

An Encounter on the Trail.

BY E. E. B.

We knew there were bears in the vicinity for we had read about them—not in the papers but by the "sign." There were marks, man high, on the trees where they had stood on their hind feet, stretched themselves and whetted their claws; then there were headless stalks of wild barley, rotting livers overturned in the search for grubs, rootings for nuts under the pinon trees and branches of juniper shrubs broken by the reaching for berries. Occasionally we had seen tracks in the sandy bottoms of gulches.

We were chloriding on a promising prospect in Barley Flats up beyond the headwaters of Lytle Creek on the north slope of "Old Baldy," in Southern California. There was Paystreak Crawford, Chloride Sam, Hellfire Pete and myself. Our experience had taught us that a grizzly is not always looking for a fight; nine times out of ten he will let you alone if you do the same by him. Neither will he always run, and if he hears a gun shot in his vicinity he is quite likely to hunt up the shooter to learn if he was shooting at him, therefore we were not reckless in the use of our firearms, besides bear meat was not good at that season and we were not hunting bears anyway, but prospecting for gold. The "Chink" saw one first. Now—about that Chinese.

We had been placing mining on the Cargo Muchach during the season of winter rains, but when the sun became hot, the water scarce and we had to pack our dirt on burros it was too much like work, so we packed and liked for the higher mountains toward the coast, where it was cooler. We stopped at a town to outfit with grub, and camped with our burros in a horse corral in the suburbs. We ate in a restaurant, but drew the line at hotels; we had read of the danger from fire and besides Hellfire Pete had stayed a week once in the "Pleasant Home," and the telling of his experience caused each man to prefer his blankets. We had been sleeping in a country of rattlesnakes, centipedes, scorpions and tarantulas, but—

A clean, decent looking Chinese had been hanging about our camp in the corral evidently greatly interested in our outfit. While Paystreak was up town at a bank cashing in our winter's dust, Hellfire borrowed the "makings" of the Chink, and as they rolled their cigarettes together they became quite social.

"Where you go?" says the Chink.
"We go huntum mine," says Hellfire.
"You ketchum?"
"Mebbe so, mebbe so not. What you do?"
"Oh—me go loun"; takem look—see."

"Look—see, look see—what you callum, look—see?"
"Oh—just go 'loun', takem look, see things."

Then followed a pause while both puffed, the Chink eyeing the packs wistfully, then he said:

"Me likee go 'loun'; see ketchum mine; me good clock; clookum good bread."

"Sowal dough bread? Me don't know; clookum least bread and pie."

Hellfire stood up: "Hi, fellers; here's a Chink that can make yeast bread and pie, and he wants to join as cook. Count me in. Think of the wild strawberry pie and mebbe shortcake." We catcused and engaged the Chink at \$25 per month—if Paystreak agreed.

"Maybe you had better go up town and get you some feather beds and spring mattresses," said he, but he finally agreed and we took the Chink. After the first day he made such progress he could stick on a burro and use only one hand in chocking the saddlehorn. But what he did not know about cooking would fill a large recipe book; he did not know even how to dry and wash the dishes. All the way to Barley Flats all that blooming high-priced cook did was to stand around and watch us get the meals ready over the camp-fire and eat after they were ready. He said his name was Ng Quong Hsu, or something like that, but Paystreak named him "Pet," Hellfire's Pet. It was not quite so bad after we reached the Flats and made camp and set up the knocked down sheet-iron stove we had bought especially for the cook. We had no rolling pin, but Hellfire made him one out of a manzanita limb. Then we discovered that we had no pie-pans, but he baked a pie in a gold pan. It was not bad but we had to take it out with a spoon. It was worth the price we paid him to teach him to be a camp cook, and besides that his coming had taken from us the pleasure of playing seven-up and euchre at night to see who would get breakfast.

