

## BEARS AFTER GRANT.

HOW THE GREAT MILITARY MAN MANEUVERED FOR TIME.

Throw Trout From the Wagon to Appease Brul's Appetite—The Bears Wanted Bigger Game, but Didn't Get It—The Old McKane County Guide's Story.

"General Grant was a great lover of trout fishing," said a guide, "and the greatest of all his outings was at Kane, McKane county, Pa., in August, 1869. I received a letter late in July of that year requesting that I get everything ready for a two weeks' fishing tour on the Oswayo creek.

"This stream flows through the northwestern part of Potter county, one of the wildest forest sections. At that time I was living at Kane and spent all my time in the woods hunting and fishing.

"General Grant usually was accompanied by one or more companions, but this time he came to Kane alone. It was then, prior to leaving Kane for Oswayo creek, that General Grant wrote his letter to Secretary of State Fish concerning the belligerency of Cuba. We were delayed 24 hours on account of that letter, because General Grant spent the whole day in thinking the situation over. The general was glad to get the subject off his mind for the time being, as he remarked to me, 'Well, that settles Cuban matters with me until I return from this trout fishing trip.'

"I had the general's rod and flies in shape. We got on my old spring wagon and started for a farmhouse near Sharon Center. The roads were rough, and by the time we had covered the distance of 37 miles were tired out, and the old horse lay down. It was about 10 o'clock at night when we reached John Habersteen's home in the country. He had been expecting us and assisted in putting up the horse and showed us the rooms we were to occupy. We did not go to the trout stream the following day. 'Rest is more desirable than trout, is the way the general put it.

"While Habersteen was not acquainted with Grant prior to our arrival, he was a fast friend of mine, as we had gone to school together. General Grant soon made a warm friend of Habersteen. "The first day's fishing along Oswayo creek was successful, and we returned with a number of trout. It was a difficult place to reach, and the country simply abounded with wild game. The general was fond of seeing deer go through the woods and was not a bit afraid of bears.

"General Grant was an expert fisherman and could whip a stream with any of the pot fishers. He would never fish for trout with bait. But if it so happened that he had lost all his flies, he would put on whatever he could find and continue to whip the stream. The two of us in five days' fishing caught 712 trout, all good sized ones. We ate some of them, and the rest were packed in ice to be sent to friends.

"I shall never forget our return from Sharon Center to Kane. We had everything on the spring wagon, including the lead trout. After traveling about four miles we passed through an exceptionally heavy woodland, and when we were about 200 yards from the woods two bears made their appearance. They trotted along after us at a gait that showed us that they were gaining on the horse. They evidently had scented the fish and were wishing for a good meal.

"We did not feel much afraid until we came to discover that our guns and revolvers were left behind at Habersteen's house. The bears were gradually gaining on us, and it was time to be thinking about doing something.

"What's to be done in a case of this kind?" queried the general.

"The only thing I know of is to drive so fast that they can't catch up," I replied. But the faster we drove the more rapidly the bears ran.

"I know how to get away from them," exclaimed Grant. "We will throw trout to the ground, a few feet apart, and as the bears stop to pick them up we will gain so much by every fish."

"Well, that looked like a great scheme. We began throwing the fish out, two or three at a time. The bears began to pick them up, but I'll be confounded if they didn't start to give the trout the go-by and hasten their steps to catch up to the wagon. All the time we kept throwing choice trout into the road to coax them bears to quit the chase.

"We concluded that the old horse would have to hurry. The whip was applied. We lost the bears, and in the village related the story of the bears following us to several farmers, who got guns and started after them.

"Do you know what those confounded bears were doing when they found them? They stopped at the end of the trout trail and for a distance of a mile and a half back had eaten nearly all the trout. They evidently wanted bigger game, and when they saw they could not get it they were content to eat trout. The bears were overtaken and killed.

"At the village we looked to see how many trout we had left. To our surprise we had only 250 out of the 700."—New York Press.

### Luck.

"There is no such thing as luck," said Colonel North once. "Everybody in this world has chances—yes, everybody, from the working collier who strikes a seam of coal which was never thought of by the mining engineer to the colliery proprietor who gets information regarding that seam and resolves to work it. What people call luck simply means that a man sees his chance, holds on to it and at the right moment works it for himself. Luck? Nonsense! Luck is simply the faculty of seizing passing opportunities."

The bower bird is so called because several of this species unite in constructing a bower or playground, apparently for no other purpose than amusement.

