

A HUNTER PEDAGOGUE.

ONE EYE ON THE SCHOLARS, THE OTHER OUT FOR GAME.

There Was a Runway Where Wild Deer Scampered Near the School House, and the Teacher Constantly Watched Both It and the Mischievous Youth.

Nicholas Church, one of the oldest hunters in the Pocono mountains, said to the writer the other day: "Sixty-six years ago I went to school to Alexander Dunbar in a little log school house down in the Pocono valley, near where Tamperville now is. An odd character Dunbar was. He stood over six feet in his socks, he was lean as a crane and he could run like a deer." He always kept a loaded rifle standing by his chair in the school house. A few yards up the road there was a runway where deer crossed the creek. During school hours Dunbar always seemed to have one eye on the runway. He was crazy for hunting, and whenever he saw a deer dash across the road or heard a bound baying in the woods he appeared to forget all about his school for the time being. Without saying a word to any of the scholars he would grab his rifle, rush out of the house bareheaded and away he'd go after the deer, like an Indian. Sometimes we would see him coming back in less than an hour with a buck or a doe slung over his shoulder, and then again maybe we wouldn't see anything of him till the next morning. Dunbar always got a deer if he had to stay on the trail till dark. While he was off on one of his exciting hunts the children generally staid in the little house and had a great play spell. When it was time to go home, if Dunbar didn't make his appearance, we dismissed ourselves. After a while some of the parents found out how Dunbar was neglecting his school, and they hauled him over the coals for it. But they couldn't break Dunbar of his mania for chasing deer. Nothing could, and after that Dunbar told one of the big boys to take charge of the school when he dashed out with his gun.

A NARROW ESCAPE.
"One day Dunbar had a terrible fight with a wounded buck on Pocono creek. He came within an ace of losing his life, but he was just as crazy to chase deer after that as he was before. I'll show you what kept Dunbar from being killed," continued Mr. Church, and he brought out an old bent and rusty rifle barrel that had once sent bullets flying after game from a flintlock. "Dunbar's gun was out of kilter," resumed the old hunter, "and I took this rifle to the school house for him to use. It belonged to my father, and Dunbar got a chance to use it before night. That afternoon he saw a buck trot down the runway, and he seized the rifle and gave chase. The buck was taking it easy, and the longlegged schoolmaster banged away at him near the creek. The buck plunged forward and plowed in the snow and Dunbar ran up to cut his throat. Just as Dunbar got to him the buck roused up and pitched at him savagely. He had been shot through the nose, and he was as full of fight as a wounded panther. There was no charge in the rifle, and Dunbar dropped his knife and went to beating the angry buck off with the gun. He soon broke stock and then he fought the buck with the barrel, bending it in the fight as you see it now. Every time the buck pitched at him Dunbar knocked a spike from his antlers, and when it was all over Dunbar had trimmed every spike from his horns. He finally stunned the buck long enough to cut his throat, and when he lugged the buck to the school house he was the raggedest schoolmaster I ever saw. For the game animal had torn his homespun suit into strips with his sharp hoofs. Dunbar declared that he enjoyed the fight and was ready for another of the same sort.

SCHOLARS LIKED DUNBAR.
"Every other Saturday there was no school, and Dunbar took the whole day for hunting. He got in the habit of coaxing a tame buck that belonged to my folks to follow him into the woods when he went after deer. The buck soon got so that he was tickled to go with the schoolmaster, and before long he formed the habit of wandering away from Dunbar, making friends with wild deer and leading them around where Dunbar could get shots at them. Dunbar thought the trick was very cunning, and so did we boys, but my father didn't think so. When he found out what Dunbar was doing with the buck he put a stop to the fun by fastening the buck in a pen whenever Dunbar had a holiday. While I think about it I'll tell you what an ingenious way Dunbar had to stop whispering in the school. He had a yarn ball, and every time he caught one of us whispering he threw the ball at the whisperer, hitting him or her. The scholar that was hit had to stand in the middle of the room with the ball and throw it at the first one he caught whispering, and so on all day. We liked the way Dunbar tried to keep a still school."—Cor. New York Tribune.

Use of Pigeons for Speculation.
In modern times the pigeons have been used for purposes of commerce and speculation as well as war. In 1770 a shrewd Italian had the winning numbers in the lotteries thus sent to him, and it is a well known fact that the London branch of the great Rothschild banking house was able, by means of carrier pigeons, to receive news of the victory at Waterloo three days in advance of the government, and to realize an enormous profit by buying up government stock, then very much depressed, and selling again when the rise came.—Denver Republican.

