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Mining and Corporation business a spe-Office in Union, Oregon.

The Celebrated "Black Cat" Club of Paris-Visiting a Parisian Garden Where Acquaintance Ripens Into Matrimony.

JENNIE JUNE IN EUROPE.

M. Damala, Sarah Bernhardt's Costly Luxury"-Fontainebleau, Where Napoleon was Diverced from Josephine, Signed Bis Abdication and Parted With the "Old Guard."

Special Correspondence. Special Correspondence.

Rue pe Clichy, Pauls, September 12.—Our home during our stay in Paris this time has not been at a hotel, but a very homelike and deligniful pension in the Rue de Clichy, quite near the home of Victor Hugo in his earlier years and also the one to which he returned later in life. Do not suppose that I am endeavoing to "ring in" the puff oblique or the puff direct for the Rue de Clichy pension, for this is not at all necessary. We pay our bills at the usual rates and consider it a favor when an American friend wrote us of the agreeable quirters he had found, for a homelike rension, an American friend wrote us of the agreeatile quarters he had found, for a homelike pension, according to American ideas, is a rare thing in Paris, and this embodies the best features of French and American life from a modest ten

French and American life from a modest ten tranes per day point of view.

Have you been to the "Chat Noir" (Black Cat) is a question often asked in the Rue de Clichy, some of the inhabitants of which belong to the fourth estate and know all that is "going on." What is the "Black Cat!" is a question that was asked rather doubifully—fou never know what you are going to pull up registed in Paris. But we were assured that gainst in Paris. But we were assured that the "Black Cat" was all right, and the gentle-man aforesaid, who has been long a resident of Paris and is married to a French lady, relunteered with his wife to act as escort to this curious resort, the name of which reminds one always of Barnum's "cherry-colored" cat black cherries, as he explained to his audience when the black cat was let out of the base upon the stage.

black cherries, as be explained to his andience when the black cat was let out of the bag upon the stage.

The Black Cat in Paris is quite different from Baroum's. It is a club bouse in the Rue Laval frequented by journalists and artists—framatic and other—specially the younger nembers of these liberal professions. It is an ordinary house, with an extraordinary window and a swing lamp in front of the door. Instead of the high narrow windows usual in French houses this has one high wide window filled in with stained glass in lurid colors, and the lamp has also a red, revolutionary espect, fulled by a somewhat sickly display of gas. The steps to the doorway and the doorway tself are narrow, but they are guarded by a remendous individual—a giant warder in conteenth century costume, with helmet and falberd. He is not half so formidable as he ooks, in fact he is good-natured, and admitted us most politely. The ground floor is occupied as a sort of restaurant, at the tables of which both men and women were scated; some rery nice, lady-like looking women too. The wegular "meeting" room, realing room, &c., of the club are up stairs, and we were invited to go up and make our selves at home. The dairs were narrow, but the welcome was wide, and we made our way to the second floor, the President, who is also the proprietor of the cuilding and the founder all sorts of aspects, as contributed by members, to the decoration ting the Chat Noir under all sorts of aspects, as contributed by members, to the decoration of the walls. The reading room has a copy of Holbein's Madonna, and the meeting room is idensed with portraits of the founder and his wife, the lady in full length and in a striking alstore costume. The club issues a paper which is called Chat Noir, and which has for a figurehead a black cat, with its back de-



THE BLACK CAT CLUBS EMBLEM

There were small tables in the meeting room. evidently used for purposes of refreshments if speakers or proceedings grow prosy. We utilized one of these for the Black Cat's beneti, and listened to the excited talk or rather cooked at the active gesticulations of a group near us, one of which was said to be a wellanown writer for Figaro. We left before the meeting or any considerable number of the habitues had assembled, for our friends wished us to see the Parisian Black Cat under auther form, and knew that the only way was other form, and knew that the only way was to see it early.

io see it early.

