[Translated .- Cincinnati Enquirer.]

CHAPTER IL. At the doctor's summons the concierge ran into the street bewildered shivering, and buttoning his waistcoat

as he ran. "Pierre," cried the doctor, "madame has been taken ill in the carriage; qu'ek, help me to remove her."

Mon Dien! Monsieur le doctor, is it serious p'

"I can not tell. I hope not; but enter the door on the other side, raise her in your arms-there-that is right; now advance-take care-softly-let me help you," and Pascal, lifting the supple and at II warm body of his wife in his arms staggered to the steps. He walked like a man in a dream, not yet realizing what had happened. The blow had been so unexpected his heart felt as if squeezed in a v.sc. Nevertheless, he would snatch Christine from deaththere was yet time-and the hope of resuscitating her-the hope of the physician-overpowered the agony of the husband.

"Shall I wait, monsieur le doctor?" cried the driver of the finere

"Yes," answered Pascal; "wait; I shall have need of you.'

The concierge having already rung the bell, the chambermaid was waiting at the door to receive them. She uttered a cry of terror as she saw the strange procession, but her master hushed her sternly.
"No noise." said he, "if you please, but light me to your mistress' chamber,

open the door, and help me to undress

PLACING HIS BURDEN UPON THE BED, Pascal, still like a man in a dream. looked about the apartment. The fire smoldered in the grate, and a gentle warmth filled the room. A reading lamp, covered with a rose-colored shade, stood beside the bed. Familiar perfumes were in the air. Upon the coverlet of the lounge lay the nightdress, an airy fabric of lace and muslin, waiting for the body of its mistress, and

"My God! My God! What does it mean " grouned Pascal, hoursely, and | tore his heart anew. with a jesture of despair he turned to

the task before him.
"Waken Justin," he said to the conciege standing directly upon the threshold; 'tell him to start the kitchen fire and to heat water and irons; and you, Pierre, take the carriage which waits below and drive as fast as possible to the house of Dr. Audrit, 27 Rue d'Astorg. Tell him to come to me at once-without delay-do you under-

"Yes, monsieur le doctor, perfectly, and I go immediately."

A few minutes later the fur ous rolling of the flacre was heard in the street, its wheels fairly bounding over the trozen and irregular pavement. The time to act had came. Pascal

approached the bed and stooped above his wife, whom as yet he had scarcely looked upon. He was terrified at the sight. The face was the color of wax, the nostrils pinched, the lips d scolored and drawn, the eyes with dark circles beneath them and wide open in a glassy | to expect.

"The appearance of Madam frightens me," murmured the chambermaid tearfully. Pascal motioned her to be silent. Placing his hand upon the breast he found that the heart had seased to beat. "Quick," he cried, "make haste and undress her;" and leaving the maid to divest her of her clothing, he ran to has cabinet to prepare what was necessary. Then began AN ARDENT AND DESPERATE STRUGGLE, Pursued with an energy almost savage. Inhalations of ammonia, tinctures and acids upon the temples and hands. violent revulsives upon the heart, hot irons to the feet and pit of the stomach; in short, all that science could do in a similar case he did, trying them again and again, determined, persist-

ent, undiscouraged.

Opening he clenched teeth by the aid of a dilater he poured into the mouth drop by drop a glassful of the strongest brandy. All his efforts were in vain. Not the slightest symptom of life could be produce. Gluing his lips to that silent month, the ley coldness of which froze him to the bone, as if he would send his own soul into the hapless body, he breathed long draughts of air into the exhausted lungs, at the same time alternately pressing and releasing the chest in an effort to re-es-tablish respiration. To find out the result of this last effort he held a mirror to Christine's lips. The glass remained as clear as crystal. She was deadreally dead-and at last he began to

believe it. His strength gone and drenched with perspiration from the fury with which he had pursued his work he fell into a shair by the side of the bed, a prey to the bitterest grief.