A Living Orchestra.
There is said to be a musical freak in Columbus, Ind., who plays in a peculiar manner with his lungs any tune, with a distinctness and clearness that brings out every note as fully as it can be brought out on any piano or other musical instrument by the most accomplished performer.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cures for the Blues.
Do you ever have the blues? Of course you do, for there never yet lived a man or woman whose soul cast no shadow. These times of depression, from which we all of us suffer more or less, are nothing more than the shadows cast by our souls in the road along which we are walking heavenward. Sunshine rays produce shadows, and the fact that our souls go into eclipse now and then proves that there is sunshine just behind us. But what do you do when you get the blues? Do you cry or scold or mope? Is it hard to live in the same house with you while the shadow falls athwart your way? Do the children get out of the road when they see you coming? I have found one excellent cure for the blues which I mean to tell right here.

Go straight to work and do something for some one more miserable than yourself. Whatever your trouble may be, there is always some one to be found who has a harder lot to bear. The other day a young wife was deserted by her husband and taken to the hospital to face a terrible illness, without a friend to stand by her in her hour of need, and with not a cent to defray expenses or unlock the door of the future. Suppose you go hunt her up and offer a helping hand. Such betrayal, and desertion discounts your puffs of vapor. A mother watched the coffin lid close the other day forever and forever, so far as mortal time counts, between her yearning eyes and the face of her only boy. What is your transient depression compared to the heart-anguish of such a grief as hers? Don't you think it would help cure you of the blues if you sat down and wrote that mother a letter, or dropped in for an hour or two to keep her company? It seems such a selfish thing to be so exclusive in bearing trouble. A load shared is a load lightened, and the deepest gloom takes on a bright tint now and then if overshadowed with the sunshine of love.—Chicago Herald.

The Brotherless Girl.
The girl without a brother is especially to be pitied. She is the girl who is never certain of getting the pleasures of life unless she is very attractive. Of course she has no brother who she is certain will take her everywhere; she is apt to get a little bit vain, for she has no brother to tell her, as only a brother will, of her faults and mistakes. It is only the somewhat doubtful tact of a brother that announces, "I wouldn't walk up the street with you in that frock," and the girl whose brother says this to her may be certain that he is only expressing the opinion of other girls' brothers. He may not do it in the most gentle way, but he does tell the truth, and if you ask him why paying a visit to another girl is more desirable than to one you know, he will sit down and look at you, and then he will say:

"Well, you see, it is just this way. From the time you get there she is a nice girl who gives you a pleasant welcome and yet doesn't gush over you. She is entertaining, and yet she has a fashion of putting down nasty gossip or silly talk among whoever is there. She is a restful sort of girl, she is not always wanting to do something that tires you half to death and where the game isn't worth the candle, and when she says goodby to you you feel certain that she is pretty glad you came and that she will be glad to see you another time, but that she doesn't look upon you as the one and only man in the world." That is the kind of a description that the brotherless girl can't get. Then she doesn't hear of men that a fellow would rather not have his sister go with. Probably the wisest course for her to pursue is for her to choose as her most intimate friend a girl who has a wise brother; then she can reap the benefit of his counsel.—Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Simple Conundrum.
The mathematical smart Alecks are always proposing some new and puzzling question with which to confound those whose bump of calculation is not well developed, but the most expediting effort in this direction was sprung on a small company the other evening, when one of these human calculating machines inquired: "If five cats catch five rats in five days, how many cats will it take to catch 100 rats in 100 days?" Every answer was given, from 100 cats to 100,000 cats, until it happened to occur to some one that if five cats caught a rat a day, there was nothing to prevent their continuing to do so till the end of time if their patience and the rats held out. But before this conclusion was reached over ten dollars had changed hands in bets on the subject, and three quarrels were started which have not yet been settled. Unfortunately, however, none of them involved the originator of the problem, who escaped before matters had gone so far.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A High Priced Stamp.
The highest priced postage stamp in existence is the famous Dundee stamp, worth \$2,500, and not purchasable at that price. James Chalmers, of Dundee, was the inventor of the adhesive postage stamp in 1834. The stamp is in the possession of Sigmund Friedl, an extensive postage stamp merchant of Unter Dolberg, Vienna. It was exhibited at the Vienna Jubilee Stamp exhibition. The postage stamp museum, held on May 23, 1891, at Vienna, displayed this gem as the greatest attraction among 3,000,000 stamps and other objects exhibited there.—Yankee Blade.

