

Black Adventure.

A TRUE BEAR STORY.

"THE avalanche of 'bear stories' which have fallen upon a bewildered public since the day the President penetrated the cane brakes of Mississippi," said Walter Brewster, of Boston, to a Washington Star man, "testifies to the versatility of the American mind in reconstructing a time-honored and well-worn theme with new ballistics as to time and place."

"Upon analysis of the reputation bear story which is told over and over again, sometimes to the extent of several columns, all are alike in the essential features of exhibiting the brave hunter's titanic prowess, the unusual size and phenomenal ferocity of the animal, and in the final victory of the gallant but modest hunter over poor brute. They seldom deviate, except as to such minor details that while one hunter chased his bear eighty-three and one-third miles around a high mountain upon a dead run from start to finish, the next hunter met his 3450 pound grizzly face to face upon a narrow ledge overlooking a precipice, with a sheer descent of 10,000 feet, and hurled the wretched grizzly into the dark depths below with one blow from his powerful fist. Some hunters vary the formula by swearing that they used their bowie knives, while still others are weak enough to hint that they may have shot the bear with an explosive bullet from a high-power rifle at a good safe range.

"However, I will tell you a bear story which will have the novelty of truth, not that we would for a moment doubt the stories of great deeds with vars of the other fellows. I fancy that the true fraction of most of these stories lies along similar lines.

"It was my first bear hunt in the woods of Maine. I had a guide, a brand new bear rifle, bowie knife, hatchet and hunting suit complete, from heavy waterproof boots to a canvas hat. With such an outfit any story about bear killing ought not to be disputed by reasonable men who can tell a real live bear from a jackrabbit.

"I became separated from my guide and was making my way back to camp about five miles through the thick forest. I was dog tired. I wasn't thinking about bears, hedges or anything else, except my sweetheart, and was counting the days when I would get back to civilization. My 'complete hunting outfit' hadn't attracted so much as a baby wildcat, and I was beginning to dimly realize that the great bear stories I had heard at home and in the club, after all, were nothing but plastic stretches of well cultivated and fertile imagination.

"I had just made up my mind that my fiancée would be better pleased with a sunburn than with a ring, when I heard a noise up a big oak tree under which I was passing, which sounded to my unaccustomed ears like eighteen tons of brick falling a mile upon a tin roof. I glanced up, and there was a big black bear as large and threatening as a thunder cloud in a squall. He was falling down from the top of the tree limb by limb, humpy-bumpy, directly over my head.

"Did I pause, gracefully and skillfully raise my trusty rifle and shoot off both ears and each paw with separate shots while he was yet in the air, as a trick marksman hits glass balls? That is what I ought to have done, according to the reputation bear story. But I didn't. I was too amazed to move, and gawked up at that bear as a countryman looks into a city window. Down he came like a flash of black lightning, grunting, snarling, growling and whining. Before I could dodge he landed upon me and sent me spinning about thirty feet, while he rolled over and over like a huge rubber ball.

"Run? Gee whizz, but you ought to have seen us scamper off in opposite directions. I toward the camp and the bear toward a deep creek. I death on the white horse could not have caught me. I lost my rifle, bowie knife, canvas hat and hatchet, and never did find them, though the guide and I the next day went over the wide speedway I had cut through the underbrush in my mad flight.

"The bear had been caught by a lot of wild bees stinging honey out of their hive in the giant oak, and their furious attacks and the pain from the stings caused him to let go his grip and to come down, crashing through the branches like a cyclone.

"When a man now tells me about 'killing bears,' I tell him my own account, and I am glad to say for the veracity of our sex that he is man enough usually to crawl and be in for the dinner."

The horse was exhausted and fell to the ground, so Donnelly unhitched it, and putting some hay in front of it, started out on foot. He intended to go to El Paso Peak tunnel, where he knew there would be plenty of water.

He wandered for days, how many he was unable to tell beyond the first three, for after that he often fell into a stupor, from which he would get up and travel on. Every time he came in sight of a mountain he would think it El Paso Peak, and would exert himself to reach it, only to be disappointed. All this time he was suffering a most intense agony and realizing that he was perishing from thirst. The cool nights refreshed him a little, but the hot days were horrible, and he expected each to be his last. He became almost wild with the terrible thought of the death he had to face.

At last his strength gave out and he fell down, unable to rise. The usual stupor did not come upon him for hours, and it seemed he would have to lie there and watch death come. But at length he became unconscious.

He was found lying there with his head under a bush by a Portuguese sheep herder, who took him, still unconscious, to Indian Wells. He was cared for there until he could be taken to his home at Randburg.