## LOOKED LIKE AN OLD UMBRELLA.

But It Was a Second Story Sneak Thief's Stupider.

Major Moore's office in the District building is a curiosity shop. He has there a collection of articles used by the criminals who have been run down by the metropolitan police; but there is one particular article among them that is probably the center of interest. In appearance it resembles an umbrella that has seen much service, or it might be taken for a stage umbrella, such as is used by Marks in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

This imitation umbrella was formerly the property of a burglar, and it was by its means that he was able to enter the second story of a building. Removing the cover, a stick wound with rope is revealed. The stick opens like a telescope or a jointed fish pole. Wound around it is a rope ladder, made of strong material and about 15 feet in length. The ladder is only wide enough for one foot to be placed on the rounds.

The extending stick was used to raise one end of the ladder to the window through which the operator wished to enter, and on one end of the ladder are two hooks to be fastened to the sill. The contrivance was taken from a colored burglar named James Moore, who is now serving out a 20 years' sentence in the Albany penitentiary for housebreaking.

Moore was first arrested about ten years ago. It was then that he made use of the ladder to gain admittance to the houses that tempted him. He was an old sailor, and while on board ship he learned the art of making and splicing rope. Entering the field of crime, he conceived the idea of the rope ladders. It is regarded as one of the most ingenious affairs ever made use of by a thief. He carried no other tools, as he was what is known in police circles as a "summer thief," one who works when windows are left open. Moore operated alone, as he was afraid to trust a "pal."—Washington Post.

### LAASSINGO REQUIRES SKILL.

One Man Thought It Was Easy and Lost a Thumb.

"I lost that thumb by knowing too much," said the old stockman, in answer to a query. "I was nothing but a tenderfoot, but I thought because I could rope a calf in a corral that I could do anything any one else could.

"The first day that I went out with my rawhide riata on my saddle some of the men commenced trying to tell me how to rope a steer and how to take a turn around the horn of the saddle with the riata when I wanted to hold him, but I told them I guessed I knew how to do it, and I'm a thumb shy in consequence.

"I checked the rope on a steer as he was running and quickly wound the riata around the horn of the saddle. There was a jerk, the steer went down, and my thumb was crushed to a pulp. I had, in taking a turn with the riata around the horn, unwittingly got my thumb between the rope and the pommel. When it tightened I lost my thumb.

"When a cowboy holds a loop in his right hand, ready to throw, his thumb is pointing from him. After the throw it is natural for him to let the riata slide through his hand from his little finger toward his thumb, but if he attempts to wind it around the saddle horn in that way it is 10 to 1 that he will get his thumb tangled up as I did. After the throw he has to let go of the riata entirely, seize it again, and as he winds it around the saddle horn let it slip through his hand from his thumb toward his little finger. Just recollect that and it may save you a thumb."—San Francisco Post.

### Quixotry.

Quixote is at least interesting, and even amusing. More than this, he is of practical service. His daring unreasonableness stirs up stagnating waters and relieves the gray monotony of common sense. Perhaps we regard him with the pity that is akin to contempt, and call him fanatic, enthusiast; but so have we called the prophets that were before him. Enthusiasm now is rather out of fashion, like duels and hard drinking; and to call a man enthusiastic is almost as great an insult as to call him genteel. And so we look askance at Quixotry, because it is not the "mode." But perhaps we rather ought to weep that it is so much a thing of the past, and cherish those few instances of it that remain; not only because of its artistic value, but because where the more sober thinker fails, the Quixote is often of service. Like an inferior soprano, he will be heard by his much screaming, and nothing is ever done without a scream.

We have Mr. Bumble's statement that the public is "a huss," and it is only too apt to stand between its proverbial two bundles of hay and taste neither. It takes a good deal to wake it from that deep, sweet slumber in which it habitually lies, dreaming that it is doing something, fighting old battles over again, instead of bestirring itself about new ones. Most progress, and especially political progress, is a series of compromises. No party gets as much as it wants, but each is a drag upon the other. —London Spectator.

### Reform Spelling.

Whitelaw Reid in a letter to a "reform spelling" advocate sensibly says of the duty of the state board of regents: "We at least should avoid the barbarous business of vivisection on our noble living English. Such changes as are needful should, so far as we are concerned, come, as in nature, slowly, and not artificially, but in the order of growth."

Politeness is a kind of anesthetic which envelops the asperities of our character, so that other people be not wounded by them. We should never be without it, even when we contend with the rude. —Joubert.

