The Paper for the Stockman, Merchant and Miner.

THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

The Paper for the Farm, the Workshop and the Home.

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Caught in a Bear Trap.

It was after dinner. We were cracking nuts and eating sweets and talking, one and another of the guests entertained the friends with anecdotes and such desultory reminiscences, from the cycle of youth to the hours

Been hunting became the theme and many narratives of adventure were given by members of the party. Which reminded the oldest of the party, an hour remarked that he had a bear story to tell, and, if he felt inclined, would come him while he was to get a little connected with the story, he would tell his guests to the stories of the others. He suggested him to bring back a bear's foot, sculpture bear-skin cap, mounted he returned with no more precious an object than a worn and much used book. "Everything happened so suddenly—

"Doubtless you recall that about in the fifties I dropped out of the world, and was lost to my friends. My name is George Green, native of Illinois, and today—November 3, 1891—I am twenty-nine years old. What a total day! My profession has been that of hunting and trapping. I say has been, for I am sure I will never leave this place alive. No one in the world will miss me, for I have no parents—no relatives that have ever been truly such to me, and she is dead. The name of her whose death there my college man and minister of the Gospel, to these Western wilds, no one knew I knew, save that she was my wife. In life we were together, in death we shall not be divided. Had she lived, God knows I had never been here. But all is well. Once it will result to us in the presence of our Savior. I have been here four days. My ax is outside my shelter, which might have served to cut off my escape, but my misfortune slipped out of my hand, and it, too is outside beyond my reach. It has been snowing hard for three hours or more. How came I shut in? I had just finished this trap for varmints, and, in arranging the bait, I tripped and fell on the trigger. That tells the tale. I am hungry, I guess—or was, ere I got so cold. The numbness with which the freezing blast fills me tells me I shall not starve. To freeze is not very hard; to starve is—but God is good! My hand is too numb to ——"

Our friend held up the book to show that the message had been interrupted by the icy king, and that the seal of death had been set upon the poor victim of the trap. He laid down the message, sipped his wine and then looks the silence with the remark—

"And found him. Friends, that was my sister's soul! No relatives! Oh, my poor lad, you had from them, nor, and I could not find you! Caught in that cruel trap, you froze to death, and under the vast white mantle of winter, you stayed as you died—stayed till I found you, lad!"

Mr. Pray seemed to speak only to his own consciousness, and as he spoke there were tears in the white haired old man's kindly eyes. Presently he shook off the sad mood, and continued:

"I was very careful not to knock that door down, you may readily believe! Outside in the snowy ground I chipped a grave with my nephew's ax, the only tool I had. In the hollow under the mound of old logs lies, in that dark and silent grave, beside the stream running with perpetual music, I find all that was mortal of the poor victim of a cruel trap. Over his resting place the great pines sing a solemn requiem as the winds sweep through them.

WILL HAYNIE.

THE SECRET EXPLAINED

Letter From the Tasmania Wool Growers' Company Limited, Launceston, Tasmania

MAY 28, 1891.

In the olden days our sheep breeders used Lime and Sulphur as their cure for Scab. This always meant injury to the wool and a material reduction in its value. Since the introduction of the Cooper Dip some years ago Lime and Sulphur has been absolutely condemned, and we have not heard of its being used for some considerable time; our sheep-breeders being far too careful to use a remedy that has proved to be almost as bad as the disease.

Constant attention to all matters affecting the wool has placed our Tasmania clips at the top of the London market for some years. We handle about one-third of the wool which is exported from one place, and our records show that clips from flocks that have been treated with the Cooper specific have invariably topped the market. In the April sale just passed the Cooper wools made up to 10 cents per lb in the grease.

With our many years experience with sheep and the get up of the wool, we have no hesitation in saying that we know of nothing at all approaching the Cooper Dip in its beneficial influence upon the growth of the wool, and the fact that almost every clip of note from our Colony is treated with it, shows that our sheep breeders are fully alive to its advantages."

The law of the United States is that bridges over navigable streams must be built under the sanction of the war department. The law is to be more vigorously enforced than formerly.

Every Man a Monopolist.

