

Black Adventure.

Bear Killed by a Farmer's Wife.

THREE boys were hunting rabbits on the Weaver farm, near the Wind Gap, in Monroe County, Pennsylvania. They started a rabbit. It ran into a fodder stack in an old cornfield. One of the boys went to the stack to kick it and scare the rabbit out. The other two stood ready with their guns to shoot it when it jumped out.

The boy kicked. The rabbit jumped out on one side, but neither boy shot it, for on the other side of the stack a big bear tumbled out and surveyed the youthful hunters in astonishment. The rabbit got away; so did the boys.

They came across Farmer Weaver in the course of their flight, and paused long enough to tell him about the bear that had disturbed in the farmer's fodder stack. Farmer Weaver hurried away to find Jim Wagner, the bear hunter. Jim lived just beyond the field where the bear had come out of the stack and scared the three boys, but Farmer Weaver took a wide circuit around the field and came to Wagner's house from the far side. When he got there he found that Wagner was out hunting.

Farmer Weaver left Wagner's greatly disappointed, and had not got far as the road when Mrs. Wagner saw him tearing back and into the house and slamming the door behind him.

"The bear is comin'!" he cried.

Mrs. Wagner looked out of the window, and, sure enough, the bear was slouching leisurely across the doorway, headed toward the garden. Wagner's wife seized her clothes-pounder, a heavy block of wood, with a long upright handle fastened in it, used for pounding clothes in the wash. Armed with this she rushed from the house, took a short cut around and came out ahead of the bear. Bruin stopped when he saw her and put up a savage front, showing his teeth and snarling and snapping his jaws. Mrs. Wagner was not turned from her course by the fierce demonstration made by the bear, and she advanced rapidly toward him, her formidable weapon raised above her head, ready to fall upon the bear when she got within reach.

The bear, seeing that he had not frightened his enemy, and evidently not liking the appearance of the uplifted clothes-pounder, turned and shuffled quickly back toward the house. Mrs. Wagner had not stopped to shut the door when she rushed from the house to intercept the bear, and the latter, seeing it open, and perhaps imagining that it promised him refuge within, made straight for it.

Farmer Weaver, in his excitement and astonishment at the sudden movement of Wagner's wife against the bear, had stood still by the window watching the proceedings outside, and had not thought of the open door. When he saw the bear approaching the house he moved and started for the bear. The bear was so close, then, though that Weaver did not venture to go out of the door, and, not even stopping long enough to shut it, he rushed for a door at the other side, made his escape from the house and in his haste left that door open behind him. The bear entered at the one door, but Mrs. Wagner was close on his trail, and he hurried right on through and out of the door at the other side of the house. Wagner's wife, with her weapon still aloft, close behind him. Farmer Weaver had run toward the barn and had nearly reached it when the bear was hurrying over his shoulder, saw the bear headed straight in his direction and only three rods away; got the barn door open and rushed inside, closing the door behind him. There was no fastening to the door and it would not stay shut, and Farmer Weaver made double-quick time up the ladder leading to the hay-mow.

There was a high fence to be climbed whichever way the bear turned, unless he turned toward his pursuer, and that did not seem to be the thing he wanted to do. He would not have time, either, to scale the fence before his enemy would be upon him with that ponderous weapon. Whether the bear reasoned that way or not, he chose to take the chances of entering the barn and he did. Mrs. Wagner followed him so close that he had got only a little way up the ladder leading to the mow, and with one sweep of her clothes-pounder she knocked him sprawling back to the floor. At the same moment Farmer Weaver got the mow window open, dropped from it to the ground and hurried homeward. Before the bear could gather himself from the blow Mrs. Wagner had given him she followed it with another which crushed his skull, and when Jim Wagner came home from his hunt, an hour or so later, he found a nice, fat bear lying dead in the barn.

Mrs. Wagner had only laughter for the manner in which Farmer Weaver had acted as she related how she had managed to chase the bear down and kill him, but when the farmer sent word over the next day that as the bear was started out of his field he would expect a share of it, Mrs. Wagner got angry.

