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## FORESTS FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

### Pennsylvania Mountains May Be Changed to Resorts.

Stats Forestry Commissioner Bothrock, who, with other members of the commission has completed an inspection of the forests of Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, has outlined in brief the purpose of the state in acquiring large tracts, says the Philadelphia Ledger. He said: "The duty of the commission is to purchase three timber reservations of 40,000 acres each at the headwaters of the three principal rivers, the Delaware, Susquehanna and Ohio. The idea of these forest preserves is to raise timber on ground that will not produce anything else. The state wants to put the timber back, and cultivate and rear forests of the same order as the extensive Black Forest in Germany was started. The culmination in our present idea may not be in this generation. It took Germany 200 years to make the famous Black Forest what it is now. But the United States will probably make as much progress in that line in fifty years as Germany has done in two centuries. The climate of Pennsylvania is far more healthful than that of any other state in the Union, but the people do not know it. Besides, they can not enjoy outdoor life at present without trespassing on some one's or some corporation's domains. There will be no need for our citizens to go to the Adirondacks, to Colorado, California, Florida or elsewhere when we once get these timber preserves in full operation, for healthful outdoor recreation. One out of every 1,000 persons dies of pulmonary consumption in the Adirondack region, while in the Keystone State the rate is only one in every 1,330 persons. It is only a question of time when Pennsylvania will be called upon to take care of its consumptives, and find a way to prevent the spread of that dreaded disease. Our state timber reservations will be the remedy to help the state out of that dilemma."

## AMONG THE BANKS.

### Three Chicago Concerns Consolidate—New York Gets New One.

The directors of the Continental National Bank of Chicago have voted unanimously in favor of increasing the capital stock of \$1,000,000, making it \$3,000,000. Three of Chicago's oldest and largest banking institutions are to be consolidated. The Corn Exchange National, the American National and the Northwestern National are to pool issues and reorganize under the charter of the Corn Exchange, retaining its title. President Ernest A. Hamill, of the Corn Exchange bank, will be president of the consolidated corporation. The new Corn Exchange National bank will have a capital stock of \$2,000,000, a surplus of \$1,000,000 and undivided profits of \$500,000. The Federal National bank of New York city is the proposed title of an institution for which the application has been approved by Acting Comptroller Kane. The proposed capital is \$500,000, and the responsible applicant who has conducted the correspondence is Joseph T. Hall, the real estate man at 35 Nassau street. The other four incorporators required by law are Walter D. Johnson, broker; Charles A. O'Donoghue, merchant; Percy B. Sullivan, and Jason C. Moore. It is announced that the United States treasury's third call for \$5,000,000 from government depositaries will be the last. The remaining \$10,000,000 needed for the retirement of the \$25,000,000 old 2 per cent bonds, it is stated, will be made up from the growing treasury surplus. The three calls have been prorated among the banks all over the country having government deposits, and the eight depositaries in Philadelphia, after responding to the last call, which was payable July 16, contributed something like \$750,000 in all.

### Boy's Spartan Courage.

Altoona (Pa.) correspondent Philadelphia Record: Fifteen-year-old William Van Allman, while picking berries west of the city, was nipped by a rattlesnake, which he failed to observe under a bush. The fangs of the reptile caught one of the boy's fingers near the end. First killing the snake, he drew his pocketknife, and, with Spartan courage, cut off the injured finger at the second joint. He bound the wound with his handkerchief and hastened to Altoona, where the injury was dressed. The physicians say he is in no danger.

Men who spoil babies and build air castles indulge in infancy.

## THE MEADOW LARK.

Minstrel of melody,  
How shall I chant of thee,  
Floating in meadows athrill with thy song?  
Fluting near my feet,  
Plaintive, and wildly-sweet—  
Oh, could thy spirit to mortal belong!  
Tell me thy secret art,  
How thou dost touch the heart,  
Hinting of happiness still unpossessed;  
Say, doth thy bosom burn  
Vainly, as mine, and yearn  
Sadly for something that leaves it un-  
blessed?

Doth not that tender tone,  
Over the clover blown,  
Flow from a sorrow—a longing in vain?  
Or, is it joy intense,  
So like a pang, the sense  
Hearts in thy sweetest song something of pain?

Others may cleave the steep,  
Scar, and in upper deeps  
Sing in the heaven's blue arches profound;  
But, thou most lowly thing,  
Teach me to keep my wing  
Close to the breast of our Mother, the  
ground!

