



So Awfully Sad. A monkey was feeling quite bad. As his tail had been pinched by a lad; and he said: "I can't tell. My misery will. For my tale is so awfully sad."

TREED BY WOUNDED BEAR

Two Brave Lads Rescue a Scarly Old Cinnamon, Who Pays for Chasing Them With His Life.

"Come, John, we have got to hustle this morning and get the freight loaded on these wagons and start back," called out Arthur to his younger brother.

These two boys, of 15 and 17 years of age, respectively, had been sent to Umatilla to ship the point on the Columbia, to get supplies for the mines of Eastern Oregon and Idaho.

At their own request, the boys had been sent down to Umatilla for the supplies for the trip, and thought they could attend to the freight all right.

After the wearisome climb up the Crawford Hill, they followed the old immigrant road to the famous California ranch.

Darkness had settled down in the mountain ranges by this time. A single cypress, on a neighboring ridge, was making the night hideous, with his mournful howl.

The thinking bell sounded faintly, as if the horses were weary of the ride, and decided to round the bend at that night, lest they should get entirely away.

They Start Out. Rousing John, he picked up the carbine and both started out toward the ridge where they had left the horses in the early evening.

The glowing light from the campfire was just to view, but the boys, thinking it had either gone out or was obscured, walked on and on, now falling over a log or coming up smartly against a great pine tree.

John's sensible suggestion. "Let us build a fire and wait until it gets light, rather than get completely out of the road and lost," he said.

This course seemed the only sensible one to pursue, so the boys got down on their hands and knees to feel about for sticks and twigs, which to kindle the fire.

While the boys were thus employed, twigs could be heard cracking in the woods, but they paid no attention. Presently a blood-curdling "woof woof" sounded close to John.

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for the infuriated bear had discovered him and was close at his heels. As the tree was too small for the bear to climb, Arthur considered himself safe for the present, so he turned his attention to his brother.

John Also Up a Tree. Listening intently for several minutes and hearing nothing, he called out: "Hello, there, John! Are you safe?"

"All right, brother, I'm up a tree, over here about half way up the ridge. How are you?"

"The bear has treed me. I wounded him, and he is wild as a tiger," called back Arthur.

"Where's the gun? Why don't you shoot him?"

"I can't. I dropped the gun by the tree when I climbed it," was the discouraging reply.

The bear, maddened with the pain in his head, began to shake the tree and plunge against it. He seized it in his paws and shook it so vigorously that Arthur nearly fell out. This performance was kept up at intervals during the few re-

maining hours of the night, and the boys grew exhausted from sitting so long in such cramped positions.

Finally, a few streaks of golden light lit the eastern sky, and then the round, red sun rose, filling the mountains with glory, and awaking new hope in the sinking hearts of the youngsters.

"Have you got a string and anything to make a hook of?" called John to Arthur.

"I have a small fish hook, but not an inch of string about me," was the reply.

After some reflection, John again said: "John's Wits Again at Work."

"Can't you tear up your shirt, make a string of it and then attach the hook to it? If you can, you will be able to hook that gun up into the tree and kill the old brute."

No sooner was the suggestion made than Arthur had thrown off his coat and shirt and was at work tearing up the garment.

He soon had a string long enough to reach to the ground, and to which he attached the hook. This he let down and then began the task of catching the hook onto the gun, John keeping up a great racket, in the meantime, from his tree.

At last the hook caught and Arthur drew the gun slowly up, but when just within reach, the hook slipped from its insecure hold and the gun fell to the ground.

John was anxiously watching the outcome of the venture, and a groan escaped him when he saw its failure. The bear heard the noise of the falling gun and came over to the tree immediately.

Though weak from the loss of blood, its strength was prodigious, and it shook the tree with its paws until it fairly cracked.

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dislocated John, the old fellow gave up and started back. Arthur stood ready for him, and when he was 50 yards away, the last fired straight at his heart. The aim was true, and, after a great bound into the air, the huge creature fell to the ground, stone dead.

John came down from the tree, and joined his brother, and then proceeded to the bear of his great brown coat. They also removed the claws as a trophy.

It was no trouble to locate the camp in broad daylight, and an hour's tramp brought them to it. They found that he had pastured the horses on the wrong ridge, in the darkness, mistaking it for the usual one.