"I shall not tell you where I am going to take you," said our friend, "but you will not be alraid to go where I am willing to take my wife," and the lady seconded her husband's notion, and said there would be nothing where we were going alarming or disagreeable. We walked quite a distance through the busy, brilliantly lighted streets and stopped before the broad steps of a public garden on busy, brilliantly lighted streets and stopped before the broad steps of a public garden on the Boulevard Montmartre. "This is not a sotorious place, like the Jardin Mabille," said our friend, that has no longer an existence, but it is one of the public resorts of Paris, where young men and women meet, where relations are formed, temporary or otherwise, but which are really frequented by a very respectable class of young married working people as well, and in many ways is a curious institution, not half as black as it is painted. Gendarmes stood at each stage of the entrance and guarded the doors, and every a currous institution, not half as black as it is painted. Gendarmes stood at each stage of the entrance and guarded the doors, and very walk and avenue is under police surveillance. Young women come there alone, and though this renders them liable to attention the reverse of respectful, yet everyone has a right to elaim and can secure protection, and be cuarded to her home, f she wishes. At the hour of the evening at which we entered inine o'clock) the garden presented a very stiractive appearance, and a very orderly one as well; the broad walks and avenues are outlined and traversed by rows of electric lights, and the flowers and shrubbery were fresh and bright as in a real garden. It was well filled by people of apparently the working class, but not differ us from the aritism or small trading class anywhere, and there was a sprinking of some who were better dressed and be onted in an undoubtedly different circle. There was an entire absence at that hour of the rowdy element, which is so conspicuous with us; and indeed it would have little chance to express I all under the rigid police autyelliance which complete was a surple content of the rowdy element, which is so conspicuous with us; and indeed it would have

not look bad or deprayed. "They ere not," said me friend. "Statistics show that a majority of them marry the men with whom they form relations, and the reason why they can do so is that their a ciety does not look down upon them: I ey do not lose their self respect. B sides, it is not in order to be maintained; it is for society and companionsh p that they form their associations; they still that they form their associations; they still preserve their independence; they support themselves; and withen who are self-sup-porting do not feel degrated and will stand no abuse. This permary independence ren-ders the position of French women better in some respects than that of the women of any other country. It is the only nation in the world where the men are chambermaids and the women cashiers, and where the women

the women cashiers, and where the women practically control the retail business." We left before ten o'clock, not wishing to outstay the "orderly" element. From the Boulevard Montmarire we took our way past the Madeleine—a handsome church in the style of the Parthenon, where many weddings and confirmations take place—to the Place de



Popera. It was a Wagner night, and the grand entrance, the finest probably in the world pres nied a brilliant appearance. We stopped at one of the cafes for an ice and then proceeded to the Champs Elysees, which at that hour and en Sturday evening present a scene of eschartment. The wide, beautiful grounds and promenades leading towards the Arc de Triomphe, are encircled with open-air concert halls, each of which is fitted up as a drawing room and made radiant with electric lights clustered, grouped and ranged in fantastic and ingenious forms. The music can be enjoyed outside of the halls for two sons, and the additional advantage obtained of going the additional advantage obtained of going from one part of the grounds to another, a privilege of which thousands avail themselves.

It was in this way we finished our "Black Cat" evenlog in Paris Peyond the Opera House and the Theatre Francaise, which all Americans feel bound to see, we have had little time to attend Parisian theatres. Judic was not playing; she was off to America with a Worth wardrobe which has to America with a Worth wardrobe which has doubtless been describe I long before this time. The Cyera House presented a magnificent spectacle, for it was a Wagner night, "Sigard," the opera, and Mme. Caron, Brunchild. The singing could easily be beaten, but the costuming, the reen'c, orchestral and spectacular effects are unapproachable. At the Theatre Francaise, on the contrary, there is no scenery at all, at least nothing that would be called seenery nowadays, but the acting is exactly what it should be. It is perfect, and the members of the company take any part that best bers of the company take any part that best suit themselves and the play, great or small. There is one there, however, that i greatly desired to attend in order to see its principal actress, Mme. Jane Hading. It is only a