How She Described Her Dresses.
A young lady, en route for the seaside, sent her box on by "goods," and on the consignment note she prepared actually condescended to describe her wearing apparel as "one box of rags," the charge for which would, of course, be much less than if the goods were correctly described.—London Tit-Bits.

A Girl's Idea.
"Rosalie has adopted a plan that makes all the girls awfully jealous."
"What is that?"
"Why, she has taken all her engagement rings and had them made into a chain for her pug."—Harper's Bazar.

Why Many Shoes Are Not Mated.
"I wish there was a law to compel manufacturers to tie each member of a pair of shoes to its mate," said a well known jobber to the writer a few days ago. "I do not believe there is a shoe dealer in the country but that has lost customers, patience and money through the vexatious mismatching of shoes. "Years ago all shoes were tied in pairs and tied together they remained until they were sold to the wearer. Then cartons came in and tying went out. "The old way was not as neat as the new, and it was supposed that the carton plan obviated the necessity of tying; but if you could see the amount of bother and trouble which comes from mismatching in a store you would not wonder at my dissatisfaction. It frequently happens that goods become misplaced—a case is overturned or several cartons are indiscriminately tumbled together. Then the matching and mating are hurriedly done, with the natural consequence of separating the mates.

"These goods go to our customers, and when the mismatching is discovered the carton is sent back, often hundreds of miles, at our expense, and allowances demanded. I tell you the manufacturer ought to be obliged to tie each pair together, carton or no carton, and I am thinking seriously of demanding this of every manufacturer who makes goods for us. "The tying can be neatly and quickly done by machine nowadays, and the benefit is so great that there is no reason why it should not become universal."—Boot and Shoe Reporter.

Old Actors' Stage Fright.
One of the queer things in the dramatic profession is the nervousness that occasionally affects an entire company. A friend of mine who has been on the stage several years and on the road in the same piece for the last two years played last week in a Broadway theater. It was the first appearance of the company in New York, though most of its individual members had played here before.

"With one or two exceptions," said the actor, "they were scared to death. Every person had played his or her part hundreds of nights. As soon as the curtain went up on a Broadway audience they acted like a lot of amateurs. Some of them actually had stage fever and lost their lines. They were nervous. They wanted to make a good impression. They never played worse. It is the experience of many of the oldest members of the profession. It is as humiliating to them as getting seasick is to an old sailor, but it is true and can't be helped."—New York Herald.

A Treasured Hoof.
A very interesting relic has fallen into the possession of the well known Birmingham physician, Sir James Sawyer. It is one of the hoofs of the identical horse that Lord Cardigan rode in the charge of the Light Brigade. Lady Sawyer's father, who was a Lincolnshire rector, received this precious relic of the historic charge from Lord Cardigan, and it bears an inscription to this effect. The four hoofs are now disposed of as follows: The Prince of Wales, an honorary colonel of the Tenth Hussars, has one; another belongs to the officers of that famous regiment, and it is brought out at mess on state occasions; the Countess of Cardigan owns a third; and the last, which is the off hind hoof, graces the sideboard of Sir James Sawyer. It is beautifully mounted in silver, and is naturally highly prized by its owner.—London Tit-Bits.

Quite a Compliment.
Two New York society belles were discussing a ball at which both had been present.
"Oh, I had such a compliment paid me by Gus De Smith," said Miss Bondclipper, giggling hysterically.
"Yes? What did he say?" asked Miss Murray Hill.
"I had on my new bangs and just a little face powder, and my new silk dress fitted just as if I was poured into it, and I said she never saw me look so well as now."
"What did Gus De Smith say?" asked Miss Murray Hill impatiently.
"He whispered to me, 'Miss Bondclipper, you are fixed up so pretty tonight that I hardly recognized you.'"—Texas Sittings.