At this moment the rolling of the fiacre was heard again; it sto; ped before the door and Dr. Audrit entered the room. One of the oldest members of the Par sian faculty and a practitioner of consumate skill, and had counseled and directed Pascal at the outset of his pareer, and still assisted him whenever necessary. Dr. Borsier had for him a profound and respectful affection. Advised of the situation by the concierge as they came along. Dr. Audrit silently pressed Pascal's hand and then approached the bed; but after a br ef exmination gave a discouraging gesture. Not satisfied with this, however, he took the I ght and passed it repeatedly, closer and closer, before the edes of the young woman; the pupils did not con-

tract in the least. In the mean time Pascal had been telling him what he had done, and the

failure of every effort.

"I know, I know," responded Dr. Audrit; "but sometimes these lethargies present, even in the most surprising way, all the characteristics of death, Nothing must be neglected; have you tried incisions in the bottom of the

"No." said Piscal in a choaked voice, "not that-" and turning back the cov- with his evening's work. er from the bed he disclosed the two little feet, white and perfect, and cold as chiseled murble. Drawing his instroment case from his pocket he took out a lance and opened it-but his heart | calm, distorted with the doubts that a big haul - cincinnati Enquirer.

failed him-the instrument fell from his fingers and he began to sob like s

"Ah, well," said Dr. Audrit sadly, raising one of the arms of the body and letting it fall again; "it would be use-less any way; see—" and he pointed to the face, "the discoloration of the flesh, the surest indication that death has taken place, has already commenced. In the presence of these symptoms and after all you have done, I fear that we must abandon hope. But Pascal, my dear boy, to what do you attribute the suddenness of her death? There must have been something to indicate its approach.

"Madame Borsier had a slight tendency to anæmia," Pascal replied; "and to that I aser bed certain irregularities in the action of the heart. I have known it from the time of our marriage, and hoped that I had arrested the trouble by appropriate treatment. I was deceived, of course, but the cause of this catastrophe I can not even conjecture.

"Passing suddenly from a heated room to the cold of the outer air, and it is unusually cold this evening, probably caused a stoppage in the circulation and a feeling of suffocation, which, for want of proper attention, ended in death. I am more inclined to think, however," continued Audrit, "that Madame Borsier succumbed to one of those mysterious seizures which science can neither name, prevent nor cure. I feel for you, my son, from the bottom of my heart. To-morrow I will return and relieve you of all the duties, which, sad as they are, it is impossible to avoid.

Holding his pupil's hands for a moment in his own, and with eves full of tears, the kindhearted old doctor passed from the room.

Pascal was alone - alone with his

She was lost to him forever, and it was this frightful reality which he had now to face. If he had only been near her when the circulation of the blood stopped he might have relieved her; but where was she when the trouble began? In the carriage, doubtless; but, then, what was she do ng there? Where had she been? What had she been And the suspicion that had assailed him when he recognized his wife in the lifeless traveler of the fiacre

She had told him she would "wait for him reading by the fire," and instead she had gone out and returned but a little before the hour when she expected him to arrive. What mystery was concealed under all this? What od ous and horrible treachery? A bitter, brutal jealousy began to rend him with its claws, and he asked his troubled heart if the death itself of the beloved one was not a grief less cruel than the circumstances under which that death had occurred. Already it had begun to seem to him that this terrible end was a punishment; a punishment, yes-but a punishment for what?

Ashamed of the readiness with which his jealous fury fastened upon these wicked suppositions, Pascal tried to reason with himself. Her going out in this way was, perhaps, not only inno-cent, but accidential, and could be easily and naturally explained. At any rate he would investigate, inquire, ask everyhody-he must know what he had

on the door, and Justin, the valet, en-

tered the room. "Monsieur le doctor," said he, "I am very sorry, but the coachman of the fiacre says that he can remain no longer unless you have need of him. Shall he

go?" "No," replied the doctor, "send him to me; show him to the salon, and then descend and take care of the horse un-

til he returns. A moment later the coachman appeared, awkward and embarrassed. The salon where the doctor awaited him, a huge room, now but dimly lighted by a single flaring candle, seemed terr bly sad and lugubrious.