MAD. HARDING, IN LADY CLAIRE.

short time since Jane Had vg-ber true name. short time since Jane Had vg—her true name, and a singular one for a girl born and bred, as far as I can learn, in Paris—was undistinguished from the other young women in the theatre who had to perform utility business and were her associates and comperes. But by some accident she was called upon to play Chaire in "Le Maitre des Forges," and she made the same sort of instant success in the part that Clara Morris achieved years ago in Alive. She took the town by surprise. Miss Alixe. She took the town by surprise. Miss Hading also so impressed her manager that he proposed and they were married, and that is why she is now Mme. "Jane Hading." Mme. Hading is a young, delicate, spirituelle looking woman, with a curious suggestion of Clara Morris in some of her looks and ways, though younger and very different in her per-sonal appearance, and taken altog ther she shows great refinement in herdress, and in the five different costumes worn in "Le Maitre des Forges" displaced no lewelry—not so much as a pin at the throat—the lace at which was fastened with a knot of narrow ribbon, even that of the bridat dress. The revival of this play and her appearance in her original part was an attraction not to be resisted, espe-



M. DAMALA.

spicuous with us; and indeed it would have little chance to express I sif under the rigid police surveillance which compels every man who spices our which compels every man who spices to undergo scruttery which he gives at the women surprised on; it was uniformly dark and modes, even those who came alone or unatended. There was nothing to affract allection, and indeed mans of those pre-cat were undoubledly young married scopes sho game to meet friends and institutional in the rigid was the first and in the rigid and institutional and institutional in the rigid with a set the first hands me that any be the meet of the dance after the was a work which so far as the bread aluming is content and in set in the rigid to causalt shared by the wife. "What be passed of these girls?" I stand. There does not set the sometime husband of sarah Bernhardt had been specially engaged by any be pay the master. In bor atolic results that he was charming a real fuxury in fact, but a cally now those wines the surface was charmed and any the fact in the same that the set of the countries as he grows other, but now a the future of stand in a usual the assemble of all and the second of going to the second of going to the second of going to the second of the second of going to the second of the second of going to the second of the second of the second of going to the second of the second of

American women-they can wear their bon nets. The dress is exactly the same as with ais, it is that of the street rather than that of the drawing room, and therefore no special preparation need be made—a great saving of trouble and weariness to the tourist.

There were a thousand things in Per's that we wished to do that we had to resign, but we were determined to secure a trip to Fontaine-blean, and so a "house party" was organized and "our lady" volum eering to pack a ham per, and knowing how to do it as well as it she had been on American "excursions" al her life, we made a plenic of it, and enjoyed all amazing y. Fontainebleau and its fores her life, we made a picule of it, and enjoyed it all amazing v. Fontainebleau and its forest is, to my mind, better worth seeing than Versailles and Trianon, and if I had to sacrifier one to the other it would be Versailles that would have to go, but this is after seeing both As it was we did not have to decide between them, as all the party had seen Versailles or previous visits to Paris, and some of its members Fontainebleau also several times. Fon tainebleau has this in common with Versailles, that both derive their principal interest from the possession of a palace of historic importance, but the interest attached to the former is more varied and its fine forest is always. is more varied and its five forest is always there, while the avificial water-works of Versalles only play on Sundays. But Fontaine bleau is not visited by such crowds or so frequently by short-tr p tourists, because it is s longer distance and a more expensive journey—the exercision takes a whole day and should either by made with a guide or a party in order to get satisfaction out of it. The village of Foncain-bleau is about forty miles from Paris and takes nearly two hours by train to reach. The raliway station, also (Ga re de Lyon) or the Bonlevard Diderof, and past the Place de la Bastule, is decidedly "out of the way." set that the trip is not "easy." But it pays wel for time and trouble. The palace was originally a fortress, built in the twelfth century but the building as it stands was the work of Franc's L. to whom Paris owes more than to any other monarch for that which has con tributed to its greatness.



THE PALACE+ COURT TOUNTAINBLEAU .

