

The Roseburg (Oregon) Plaindealer relates: Writing from Canyonville sends us the following interesting incident which occurred near that place: About ten days since Henry Bland and his wife, of Canyonville Precinct, went out into the mountains to look after their sheep. When about ten miles from home they were overtaken by a bear and after a severe chase, succeeded in compelling the bear to climb a tree. About the time Mr. Bland and his wife reached the top of the tree another ferocious bear suddenly put in an appearance and attacked the dogs in the immediate vicinity of Mr. and Mrs. Bland. The fight now became animated and furious, dogs and bears rolling over each other in the death struggle down a steep mountain side into the canyon. Bland was armed with a heavy rifle, but did not shoot for fear of killing his dogs. Now came the question how to rescue the dogs; only two cartridges were in the rifle, and these had to be used to the best advantage. Mrs. Bland urged her husband to go to the assistance of the dogs, while she remained undisturbed in the tree. The ferocious monster up the tree. He started down into the canyon, where the conflict was raging, aided by the growls and yelps of the dogs and bear. He arrived not a moment too soon, for brain was evidently getting the best of the bear, and he was pacified by the least shot from the new empty rifle.

It was dark when Bland returned to his wife at the foot of the tree. The empty rifle was of little use, and upon the determination of Mrs. Bland to sit up with the bear, she started for ammunition. She had her gun becoming reinforced by the bleeding dogs, now felt that she was mistress of the situation. With no fire, far from home, in the midst of craggy mountains, this indomitable lady dared to hold at bay one of the most ferocious monsters of the forest. The bear, not liking his new home determined to descend the tree, but our heroine, with a stick and the barking of the dogs, compelled Bland to take another thought. Our huntress stood guard until about ten o'clock when her husband and another man came to her assistance. She then started for her home through the deep canyons and gorges of the mountains, entirely alone, and it was at midnight when she safely arrived at her own dwelling.

The next morning as soon as it was sufficiently light the bear was shot. He proved to be one of the largest of those known as the cinnamon variety.

Civilization Among Insects.

Sir John Lubbock, in his book on "Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects," states that if certain beetles and other insects found in the nest of ants are used by them for any purpose, the ants make more domestic animals than we do. It is a well known fact that ants collect in their nests certain species of aphid or wood-louse, from which they draw honey, keeping them in fact, just as we do cows. There is also a species of red ant which does not work for itself, but makes slaves of the black kind. Certain remarkable species of beetles are reared, if ever found excepting in ants' nests; they are blind and apparently helpless, giving no secretion of any use to the ants, yet they are reared with much care. Although these beetles are never found except in ants' nests, yet there are many communities which do not possess them. If, however, one of them should be placed in a community where it does not belong, it is immediately killed and eaten, while the ants that are kindly received, M. Laspeyres, who first observed these facts, concludes that some ants are more highly civilized than others. Sir John Lubbock hints that the ants may possibly have some feeling of reverence for the beetle, and that it could not be a centipede, how easy it would have been for Darwin to show the gradual development of fetich worship!

An Ohio Giant.

A Cleveland paper relates a number of anecdotes illustrative of the strength and size of Abner McElrath, whom it designates as "the greatest giant in the world." He is said to be six feet seven and a half inches standing in his boots, fairly proportioned in form, without a pound of waste flesh. He was and is a giant in muscular strength. He has lifted 1,200 pounds of iron, and a deer with his massive fist, and his arm is so powerful that on one occasion, when some twelve or fifteen sailors went out to his place to "raise a muss," he thrashed the whole lot and threw them one by one out of the door just as one could throw so many babies, and during that operation he dared not double his fist for fear his blows might prove fatal to some of the rowdies.

He formerly carried on the business of a cooper, and used to come to town with his load of barrels. On one occasion he was stopping at the "Red Tavern," latterly known as the "Jackson House," and which is now torn down, a snob from town, who was out there with his turnout in the shape of a livery horse and buggy, got into a difficulty with Abner, and having insulted him in some way or another, Abner responded by hitting the buggy right up and straddling it across the fence, and then got on his wagon and drove off to town, whistling as though nothing was the matter, and leaving the luckless wight to get his buggy off the fence as best he could.

The Inevitable School Mar.

Ladies traveling through Canada by rail are often greatly annoyed by having their luggage unnecessarily searched, but one of the officials recently got his deserts. It happened that a Yankee school-teacher, on his way from Kansas to Vermont, passed through the Dominion, with a trunk packed to bursting with books. When the officer demanded her key she begged him not to open it, assuring him that it had come through from Kansas, containing simply clothes and books, and was some to repair it. But he sternly demanded the key, and the teacher pulled everything out to the bottom—finding her assertions true—then returned the key and told her to "bury up and get the traps back, as the train would soon move." "What is that to me?" said the quick-witted woman. "I have the check for that trunk, and hold the Grand Trunk Railway responsible for its safe delivery." "I will not take the key, and you may do as you please with the trunk," he answered. "I was lying asleep under your hickory when a damned squirrel dropped a shell-bark into my eye. I'm going to worry him till he leaves the settlement, if I die in the attempt."