"Reply frankly to the questions which I wish to ask you," began Pascal, curtly; "it will be worth your while. In the first place

WHERE DID YOU TAKE UP THE LADY Whom you brought to this house to Upon the Boulevard Haussmann,

near the Pr ntemps.' "At what hour?"

"It must have been eleven o'clock"

"Was she alone, or accompanied by some one po "A gentleman was with her, sir; it was he who signaled me to stop. At these words a frightful spasm con-

tracted Pascal's heart; his mouth be-came parched and dry. He forced himself to go on with difficulty. "Did you see his features? Would

you know him again?" "I cannot tell, but I think not, monsieur. He had the collar of his coat turned up, and the shadow of his hat concealed his eyes. Besides, I never thought of wishing to recognize him aga n. All I now relate to you seemed of no consequence then. "But certainly you saw how they par-

"Oh, yes; monsieur, I saw that, She just threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, well, perhaps a dozen times. I said to myself—"
"Enough!" cried Pascal. "Enough!"

TO KEEP FROM CRYING ALOUD

In his agony he buried his nails deep into the palms of his hands. "Here," said he at last, in stifled tones; "here," are three louis for your trouble; but remember, if you are asked questions, that madame and I

were togother in the carriage." "Precisely," cried the driver; "I remember it-you were together in the

"But your number coachman. Perhaps I may need you. What is it?"

. 6. 222. "And your name?" ', Antoine de l'Urbaine, Rue Levallois-

Perret. Pascal made a note of the name and street, and signed for him to go. The man departed, awkwardly bowing himself from the room, yet well content

CHAPTER III. "And now for the waiting maid." said Pascal, rising and ringing the bell, his features, in spite of his efforts to be the short haul as they do about making

racked his heart. "What can she have to tell me? What have I yet to hear?"

"Do you know, Julie," he began, as the woman, in obedience to his summons, came into the room, "why madame changed her mind after annonneing her intention not to go out this evening?"

"No, mousieur; that is, I only know this, that you had scarcely gone when a courier brought madame a letter. After reading it she called for her cloak and hat, and sent Justin for a carriage."

'Did she say where she was going?' "Oh, yes, monsieur; to her mother's, Madame Dumarais."

"Is her mother worse? Did she send for her, do you think?"

"I do not know, monsieur, but should say not, for Madame Borsier seemed very happy after reading the

"WHAT BECAME OF THAT LETTER?" "Madame threw it in the fire." Turning his eves in that direction. ascal really perceved, lying with n the fender, a scorehed and blackened strip of paper, still crumpled into a ball as when tossed from Christine's fingers but a few hours ago. There it lay, that key to the agonizing mystery. What would be not have given to have

that charred and crumbling scrap! "Did you notice the handwriting?" asked Dr. Borsier, avoiding the eyes of

been able to decipher the characters on

the femme de chambre. "Oh no, monseur; I would not allow myself!" cr ed the girl indignantly. Besides, I never saw it. Madame re ceived the letter herself from the hands of the courier. But Justin heard madame order the coachman to drive to the Rue du Rocher."

After all, he thought to himself, she really began the evening by going to the house of her mother such ruses were familiar enough-and, an hour later, to her rendezvous. He saw it all; there was really no other explanation of her late return, almost midnight. Madame Dumarais, an invalid for years, was never known to remain out of bed later than nine o'clock; and then the carriage which was taken at eleven o'clock, at the entrance to the Rue Trouchet, a point, as every one knew, far enough away from the Rue du Rocher; and that man, the man in the overcoat whom she had embraced, shamelessly embraced in the open street-what more could be want? glared at the dead with menacing looks. 'If thou art innocent," he cried,

'speak and tell me so.' [TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### Order And Neatness.