FOUGHT A FIVE-HOUR DUEL.

A hot pistol and shotgun duel occurred near Senoia, Ga., between J. W. Entrikin and Clinton Morgan. For some time there had been bad blood between the men and rumors were afloat to the effect that Morgan would kill Entrikin at the first opportunity. The latter is a bullfinch, and in anticipation of trouble went fully armed. A few days since a man went into Entrikin's office and placed some papers with him to be served instantly on Clinton Morgan. Realizing that a crisis had been reached in his feud with his neighbor, Entrikin concealed two weapons on his person, and took a friend along to act as witness, realizing full well that when, in addition to their original quarrel, Morgan learned his mission there would be trouble.

In about twenty minutes they had arrived within twenty yards of Morgan's home. At this juncture Morgan himself appeared, and before Entrikin had time to serve him with the papers he jerked his shotgun from behind the door and commenced to fire toward the approaching men. Both hastily sought shelter behind trees and a rapid fusillade ensued. Morgan had his pockets full of shells, and as fast as his charge was exhausted he would shove others into the chambers, thus keeping up a hot fire at any portion of the ballist's body that was exposed.

Entrikin answered with his revolver, until finally both men were badly wounded and could not leave their posts. Then came a blockade, for both were afraid to even hang out a white handkerchief lest it draw the fire of his enemy. Entrikin's friend was unarmed. For nearly five hours this ludicrous situation continued, until finally a friend of Morgan's came up, and placing the latter on horseback, covered his retreat. The ballist was taken back to town.—St. Louis Republic.

BLEW CAPTAIN OVERBOARD.

Captain Mark Clark, scoured in a dozen places with a Siberian cyclone, has just returned from a year-and-a-half trip filled with interesting experiences through Russia, Siberia and Mongolia.

Captain Clark has been erecting boats in foreign countries since 1890, and has had many thrilling experiences, but the ones he has just passed through capped the climax. During the twenty-two years he has set up three boats in Venezuela, one in Spanish Honduras and three on the Yukon, in Alaska.

"The cyclone which gave me these scars," said the Captain, "struck the boat July 14, just after I had finished her and taken her across the border of Siberia into Mongolia, on the Sillagar River. It took ninety feet from the middle of the boat and lifted it over into a meadow, upside down and in a terrific tangle.

"I was in the pilot house and went with the rest of the debris. As luck would have it I landed on my feet and was able to keep on them partially for the three-eighths of a mile it blew me over into a heavy wood. But I had to hold my hands about the back of my head to shield it from the hail, and they were terribly cut by the hailstones, until now they are simply a solid scar, as you can see."

IN OPEN BOAT FOUGHT DEATH.

Frogbitten and exhausted by a twenty-four hours' battle with sea, storm, hunger and bitter cold, Captain R. H. Somerville and the crew of six men of the schooner Belle Wooster reached Gloucester, Mass. They were brought in by the schooner Patriot, which had picked them up at 2 o'clock a. m.

The Helen Wooster sank off Highland Light just after the crew abandoned her. In a southwest blizzard the schooner had lost every bit of canvas, except the foresail, and, under the pounding of terrific seas, had sprung a leak, her cargo of granite having shifted. When it was seen that the craft could not be kept afloat, the crew left her in a small boat, and for hours scantly clothed and without food, beaten by terrible seas and unable to lay a course in the blinding snow, the men fought for life.

At 2 o'clock a. m., when some of the men were with difficulty prevented, by comrades not so far gone, from lying down in the boat to die, a vessel's light was seen. Those in the open boat raised their voices in a united cry. The cry was heard on board the schooner, which proved to be the Patriot, and the shipwrecked men were rescued.

"Yes," he discovered that he wanted to go to bed early.—Philadelphia Press.



KAUFMAN'S CLEANING

"If..."

If yesterday were tomorrow
How easy this life would be!
Then we never need make
The slight mistake
That stiles in voice of glee.

And the past would be all unotted
And we'd smile in the face of fate;
And we never need sigh
As a day goes by:
"I have learned—but, alas, too late!"
—Washington Star.

JUST AS GOOD.

Jagles—"How did that drug clerk come to jilt his old girl?"

Waggles—"The new one told him she was just as good, so he took her instead."—Puck.

HIS OPINION.

"But you don't think he's mercenary, papa?"

"Why, yes, I do. I'm afraid he regards marriage as a get-rich-quick scheme."—Puck.

NATURAL DEDUCTION.

"Does he claim to know much about women?"

"No; he says they are beyond his comprehension."