By following the sound of the bell, the bunch was soon located, and was driven back to the road and hitched up. The boys threw their trophies on to the wagon and, stiff and sore, started for Grand Ronde Valley. They stopped at their home in La Grande to tell their experience and leave the skin and claws as a proof of the story.

On their return the whole town met them with cheers. They were the envy and admiration of every boy in town; but they bore the honors with becoming modesty. It is true that John did get the "big-head."

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The monkey was thrown into a flutter of agitation at its entrance. Customers and clerks fled to the workroom. The monkey proceeded to inspect the stock of bonnets. This amusement soon losing its novelty, it wandered from the store with a wonderful creation of the milliner's art upon its head, and, applying an approaching horsecar, made directly for it.

The driver departed for headquarters, leaving the simian intruder temporarily in charge. One portly gentleman, who had been waiting for the horsecar, gave one glance at the monkey and sought the nearest drug store, where he collapsed in a chair and in a shaking voice called for bromo seltzer and a temperature pledge. A fond mother dropped her offspring and dove headlong through an open window of the car.

The horses, suddenly bereft of the gentle admonition of their driver, glanced back to ascertain the reason, saw the apparition behind, and broke into a run. The car careered down the street at an unbecoming rate. People waiting on corners signaled for it to stop, caught a glimpse of its lonely occupant, and, forgetting their hurry, cheerfully waited for the next car.

At a curve in the track the horses broke loose and galloped away, and here a valiant policeman boarded the car and held the reins, as the hat perched on one side of his head, hugging the abandoned baby head downward to its breast, with an expression of placid enjoyment on his countenance.

Another of Jim's teeth, directly in front, has been loosened, and it will soon have to be treated by having a bridge to tighten it.

PLAGUE OF RATS IN PARIS. Cats Frigate with Rodents, Which Increase Enormously. In Paris there are low streets near the river where the inhabitants are afraid

to allow their children to cross the garden or the courtyard after dark. The Central markets are infested to such an extent that rat hunting has been abandoned in despair. As soon as dark sets in, armies of rats attack the reserve provisions, to which they have burrowed their way beneath the masonry. A singular detail is that the cats, which are very numerous at the Central markets, live on the best terms with the rats.

The city cat has lost its reputation in Paris. He who still enjoys killing a mouse but with the foot to hand, a rat has become rather large game from the feline point of view. For this reason the Budget Commission suppressed this year the credits for the cats kept in the storehouses of the Ministry of War. The cat as an official is now only to be found at the Ministry of Finance and the Council of State.

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SCHOOLBOY MILITIA. Every Lad in England's Schools Will Be Trained as "Soldiers."

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by feeling something plucking sharply at his beard, and awoke to see a gorgeous bird flying away with a white bunch of hair from it! This gave the young lady a new idea. She made everybody in the house contribute to her a lock of hair or a fragment of beard, and the orioles built their nest entirely of this material, so that, when their feelings had flown, she was able to add to her collection an oriole's nest made entirely of the hair of her nearest and dearest!

COLORED BOY PLAYWRIGHT. Produces Drama of His Own Composition in Chicago. A 14-year-old colored boy of one of Chicago's public schools has written a play which was produced in the recital hall of the Chicago Auditorium recently. The parts were all taken by boy and girl children of the slums, representing many nationalities, who had been coached by the young dramatist alone. The play is called "The King of Atri," and has 14 characters in the cast. The play, aside from its astourish merit, is interesting in that the young colored dramatist did not write it

HIS JEWELLED TOOTH. Gold Crown Set With Diamonds, in Jaw of Bull Terrier. Jim, says the Boston Evening Transcript, is a bull terrier whose pedigree runs back through many generations of distinguished ancestry. He is an aristocrat, a born into luxury, and his five years of life have been a continuous round of contentment and ease.

Everything that a pampered canine could possibly desire is lavished on Jim. The choicest tidbits fall to his portion. The smartest of up-to-date collars adorns his neck, and every night he is tucked up in his own bed, with the clothes well up under his chin. "Just so," before he will shut his eyes to sleep. Yachting trips and country holidays make his summers pass pleasantly, while his winter quarters are such as befit a dog of his position and accomplishments.