When stove-pipe time came around Hans hunted up the missing joints and lugged them into the house. Of course he met with the usual misfortunes of finding non fitting joints, crushing elbows, etc., so that by the time he was fairly standing in the oldest chair in the house, endeavoring to complete the operation, he was in no mood to be trifled with. He got the lengths on the stove all right; he also got the lengths in the chimney all right; but the connecting length was a tall order. It was in thickness, it was in length, it was in width, it was in every way a perfect specimen of a chimney pipe. He made Katrine hunt him a broom and stand in front of the stove, ready to push the refractory pieces together. Then she said the word. He stood before the stove and chimney, cautiously balancing on a chair and reaching up.

"Now, Katrine, shut jam a little," was his order, when he had it all fixed. Katrine "shut jammed a little" with the soft end of the broom and eliminated a most unexpected hole from the chimney. He was carelessly placed between the lengths. He also said something which sounded like a repetition of "jam," but it wasn't.

Again he fixed the pipe and told Katrine to hit it. Katrine was getting a trifle excited over the matter, so in obedience to orders she swung the broom with considerable effect. The lengths on the stove tottered—the length on the chimney swayed—Hans felt that he was losing his balance—down came the chimney lengths—scraping Hans all the way down. Hans was angry. He summoned the pieces he held on the floor with the rest and then jumped on it, and kept on jumping and jumping until there wasn't a circular piece of pipe left to jump on. Then jamming his hat over his eyes he made for the front door.

"Are you going Hans?" exclaimed Katrine, terrified.

"Well, I'm going crazy, if I shopt here mid day stove pipe."

Stable Floors.

The colt only asks for room to stretch his growing limbs, and a roof sufficient to shield him from the storm, undisturbed if he should see a star feel the fresh breeze whirling through a crack by his side. He wants a well ventilated stable, and a chance to get out if at all things he desires to do so. And, above all things, let him stand on the ground if possible, while in his box, and at any rate, in a yard into which his box opens. He especially needs a wooden floor, it is bad enough for a mature working horse, but to a colt it is almost destruction. I have no shadow of doubt that we ruin thousands of horses' feet in this country by our plank floors. The wood, when dry, is a non-conductor of heat, and tends to keep the hoof above natural temperature, and to remove from it all its natural moisture, and when wet it has a tendency to rise above the surrounding temperature by fermentation. Wet or dry, therefore, wood, whether in the form of a plank floor or sawed boarding, is very injurious to the horse's foot. And so thoroughly convinced of this am I that I always provide brick floors for that portion of the stall which is occupied by the horse's feet—practically which has, with the aid of tar treatment, protected for more than a century, from sore-footedness, and has sent out of my stables a foot which every farrier in town recognizes the instant he puts his boot into it. For the feet, then, of the colt and the idle horse, furnish the earth as a standing place, a brick or a stone floor. By such a floor alone can you secure your colt a good foot, a good leg, a well shaped ankle, and a firm and substantial knee.—Murry.

Modern Idea of the Creation.

Joaquin Miller, in his "Life Among the Moilers," gives the following idea of the creation of the world as entertained by the Modoc Indians: "The Great Spirit made Mount Shasta first of all. He pushed down snow and ice from the sky through a hole which he made in the blue heavens by turning a stone round and round, till he made this great mountain; then he stepped out of the clouds on to the mountain top, and descended and planted the trees all around by putting his finger on the ground. The sun melted the snow, and the water ran down and nurtured the trees and made rivers. After that he made a fall for the rivers out of the clouds on to the mountain top. He made the birds by blowing some leaves which he took up from the ground among the trees. After that he made the beasts out of the remainder of his stick, but he made the grizzly bear out of the big end, and the minkie minkie over the small end. Having done this the Great Spirit converted Mount Shasta into a wigwam, and its volcanic eruptions are the outcome of the fire that he lights in the centre of the mountain. The development of man was a later occurrence. The daughter of the Great Spirit was carried far, got astray, and fell into the power of the grizzly bears, and she was forced to marry one of them, and the red men were the fruit of the marriage. These red men were taken under the protection of the Great Spirit, but the grizzlies were punished by being compelled to stand four feet, whereas before they had walked on two. To this day the grizzly bear is never slain by the red men, who recognize him as a sort of kinsman."

An Unimpeachable Witness.

The St. Louis Republican says: The St. Louis case of a woman who was called upon to decide some knotty cases of law and equity in his time, and the records of his court are esteemed pretty good authority. Among other cases he had to decide one about the ownership of a child which was claimed by two motherly women. A suit something like this lately came before a Cincinnati justice, and was decided on similar principles.

A railroad man had an educated mocking bird in his office. The bird could do a great many tricks with his voice, and among other imitative utterances he could mimic a locomotive whistle, and turn himself into a full-fledged calliope upon proclamation. He was a little lame in his left leg, and among some peculiarities of plumage he had one extra long feather in his tail.

The bird disappeared from his cage one day. The owner, in a day or two, visited the shop of a bird-monger and looked around the tunnel prisoners. One fellow appeared to know him, and he followed the cooling of the feathered acquaintance. He found him at his closely, and the bird seemed to say by the twinkling of his eye and the set of his head: "Don't you know me?" This bird appeared to be

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