigarette habit," said the doctor.

'Oh, no, he won't," replied Stringer.

"Why not?" "Because no sensible

man is addicted to it."-Pittsburgh

my cell."-Seifenblasen.

TREETOP-"A dollar for pulling one

A TRAINED elephant in the Manches-

Louis Republic.

passed over him.

in one of the eggs.

stitution.

Dispatch.

birds, lizards, snakes, etc., have been

Ceylon is the home of the largest

said the rector of St. Bartholomey's,

"I will buy a medium-sized one," said

cooker saved my life."

fairs."

wearily.

I have six villas in the hills, and seven by the But they're no joy but aggravations rather unto For when the summer season comes I'm always full of wee, Because I can't make up my mind to which of

them I'll go. I have a stable full of rigs, and horses for each Yet though they're all of blooded stock my horses I must shun,

Because when I'd so driving in my sulky or my I cannot seem to choose the one 'twould please Upon the water 'tis the same. I've craft of

From dingles up to steamers swift that leave And yet I never venture out upon the sound or Because my mind and I do not seem able to

Now wealth is very lovely, and there's much that it will buy. But 't is a serry burden for a fellow such as I, For just the thing I need the most gold helps

me not to find. And that as you may guess in brief's a firm and -Gaston V. Drake, in Harper's Bazar.

Terrible Ferocity of the Bald-Face Bear.

THE MOUNTAIN KING.

He Is Monarch of the Sawtooth-Desperate

and Fatal Encounter with an Animal

More Breaded Than the Grizzly-

An Unbeeded Warning. There yet remain in the United States but two great game preserveswide sections of country, rough mountains, broad tablelands and forests almost impenetrable, where the native denizens of a century ago still range without fear of the hunter's rifle The enterprise of sportsmen and the capidity of pot hunters have in a great easure pursued to the death the small game of the country Coupled with the march of civilization and the vigorous pursuit of the larger animals of the wilderness they have been driven to the deeper and more inaccessible retreats, until the remnant of the many monsters which once roamed the plains and inhabited the wilds are found in the Olympia mountains in western Washington and the Sawtooth mountains in northern Idaho, says the San

These Idaho mountains are in reality a spar of the great range of the Rockies, which extend like vast buttresses across the entire middle western front of the United States. In many places the Sawtooth range is inexpressibly rugged and there are stretches and depths which have never been explored by any human being In these vast wilds are to be found the most dangerous animal of which there is any record in this country, an ani mal which as far outranks the dreaded grizzly as that monarch does the comparatively little brown bear, whose chief mission is to frighten children indoors after dark and eatch an occasional straying shoat. This animal is the build-faced bear. He is emphatically a royal edition of the grizzly has all the tenacity of life and is not only absolutely fearless, but persistently aggres-

Francisco Call.

The "bald-face" owes his distinctive title to a face which is white. He is larger than the grizzly. Beginning above his eyes several inches, the dark color of his body fades into a dirty gray, thence down to the point of his tose and on either side it becomes a pure white. Hence the name "bald-face." The grizzly will never run from man. It will move on its course frequently after it sights him; when wounded it

will pursue the hunter for a reasonable

distance, and when bodily burt it some-

times gives up the fray and beats a retreat Herein lies the dangerous difference between the two species. Pioneers and settlers of Idaho who are acquainted with the habits of this bear, which is not found, so far as I can learn or ever heard, in any other part of the United States, never think of attacking him. They never hunt the bald-face for the reasons given. To begin an engagement with him is to

simply mean a fight to the death.

I shall never forget an experience I had with one of these animals. It was in 1892. In company with three other young men, I had gone into the Sawtooth mountains to hunt big game. deer, bear and such like. We had been told of the bald-face, but having had no experience with him, and having two grizzlies to our credit, our party smiled increduously when Joe Pennington, an old hunter and trapper who had of late years devoted himself to the less hazardous pursuit of chicken rounding near Boise City, told us to beware of the bald-face bear. Being familiar with the mountains, after considerable effort we induced Pennington to accompany our party, taking along three excellent dogs, well trained and

But Joe stipulated that we were not to get into a controversy with the bald-face, because he said it would mean the death of his dogs and the retreat of our party to the foothills, if nothing more serious. We had been in the mountains a

week; had killed several deer and black bear and any number of birds. On the morning of the seventh day we left a young Englishman named Kingsbury in camp, as on the day before some animal had visited our quarters, eaten a lot of bacon and played havor generally with supplies. There had been a good deal of chaffing about the baldface, and Pennington had grown tired of warning us of the danger of an encounter. However, as we left camp the old trapper shouted out, as he whistled to his dogs and walked away: "Say, Kingsbury, if you see a bald-face I advise you to make a break for the mule and light out for the valley: for if you don't we'll never collect enough of the remains to ship back to the folks at

offer that may lead to a mitigation of The mule referred to was staked out about one hundred yards away in a level clear spot. The Engl shman didn't reply, but held up his rifle and a big "EVERY sensible man will break off hunting knife as an answer.

