

**MISS-MISS SPARED.**

HE CAPTURED THE GRIZZLY JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME.

How the Hudson Bay Tribes Dispose of the Old and Indigent Members—This Old Warrior Sought Another Death and Got a New Lease in Life.

"There is but one beast that the Indians are really afraid of," said Egerton Young, the Baptist minister who recently returned from a long sojourn among the Hudson bay tribes, where he was the pioneer missionary. "That is the grizzly bear, the tiger of North America. Only once have I heard of a grizzly being captured alive, and in that case the feat saved the life of a famous old warrior.

"Among many of the Hudson bay tribes it is the custom for the able-bodied to put to death the old men and women who are no longer able to do their share of the work. The old women are simply knocked on the head without ceremony. The process of getting rid of an old man is more elaborate. The Indians do not think it well to stain their hands with the blood of one who was once a warrior. So they delegate the task to their hereditary enemies, the wolves, to which they render all assistance in their power.

"When it has been decided at a solemn powwow that any particular old man is to die, instructions are given to a number of young men to take measures to get rid of him immediately. Among the executioners are always the sons of the condemned man. The day after sentence has been passed these executioners call on the veteran, attack him with stones and spears and drive him into the wilderness. There they leave him to his fate. A few days later they return and collect a few well gnawed bones, which they bring back with fitting ceremonies.

"Among all the warriors belonging to a tribe with which I made a long sojourn, none had a more glorious record than Miss-Miss. But Miss-Miss was getting old. His eyes were dim, his hands were slow, and rarely did he bring home a fat buck. Furthermore, food was scarce, and Miss-Miss retained an excellent appetite. One morning Miss-Miss got orders to be prepared to receive the next day a delegation of young braves led by his two stalwart sons.

"But Miss-Miss, though he had assisted in many such ceremonies in his day, had not yet come to consider himself old and useless. He was very angry. Just as Miss-Miss had done reviling the ingratitude of the young a boy rushed in to say that a huge grizzly was feeding a short distance from the camp. Here was the veteran's chance. All the braves were away at the hunt. Children and squaws and Miss-Miss were the sole occupants of the camp. He knew that to face a grizzly single handed was certain death, but it was the death of a man. So Miss-Miss armed himself with his spear and tomahawk and went forth to seek the bear.

"He had not far to go. Within a few hundred yards of the camp he espied the largest and leanest bear he had seen for years, making a scanty meal off dried roots. Crawling up as close as he could, he hurled his spear. The weapon struck the bear in the flank. As he had calculated, the wound had no further effect than to infuriate the brute and turn its attention upon him. Miss-Miss took his stand with his back to a tree, grasped his little tomahawk firmly and awaited death.

"Now, had it been an ordinary little black bear the peril of Miss-Miss would have been small. A black bear would have risen on its hind legs when it came to close quarters, and leaving its chest quite unprotected, tried to insert its paws between the man and the tree in order to hug him to death. All Miss-Miss would have had to do would have been to wait until it came within arm's length and plunge his hunting knife into its chest. One thrust would have been sufficient. But a grizzly is different. It strikes with its mighty claws. Miss-Miss awaited the onset. When the bear came to close quarters, it rose on its hind legs and made a mighty, sweeping blow at his body. Setting his teeth, Miss-Miss struck at its head with his tomahawk. The weapon was dashed from his grasp and he was hurled to the ground, but, much to his surprise, uninjured. Instead of the sharp claws in his side he had felt a mighty buffet as if from a huge boxing glove. Miss-Miss scrambled to his feet. The next glance explained matters. Like himself, the bear was a veteran. It had lost its claws long since. Miss-Miss dodged round and round his tree and from one tree to another. The bear, whose sight was dim with age, aimed blow after blow, with no other effect than that of bruising its paws against the trunks. The fight went on, and Miss-Miss' strength was giving way, when through an opening in the forest he espied the blaze of the campfires close at hand. The bear saw it, too, and with a grunt of disgust and disappointment turned round and trotted back into the depths of the forest to resume its meal.

"Miss-Miss hastened back to the camp and called the oldest of the boys together. 'Take your lassoes,' he cried, 'and we will capture a grizzly alive.' So out they went. When the party arrived within range, Miss-Miss whistled. The bear raised its head and the boys cast their lassoes. One noose fell over the brute's neck.

"When the braves returned in the evening, prepared to chase Miss-Miss into the wilderness, they found a huge, roaring grizzly tethered in the middle of the camp. No one of the tribe ever had done such a deed. They concluded the Great Spirit had willed that Miss-Miss should live, and Miss-Miss is alive today and in high honor with the tribe."—New York Sun.

Counting all classes of reserves, Germany can in 24 hours raise an army of 1,000,000 disciplined men.

**Embalming Perfumes.**

Myrrh, which was fabulously supposed to be the tears of Myrrha, who was turned into a shrub, was a plant of handsome appearance, with spreading, fernlike foliage and large umbels of white flowers. It was found principally in Arabia and Abyssinia. In early times the perfume distilled from it was greatly in requisition for embalming.

Herodotus gives a detailed account of the ancient mode of embalming, which is perhaps more instructive than pleasing. After the body had undergone much preparation, which, to spare your feelings, I will not describe, it was filled with powdered myrrh, cassia and other perfumes. It was then steeped in natron, a strong solution of soda, for 70 days. After this it was wrapped in bands of fine perfumed linen, smeared with aromatic gums.

Not only people were thus embalmed, but the crocodiles of Lake Moeris, which, after their mummification, were decorated with ornaments and jewels and laid in one of the subterranean passages of the great labyrinth with much pomp and display. The sacred cat, ichneumon and other cherished animals devoutly worshipped by the Egyptians were embalmed with scrupulous and fanatical care. On days special to the memory of the dead the mummies were newly sprinkled with perfume, incense was offered before them and their heads anointed with fresh oil—in the same spirit as we lay new blooms upon the graves of our dead.—London Society

**A View of the Sultan.**

Here is a first view of the sultan as Mrs. Max Muller sees him. She describes it in her "Letters From Constantinople."