Mothers, if you have any commiseration for the future mothers of your blessed grand-children, if you would an atmosphere of purity and domestic will become as second nature to them, as they do to your girls. In your laws of order, make no distinction on the score of sex.

Teach your boys to love neatness for neatness' sake; teach them that it is not beneath their manly dignity to know the place for each article, and put it there when done with it. Teach them that when making a change of toilet, they must not leave the wash basin in the middle of the room, the towel flung over a chair, combs, brushes, soap and blacking scattered indiscriminately, and each discarded article of apparel occupying as many different places. Teach them the use of the doom-mat; and, if they must indulge the manly vices of chewing and smoking, insist that they shall practice these vices with all the delicacy that the nature of the case will admit. Offensive habits become doubly disgusting when indulged in a coarse and offensive manner.

Teach your boys all this, and future daughters-in-law will rise up and call you blessed; for it is likely that what a man learns to be in his mother's house, he will continue to be in the house of his wife.

Of course some of the above applies to girls also, but girls with neat mothers are apt to grow up the same, through the mediums of example and imitation. - Mrs. H. A. Chute, in St. Louis Magazine.

# Fire-Proof Dresses.

This is how to make your dress fireproof. Chemicals galore have been used from time to time to render fabrics incombustible, but one of the most efficacious and least expensive is tungstate of soda, which may be most conveniently applied by mixing it with the starch for dressing: Add one part of the tungstate to three parts of good dry starch, and use the starch in the ordinary way. For fabrics which do not require starching dissolve one round of tungstate of soda in two gal ons of water, well saturate the fabriin the solution, and let it dry. It will not change the most delicate colors or affect the quality of the fabric in any way, and ironing will not in the least interfere with the efficacy of the process. Muslins or silks so treated may be held in the flame of a candle or gas without eatch ng fire, so that although the portion n contact with the flame by continuance may be charred or even destroyed, there is no danger of spreading the combustion.

# All Love is Madness.

There is, perhaps, too much said of Mr. Lincoln's madness in connection with his first love. It is held by many worthy persons that love is a disease of the mind; and if Mr. Lincoln had this disease in a form somewhat more virulent than that which ordinary men suffer, why, what of it?" Where is the lunatio more deaf to reason than the man in love? Indeed, matrimony only a sort of insane asylum, with the difference that the patient is not given his freedom as soon as he is cured .-Louisville Courier-Journal.

# The Long and Short of It ..

After all, the railroads do not care half so much about the long hall and

### GOLD AND SILVER.

Along her father's field they straved,

All flecked with cowslips yedow,
All flecked with cowslips yedow,
A little dainty gold-haired unid,
A sturdy 9-year fellow.
And there love's course they two began,
(Ab. thorny path for treading!)
And vowed when they were maid and man
The town should see a wedding.
Their golden curis were blown and blent,
Through weite of treasures treating. Through wafts of fragrance treading; And on!" they murmured, well content, "And on!" they murmured, "Twill be a golden wedding!"

"'Tis time," said he, "to claim her yow,"
And forth he went and found her; But she was grown a beauty now,
And haif the town was round her.
"I see," says he, "you don't want me?".
Though tears were ripe for shedding.

"I'm glad your e es are good," says she— Ah, where's that golden wedding! He flueg away, and left her there. Such feart-sore tear-drops shedding, And gossips cried, in blank despair, "He's spoiled the rarest wedding!"

He sailed the seas, he beat the French,

Two score good years he tarried.
And then he thought, "That little wenchI wonder if she's married!"
Next week a bluff old tar rolled past,
The gabled High street treading, An ancient gossips crowed, "At last We're like to have the wedding!"

She'd waited for him forty years The gray their locks were threading; And some with smiles, and some with tears, Beheld their silver wedding, -F. Langbridge, in Good Words.