"Just you go back and tell Pete Weaver to come over here and get his share!" said she to the messenger. "Just you tell him to come over here and get it, that's all!"

Whether the message was delivered or not they don't know, but Farmer Weaver didn't come.—Ed. Mott, in the New York World.

Impressing Seamen.

One of the causes of the War of 1812 was the impressment of Americans to serve on British ships. The practice was so extensive that when an English ship came to an American port able-bodied men hid in disguise for fear of being seized.

John Bull at that time claimed the services of every British sailor, whether the man had ever voluntarily entered the Navy or not; and if the sailor could speak English he was assumed to be an Englishman and forced to serve. No doubt many of those who were impressed were really British deserters; but many others were American citizens, and the compulsion to serve on British ships was a wrong.

The diary of Captain Hoffman, of the Royal Navy, which has been published under the title of "A Sailor of King George," contains a story of masquerade which must have been amusing from a British point of view.

Hoffman had been sent to a house in Jamaica where able-bodied seamen were reported to be in hiding. When the party entered the house they found three slovenly females sitting by a table darning stockings. Near by was a cradle covered with a net. In the bed, also covered with a net, was a woman lying ill. Still another woman was near the bed, persuading the woman to take the contents of a bottle of red mixture.

The lieutenant assured them that he entered with reluctance upon the duty he had to perform, but that as he had information that seamen frequented the house he must search it.

A coxswain who had been examining the features of one of the women at the table, exclaimed: "If I ever saw my old shipmate, Jack Mifford, that's he!"

Another British sailor whispered that the baby in the cradle was the largest he had ever seen. Thereupon the door was locked and the officers insisted upon knowing who the women were. Hoffman discovered upon the sick woman a close-shaved chin. The dying person was a fine young seaman about twenty-six years old, who, when he was detected, sprang out of bed, and joining the others, attempted to resist. Then, seeing that they were outnumbered, they surrendered.

The infant in the cradle proved to be a fine lad sixteen years old.

"This was a good haul, eight seamen," remarks Hoffman. "We got them without accident to the boats."

A Duke's Wild Ride For Life.

Among several incidents of "The Boyhood of The Conqueror," related by Adele E. Arpen in the St. Nicholas, is this account of a midnight flight:

One of these shooting matches nearly cost him his life. He was about twenty years old, when, in early summer of the year 1047, he went, with a large train of friends and attendants, to shoot at Valognes. In those days there were great forests covering the hills and valleys around Valognes, and as these forests were full of game, the young Duke and his friends expected to enjoy themselves. They formed so large a party that they had to separate and lodge where they could in the town. This left the Duke with only a few servants in the castle.

In the middle of the night he was suddenly awakened by a loud knocking, and the shouting of some one mounting the stairs to his chamber. He listened and recognized the voice of Gallet, a strolling buffoon, whom he knew very well, and to whom he had frequently given little trifles.

"Fly! fly!" shouted the buffoon. "William, thou art lost! Fly, sweet friend! Thy murderers are coming! I saw them. Fly, or thou wilt be taken!"

William had been through too many dangers, and had had too many narrow escapes to neglect such a warning. He seized the first horse he could find, leaped upon it bare back, and rode for his life.

Not a moment too soon. He had scarcely galloped out of the courtyard before several armed men rode hurriedly into it. Gallet met them at the entrance. He had seen them a short time before from his hay-loft at the inn, when they were preparing for their murderous errand, and whence he had run to warn his "sweet friend" William. He knew them and their purpose. "Ha, ha!" he cried, with mad glee, "you're late, my sirs; you're late! The Duke is gone! William is off! Your stroke has missed! But, hark ye; bide a bit. He will pay you! You made him pass a bad night—he will make you see an ill day." And then he capered derisively about them.

How Roosevelt Killed Boar.