Soon shall my fleeting lay  
Fade from the world away—  
Thine, ever-during, shall thrill through  
the years:  
Love, who once gladdened me,  
Surely hath saddened thee,  
Half of thy music is made of his tears!  
Long may I list thy note  
Soft through the summer float  
Far o'er the fields where the wild grasses  
wave;  
Then, when my day is done,  
Oh, at the set of sun,  
Pour out thy spirit near to my grave!  
—Lloyd Milfin in Independent.

# A COUNTRY COUSIN

Had you ever a cousin, Tom?  
Did your cousin happen to sing?  
There are brothers and sisters by doz-  
ens, Tom,  
But a cousin's a different thing!  
—Anon.

The news and the dessert were served simultaneously.

"By George, if I hadn't nearly for-  
gotten!" quoth Stafford pere. He rum-  
maged in an inner pocket.

"Can't find the letter. Must have  
left it at the office. Anyhow, it's from  
my cousin, Godfrey Chester—"

"Now, Henry!" interrupted the mild  
voice of Mrs. Stafford in amused ex-  
postulation. "Why will you keep up  
that fiction about the cousinship? It  
is mythical, and you know it!"

"It's certainly remote," conceded the  
beaming paterfamilias at the opposite  
end of the table, "but there once was  
a relationship—a long time ago, I ad-  
mit. But Chester and I have taken the  
world as we found it. He's a good fel-  
low and I've always been urging him  
to manage that our young people may  
become acquainted. He writes that his  
daughter will pass through Chicago to-  
morrow on the way to New York, and  
will spend a few days with us. He  
says he wishes one of my family  
would meet her. Bless my soul, here's  
the letter after all!" He put on his  
spectacles—read aloud: "You can't  
mistake her. She's a curly-headed lit-  
tle girl, in a gray gown and a hat  
with gray feathers. She's a nice child,  
and I'll be glad to have her meet your  
youngsters." "There!"

"A child!" groaned Ralph, who was  
22 and studious.

He swallowed his cafe noir at a  
gulp and rose disgustedly.

"Youngsters, indeed!" cried Dick dis-  
dainfully. "Does he take us for kind-  
ergarteners?"

Ross, who was the eldest, smiled in  
quite a superior and disinterested fash-  
ion. He boasted a flourishing must-  
ache. He was studying law. Plainly,  
the subject had no interest for him.

"Eh, but one of you must meet the  
child!" cried the head of the house.

"You'll go, Ralph?"

"Can't, sir. I'm doing an article on  
the architecture of the tenth century.  
It takes a lot of research. I'll be all  
morning in the Newberry Library."

Henry Stafford, huge of girth, rose  
ate of visage, and twinkling of eye,  
turned his harvest moon face implo-  
ringly toward his youngest son.

"You, Dick?"

"Got a golf match on. Can't make  
it, sir."

"Dear, dear! If your sister were  
only at home—"

"She'll be back tomorrow after-  
noon," put in Mrs. Stafford.

"But the little girl gets here in the  
morning. She must be met. She is  
from a comparatively small town. She  
would be quite bewildered were she to  
find herself alone in Chicago. Besides,  
I'm under several obligations to Ches-  
ter in a business way." He sent the  
good-looking young fellow with the  
mustache an appealing glance.

"I wonder now, Ross, if you—"

Ross laughed leniently. "You poor,  
perplexed old chap! Yes, I'll see that  
the child gets here all right!"

"Good!" said Henry Stafford, with  
a sigh of relief. "Good."

But when the Western train dis-  
gorged its jostling multitude in the  
Union Depot the following morning  
Ross Stafford, standing close by the  
iron gates, found that he had under-  
taken a task of greater magnitude  
than he had at the time imagined.

There was such a crush of people,  
stout and thin, tall and short, big and  
little. There were children—process-  
ions of them. But they all seemed to  
belong to the folks who hurried them  
along. Never a glimpse could he catch  
of a curly-headed little girl in a gray  
gown wearing a hat with gray feath-  
ers. Or—was the dress brown? By  
Jove! He wasn't even sure of that.

The last laggard group trickled away.  
Ross knew the conductor of the Den-  
ver train—spoke to him as he came  
hurrying along.

"All off your train, Brigham?"

"Sure!"

"There was a little girl coming to  
Chicago—had curly hair—a blue dress  
—a green hat—blest if I remember!  
Wasn't she on?"