"Then he's married."—Chicago Post.

DINNER TABLE GALLANTRY.

The Hostess—"You are such an epicure, Mr. Stuffer, that I was almost afraid to ask you to dinner."

Stuffer—"But the pleasure of your company more than compensates me."—New York Times.

THE PRICE OF WISDOM.

Richard—"Life is too queer for me."

Robert—"What do you mean?"

Richard—"Why, by the time a man is far enough along to understand life he is so old and prosy that they won't look at him."—Puck.



ONE ON ONE.

"Hello! Tim; and the last time I saw you was in jail."

Tim—"Yes; I went there to see you."—Detroit Free Press.

WHERE IT HURT HIM.

Miss Jenkins—"I hope your heart is not broken at my refusal, Mr. Hopkins."

Mr. Hopkins—"No, Miss Jenkins, worse than that; my aesthetic nature is deeply, irremediably wounded at your lack of taste."—Puck.

KINDRED BLESSINGS.

"Here is a letter from a lawyer," said his wife, "who says that your uncle has died and left you \$10,000."

"For these and other kindred blessings," murmured the dominie, "let us be devoutly thankful."—New York Times.

HOPE DEFERRED.

"I know one improvement I think I'd have made in the human race if I'd directed evolution."

"What's that?"

"I'd have them cut their wisdom teeth first instead of last."—Washington Times.

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

"Do you think that the stage exercises an elevating influence?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "I don't know of anything better than the classic drama for developing the noble virtues of patience and humility."—Washington Star.

DREADFULLY DISCOURAGING.

"I see that a lot of French scientists claim to have discovered how to abolish old age and insure an indefinite prolongation of life."

"Say, what a sad blow this will be to expectant nieces and nephews who are waiting for the bank accounts of rich uncles and aunts."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

HE REMEMBERED.

Towne—"Rather absent minded, isn't he?"

Brown—"Extremely so. Why the other night when he got home he knew there was something he wanted to do, but he couldn't remember what it was until he had sat up over an hour trying to think."

Towne—"And did he finally remember it?"

Brown—"Yes; he discovered that he wanted to go to bed early."—Philadelphia Press.

THE CHILDREN ENJOY

Life out of doors and out of the games which they play and the enjoyment which they receive and the efforts which they make, comes the greater part of that healthful development which is so essential to their happiness when grown. When a laxative is needed the remedy which is given to them to cleanse and sweeten and strengthen the internal organs which it acts, should be such as physicians would sanction, because its component parts are known to be wholesome and the remedy itself free from every objectionable quality. The one remedy which physicians and parents, well-informed, approve and recommend and which the little ones enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects, is—Syrup of Figs—and for the same reason it is the only laxative which should be used by fathers and mothers.

Syrup of Figs is the only remedy which acts gently, pleasantly and naturally without griping, irritating, or nauseating and which cleanses the system effectually, without producing that constipated habit which results from the use of the old-time cathartics and modern imitations, and against which the children should be so carefully guarded. If you would have them grow to manhood and womanhood, strong, healthy and happy, do not give them medicines, when medicines are not needed, and when nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative, give them only the simple, pleasant and gentle Syrup of Figs.

Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic syrups and juices, but also to our original method of manufacture and as you value the health of the little ones, do not accept any of the substitutes which unscrupulous dealers sometimes offer to increase their profits. The genuine article may be bought anywhere of all reliable druggists at fifty cents per bottle. Please remember, the full name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

is printed on the front of every package.

In order to get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine only.

These Fowls Knew When the Roost Was in Danger.

"People generally think turkeys have the least sense of all the domestic fowls," said Frank Wilkinson, a Virginia farmer, the other day, "but I've got some that seem to have more brains than a great many human beings I know. One night a short time ago my wife and I had some visitors who were out driving in the evening. As I was putting up the horses after returning home I noticed my turkeys were not roosting as usual in the big buttonwood tree by the barn. Instead they were perched on the fence posts and in the limbs of other trees. It struck me as mighty funny, as turkeys on the place had roosted in that tree ever since I could remember. I mentioned it to my wife when I went in the house, and she said she had noticed it when we drove in and I thought it peculiar. That night about midnight a hard wind and rainstorm came up and the old buttonwood blew down. Now, how did those turkeys know that tree was doomed? At sunrise there was no sign of a storm, and the buttonwood was fully 50 years old and apparently as strong as ever. I tell you, I've had great respect for the judgment of turkeys since then."

NEW JOB IN BANKS.

Little Soap and Water Improves Paper Currency.