In the early days of California, some venturesome settler had found the Flats, a big, level natural park in the heart of the mountains, and had thought to make a ranch there but had given it up, and the only reminder of a previous occupant was a little box shanty of whipsawed sugar pine which we used for a cook-house and where the Chinese slept. The first settler had either found it impossible to build a wagon road to the Flats, or had failed to see first a band of marauding Mojaves.

Our work lay about half a mile from camp where we had located a five-inch seam of rotten, oxidized hematite of iron crossing a deep granite canyon. This iron was rich in gold, some pockets going as high as a dollar a pound. After breakfast the Chink would bring our lunch and then sit for the greater part of the day watching us run a tunnel in on the seam or build the little arrastra in which to crush the ore. An arrastra is a Mexican mill, circular, built of hard, flat stone in which to crush the ore by a burro. I may be allowed the space in some other story to tell how they are built by prospectors.

One morning after Pet had brought our lunch he returned to the cabin. We learned that night at supper that he had been out trying to "ketchum" mine, but "no ketchum; mebbe so tomollo." The next night when we went to camp there was no signs of supper and the Chink was missing.

"I reck'n he has gone out an' got himself snakebit or a bear has stampeed him along with the burros. It's up to you, Pete, to hit his trail an' bring in the remains of your pet," said Sam.

"It ain't bear," said Paystreak as he pointed across the flat to where our burros were filling out of a canyon and idling along toward camp, stopping to snip at some choice bit of herbage or at one another. As we looked "Nig," the big black burro, stopped, faced half-way round, threw forward his long ears and the others did the same. We listened intently and were rewarded by hearing a long wail coming from a gulch in a spur of sharp buttes that ran out on the flat. The wailer was evidently in great distress, and catching up our rifles we ran in his direction. As we approached the walls became more distinct. I don't know what the wail of a soul lost in purgatory sounds like, but if it is anything like that coming from that gulch you can scratch me out of the race for that goal. I have heard

The World's Two Kinds of People.

HERE are only two kinds of people in the world—the people who live in the shadow and gloom and those who live on the sunny side of the street. These shadowed ones are sometimes called pessimists; sometimes, people of melancholy; sometimes they are called disagreeable people; but wherever they go, their characteristic is this: their shadows always travel on before them. These people never carry their own burdens, but expose all their wounds to others. They are all so busy looking down for pitfalls and sharp stones and thorns to step on that they do not even know that there are any stars in the sky. These folks live on the wrong side of the street. And yet it's only twenty feet across to the other sidewalk, where sunshine always lies.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

our burros coming into camp a few jumps ahead of a mountain lion, and the sounds they made, sometimes in the air and sometimes on the ground, as they tried to tell what was coming, were calculated to make a nervous man join the procession; but that Chink had them faded. We advanced warily; we knew there were no Indians in that country save a few wandering Mojaves who were entirely harmless, but they might have found Pet and put him through the third degree to learn if he was human.

Around the first bend in the gulch we found him. He was sitting on his haunches on a flat, black formation that cut across the bottom of the gulch. All the yellow in him was in his face as he held it upturned and sent his soul-searching cry out among the hills. His voice was overworked and hoarse; a sound that started well as a shriek ended in a hoarse moan, and one that started in a moan would end in a piercing top note that carried far; he had lost control of it in each register. I have shot more than one coyote as he was in that same position for voicing his misery on the vast, merciless silence. The "impassive stoicism" of the Oriental in that Chink's case proved but the gauziest veil, and being torn away revealed all the horror, agony and yellow fear underneath.

"There's yo' pet, Hellfire; 'pears like somebody had been settin' bird lime 'round yeh," said Sam as we sat on boulders and yelled in laughter. This increased the horror of the Chink, who evidently thought that the "white devils" had invented some new torture. For a time he was speechless, gazing appealingly from one to the other. Finally he asked plaintively: "Whally mally; no movement feet?"

"What's the matter?" repeated Hellfire. "Take off your shoes, you yellow heathen."