"Alone, was she?"

"Yes."

"No, sir. Didn't come. Sure? Course  
I am."

Ross wheeled around. "Well! I'll  
telephone the folks that she wasn't on.  
Dad can wire her people and find out  
—I beg your pardon!"

And he suddenly found himself bow-  
ing profoundly, hat in hand, before a  
young woman with whom he had al-  
most collided in his haste, a slender  
young woman, a graceful young woman,  
a lovely young woman, as his  
susceptible heart instantly acknowl-  
edged.

She accepted his apology with a  
slight bend of the head—a vivid blush,

Half way up the stairs he glanced  
back, saw her standing where he had  
left her. He hesitated—went back.

"You are waiting for some one? Can  
I be of service?"

"Thank you!" Ye gods, what a sweet  
voice. "I am afraid there has been a  
mistake. No one has come to meet me.  
May I ask you to call a cab?"

And when he had done so, when she  
had thanked him, when he stood bare-  
headed on the curbstone as the ve-  
hicle rolled away, he recollected that  
he had not listened to the address she  
had given the driver, and he walked  
off in a towering rage at his own im-  
becility.

Never was there so dreary a day, al-  
though the late August sunshine found  
its way into his office. Never had the  
reading of the law seemed such a dull  
and tiresome drudgery. Never before  
had the pages blurred into a mass of  
meaningless black marks. But, then—  
never before had a betwixting young  
face come between him and his books,  
a face with reddish-gold ringlets clus-  
tering around a white forehead, and  
shy eyes the color of woodland vio-  
lets!

He leaped from his seat as a bright  
thought struck him. He would hunt  
up the cabman. That was the thing to  
do! But, although he hung around  
the Union Depot for two whole hours,  
and questioned every Jehu within  
reach, he could not find the man he  
sought. It was evidently that particu-  
lar cabman's busy day.

Tired and disgusted, Ross Stafford  
took a plunge at the Athletic club, got

himself home, shrugged himself into  
his evening clothes, for he was going  
out after dinner, and went down to the  
parlor to find himself face to face with  
the divinity of the red-gold ringlets  
and the violet eyes!

"Ross, my dear," cooed Mrs. Staf-  
ford, "let me introduce you to Miss  
Chester, whom somehow you managed  
to miss this morning. Why, you—"

For they were smiling at each other  
—merrily, spontaneously.

"Indeed, no, mother!" Perhaps he  
held the pretty hand she gave him a  
little longer than was necessary. "I  
met Miss Chester this morning. Did  
she not tell you I put her in a cab?"

Miss Chester laughed. Ross Staf-  
ford laughed. And the bewilderment  
of the head of the house of Stafford,  
of the golfing son, and the studious  
son, as they in turn presented, set  
them laughing again.

"Lord bless me!" cried Stafford se-  
nior ruffling his hair, "your father said  
you were a little girl!"

"O, I shall never be grown up to  
papa!" cried Miss Chester.

"He said," stammered the young  
gentleman who was getting up an ar-  
ticle on the architecture of the tenth  
century, "that—that you were a nice  
child!"

"Don't you think," queried Adele  
Chester mischievously, "that I'm nice?"

Whereat Ralph grew gaily red.

"A gray gown!" gasped Dick. "And  
—and a hat with gray feathers!"

"My traveling costume. Don't you,"  
with sparkling eyes, "find this becom-  
ing?"

"This" was a trailing, foamy, beru-  
fled robe, all delicately green and white  
as the crest of a breaker, a dress that  
revealed while concealing the snow-  
iness of arms and bosom. Becoming!  
Ross told her then and there how be-  
coming. Not in words—dear no! But  
words are so stupid—sometimes.

Helen Stafford reacted home before  
dinner was over. Her brothers' rap-  
turous reception amazed her. Never  
had she known how they missed her!  
Nor could she dream that each of three  
young hypocrites was saying to him-  
self, "She won't go East in such a hur-  
ry if she and Helen take to each  
other."

They did take to each other. Ross  
found it was not necessary to keep his  
engagement that evening and permit-  
ted his friend to cool his heels alone  
at their appointed rendezvous. Ralph  
learned his tenor went wonderfully  
well with the pure soprano of their  
guest. And Dick was so anxious to  
initiate Miss Chester into the myster-

ies of flashlight pictures that he made  
himself no end of a bore. The country  
cousin of the Staffords did not go East  
that week—nor the next. When she  
did go all the lair and laughter of  
the Stafford domicile seemed to go  
with her. One morning a week after  
her departure Ralph and Dick said  
some bitter things when they discov-  
ered that Ross had found out he must  
attend to business in New York, and  
had left for that city on the midnight  
train. And when Ross returned, silent,  
but smiling and exultant, they were  
not at all backward about telling him  
with true fraternal frankness their  
opinion of his conduct.