The structure, though enlarged by Henry IV. and "restored by the Emperor Napoleon and Louis Philippe, has never been materially changed, but preserves very much the same aspect which it preserves very much the same aspect which it presented to the great art and luxury loving king, when visited by the great master of Itahan art and architecture, to whom he was toe most liberal and magnificent opatrons. There are many interesting fuel denis connected with Fontainebleau. Nation leon spined his abdication here, and in the court of the palace took leave of his Old Guard Here also the divorce was signed by Napoleon which separated him from Joseph ne. Pore Pius VII. having been held a prisoner by the same tyraunic will till be consented to the act and the second marriage of the ambitious Emperor. Footainebleau was a favorite residence of Napoleon's, it grandeur accorded with his ideas of the state due to the king, aithough he cared I the for it as a man. It was in the same court, the principal one of the five which the stately pile of buildings contain, that Napoleon reviewed his soldiers on his return from Elba, before leadings them on to Paus. It poleon reviewed his soldiers on his return from Elba, before leading them on to Paris. It was the witness of his trumph and his dis-

The most interesting of the apariments are those of Anne of Austria, which were once occupied by Catherine de Medici and afterwards by Pope Pius VII, during his imprisonment. But the honors are at least shared by the suite of rooms occupied by Napoleon L-



BEDROOM OF NAPOLEON !

his bed chamber, the little room beyond with the small round table upon which he signed his abdication, and the Throne Room, far for its ceiting and a beautiful rock crystal chandeller. The bedro m is richly decorated; but the most remarkable object it contains is a "cameo" clock, said to have been presented to Napoleon by Pius VII. The galleries of Fran-cls I., Henry II. and Dana of Politics show magnificent frescoes, and there are of course quantities of spiendid Gobelins tapesty, which is now of priceless value, but time would fail and space also in any endeavor to enumerate the various objects. We did not try to see the room under the gallery of Diana, where Queen Christina of Sweep purplered or caused to be Christins of Sweden murdered or caused to be Coristina of Sweeen murdered or caused to be murdered her former favorite. Count Mon-aldeschi, but we saw the poor fellow's coat of mail and then betook ourselves to the forest, where near the Fort of the Emperor we took our lunch, and where from the summit of the miniature for ress, we obtained the finest view of the forest and its wonderfully picturesque features, of which it is impossible to give an idea in an outline sketch. idea in an outline sketch.

The forest of Fontainebleau is a great rendezvous for artists, and it is near here I berendezvous for artists, and it is near here I believe that Mess Elizabeth Strong has established herself as an animal painter. This girl, the most courageous of young American artists, is a native of Connecticut, but came here from California. Twice she carned the money to take herself to Europe—the first time absorbed by her only near relative, the second time she managed to put it to its use—and started, with only a shawl in her trunk for warmth and protection. A lady, however, who admired her courage and believed in her genius, subsequently added some necessary articles to the stock. She is now a painter of sels nowledged merit, has been admitted to the Balou, and has more orders than she can execute. Paris has been a good mother to many poor and struggling American artists. Young cute. Paris has been a good mother to many poor and struggling American artists. Young men or women who are in earnest are welcomed, no matter where they come from, and by paying a small pro rata sum for the rent of such studies as Julien, sthey have the benefit of such masters as Boughereou, Bounat and others of equal aminonce, who give their invaluable time without charge, and all the benefit of their suggestion, solvice, criterian and direction. But I must show it is a hard to tell where to leave off as where to begin in this Paris, which is whose purpose is good and such that whose purpose is good and such that whose purpose is good and whose purpose is the half of facility of these whose purpose in the half of facility of these whose purposes in the half of facility of the successful work is the latter than and no friends, is proof of this. SHEME SHEET

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JUMBO'S SUCCESSORS.