# Among Grizzly Bears.

My comrade, Red Pratt, and I were nunting elk and deer along the base of he great white quartz cliffs of the Medicine Bow mountains. Pratt was red-headed, red-whiskered, red-eyed and red-shirted. He was a long, dangling mountaineer, trapper, prospector and hunter. Rough persons, who affected brevity and frankness of speech, said that he was the mightiest liar in the whole Rocky Mountain region, where liars abound and frauds and humbugs thrive. Other, and more polite, persons spoke of him as the mendacious one. But be this as it may, Pratt was a good comrade. He shirked no camp work. And though he was not a good hunter, he did not return from unsuccessful hunts and claim to have wounded numerous game animals, nor did he send me to nunt mythical bears, elk or deer which

he claimed to have seen. Around the camp-fire, after supper had been eaten, and we lay reclining against logs and smoking sweet pipes and lazily watching the play of the sparks. Pratt was a comrade beyond price. Then he would take the brake off his vivid imagination and riot in have those unborn darlings grow up in hunting tales, which almost invariably related to enormous bears, grizzly, siltranquility, take your boys in hand at ver-tipped and black. Once only was once and train them to such habits of he guilty of inventing an animal, the neatness and order, that those habits beezlegum, which he located in a mythical mountain chain in Arizona, but I strenuously objected to the introduction of this animal within the charmed circle of our camp-fire and resolutely ruled It out, and in the most friendly

manner advised Pratt to stick to bears. The evening on which I had kicked the beezlegum away from our camp fire, Pratt pretended to sulk for awhile, and then he looked reproachfully at me for a few minutes, and said: "The beezlegum story is a mighty interesting story, young fellow, but you will never hear it. No," he added, as he saw that I had no intention to listen to it, "no, not if you begged me on bended knees, I would not tell it. But I will tell you about a bear I once met." spoke as though he had once been in friendly and daly intercourse with the animal.

"One fall, some years ago," said

Pratt, "I was hunting elk for market on Long's Peak, in Colorado. My camp was near the edge of a high wall which overlooked a deep canon. This canon was about 150 yards across. On the opposite wall, which was almost bare of imber and not nearly so precipitous as the one I was above. there was a heavy game trail which led up to the main mounta n. Along this trail many game animals traveled. One frosty morning I got out of my blankets, lit my pipe, and walked to the edge of the canon wall to smoke before breakfast. While I was sitting on a rock I saw a large bear shambling down the trail on the opposite bluff. When he was almost directly opposite me he stopped and reared up against a tree, then standing upright he hung onto the tree with one fore paw and reached up and struck the bark with the claws of his free paw. I had while hunting seen several bears do this queer thing. And I had seen dozens of the marks they had made by | and said: scratching the trees. But I did not know why they did it. After striking the tree the bear dropped on all fours, looked up at his mark, smiled, with satisfaction, probably, and shambled along the trail and out of sight. Presently I saw another and larger bear walk slowly down the trail. When he came to the tree which the previous bear had scratched, he halted, looked quickly up at the scratch, then he stood upright on his hind legs, and with a free swinging blow he scratched the bark at least a foot higher than the mark made by the other bear. Then he dropped to his four feet, looked attentively at the marks for an instant, and confidently swaggered down the

trail. "I now understood what the bears were up to. They were scratching their size and presumably fighting weight on the trees, so that all other bears could read it. Presently a little one-eared black bear came into view. He, too, was bound down the trail. The little fellow was walking slowly. He frequently dropped his nose to the tracks made by the other bears to smell up and look around the country to see if the other bears were in sight. Evidently he was keeping his eyes open. No big bear was going to get a chance to grob and chew him if watchfulness he got to the pine tree and saw the marks that had been made by the large bears he started back as though he had

feroc ous appearance of the bears which | through which no man can force his had preceded him. He recovered his nerve in a minute, then stood up and looked around the country. Then he timidly approached the tree and stood up to his extreme height and modestly stretched up his paw, but he did not scratch the bark. He was discouraged. He sat on his haunches and looked at the marks, first hanging his head on one side and then on the other, so as to make sure they were really there, and not optical delusions. As he sat wag-ging his head to and fro, thinking deeply, I saw his tongue begin to loll a little. Then he smiled, showing his teeth plainly. He arose to h s feet and walked up the hill to where a pine pole was lying. He seized it with his teeth and dragged it down the trail to the tree. He sat up, and, holding the pole between his forepaws, he scratched the tree about two feet higher than the point scratched by the largest bear. Then he threw the pole into the canon, and sat down in the tral and rubbed his nose with his paw. That bear actually laughed. Finally he walked up the trail and disappeared.