"You were awfully good to go to  
meet that little country lassie!" com-  
mented Ralph wistfully. "I believe  
you knew all the time she was the  
prettiest kind of a young girl!"

"Kindness—sheer kindness on my  
part, dear boy! But, as I have striven  
to impress on you, virtue is ever its  
own reward."

"O, come off!" entreated Dick. "You  
just got the inside track, and you kept  
it."

"I assure you in taking my late has-  
ty trip I had only the best interests of  
my brothers at heart. My sole ambi-  
tion was to secure you the most charm-  
ing sister-in-law in the world!"

Helen jumped up.

"O Ross! Did you—did she—"

He laughed quizzically. "Adele gave  
me a message for you, my dear. She  
said to tell you that you are to be—"

"What—Ross!"

"Bridemaid!"—Chicago Tribune.

**Rich Men Too Greedy.**

If I had my way there would be a  
law requiring men to retire from busi-  
ness as soon as they gain a compet-  
ency, says a writer in the New York  
Press. Our population is increasing  
so rapidly that there is nothing for  
the newcomers to do. The aged en-  
cumber the ground. We don't want  
the dear old veterans to die, but to re-  
tire to ease and comfort on the interest  
of their investments. What a happy  
jolly, contented world this would be if  
the successful man should step down  
and out at 50 and give the boys a  
chance. But he will never do it. He  
works harder at 60 than at 40, harder  
at 70 than at 30. It is a kind of insani-  
ty.

The poor, starved, friendless  
creature is obliged to toil on and die  
in his poverty, but the rich man, the  
fortunate millionaire, toils on because  
his soul is filled with greed for gold  
and dies in his riches poorer than the  
other.

**Growth of the Button Industry.**

The shell or button industry on the  
upper Mississippi river is growing to  
enormous proportions. The crew of the  
Gen. Barnard have had occasion  
to observe this. They report that on  
their down trip between La Crosse,  
Wis., and Clarksville, Mo., they  
counted 1,627 men and women in the  
main channel of the river engaged in  
getting out shells from the stream.

About a year ago they counted only  
716. Of course there are a great many  
in the sloughs behind the islands, etc.,  
that were not counted. They estimate  
that no less than 5,000 people earn a  
living gathering shells. Just below  
Dubuque 120 were counted in one  
patch. Button factories have been es-  
tablished in every town along the river  
and in Muscatine there are twenty-  
two. Five or six steamboats of 100  
tons capacity do nothing else but tow  
shells.

**A Tale of Two Shirts.**

A discharged soldier, lately re-  
turned from the Philippines, tells a  
tale of a shirt which is too good to be  
lost. His company was returning  
from a long and tiresome scouting  
trip, in which most of the men had  
parted with the greater part of their  
wearing apparel, when he saw on a  
clothes-line in the grounds of a re-  
sidence adjoining a big stone church  
two very good shirts, hung out to dry.

As he had at the time only half a  
shirt to his back, he proceeded to help  
himself to a whole one. Whereupon  
a woman came out of the house and  
said to him, in passable English:  
"You will pay for that on the judg-  
ment day." "Madam," he replied, "if  
you give such long credit, I will take  
both shirts," which he proceeded to  
do.—The Argonaut.

**Yale Graduates.**

Of the graduates of Yale university  
from 1895 to 1899 only 29 per cent were  
from New England, while 38 per cent  
were from the middle Atlantic states,  
22 per cent from the north central  
states and 7 per cent from the South.

It is also a striking fact that a large  
proportion of the graduates adopt busi-  
ness careers. At the beginning of the  
century a mere handful became busi-  
ness men, while now the percentage is  
one-third, another third entering the  
law.

**Crusade Against English Sparrows.**

Rufus Hendrick of Wakefield about  
a year ago began a crusade against  
the English sparrows of that town,  
and through the co-operation of boys  
with guns he has managed to destroy  
6,000 birds and 6,500 eggs. He began  
with \$30, raised by subscription, and  
offered the boys 3 cents for each bird  
killed and \$1 per hundred for eggs  
taken from the nests. His fund was  
soon exhausted, but he succeeded in  
raising more money.—Boston Trans-  
cript.