"The green enameled and richly gilded barouche comes in sight, drawn by two glorious black horses covered with golden harness, driven by a man in bright blue and gold livery, and on each side the grooms in blue and gold and every man in sight, naval, military, civil, master or servant, in the all pervading but all becoming fez.

"In the carriage sits a small yet stately man, in a simple cloth military overcoat, with no order or decoration of any sort, only his curved sword and a fez like the rest. His large hooked nose proclaims his Armenian mother. His piercing eyes are raised to our window as he passes, but his face is still and immovable, and he salutes no one, though his whole person has a swaying motion, so faint that it may only be caused by the swaying movement of the carriage. Opposite his imperial majesty sits Osman Ghazi, the hero of Plevna, almost his only intimate friend, whom he trusts implicitly."

**Mother Goose.**

The most popular children's book ever written was "Mother Goose's Melodies." Mrs. Goose, or "Mother Goose," as she was familiarly called, was the mother-in-law of Thomas Fleet, a Boston printer, early in the last century. When his first child was born, his mother-in-law devoted all her attention to the baby, and, it is said, greatly annoyed Fleet by her persistent and not particularly musical chanting of the old English ditties she had heard in her childhood. The idea occurred to Fleet of writing down these songs and publishing them in book form. The oldest extant copy bears the date of 1719. The price marked on the title page was "two coppers." This account of the origin of "Mother Goose" is discredited by some critics, who declare that in 1697 Perrault published "Contes de ma Mere l'Oye," or "Stories of Mother Goose." The name "Mother Goose" was familiar in French folklore, being used by writers of this literature over a century before the time of Perrault.

**The Black Maria.**

In Boston's early days a negress named Maria Lee kept a sailors' boarding house near the water front. She was a woman of gigantic size and prodigious strength and was of great assistance to the authorities in keeping the peace. When an unusually troublesome fellow was on the way to the lockup, Black Maria, as Maria Lee was called, would come to the assistance of the policeman, and her services were in such requisition for this purpose that her name was associated with almost every arrest made.

Black Maria often carried a prisoner to the lockup on her shoulder, and when the prison van was instituted for the purpose of carrying prisoners it naturally enough was styled the Black Maria.—Journal of Education.

**A Stupid Lady Bountiful.**

"I once showed an old lady much given to good works of the Lady Bountiful order how some proteges of hers who were constantly on the verge of starvation might be placed in possession of a small but regular and sufficient income. 'My dear,' she said, 'I don't think it is a good plan. They would get too independent. I like them to come to me when they are in difficulties and ask for what they want.'"

"Rich and Poor," by Mrs. Bosanquet

**Women in West Africa.**

Many times when walking on Lembarene island have I seen a lady stand in the street and let her husband, who had taken shelter inside the house, know what she thought of him in a way that reminded me of some London slum scenes. When the husband loses his temper, as he surely does sooner or later, being a man, he whacks his wife—or wives.—"Travels in West Africa," by Mary H. Kingsley.

**Sisterly Admiration.**

A raw Scotch lad joined the volunteers, and on the first parade day his sister came with his mother to see the regiment.

On the march past Jock was out of step. "Look, mither," said his sister, "they're a'oot o' step but cor Jock."—Glasgow Herald.

**noth Wrong.**

The Toronto Saturday Night tells of a man who kept a ferret being obliged to go into the country, leaving the cage with the ferret in charge of a neighbor till he should return.

The neighbor incautiously opened the cage door, and the ferret escaped, whereupon the owner brought a claim against him for damages.

The following was the decision of the learned magistrate before whom the case was brought.

"No doubt," he said to the neighbor—"no doubt you were wrong to open the cage door, but"—turning to the owner, "you were wrong too. Why did you not clip the brute's wings?"

In 1686 an ordinance was passed in Albany that no person or persons should be permitted to work at any trade or work until he had served as an apprentice to some burgher of the city for the term of four years unless they should be in other ways qualified.

**How to Be Handsome.**

It is a mistake to suppose that the only way to be good looking is to be born so. Good health has more to do with good looks than anything else. Such diseases as constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaints, rheumatism, nervous disorders, &c., not only shorten life, but spoil tempers and "looks." Bacon's Celery King for the nerves cures these troubles. H. Alex. Stoke sells it and will give you a sample package free. Large size 25c. and 50c.

Liverly stable keepers should always keep Arnie's and Oil Liniment in the stable, nothing like it for horses. Arnie's Oil Liniment is equally good for man and beast. 25 and 50 cents per bottle. For sale by H. A. Stoke.

Thousands walk the earth today who could be sleeping in its bosom but for the timely use of Down's Balm. For sale by H. A. Stoke.

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At Drugists. Only 25c per bottle. Henry, Johnson & Lord, Props., Burlington, Vt.  
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**A Common Danger.**

If you have ever had a cold which you permitted to "wear away" it may interest you to know that it was a dangerous proceeding. Every cold and cough which is neglected paves the way for consumption, bronchitis, asthma or catarrh. Otto's Cure, the famous German throat and lung remedy, will cure any cough or cold and save you from consumption. Call on H. Alex. Stoke and get a sample bottle free. Large size 25c. and 50c.

WANTED—FAITHFUL MEN OR WOMEN to travel for respectable established house in Pennsylvania. Salary \$750 and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

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- CORSETS formerly sold at \$1.00 now 79c.; formerly 75c., now 57c.; formerly 50c., now 39c.
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