A great light broke over Pet's face as he untied the lace of his brogans and stepped gingerly back on the sand. Pete took hold of the shoes and with a mighty yank wrenched them loose, leaving some of the nails points up. The Chink had stepped on a ledge of magnetic iron and the big-headed hobnails in the soles of his shoes had clamped him to the metal as in a vise, holding him there for the better part of a scorching hot, dry afternoon.

Pet's "look—see" curiosity was completely satiated two nights after. Near the stove a three by two open-

ing had been sawed in the side of the cook-house. On a nail inside this window the Chink generally kept hanging a slab of bacon, but it was missing the next morning after his experience in the gulch.

"Somebody come—stealum bacon," said he.

We circled around the shack and soon picked up the trail of a big grizzly. "To-night he come me ketchum," said Pet, who slept in the cook-house, our tent being about fifty yards away; he pointed to another piece of bacon that he had hung on the nail.

"Better put your pet wise, Pete, to the trouble he is enticin' by baitin' himself thataway," suggested Paystreak.

"Let the blankety blank, blank yellow heathen alone," replied Pete, who had begun to show signs of a cloyed appetite and a longing for home cooking. Bears love pork, and bacon is a choice bit. It was a "cinch" that the big silvertip would return, but we were too tired to wait for him, as he would not put in an appearance until late. He came and went, but the first we knew of it was a series of Chinese yells and shrieks from the cook-house.

"There, Hellfire, it sure sounds like yo' pet done 'ketchum'," said Sam, as each man jumped from his bunk, at the same time taking his rifle from the forked sticks at his head.

In the cook-house we found the Chink busy. With his left hand he was furiously snatching from a box handfuls of bits of red paper which he was throwing about the room regardless, while his shaking right was trying to light a bunch of punk sticks which he kept stuck in a tomato can filled with sand. We tried to get him to say something a white man could understand, but for the time being he was a jabbering, jabbering, blithering, blithering idiot. We saw that the bacon was gone and knew then what the Chink had seen, but at that time he was in no condition to utter words that would indicate to a man and a Christian that he was even trying to talk. The first flash of returning reason was when we turned to go out. He was across the room, but before we reached the door he was in the centre of the file. We made signs and he rolled up his bed and carried it to our tent for the remainder of the night. The next morning he explained.

"Velly late night time come; me

stant we stopped as though meeting a head-end collision.

"Hollysmoke!" ejaculated Pete; not twenty yards away and coming down the trail was a huge, gaunt, silvertip grizzly. He let out a snarl and reared, standing taller than any of us. The trail was too narrow there for him to turn, but we could and did.

We probably broke the record for time on that trail, each of us keeping our eyes out for a place where we could shin up to the left or down into a tree top on the right, the bear after us full charge. He might have been looking also for a getaway, or he might have been having fun with us, or he might have been real angry to find anyone on his trail; we did not stop to argue the point; we realized that was his trail by right of time and possession and our only desire was to leave it the instant opportunity offered, and were willing to take a long chance on the opportunity. Sam was ahead and found his first, a manzanita shrub on the brink, which he seized and let himself down on a narrow ledge about six feet below. Paystreak was next and shinned up a little pine growing alongside a huge granite boulder, ten feet or more high on which he dropped from a limb with a "one-two" second. We could slide down the rock but it was too steep for man or animal to climb.

Then we looked for Pete. He carried the most weight and had the further handicap of a tap-bore shotgun. Even as we looked we heard the roar of a gun from around the last bend in the trail.

We had recovered from the—well, shock or surprise, at the unexpected meeting; the report of the gun told that a partner was in trouble and we hastened to his assistance. Paystreak and I slid from the rock, and as we passed Sam we reached down a helping hand by which he climbed back to the trail. We had our hunting knives in our belts, and with these in hand we ran to the assistance of Pete. We found him in close contact with the bear—i. fact, sitting on the carcass of the brute and trying to assume an air of nonchalance as he filled his pipe; there was no doubt as to his manner being assumed, besides his face had not regained its right color nor his eyes their normal size; then his voice did not have its even steadiness as he said:

"You fellers put me in mind of Pet; you done just exactly what he would have done."