An official of the United States Treasury at Washington recommends the washing of bank notes and other paper currency. If the bankers of the country only knew," he says, "the great difference that a little soap and water makes in a dirty bank note there would be more clean money in circulation. If you have never seen the operation just spread a soiled note upon a marble slab and use a little brush that has been well soaped and go to work scrubbing, lightly, of course. But a few strokes are necessary to secure a clean note. I give my personal attention to all the paper money brought into my household, and I can tell you I feel repaid for the little work it causes. I can see every reason why there should be a person employed in the banking houses for this particular duty. Certainly the neglect in doing so gives ample cause for complaint from the patrons concerning the dirty, oily notes that are too frequently handed to them. They may be full of germs which, of course, are dangerous and this risk could be easily eliminated by the simple use of soap and water.

HAMMINS

WIZARD OIL

CURES ALL PAIN, SORENESS, SWELLING AND INFLAMMATION FROM ANY CAUSE. WHATEVER. AT ALL 50 CENTS DRUGGISTS.

Scotland bore the name of Caledonia, literally the busy country of the Caille, or Gaelic. The word Gael, or Gael, is a corruption of Gadhel, signifying in the native tongue 'a hidden rover,' while Scot, derived from the native Scote, means a wanderer.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF CLEVELAND, ss.

FRANK J. CRESNEY, make oath that he is the sole partner of the firm of F. J. CRESNEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CRESNEY, sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1901.

HALL, A. D., 1896. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by druggists and dealers.

F. J. CRESNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Investor of Paper Collars.

Uncle Sydney Clark, of Black River Falls, Wis., a well-known character and an inventive genius who had made fortunes for others, is still hale and hearty, though in his ninety-third year. Mr. Clark was the inventor of the paper collar and also the improvement on the same through the amalgamation of paper and cloth. Mr. Clark is a native of Rockland county, N. Y., and has been a resident of Black River Falls for many years.

The first celebration of Christmas in the White House occurred on December 25, 1800.

FRANK J. CRESNEY

A million one-dollar bills, parked solidly like leaves in a book, make up a pile 275 feet high.

Many School Children Are Sick.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Constipation, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all druggists. 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Allen's Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Brussels has a church clock wound by atmospheric expansion induced by the heat of the sun.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

One thousand five hundred and thirteen names were published in England in 1901.

FITS permanently cured. No star or nerve surgery after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Kidney-uric Acid and Gravel Treatment. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 293 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Two men and one woman living in Worcestershire, England, state that they are centenarians.

If you want creamery prices do as the creameries do, use JUNE FIRST BUTTER COLON.

There are two women of seventy-five years and over, the oldest man of that age in the borough of Finsbury, England.

I am sure Figs' Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thomas Robbins, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 11, 1901.

Dublin Museum now possesses a large stuffed albatross, the first mounted specimen ever exhibited in Ireland.

A Cough

"I have made a most thorough trial of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and am prepared to say that for all diseases of the lungs it never displaces it."

J. Early Finley, Ironton, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral won't cure rheumatism; we never said it would. It won't cure dyspepsia; we never claimed it. But it will cure coughs and colds of all kinds. We first said this sixty years ago; we've been saying it ever since.

These are 15c. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, don't take it. We are willing to stand by our medicine.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

SLANG

The Slang Dictionary of SLANG, and Dictionary of SLANG, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 150 Nassau Street, New York, is a book of slang with definitions. It is a book of slang with definitions. It is a book of slang with definitions.

PATENTS

N. W. T. Foster, Wash. D. C. Register of Patents. A good idea for those who wish to know more.

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Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Capsicum Vaseline

PUT UP IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES.

A substitute for and superior to Mustard or any other irritant, and will soothe the most delicate skin. The capsicum and Vaseline qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the itching, soothe the inflamed skin, and soothe the inflamed skin. It will soothe the inflamed skin, and soothe the inflamed skin.

210 Kinds for 16c.

It is a fact that those who are afflicted with itching, burning, or any other skin disease, can find relief in the use of Capsicum Vaseline. There is no reason for this. We are sure that you will find relief in the use of Capsicum Vaseline. There is no reason for this. We are sure that you will find relief in the use of Capsicum Vaseline.

For 16 Cents Postpaid

25 cents standard ointment, 50 cents standard ointment, 100 cents standard ointment, 200 cents standard ointment, 500 cents standard ointment, 1000 cents standard ointment.

In all our kind medicine bottles, we use the best of our own manufacture, and we are sure that you will find relief in the use of Capsicum Vaseline. There is no reason for this. We are sure that you will find relief in the use of Capsicum Vaseline.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.