**Turkey's Back-Door Reform.**

What little reform gets into Turkey  
usually slips in by the back door. Re-  
port has it that the only dynamo now  
in Constantinople passed the custom  
house as a washing machine, and thus  
the feelings of the authorities were  
spared.

# TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

## Escaped From Boxers.

LETTERS received from mis-  
sionaries in Hongkong, China,  
dated early in July, tell of  
the marvellous escape of  
Father Fridella from the Boxers.

Father Fridella's charge was in  
Hen Sien Fu in Southern Hunan. Be-  
fore he escaped the Italian Bishop,  
three priests, 700 native converts, in-  
cluding women and children, had  
been feebly tortured and murdered.

To a resident of Cui Fu, whose son  
he had treated when critically ill,  
Father Fridella owes his life. The  
Chinaman visited and fed him while  
he was in hiding in the hill north of  
the town. When the excitement had  
subsided somewhat the Chinaman as-  
sisted Father Fridella to the river and  
hid him aboard a junk. Strategy was  
needed to effect the escape.

Father Fridella was hidden in a  
Chinese coffin. Holes were bored in  
the side to give him air. Food was  
stored in the coffin for his use. The  
coffin was placed on deck.

All went well for two days. On the  
third day Father Fridella overheard  
the sailors discuss a proposition to  
break open the coffin in the hope that  
valuables might be buried with the  
body. Father Fridella, although badly  
frightened, made no outcry. That  
night the coffin was broken open. The  
Chinese sailors were at first as badly  
frightened as the priest. At first they  
wanted to kill him because he was a  
foreigner, but through an offer of a  
reward his life was spared and Father  
Fridella returned to his coffin.

As the junk floated down the river  
he heard the Boxers on the bank call-  
ing "Death to the foreign devils!"  
Thus he traveled for seventeen days  
down the Siang Kiang and the Wu  
Ling Kiang to the West River. For  
hours on the journey Father Fridella  
was unconscious; all hope failed him,  
and he was really indifferent to his  
fate. First he had avoided sleep—  
later he knew not whether he was  
asleep or awake, whether the half-clad  
Orientals about him were men or  
merely figments of his disordered im-  
agination, while through it all terri-  
ble pains racked his body.

At last the junk reached Hongkong,  
and more dead than alive Father Fri-  
della was released.

**Woman's Fleeting Feast.**

None advised say that Mrs. Hewit,  
wife of Dr. Hewit, a Chicago physi-  
cian, alone floated down the myste-  
rious Koyukuk River, a distance of  
750 miles, on an improvised log raft.

Two years ago she left Chicago to  
join her husband in Nome. At Pitts-  
burg she met Dr. Carothers, of Wat-  
sonburg, a friend of her husband, and  
with him arranged to go down the  
river on the ice. When they reached  
Fort Hamilton they heard of rich plac-  
er strikes at the head of the Koyukuk  
River. They with their party ar-  
ranged to strike across hundreds of  
miles of barren wilderness.

After thirty days of traveling they  
reached the Koyukuk, but found the  
ice still fast. Mrs. Hewitt started  
out with a dog team for a short trip  
up the branch of the river, but in  
making the turns to the main river  
she got lost.

For hours and hours she urged the  
dogs on, until they were exhausted.  
An expert shot with a rifle, she man-  
aged to kill a moose. Freezing a big  
piece she started down the river, but  
again got on the wrong branch. Luck-  
ily, she managed to reach a sort of  
shelter, a deserted Indian lean-to.

Until nearly the first of June last  
year she remained alone in the wilder-  
ness of snow and ice. When the June  
sun succeeded in breaking up the  
river she made a raft out of pieces of  
logs. With a stock of moose meat she  
started down the river on a 750-mile  
trip. Once the raft struck a sand bar  
and she was thrown into the water.

After twenty-six days of peril and  
suffering she reached the Yukon  
River. When she was picked up by  
the steamer Hanna, which sighted  
her on the day after she reached the  
Yukon, she fainted. The  
meeting at Nome between wife and  
husband was pathetic.