Standing on the porch of the hunting lodge at Corbin Park, in Vermont, President Roosevelt told the story of how he killed a wild boar. "I fired but once," he said. "The bullet pierced both lungs and the heart. Senator Proctor loaned me his old shooting coat; someone else donated a pair of blue overalls, and Bill Morrison contributed shoes and socks. Bill, the Senator and myself made up the party. Just about dusk a wild boar darted out of the brush, about fifty yards ahead of us. We kept up the chase and suddenly I spotted him. 'There he is,' 'Wrong,' yelled the Senator, squinting ahead. 'That's a deer.' 'It's a boar. I tell you,' said I bringing my rifle to my shoulder. 'Senator's right,' chimed in Bill Morrison, 'it's a deer, for sure.' But I knew better and blazed away. It looked like a miss for a minute. Like a frightened rabbit the big boar plunged straight ahead, going faster than before the shot. But just as I took sight for a second try he pitched forward and rolled over dead. As to that shot of mine, all that I have to say is that it was a mighty lucky one."

WHITE HOUSE CANES.

Call for Souvenirs That Cannot Be Compiled With.

Colonel William H. Crook, the veteran disbursing officer of the White House, sometime ago arranged to give a few canes of historic value to his friends. When the interior of the Executive Mansion was being torn to pieces by the contractors who are remodeling the building, Colonel Crook obtained some of the flooring in the room used for so many years by presiding officers of the city police force, remained with and near to President Lincoln. His mind is full of reminiscences of just how the famous President worked, what kind of a desk he used, how he handled himself, and other details of personal interest. On obtaining the flooring from the particular spot he had selected Colonel Crook sent the timber to a wood workman and had a dozen or so canes made for presentation to his friends, who appreciated most highly the gifts because they were confident of their historic value. Mention of the canes was made in the Washington Star, with the consequence that during the last two months Colonel Crook has been unable to meet the demand, and he has been kept busy with a gratuitous correspondence. Several female organizations of a benevolent and charitable nature in Washington have requested most highly the gifts because they were confident of their historic value. Mention of the canes was made in the Washington Star, with the consequence that during the last two months Colonel Crook has been unable to meet the demand, and he has been kept busy with a gratuitous correspondence. Several female organizations of a benevolent and charitable nature in Washington have requested most highly the gifts because they were confident of their historic value. Mention of the canes was made in the Washington Star, with the consequence that during the last two months Colonel Crook has been unable to meet the demand, and he has been kept busy with a gratuitous correspondence. Several female organizations of a benevolent and charitable nature in Washington have requested most highly the gifts because they were confident of their historic value.

Quaint Uses of Common Words.

Crowd was the old English name for fiddle or violin. Good-by is a contraction of "God-be-with-you." Fashion was the old name for a certain disease of the horse. It is alluded to in "The Taming of the Shrew," where Petruchio's horse is said to be "infected with the fashions." The complaint is a common one now, but not among horses.

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Money refunded for each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYES if unsatisfactory.

Repentance is too often embodied in the words: "What will people think?"

Victoria's Boundary.

Professor Gregory, of the University of Melbourne, is delivering a series of lectures on the "Geography of Victoria." In one of them he gave an instance of the happy-go-lucky fashion in which business was conducted in Downing street in the old days. Half a century ago, when the Port Phillip Province was detached from New South Wales and erected into a new colony under the name of Victoria, it was the intention of the Imperial government of the day that the River Murrumbidgee should be the Northern boundary. But the clerk in the Colonial office who copied out the enabling document, never having heard of the river with the long aboriginal name, and being uncertain as to its proper spelling, cooly substituted the River Murray in its stead. Nobody noticed the change, but it made a vast difference to the new colony. Victoria would have been twice its present size if the original arrangement had been adhered to, and would have included the valuable pastoral provinces known as Riverina, which stretches from the Murray to the Murrumbidgee. Although Melbourne, the Victorian capital, has always done most of the trade with Riverina, the district continues to be officially ruled from Sydney.

Mysophobia.

