



BAPTIST CHURCH.

This church is located on Main street. It was built in 1887, when Rev. J. N. Williams was pastor. Rev. E. Lewis Kelley has been pastor of the church two years.

JACK'S TRUE YARNS.

THE OLD NORTH WOODS GUIDE TELLS TWO GOOD STORIES.

How He Captured a Bear With No Weapon but His Boot Toes—He Was Once Saved From Freezing by a Bottle of Kerosene and Some Matches.

Jack Ormiston is still alive to tell some of the most wonderful tales that are heard in the Adirondacks. Jack has been a guide for some 30 years, ever since he has been big enough to carry a pack basket. He is tall and loose jointed, and his muscles are as hard as hickory knots. His black grizzled beard covers nearly all of his broad face. A pair of small, blinking black eyes do most of his talking for him, but when he is properly aroused he can spin a tale at the camp fire that will startle the screech owls and frighten the wailing loons down on the lake shore.

"Yer've heard some of the fellers say, hain't yer, how I kitched that old bear last fall?" asked Jack.

We assured him that we never had, and it was strictly true, because he had told us a dozen or more times himself.

"Waal, yer must know where Tully pond is," continued Jack. "Blessed if I don't kotch a bear mighty queer there last fall. Jim Hodge give me a lift on the job, I must say, but that ain't the point. Fact is, the great point was the toe end of these boots. I wuz comin down this way along their trail when I heard a rustling overhead in a tall pine. Golly, when I looked up, kinder quick, sideways, fer I feerd somethin wuz goin ter drop, I see a mighty big bear comin along one of the limbs toward the trunk. He started ter come down the trunk back end first, winkin at me. My gun wuz over at camp. I didn't have a thing with me, and Jim wuz half a mile back on the trail. That bear I could see had a mighty fine hide that would bring me somethin like \$30, with the bounty. I didn't care ter have him run away, nor did I want ter shake hands with him and pass the time of day with him till Jim come along and put him asleep with a bullet. I didn't make up my mind none too soon. The bear warn't half way down the tree when I rushed at him, not knowin what I would do ter own that hide and capture the bounty. I looked around for a club, but none come in sight, so when I got ter the foot of the tree there warn't nothin but one thing ter do. I just hauled off and kicked that bear.

"It wuz the first experimentin of the kind I ever heard of, and by gosh it beat anything I ever see. The bear clawed hard inter the bark and snapped at me. He was casin up a bit with his nails when I swung him another and another. I yelled for Jim and swung again. I yelled six times, kickin between every yell. Then Jim answered, and I kept up yellin and kickin, first with one boot and then the other. The bear didn't drop an inch. Just as he eased up a little bit I swung again. Gosh! It seemed as if Jim wuz takin his time comin along that trail. Just as I swung the forty-ninth kick Jim come in sight. I dropped flat on my back. Jim popped one inter the bear, and it flopped over on ter me. Jim wuz the most surprised mau yer ever see. It wuz two hours before I could prove ter him that I wuz tellin the truth about that bear.

Then Jack piled another log on the fire and started in on a new tale. "This spring I come near bein done fer," he said. "Kerosene kept me in pickle long enough ter get near a fire, and then I wuz all right again."

We wanted to know if kerosene oil wuzn't a new beverage for him. "No, I didn't drink none," he continued. "I started ter cross Brandy brook on a log. I wanted ter cut off a three mile walk around by the trail. The water wuz high, and there wuz a strong current running out inter the lake. This log wuz about a foot and a half through. I rolled it off with the stream. I tucked my breeches in my boots and straddled the log. I hadn't kicked a dozen strokes

before I got out inter the swift water, and then I could see I wuz in fer it. I kicked ter back up again ter the shore, but it wuz no use, so I let it go. It came on dark, and my feet began ter freeze. My old boots had been well greased, but the water dripped in at the tops and soaked my stockin's. I tried kickin harder ter keep my blood stirred up. I drifted over toward Bear mountain, and knew that if the wind kept up I would land somewhere before midnight. Just as I wuz gettin almighty froze I thought of a bottle of kerosene I had to oil my gun. Yer can bet I wuz wishin it wuz somethin more cheerin than kerosene oil. A little alkehal and sugar at that time would er slipped down inter them boots from the inside and melted them frozen toes, but there warn't nothin but kerosene. I poured it half and half inter each boot, and I know it helped ter make me easy fer a time. But by and by it seemed ter me the oil must be freezin too. It wuz lucky I had my old match-box along in my vest pocket, high and dry, for then the idea struck me that if I lit a match and sent it down inter the oil it would warm things up some. There warn't much else ter do er think about. I wuz makin fer Bear Mountain island slow, but steady. If I didn't get there till midnight, my feet would both be froze off, so I made up my mind ter try the matches. Lucky fer me my boots had wide tops so I could send the lit match right down ter the bottom where it 'ud do the most good. Well, sir, the first match in the right boot did the trick fine. It took fire and thawed things out quicker'n I thought. Blisters raised all over, and when it all got scalded all comfortable I wriggled around and put out the fire. Then I tried it on the left foot, and it worked just as well. There wuz enough matches left to start a fire on the island when I drifted in there toward 12 o'clock."

—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Miniature Parliament.

There is a miniature parliament at Newham, England's well known woman's college, with a cabinet and prime minister of its own. The Conservatives are just now in power, in this young legislature, which yields nothing in spirit and ardor to its prototype on the Thames embankment. It has legalized the opening of museums and picture galleries on Sundays, but declined to allow Sunday opening of theaters and other public places of amusement. The most exciting debates of the session was on voluntary schools, when, after a hard fight, the government, by a majority of ten, passed a motion "viewing with disfavor" the action of the educational department in placing voluntary schools under disadvantages compared with board schools. An intercollegiate debate has been arranged with Girton, its sister college, the motion to be, "That it is good for society that people should be afraid of being thought peculiar."

Matron or Maid.

In The Athenaeum it was recently said that "the Oxford movement in favor of granting the B. A. degree to qualified women seems to have gained a new impetus," and the petition will probably be backed by the vice chancellor, one of the proctors and other university lights and leaders. But how can ladies, married or unmarried, ever be "bachelors?" Why not a new and special degree for them? We have maids of honor, bridesmaids, housemaids and so forth. Why not for the unmarried "L. M.," which will serve for "learned (or lovable) maid?" She will wear a becoming cap, showy gown and a hood. If married, the letters L. M. will stand for "learned matron," with bonnet, gown, streamers and hood of another cut and color, symbolizing the distinction between maidenhood and wifehood.—London Punch.

Inquisitive.

Tommy (in search of information)—Is a streamlet a small stream?
His Father—Yes, my son.
"Is an owl a small owl?"
"Yes, Tommy."
"Is an egglet a small egg?"
"Yes, yes, you might call it that."
"Then what is a bullet?" "Tisn't a small ball, is it?"—London Tit-Bits.

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