**Attacked by a Devil Fish.**

While attending their shrimp nets  
off California City, Cal., Al. Lee,  
Quong Wah and Jim Sing, Chinese  
fishermen, were attacked by an octo-  
pus, which battled fiercely until over  
fifteen feet of its tentacles had been  
hacked to pieces by the fishermen's  
knives. When the creature had dis-  
appeared beneath the waters it was  
found that Quong Wah had sustained  
a fractured arm and several crushed  
ribs as the result of the fight, while  
his companions had no more serious  
injuries than painful cuts and bruises.

While the men were arranging the  
nets a long, curling arm came over  
the side and seized the body of the  
Chinaman, Wah, grasping the thwart  
of the boat, vainly attempted to loosen  
the grasp of the monster. His com-  
panions, paralyzed with horror, were  
helpless to aid him, until, curling over  
the boat, another serpentine arm  
glided toward them. Drawing their  
knives, they slashed desperately at  
the tentacle that had wrapped itself  
around one of the seats and threat-  
ened to capsize the boat. In a few  
moments the sharp knives had done  
their work, and the arms of the octo-  
pus squirmed helplessly in the bottom  
of the boat, and the devil fish disap-  
peared. This is the second time fish-  
ermen have been attacked by devil  
fish in the bay.

**Escaped Over Burning Bridge.**

A thrilling tale of narrow escape  
from the fury of the Boxers in China  
is told by Dr. H. H. Hopkins, who  
with his wife and three children has  
just returned to his home at Welle-  
fleet, Mass., having come direct from  
the scene of strife in China, where  
they have been connected with mis-  
sion work for fourteen years.

After telling how suddenly he was  
forced to leave Peking on a special  
train early in June, Dr. Hopkins  
says: "Upon leaving Peking our engine  
driver took fright and fled the scene.  
Our fireman acted as both driver  
and fireman, and took the train  
through to Tien Tsin. When we  
passed the Anting station, thirty miles  
from Peking, we found it aflame, with  
the station agent and some of the  
guard lying dead upon the ground.  
We saw the slain plainly as we passed.  
They had been killed by Boxers, who  
had burned the woodwork under  
the water tank and had attempted  
to fire the bridge over which we had  
to pass. A train that followed us by  
half an hour found the bridge nearly  
burned down, and was obliged to pull  
back to Peking."

**Lost His Nerve.**

"It's funny," said the doctor, a  
clean-cut, well-knit specimen of fine  
physical manhood, whose clear gray  
eyes and square jaw betokened plenty  
of grit; "it's funny how your first  
grizzly takes the nerve out of you.  
Two or three years ago I went hunt-  
ing with a friend in Colorado. I had  
killed some big game myself, and I  
knew that he had killed plenty of it.  
But neither of us had killed a grizzly,  
and we were each eager for the first  
chance.

"One day, when I happened to be  
out alone, as I came through a clump  
of quaking-asp what should I run  
plump up against but a big grizzly  
busily employed in rooting around in  
the dirt after food.

"He hadn't wounded me, and there I  
stood, just screened by the quaking-  
asp almost near enough to touch him  
with my gun, while he went on root-  
ing, utterly unconscious of my pres-  
ence.

"Now or never! I thought, as I  
brought my gun to my shoulder and  
carefully sighted for his head. Then  
the sights began to wobble and an  
ague seemed to seize the gun. I stand-  
ed myself, looked around for a con-  
venient tree, and tried again, this time  
for the shoulder. Again the gun wob-  
bled and I ground my teeth in rage.

"The bear lifted his head, seemed to  
smell something up the wind and  
started off at a good gait away from  
me. 'Well, old boy! I thought, 'if I  
can't hit you standing I can't run!';  
so I felt pretty glum when I came  
into camp that night, but I didn't say  
anything. My friend was cooking  
supper and he seemed pretty quiet, too.  
After supper we lighted our pipes and  
sat by the fire thinking.

"What's the matter, old man?  
What are you so still about? finally  
he asked.

"O, nothing," I said, trying to seem  
cheerful.

"Did you see a bear?" he persisted.

"Yes, hang it, I did," I answered,  
doggedly.

"Well, so did I," he said, and the  
incident was closed.

"We each got our bear afterward,  
however, so the disease didn't prove  
fatal."

**Snatched From Death's Arms.**

This mother risked her life for her  
child on the Pennsylvania Railroad,  
just below the Belvidere (N. J.) sta-  
tion. She is Mrs. William Meyers,  
who lives near the depot, and she  
rushed across the track, seizing her  
two-year-old daughter just in time to  
save the baby from being crushed to  
death under a locom