We thought nothing more of the circumstance. The day's sport was fairly good, one deer, one mountain sheep and several birds being the result of the hunt. We met at an agreed spot

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some three mues from the camp and proceeded together to our quarters, expecting that Kingsbury would have prepared for us a substantial dinner. Reaching an elevation some distance from camp we paused a moment, when

be hidden in the grass, lying down, but a field-glass failed to reveal the animal. Proceeding slowly toward camp, we soon reached the space where the mule had been left.

Pennington remarked "By gosh,

where's the mule?" We all looked, but

no mule could we see. Possibly it had

broken away and gone off, or it might

There was no longer any question where the mule was. It was lying on the ground completely disemboweled, its back broken and its head literally torn off.

One word told the story. A baldface bear had discovered the animal, and it being hobbled so securely that escape was impossible, and killed it. The grass showed that there had been a struggle, and the immense tracks of the bear were plainly seen. Its marks on the back and side of the mulc looked as if a cleaver had been at work. Three ribs were torn away from the backbone and one hind leg almost stripped of its flesh. An ax in the hands of a giant could have done no

With our guns ready to fire on the instant we all noiselessly crossed over to the camp only to find it vacant. Kingsbury's Winchester lay on the ground some little distance away, the kettles, pans and camp fixtures were knocked about as if a cyclone had struck them, the tent was thrown to the ground and across it were the bloody tracks of a bear. To my excited imagination they booked as large as a bushel measure, and I could almost see the flying form of our campkeeper and the pursuing terror of the

mountains. Kingsbury was nowhere to be seen. Everything was perfectly quiet. But we knew that the trouble had been recent, because the blood still oozed from the neck of the dead mule, and there was a fire at the camp not nearly burned

Meanwhile a shot from Blake's rifle rough the forest and its reve berations had scarcely died away when the voice of Kingsbury gave answer faint and a long distance off. The dogs were away in a moment and the yells of our partner at intervals mingled with

the tongue of the dogs. "Better load up your belts with shell and get up in these little trees, boys," said Pennington "for that animal will

be back here powerful soon." We were so excited that no second aggestion was required. We could tell by the cry of the dogs when they reached the scene of neuon, and in a little time they quit baricing. A few minutes later the pup came tearing through the brush, followed by a noise which greatly resembled an immense sowlder boun ling down lill.

"Look out!" yelled Pennington, and a half second later the hald-face burst through the undergrowth not one hunired feet away. His face was bloody, Two dogs and a mule had fallen vietims to his fury and he came on forming towards us. A volley attracted his attention and with a roar he rushed at the small trees in which we were standing. I think but one shot hit him, for the rifles were mighty shaley. "Give it to him," said Pennington. "Don't waste your fire, take a fair aim at him, and don't pull the trigger till you can

No fury could equal the rage of that brute. It came at the small trees, tried to climb them, tore the bark and snapped them with a mouth which looked a yard long. In the excitement of the moment I dropped my rifle while shifting my position, and as it struck the ground twenty feet below the brute ran and seized it at the butt erunching the stock like a piece of clay

The attack became a perfect fasillade, and perhaps a hundred shots were fired before the bear gave signs of wealtening. One of its monster legs was broken and its sides were plowed with bullets. Risdon, who, by the way came from this city, was anxious to do good work and undertook to change his position. His foot had torn the bark from the limb of the little tree and it was slick as ice. In an instant, as he stepped about, his feet went from under him and he was precipitated to the ground The bear, blind and about dving, heard the fall and stumbled and ran to the tree. The fall had stunned Risdon,

or else he could have got away. But the fierce brute was upon him in an instant more. Its immense jaws closed on his thigh just at the hip and the bones snapped like twigs.

We almost sprang from the tree and at short range poured from the two remaining guns a broadside into the animal which ended its life. But our friend was insensible and dying. The mass of inert meat fell across him With the utmost difficulty the careass was removed from our prostrate comrade to find that the claws of the bear had cut through his body under the left arm, penetrating the cavity and tearing a hole in his side.

Risdon never spoke-never gave a sign that he was in danger, fear or pain. The whole catastrophe was so quickly ended that no effort could have saved his life. The bear was practically dead when it reached his prostrate form, and a single stroke of its fore paw and a crunch of its formidable jaws, which in a death struggle had no instinct other than to mangle and kill, had ended his life in a moment.

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The West Point cadets will encamp two or three weeks on the exposition grounds at Chicago this summer.

A wise, wealthy friend of Columb college has placed \$2,500 in the hands of President Seth Low, to enable meritoribus students to visit the Columbian exposition.

Yoshi Hori, the eldest son of the Japanese mikado, who is coming to the world's fair, is only fourteen years old, but he is said to be as precocious as most American youths of twenty. THE reproduction of La Rabida, the

famous old convent which contains many and interesting relies, is constantly guarded by soldiers of the regular army deputed to Chicago for this THE recruiting officer of the Colum-

bian guards at the world's fair grounds is quoted as saying: "Fully seventyfive per cent of the men we are taking into the ranks now are school-teachers, students and ministers."