Keep you in the rear of your affection, out of the shot and danger of desire. —Shakespeare.

## ENGLISH CAVE DWELLERS.

Evidences of Them Found in the Region Made Merry by Robin Hood.

The town of Nottingham is 124 miles north of London. A part of the town is on low lying ground close to the river Trent, where floods sometimes occur, but the rest of the town is built on a series of red sandstone hills. It is situated on the southeastern fringe of the great Derbyshire coal field, and the historic forest of Sherwood formerly spread almost up to the city walls. Now this forest has, in a great measure, been cut down, and this has reduced the rainfall, raised the temperature and rendered the climate of the town drier and more bracing than it used to be. The mean annual rainfall is now 25 inches and the temperature 47 degrees. As sandstone is soft and easily cut it is only natural that the early dwellers in caves came and lived in holes dug in the hills of Nottingham, particularly as the forest close at hand was a good hunting ground where game could be captured for food.

Bronze and other tools employed by these early and prehistoric inhabitants are occasionally found, and the first name known to have been given to the place was Snotingham. This in Celtic means "the home among the rocks." Afterward it became one of the towns of the kingdom of Mercia, and in the ninth and tenth centuries was one of the five chief northern strongholds of the Danes. Already what is now known as the Castlehill was a strongly fortified position, and it was in his attempt to capture this fortress that Alfred the Great was signally defeated by the Danes. Two hundred years later, when William the Conqueror in his turn subjugated the Saxons, he rebuilt the castle of Nottingham and placed it under the command of his natural son, William Peverel.

But it was here also that Saxon resistance continued for many a long year, for it was in the great forest hard by that Robin Hood and his merry men dwelt. These outlaws were Saxons who were dissatisfied with the Norman rule and preferred a life of brigandage to submission. The holes dug in the rocks, the passages made through the sandstone mountains, enabled these bold foresters to occasionally appear in the town and close under the Norman battlements. —Boston Post.

### BAD BILL'S BREAK.

It Was a Sensational Feature and Shut Up the Whole Revival.

Bad Bill was a well known character in the west, and there are many stories told of his exploits, but one of the best has never been printed, and was related to a reporter by a man who was present when it occurred.

Great Bend, Kan., now one of the best towns in the state, was at one time about the worst. That was when it was a railroad terminus before Dodge City was established.

A traveling evangelist went to Great Bend and tried to start a revival. There were a few Christians in town, and these all of the unregenerate present being Bad Bill, who took a front seat. Every one feared trouble when he walked into the church, but he sat quietly during the exhortation. The evangelist requested all who wanted to go to heaven to stand up, and every person present except Bill arose. When they were seated again, Bill got up, and, drawing two pistols, said:

"You say you want to go to heaven. Now, anything I can do to help this game along and give pleasure to the players, I'm in for. You all want to go to heaven, and I'll give you as good a chance as you'll ever have. The first man that gets up I'll give him a ticket clean through, without any stop overs."

The evangelist crawled under a seat and the members of the congregation laid on the chairs.

"Well," said Bill, "I see you wasn't in earnest, so we'll put out the lights and call this meeting adjourned." One by one he shot out the lights, and by morning the evangelist was on his way to Hutchinson, while the members of the congregation kept quiet and made no further attempts at holding a revival. —Washington Star.

### Paid For the Pleasure.

During a journey of the Emperor Joseph II to Italy the wheels of his coach broke down on the road, so that it was with difficulty that he reached a small village at a short distance. On his arrival there his majesty got out at the door of the only blacksmith shop in the town and desired him to repair the wheel without delay. "That I would do willingly," replied the smith, "but it being holiday all my men are at church. The boy who blows the bellows is not at home."

"An excellent method then presents of warming oneself," replied the emperor, who was unknown to the smith, and he set about blowing the bellows while the blacksmith forged the iron. The wheel being repaired, 6 sols were demanded for the job, but the emperor gave 6 ducats.

The blacksmith returned then to the traveler, saying, "Sir, you have made a mistake, and, instead of 6 sols, have given me 6 pieces of gold which no one in the village can change."

"Change them when you can," said the emperor, stepping into the carriage. "An emperor should pay for such a pleasure as that of blowing the bellows."

### Talent.

The world is always ready to receive talent with open arms. Very often it does not know what to do with genius. Talent is a docile creature. It bows its head meekly while the world slips the collar over it. It backs into the shafts like a lamb. —Holmes.

### His Uncle Did It.

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