Then he told us how it happened. The bear was hunting him close, there was no chance for him to get away so he turned hoping to blind the big beast with the charges of fine shot. As he turned, the bear, then hardly a length away, reared and opened its great jaws in a snarl of rage and victory. Pete saw his opportunity, and thrusting forward the gun until the end of the muzzle was almost within the gaping red jaws, he fired both barrels. The double charge tore into the brain and the bear dropped.

"He ain't got a tooth in his head, and his claws are worn down to stumps; he's so old he couldn't do nothin' but run a bluff, but he done that plum proper," said Pete. Sam pried open the lean, muscular jaws with a stick and said: "Well, I wouldn't hanker to have him hug and gum me."—Forest and Stream.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Regard is disgustingly milk warm. All the world's a stage and the villain of the piece old age.

A man's profession gets its seal upon him. You can't sweep chimneys and look like a snow-bird.

A wasted opportunity has a way of wandering home to be buried in the family graveyard.

Life is an enchanted forest where we find whatever good or evil plant we seek.

Time flies so fast that as soon as we have learned the value of time our time is past.

A comfortable income is a Morris chair in life's waiting room of hard benches.

The hand that rocks the cradle is mighty seldom the one that writes the club minutes.

Feeding a girl on bonbons doesn't make her a bit more candid.

A man is never sour on the world if the right girl is sweet on him.

When you meet a brunette with blond hair, beware of her; that's the sign she's changeable.

The nest egg of the old-fashioned girl was a darning gourd.

Cupid's ammunition is pink face powder.

In melodrama it is not skill but kill that counts.

The passing hours are the flowers in Life's garden.

The only jewels that look well on a man are the beads of honest toil.

Many a man cuts the pattern of prosperity with the scissors of necessity.

Every musically inclined student should be sent to Europe at public expense and kept there indefinitely.

Sniff not at the humble instrument. Many a masterpiece has been planned with the quill from a goose.

Pity the cynic who sneers at love and religion. What has life to offer him when he makes fun of her best?

A cynic is a man who would cut the throat of a singing bird because he happened not to care for music.

The whistling girl and the crowing hen modestly turn their heads these days when the divided skirt equestrienne dashes by.—From "Eve's Epigrams," by Rose MacRae, in the New York Telegram.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE NEWS

MURDER MYSTERY CLOSED

Boy Claims He Was Compelled to Kill Or Himself Suffer Death.

Uniontown.—Incited to take a life under the threat of forfeiting his own, Nicola Mondillo, a 17-year-old Italian, who has been in jail here several months, has made a confession clearing up a puzzling murder and at the same time implicating five others, including Mrs. Pasquale Mondillo, wife of the murdered man.

In his confession to Sheriff Peter A. Johns Mondillo said Mondillo's wife, a girl of 20, her brother and her father made the proposition to him to kill Mondillo. He refused, he said, but was told that unless he acceded the three would not only kill Mondillo but him too. The young Italian then agreed to do the job. He was first offered a razor with which to cut Mondillo's throat while the latter slept, but he refused it.

Mondillo got Mondillo to accompany him to Masontown to identify him at the postoffice. On the return home Mondillo says he shot Mondillo twice. A few days after he was arrested on suspicion, having been the last one seen with Mondillo. No effort was made to have him released by the alleged conspirators, and as a result Mondillo finally told all. Mrs. Mondillo, her father, Michael Farino; her brother, Gerardo Farino; Favetto Conti and Grazia Marzochie were arrested by county detectives.

ATTACKS HIS CAPTORS

Insane Man Fights Desperately When Taken.