Are Elephants Dying out of the World?-Big, Bad and Dead Elephants-the Discipline Administered to Several Refracto-

Only a few years have elapsed since the London Spectator declared it quite likely that if Jumbo attained the natural limit of his life, 150 years, he might be the last of his race on the globe. The production of the 1.200,-000 pounds of ivory used in England alone every year necessitates the death of 30,000 elephants, and from various causes the annual death rate of this most interesting of quadrupeds is estimated at not less than 100,000. Breeding in captivity must, then, be depended on eventually to propogate the species, an how far successful this has been may be inferred from the general rejoicing among show people when at rare intervals a baby elephant is born.

In death Jumbo, by his tusks alone, proves his immense value. Ivory at Liverpool has brought as high as £1,-200 a ton. In 1879 it went down to f600 a ton, but has since advanced nearly a hundred per cent. The dead mammoth's tusks entitle him to the rank accorded him of preeminence in size over any elephent ever brought to America. There is a great beast which has for nine years never left his prison pen at Moscow which is twelve inches higher than Jumbo was. There are "timber toters" among the draught elephants on the banks of the Ganges thirteen feet high, and from whose number a greater Jumbo might readily be procured. But there will never be a more docile, and consequently, aside from his size, less interesting elephant on exhibition.

Bad elephants, elephants on their travels, and dead elephants are the most interesting, by all odds, except, of course, the intelligent beasts which are paraded in Sunday school books and first readers for the delectation of

conceded to be the worst ever known, half tons. Empress, who died for years he had been in the stud of the bigget and the Zoo in 1877, was then he became possessed of a demon, and States. Forepaugh's Romeo, the uglicould never be anticipated, the mad

elephant set hundreds of hunters at defiance, and, creeping on unprotected villages, smashed the huts and trampled the women and children. He had destroyed thirty-1. e lives when killed. When Jumbo first came over here the London Times commiserated his unhappy lot, but said it was better

after all than the treatment the tribute elephants sent from Burmah to Pekin get when they misbehave. They are blinded and tumbled into a great pit to starve.

When the Emperor of Brazil came to Philadelphia in 1876 a newly arrived elephant at the Zoo was named Dom, after him. When Dom became insubordinate hundreds of people went out to see first one foot chained and then another, until each of the lour was fast to a cable running over a pully wheel, when with a single pull Dom's legs were stretched out, and he was reduced gradually to subjection. Dom had to be punished this way when he was ten years old! Barnum's big Pilot had to be severe-

ly disciplined once for engaging in a regular prize fight with a fellow mammal. Pilot's morning cocktail of twenty-seven gallons of water didn't cool his coppers on one occasion, so ne deliberately kicked out and blacked a companion's eye. The roughand-tumble fight which ensued was exciting. But no elephant is ever so wicked as when he is traveling. In 1880 John Robinson's Chief, with the cirous at Charlotte, N. C., instantly killed his keeper, John King, while the latter, in the presence of a large crowd, was endeavoring to show how the beast climed into his special railway ar. The comedy became a tragedy when Chief seized King by the waist and dashed him to instant death against the side of the car. The crowd of North Carolinians become so enraged that, until the absurdity of the thing dawned upon them, there was actually serious talk of trying to lynch

The first modern instance of deviltry on an elephant's travels was the murder by the Duke of Edinburg's Tom of his keeper en route from Plymouth to London. Tom had been brought from India in 1870 in H. R. H.'s yacht Galatea, and trumpeted rantic protests when put on the cars. A few minutes afterward he reared and crushed William Paton, his keeper, against the partition.

But the most ferocious elephant spree on record is that of Barnum's Emperor in Troy, N. Y., when in company with Juniho, the attempt was made to drive him through the streets to the train for Gloversville. Emperor the train for Gloversville. Emperor the train for Gloversville. He first ran For nearly two days I had nothing to through the street to Erastus Corne ing s non houndry, and, rushing in corned his feet built on the red-hot blooms. Filling as air with shricks, he ran into a crowded street trampled blichasi Casey, three Maher down as an antended street.