The medical profession has conferred no small boon on many sufferers by inventing a Greek, or pseudo-Greek, term for their otherwise democratic complaints. The last of these inventions is recorded this week. The disease is fustiness and the medical name is mysophobia. The mysophobe is he who, when seated by his table, lifts his glass to see if it is fingered and if he detect a smudge uses his napkin to dispose of it. In short, mysophobia is the exaggeration of that respect for cleanliness which convinced Svengali of the madness of Englishmen when he surprised the Laird in his matutinal tub. The lady in the play who seized on every one's watch-chain and began rubbing it with chamomile leather was a mysophobe, and the irritating man who begs your pardon and picks some microscopic piece of fluff from your sleeve is another. The servant, though most would benefit by inoculation with the disease, who insists on dusting papers is another, and the disease is widely prevalent among all housekeepers in the spring. It is nice to know at last just what to call it, but the medical press is more inclined to suggest scientific names than remedies.

SCIENCE BAFLED THE BURGLAR.

A Cyclometer Was the Means of Bringing Him to Justice.

Science sometimes baffles the burglar whose knowledge is not strictly up-to-date. A thief who broke into a house the other day leisurely packed his plunder in a compact bundle, then added a bicycle to the stolen articles and rode off. So far he had exhibited commendable common sense, for it isn't every thief who is clever enough to steal the means of transporting his stealings to his own lair. But he had overlooked the fact that attached to the wheel was a cyclometer which registered the exact distance ridden by the thief on his journey home. When pursuing justice caught up with the burglar he had disposed of all his plunder except the wheel. The little cyclometer's record of distance traveled proved the case against the thief, for it registered the exact distance from the house to the thief's quarters.

Glaciers Getting Smaller.

In Switzerland the studies of many years have determined the fact finally that the glaciers are not only steadily receding, but that their rate of recession is becoming greater each year. There are only a few glaciers that still grow. The Bovey glacier in Canton Wallis is the only one that has increased steadily since 1892. The famous Rhone glacier has receded almost 800 yards since 1876.

American citizens of Polish birth and extraction are interesting themselves in the project for the election in Washington of a statue of Count Casimir Pulaski, the intrepid Lithuanian who served with distinction in the Revolutionary war.

CONGRESSMAN WILBER SAYS

(To The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., of Columbus, O.)

"Pe-ru-na is All You Claim For It."



Congressman D. F. Wilber, of Oneonta, N. Y., writes: **The Peru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio:** *Gentlemen—'Persuaded by a friend I have tried your remedy and I have almost fully recovered after the use of a few bottles. I am fully convinced that Peru-na is all you claim for it, and I cheerfully recommend your medicine to all who are afflicted with catarrhal trouble.'* David F. Wilber.

Pe-ru-na a Preventive and Cure for Colds. Mr. C. F. Given, Sussex, N. B., Vice-President of the Pastime Boating Club, writes: "Whenever the cold weather sets in I have for years past been very sure to catch a severe cold, which was hard to throw off, and which would leave after-effects on my constitution the most of the winter."

"Last winter I was advised to try Peru-na, and within five days the cold was broken up, and in five days more I was a well man. I recommended it to several of my friends, and all speak the highest praise for it. There is nothing like Peru-na for catarrhal affections. It is well known to be a cure, and I gladly endorse it."—C. F. Given.

A Prominent Singer Saved From Loss of Voice. Mr. Julian Weiseltz, 175 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y., is corresponding secretary of the Sangerist, of New York; is the leading second bass of the Sangerist, the largest German singing society of New York, and also the oldest.

In 1899 The Sangerist celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with a large celebration in New York City. The following is his testimony: "About two years ago I caught a severe cold while traveling, and which settled into catarrh of the bronchial tubes, and so affected my voice that I was obliged to cancel my engagements. In distress I was advised to try Peru-na, and although I had never used a patent medicine before I sent for a bottle. "Words but illly describe my surprise to find that within a few days I was greatly relieved, and within three weeks I was entirely recovered. I am never without it now, and take an occasional dose when I feel run down."—Julian Weiseltz. "If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio."

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