New Castle.—Apparently hopelessly insane Mark Miller, aged 23, son of ex-Sheriff W. B. Miller, is confined at the family home under the care of Dr. E. A. Tobey of New Bedford. He left home a few days ago and was found by searchers in a woods on the farm of Stillman Sample, 10 miles northwest of here.

The family supposed he had gone for a short visit and did not become alarmed. Four New Bedford men found him in the woods, but he ran during their approach and threw stones at them. When captured he fought desperately and had to be tied. His mental derangement is believed to have resulted from ill health.

HE "FIXES" HIS BROTHER

Latter Has Bullet Wound in Neck as Result of Playful Shooting.

Greensburg.—"Fink, I'll fix you," playfully said Emanuel Geiger, 16-year-old son of G. W. Geiger, of Harrison City, as he pressed the trigger of a revolver pointed at his brother, 13 years old.

Both boys supposed the weapon was empty, but the younger one fell with a bullet wound in the back of the neck.

Physicians have been unable to locate the ball and Fink was brought to the Westmoreland hospital for X-ray examination. The wound is not regarded as dangerous.

Orders Felty to Pay \$12,500.

Uniontown.—Judge J. Q. Van Swearingen handed down an opinion in the suit of John Curry, Edward Bitner and the Bitner Lumber Company against Christian Felty to recover an alleged profit made by the purchase of a timber tract of 2,500 acres in West Virginia. The court ordered that Felty pay within six months to the lumber company \$12,500 with interest from December 30, 1905.

Find Man Was Murdered.

Butler.—That John Descenti, whose body was found near the Bessemer & Lake Erie railway tracks a week ago, was murdered is the decision of the coroner's jury. In its verdict the jury says, "Descenti came to his death by a fractured skull, the result of a blow from a blunt instrument, inflicted by some person or persons unknown."

Plenty of Orders.

Zelienople.—The Iron City Sanitary Manufacturing Company, employing 650 men, is rushed with orders. The Herman Pneumatic Machine Company is keeping its 100 workmen steadily employed. The Borough Council has passed an ordinance authorizing completion of the town's sewer system.

Annexation Defeated.

By a vote of 1,698 to 434 Wilkesburg residents declared themselves opposed to becoming a part of the City of Pittsburgh. Every one of 12 voting precincts showed an approximate vote of four to one against annexation.

Guilt of Robbing Telephones.

Washington.—When arraigned before Justice E. N. Dunlap, J. S. Griffith, who was brought from Pittsburgh, pleaded guilty to rifling toll boxes of Bell telephone pay stations at Donora. He was held for court. Griffith was arrested at Leontonia, O.

Washington.

The physicians of Clayville have completed plans for taking up post-graduate work outlined by the American Medical Society. Dr. J. N. Sprows has been elected president of the organization and Dr. F. L. Hampton secretary.

The Rev. Dr. J. P. Calhoun,

former pastor of the Homewood Avenue Presbyterian church, has received a call to the First Presbyterian church of Maryville, Tenn.

Bank Has Him Arrested.

Harrisburg.—Harvey Baumberger, son of a wealthy resident of Palmyra, is in jail here on the charge of obtaining \$800 from a bank in Blain by impersonating himself to be the son of Henry D. Koons, a wealthy citizen of this city. He has confessed.

Franklin.—The will of Mrs. Elvira Crane, mother of former Representative Joseph C. Sibley bequeaths \$2,000 to the cause of foreign missions in the Rantist denomination.

BALKS AT EXPULSION

Reformed Church Synod Orders Admonition of Liquor Dealers.

York.—At the closing session of the General Synod of the Reformed Church an overture was presented by the classes of Miami, Fla., to the effect that all members of the church dealing in liquor shall be asked to discontinue their part in the traffic, and upon refusal shall be admonished.

A clause demanding that liquor-dealing members who refuse to go out of the business shall be dealt with finally by expulsion was rejected. The overture as revised was adopted.

VICTIM OF HYDROPHOBIA

Bessemer Man Dies Horrible Death from Bite Long Ago.