In point of luxurious living Jim is not more favored than hundreds of other Boston pets. He has one great claim to distinction, however, which makes him peculiarly interesting—he is a regular customer at the dentist!

Some time ago Jim's master realized that something was the matter with his prize dog. He investigated and found two decayed teeth. Accordingly they were pulled, and the operation was not attended with difficulties, but Jim seemed to know that the ordeal was for his ultimate good, and he behaved much better than the average man or woman who "takes nothing" when the forceps are applied. Relief from pain was evident by the way he capered after the troublesome molars were removed.

Not long after Jim's left cuspid, which corresponds to the eye-tooth in the human mouth, showed signs of decay in darkish spots. Again he was conducted to the dentist, and a more delicate operation had to be undertaken, which the patient bore with fortitude. An entire gold crown was fitted, giving the appearance of a solid gold tooth. More than that, three sparkling diamonds were set in the polished surface. The largest is near the gum and the smallest at the point of the tooth. Much of the work was done before the crown was adjusted, so the operation was probably not as painful as might be imagined, although Jim has never expressed himself on the subject. He knows when his remarkable tooth is to be exhibited. He cocks his head to one side and relaxes his jaw so it can be easily seen.

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THE GINGERBREAD MAN. There once was a man who said, "Though I am made out of gingerbread dough, And I am small of size, With currants for eyes— Yet children all love me." —Philadelphia Press.

TRAPPED IN THE CELLAR. Recently Burglars Run to Earth by Courageous Dick and His Young Sisters.

"What shall we do now?" said Betty one sunny Saturday afternoon, as they sat together on the rubbish heap at the bottom of the garden. This was their favorite resort, it being such a sheltered nook.

"Do!" answered Dick, contemptuously. "You girls never know what to do. If I were by myself a picnic in Poplar Park would be what I should most enjoy, but, of course, with you two on my hands, it's not to be thought of."

"Hear him, Tina! What airs he gives himself. One would think from his manner he was at least 14. Anyhow, you shouldn't go to Poplar Park. It's rather a good idea for a boy."

"Poplar Park?" exclaimed Tina; "it's three miles from here."

"All the better," said Dick, stoutly. "Do let's go," urged Betty.

"And finally they went. "I'm so glad no one saw us start off," said Betty, with a sigh of relief. "But they were all so interested in last night's robbery over at Kent's."

"Yes," put in Dick; "and Jane says they've offered \$500 for any one who catches the burglars. Don't I wish I could just catch 'em!"

"I'd like to see you catch a burglar," said Tina with fine contempt; "why you'd fly if you saw one a mile off!"

"Would I miss?" "That's all you know about it, run him in quick." And then Dick changed the subject by asking if any one had thought of bringing provisions.

"The provisions," said Dick, majestically, "had better go and pick up sticks for the bonfire, while Tina and I stay and look after the provisions."

"But Betty did not agree with his plan, and it finally came through, and they collected the sticks, and in a few minutes the fire was crackling, and the potato was put in to roast. Their joy was somewhat marred, however, by the discovery of an unlovely potato begun to blacken when a big drop of rain fell with a hiss into the fire.

"How dark it has grown," said Tina, uneasily, as she glanced up at the black clouds. "I believe we'll have a storm."

"How jolly!" said Dick, but his face contradicted his words, and his voice was strangely subdued.

The rain increased rapidly, and soon a steady downpour forced the children to take shelter beneath the eaves of Poplar Park. As they perceived through the trembling fingers, they tried the handles of the front door and the back, but, alas! they were both locked, and they were about to give up in despair, when Betty suggested that they might be able to climb through the broken window frame, which was only a few feet from the ground. With some slight difficulty one after the other they managed to get down, and descended on the other side into a dark, gloomy apartment. As they stood huddled together in a corner of the room, Betty's face was very pale.

"I wish we had not come," she said. "It's rather jolly," said Dick, faintly, but Tina, relieved her feelings in a burst of words, and she said: "I wonder if Jane has missed us yet. It must be past supper time now."

The Trapdoor. Dick walked over to the other side of the room to conceal his snuffles. Suddenly he gave out a low cry: "I say, you girls;