Midget's Good Reason.
Our Midget is a little over three years old. She was taken down to Coney island, and after an hour or two spent in seeing the sights it was ordained that her nurse should give her a dip in the salt waters of old ocean. In the bathhouse the object of her visit to the beach was made known to her, but when she reached the water's edge she flatly refused to be taken in.
"Nurse," said she, "I'm all over feared."
"But, Midget, you bathe in the water every day at home."
"Yes," said Midget, "that's in my little tub. This tub's too big, too big entirely."
And we brought her home without her sea bath.—Harper's Young People.

Sawdust for Generating Electricity.
In parts of the country where coal is dear electric light and power companies are looking for the cheapest substitute they can find. An electric corporation in Oregon has the good fortune to be near the sawmills of a great lumber company, and has promptly seized the opportunity offered of securing an economical fuel for its power plant. The refuse of the sawmills is taken direct from the saws and conveyed directly to the boilers of the electric company without any handling whatever.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Life Too Short.
According to scientists, this earth will only exist a million years longer and then go to naught. This is pretty tough on the man who is in debt for a few thousands and only gets twelve dollars a week, with a big family on his hands at that. He'll hardly have time to pull out.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

AT FIRST.
If I should fall asleep one day,
All overworld,
And should my spirit, from the clay,
Go dreaming out the heavenward way,
Or thence be softly borne,
I pray you, angels, do not first
Assail mine ear
With that blest anthem, oft rehearsed,
"Behold the bonds of Death are burst!"
Lest I should faint with fear.
But let some happy bird, at hand,
The silence break:
So shall I dimly understand,
That dawn has touched a blossoming land,
And sigh myself awake.
From that deep rest emerging so,
To lift the head
And see the bath flower's bell of snow,
The pink arbutus, and the low
Spring beauty streaked with red,
Will all suffice. No other where
Impelled to rosin,
Till some hithe wanderer, passing fair,
Will, smiling, pause—of me aware—
And murmur, "Welcome home!"
So sweetly greeted I shall rise
To kiss her cheek;
Then lightly soar in lovely guise,
As one familiar with the skies,
Who finds and need not seek.
—Amanda T. Jones in Century.

In Samoa the king's adviser lives in a handsome house and the king in a shed alongside. The adviser receives a salary of \$5,000 a year and the king \$340. The chief of police even gets \$1,800 a year.


The largest animal known to exist in the world at the present time is the orqugal, which averages 100 feet in length; the smallest is the monad, which is only 1-12,000 of an inch in length.

The late Archbishop Magee used to divide speakers into three classes: The speaker you cannot listen to, the speaker you can listen to and the speaker you cannot help listening to.

Bad Blood.

Impure or vitiated blood is nine times out of ten caused by some form of constipation or indigestion that clogs up the system, when the blood naturally becomes impregnated with the effete matter. The old Sarsaparilla attempts to reach this condition by attacking the blood with the drastic mineral "potash." The potash theory is old and obsolete. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is modern. It goes to the seat of the trouble. It arouses the liver, kidneys and bowels to healthful action, and invigorates the circulation, and the impurities are quickly carried off through the natural channels.

Try it and note its delightful action. Chas. Lee, at Bealish's Third and Market Streets, S. F., writes: "I took it for vitiated blood" and while on the first bottle became convinced of its merits, for I could feel it was working a change. It cleansed, purified and freed me up generally, and everything is now working full and regular."



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A Severe Law.

The English people lock more closely to the genuineness of these staples than we do. In fact, they have a law under which they make seizures and destroy adulterated products that are not what they are represented to be. Under this statute thousands of pounds of tea have been burned because of their wholesale adulteration.

Tea, by the way, is one of the most notoriously adulterated articles of commerce. Not alone are the bright, shiny green teas artificially colored, but thousands of pounds of substitutes for tea leaves are used to swell the bulk of cheap teas; ash, sloe, and willow leaves being those most commonly used. Again, sweepings from tea warehouses are colored and sold as tea. Even exhausted tea leaves gathered from the tea-houses are kept, dried, and made over and find their way into the cheap teas.

The English government attempts to stamp this out by confiscation; but no tea is too poor for us, and the result is, that probably the poorest teas used by any nation are those consumed in America.

Beech's Tea is presented with the guaranty that it is uncolored and unadulterated; in fact, the sun-dried tea leaf pure and simple. Its purity insures superior strength, about one third less of it being required for an infusion than of the artificial teas, and its fragrance and exquisite flavor is at once apparent. It will be a revelation to you. In order that its purity and quality may be guaranteed, it is sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:



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