New Castle.—What is thought to have been hydrophobia caused the death of William Martin of Bessemer, this county, aged 55 years. Last December he was bitten in the hand by a strange dog.

The wound was cauterized and nothing further thought about it until last Sunday when he began to suffer proxymias at the sight of water. A widow and one daughter survive.

TORTURERS GIVEN TEN YEARS

Stanley and Abraham Sentenced to Penitentiary.

Uniontown.—Judge J. O. Van Swearingen overruled the motion made by the attorneys or John Stantley and John Abraham for a new trial and imposed sentences of 10 years each to the Western penitentiary. The men were charged with torturing Mr. and Mrs. William Yauger, an aged couple, last December, and extorting over \$2,000. The Yaugers identified both prisoners at the trial. The men will be taken to the penitentiary tomorrow.

BIND, GAG AND ROB

Circus Roustabouts Loot Store After Gaggling Proprietor.

Butler.—While the menagerie cars were being loaded at the Bessemer & Lake Erie siding 20 negro roustabouts broke into the general store of John Isaacs, near the show grounds, bound and gagged the proprietor, stole 10 suits of clothes, jewelry and fruit and disappeared in the circus wagon before they could be apprehended.

Officers went to Meadville, where the show will appear and will endeavor to locate the robbers.

TEARS UP THE WILL

Now Judge Refuses to Admit Copy to Probate.

New Castle.—Register William A. Eakin refused to admit to probate an alleged copy of a will of the late Mrs. Angeline Saviers, whose death occurred in 1905.

It is alleged that one of the heirs, angry at not being sufficiently remembered in the will tore it up and threw it into a stove. Other heirs have made what purports to be an exact copy of the original will and this week applied to have it probated.

PITCHER BECOMES PRIEST

Burke, a State Star, Has Worked Hard to Win Prize.

Hazleton.—After studying for ten years and playing ball during his vacations to earn money with which to pay for his education, John Burke of this city, last year the star pitcher for the Lancaster team of the Tri-State league, will be ordained on June 13 at St. Bonaventura's college, Allegheny, N. Y., to the Catholic priesthood. He will read his first mass in St. Gabriel's church, this city, on Sunday, June 14.

Chicora's Old-Home Week.

Chicora.—Great preparations are being made here for Old-Home week, which is dated for July 2, 3 and 4. This flourishing Butler county town, which was formerly known as Millerstown, expects to entertain a large number of men and women who left here years ago, many of them before the name of the place was changed to Chicora.

Double Hanging in Franklin.

Franklin.—Governor Stuart granted a reprieve until July 14 to James N. Strahl, wife murderer, who was sentenced to die June 2. July 14 is the date set for Michael Holka's execution and Strahl's reprieve is due to the desire of Franklin residents to have only one execution day.

Five Injured.

Butler.—Five passengers were slightly hurt and 49 others severely jolted when a northbound limited Pittsburgh & Butler street car ran into an open switch at the Mars car barns, striking a local car which had taken the siding to give a clear track for the limited.

Girl Is Killed by Lightning.

Greensburg.—Mary Beck, aged 14, was killed by lightning at Mammoth while standing beside a butcher's wagon. The driver, Gill Baldwin, was slightly stunned, but recovered and picked up the prostrate girl, to find her dead.

Harrisburg.—W. A. Scarlett,

chief engineer of the American Union Telephone Company, was drowned while canoeing on the Susquehanna at Dauphin.

\$500,000 Deal Completed.

Washington.—A coal deal involving \$500,000 has just been closed whereby acreage along Ten-Mile creek in Greene and Washington counties passes from the possession of J. V. Thompson of Uniontown, to W. Y. Humphries, of the Bessemer Coal & Coke Company. The tract is near the territory owned by the Pittsburgh & Buffalo Company. The new transaction of the Pennsylvania railroad from Seneca hill to Zolharsville will furnish an outlet.