Human nature is pretty much the same in the beggar as it is in the prince. The same greed for wealth that distinguishes the rich monopolist is easily traced in the character of his poorer neighbor. Every man is a monopolist to the fullest extent of his power, and the exceptions to this rule are rare indeed. The vendor of peanuts is as anxious, in his humble way, to control and monopolize the entire trade within his jurisdiction as is the rich speculator in pots and pans, to control the market of a continent. The corner grocery man as well as the merchant prince, the boot black as well as the limited land holder, the butcher, the baker and the candle stick maker, all are alike infected with the disposition to monopolize the business of their respective callings. It may be all wrong, and in a strict ethical sense it surely is, but human nature doesn't must be changed before the disposition can be eradicated. In the poor man the tendency is called the greed of gain, in the man of wealth, it is called business sagacity, shrewdness, business capacity, in the rich it is designated by the harsher terms monopoly and oppression, yet who shall draw the line where business capacity ends and monopoly begins. Right here lies the difficulty the law experiences in dealing with monopolies. If it is wrong for the grain speculator to corner the market of a nation, it is wrong for the butcher to corner the market of a village. The disposition, the moral intent is the same in both, the crime against society, if crime it is, is only one of degree. The sin of the rich man is greater only because his opportunities are greater and our sympathy for the smaller monopolist, in his struggle for control of the business of his limited sphere, while we nominally condemn his richer brother, is largely placed at the expense of our consistency. We may sympathize with a combination of 6,000,000 farmers who form a scheme to enhance the price of wheat to $1.25 a bushel and reap a million dollars extra harvest from the great army of consumers, but it is impossible to justify their action while we roundly condemn the stock gambler who attempts, in his own way, to effect the same end to his own personal advantage. After all the principles of Christianity, embraced in the heart and carried out in the life, seem alone capable of meeting the difficulty and of causing the rich not to oppress the poor but to do unto others as they, with others, should do unto them.—Dallas Chronicle.

The excessive heat of the past few days has caused the death of two employees of the Southern Pacific Company in Sacramento.

Almost the last logs of the Oregon grain harvest is going in the knapsack. It snows in the mountains and the outlook is gloomy.

One hundred dollars was paid for a Plymouth Rock cockerel, $50 for a Brown Leghorn and $20 refused for a trio of Indian Games shown at the New York poultry show. It costs 50 cents for a common hen to eat in Albany. So poultry seems high all over the country.—Democrat.

A number of the leading farmers and ranchers of Shasta valley and of the Willow creek section, Cal., are contemplating the project of taking an immense irrigating canal from the Klamath river for the purpose of supplying an extensive area with a sufficient amount of water to cause a certainty of heavy crops every year. Such an enterprise would be of immense benefit.

Paris is laughing over a joke about an American inventor who is said to have patented an electric corset that is to bring about the reign of morality at once. If one of these articles is pressed by a lover's arm it at once emits a shriek like the whistle of a railway engine, and the inventor claims that he has already married three of his daughters owing to the publicity thus thrust upon a backward lover.

The tendency of brilliant minds to go off into intricate subjects and by a too close application and persistent study of the one idea, finally become unbalanced and drift into actual insanity, has many examples. One of the latest is that of the case of a young minister, Rev. Frank L. Stevens, of New Haven, Connecticut, who has gone hopelessly insane over the advocacy of the idea of Christ. Tolstoi that the world is coming to an end during the present decade. Take matters easily, gentlemen. It doesn't pay to get excited.

LITERARY PEOPLE.

ROBERT BROWNING, son of the poet, has purchased a house at Venice, where his father spent his last days.

JOHN HAYWARD was so long a sufferer from insomnia because he took it for granted he had to go out looking for himself in the streets of London.

THE CORRESPONDENCE has commenced between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley, who is to write the life of John Morley, which will contain some very interesting personal reminiscences.

LORD TENNYSON has sent to Mr. Stanley a copy of his poem in memory of Gordon, in appreciation of the kind letters to the London Graphic. Mr. Stanley has been presented with the Gordon Arbitrator.

A PORTRAIT of Moltke, painted last year from the veteran by Franz von Lenbach, is shown in London along with a bronzed of Bismarck by the same artist. Moltke is in an undress uniform of blue, with scarlet stripes; Bismarck is in black frock and broad white necktie and has a pipe in his hand.

ALFRED TENNYSON's study is reached by a flight of outdoor stairs, the steps being covered with pieces of polished lava. It is a great contrast to his father's study, for Mrs. Tennyson, Lady Tennyson, is especially fond of bright colors, and everything around the cottage is brought from Italy.

GOSSIP OF FAIR EUROPEANS.

[illegible]

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RARITIES FOR COLLECTIONS.

A SCRAP of one of the sails the gigantic clipper Cutty Sark, launched at Leith a month ago. There are but few of these cups in the country.

PIECES of meteorites are passing over a Kansas field in a shower of rain, as big as a stone. It is estimated that the stone must be 1,000 years old, but not unfashionable, however, the spider is quite lively and very youthful in its antics. It is blind and has no mouth.

A CURIOSITY is an exhibition at Chappy, Wyo. It is an image cut out of a small stone, palm leaf, caused by the leaf falling into the clay and the clay other wants petrifying. The rock was found on Spring creek, and indicates that years ago, when the leaf was fresh, in the forest Wyoming possessed a tropical climate.

A CURIOSITY in the form of a [illegible] was found from Kansas last week by a traveling man, who brought it to the office of Mr. Alex [illegible], which is a Dutch lettering [illegible] quantity, [illegible] and curious shape, and it endows brought from Holland.

MEN AND MEN.

THE more you polish a mean man the more mean he becomes.

[illegible]

To a man of pluck defeat is always a depth something better.

[illegible]

NEVER put yourself in the power of a man who will lie to a lie for you.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]