Edward Burke's legs, threw Paddy Burrows twenty feet, broke three of Michael Minahan's ribs, pulled Mrs. Moulton off the stoop where she sat with her husband, and proceeded to run amuck until he had done \$4,000 worth of damage, at a low valuation. Mr. Hutchinson gladly paid this sum in satisfaction, and fortunately no oss of life resulted. Emperor being finally rolled into the car.

Bolivar, until Jumbo the biggest ele chant in America, was brought by Mr. Forepaugh from the East Indias and via New York to Philadelphia. No sooner had Bolivar's special car been closed on him in Jersey City than he began to rage. He drove A. J. Forepaugh out of the car at the tusks point.

Great improvements have been made in special cars tor elephants. In 1879 the English experimented on the transportation of these beasts for use in the Afghan war, and found that the cattle cars used on Indian railways

made excellent elephant cars when the freight was placed in the center, fenced in with six stout shafts and held down by four anklets to the floor. If Jumbo had been any taller it is doubtful if his car could have been hauled through many railway tunnels. When "His Sublime Grandeur, the Court and Body Elephant of the King," dies in Siam, the rest of the court have a very unpleasant time for

thirty days. The last body elephant went mad one night and trampled five attendants to death. On the next morning an effort was made to corral his sacred body in a ring of "holy bamboo." He broke loose again, and in a trenzy fell over and died. All the court were punished severely. A distressing death was that of the

elephant Romeo, at Booneville, Mo., in Barnum, Baily & Hutchinson's circus. Romeo was very large, and was valued at \$35,000. The machinery for lighting the tents by electricity had just been set going. Romeo came by and touched the armature with his trunk, in an instant it was carried away, torn off at the roots, and he died in a few minutes, suffering terri-

Old Bolivar, brought to Philadelphia in 1839, thirty-six inches lower, by the way than Forepaugh's Bolivar, was drowned while trying to swim the Delaware in 1846.

Tippoo Saib, who died at Connersvills, Ind., in 1871, was fifty years old, and weighed four and one the biggest elephant it the United est brute ever brought to the States. died in Chicago in 1872, after having killed three men and destroyed \$50, 000 worth of property.

The most dramatic elephant execution of recent date was that of Barnum's Albert at Keene, N. H., on the 20th of last July for the killing of his keeper, James Sweeny, or James Mc-Cormick. Loaded with chains, the huge beast was marched to the woods, followed by a big crowd and thirtythree Keene riflemen, who, after Trainer Arstingstall drew a chalk about his heart, shot him dead.

She Found Pietro.

A few days ago there arrived Miss Holga Gerberora from Sabine, a small village in Austria. She carried a small bundle of clothing, and could not speak English. Her face was wan and pale but she was very pretty. She was a finely formed, stalwart young woman, and attracted considerable attention at the depot. When spoken to she produced a card bearing the inscrip-

"J. H. Leamer, book-keeper, First National Bank, Columbia, Pa., U. S.

She was at once taken in charge by a railroad official and conducted to the bank clerk, who explained that as an agent he received a cash deposit from a stalwart young Hungarian six weeks ago, in payment for a ticket for one passenger from Austria across the Atlantic to this town, and he had enclosed it as per directions, sent it by mail to Miss Holga in Austria, and had given her directions how to come written on the bank's note paper. The next step was to find the young lover who had sent so far for his bride. A messenger was sent to Chestnut Level, where he was employed in the ore mines. After considerable search among the foreign squatters scattered over a wide territory, Pietro Pollaca was found. He was brought to Columbia, where his bride was awaiting him at the residence of Mr. Detwiler. When the two lovers first met a touching scene followed as they clasped each other heartily in a warm embrace. A priest was sent for and the two were married at one. An interpreter was also present and learned the girl's story as she simply told it:

"I got the letter with the money and ticket from Pietro. My parents did not want me to comeaway so far from home alone. I believed my lover to be true, and knew he would be waiting for me. I gathered what little clothing I could, and left home to face the world. At Bremen I was put on a steamer. I did not know any one. When I got to New York my money was all gone. They put meon a train