"What the large bears did when they returned to the tree and saw the mark away above theirs I do not know, as I was not there, but I do know that I never saw them in that region again, and it is fair to assume that the little bear, which I frequently saw afterward, had frightened them out of the mountains by making them believe that the boss of all the grizzlies was lounging around that portion of the range.

Pratt ceased to talk, and looked inquiringly at me. I promptly expressed my astonishment at the sagacity displayed by the small, one-eared black bear. Pratt smoked stead ly and looked at me approvingly, as though to say: "Here is a hunting comrade for you. I have at last found a man who believes that true story."

So pleased was he that he refilled his pipe, lighted it with a coal, raised his eyebrows inquiringly and murmured,

Beezlegum? I shook my head negatively and said smilingly, "Bears." Pratt took his pipe from his mouth, laid it on his knees, and, bending forward a little, said carnestly: "I will tell you two true stories about grizzly bears. Now, understand, I mean the real Sierra Nevada grizzly, not this bastard Rocky mounta n bear, but bears that weigh 1,200 pounds, and that will fight as long as they can stand. In 1855 I was in California. The party I belonged to was washing golden gravel among the foot-hills around the head of Dead Man's Gulch. The water failed early in the fall, and my party decided to enjoy life hunting jack rabbits for a few days before we went on a prospecting trip into the highlands. We knew where the little animals were plentiful We loaded our pack animals with blankets and provisions and kegs-nice fivegallon kegs-and started on the frolic. "nat afternoon we passed a bit of ground where jack rabbit signs were plent ful. We camped about half a m le beyond, at the bank of a creek. I saw that my comrades were asleep. I detern ned to kill a mess of jack rabbits for breakfast. I slipped on my boots, grasped a shot gun and left When I arrived at the rabbit camp. ground I sat under a large smoothtrunked tree to wait for rabbits to come out to be shot. It was gray light, and I could not see plainly in the brush. which stood quite thick on the ground. Presently I saw what I thought was a rabbit sitting under some high bushes about forty yards from me. I blazed at it with both barrels, and was terrorstricken to see an enormous and exceedingly angry grizzly bear break out of the bushes. He sat up and snook his left paw as though it itched or smarted. When he broke cover I sprang behind the tree, threw my gun on the ground, and began to climb. Before the bear saw me I was out of his reach. He rushed to the tree, stood up, and tried to get hold of me. How loudly be grunted! I got on a limb and sat there quite comfortable and abused the bear. He was greatly excited. He broke my gun, he tore great pieces of bark from the tree, and loudly grunted his desire to kill me. Then he sat down to starve me out. Presently I hear voices singing a Spanish love song, and quick-moving and spurred heels beat out an accompannment to

saw three Mexicans r ding past. called to them to aid me. They yelled at the bear, and he walked off. Mexicans belped me out of the tree, and accompained me to camp. I told my story, and was laughed at. After breakfast my comrades and I went to the place where I met the bear, but he had gone away. One of my comrades, aptly named Thomas, looked attentively at the tree I had taken refuge in, " This is the tree you were in, is it?"

the song. Looking toward the trail I

"'Yes, I replied. "I don't believe that you were in that tree,' he said, 'and I will bet you a slug (50) that you cannot climb into "I took that bet and lost it. After

several attempts to climb it I took off my boots and coat and made one last and desperate effort. It was in vain. I might as well have tried to climb the smoke-stack of a steamboat. I lost my gun, lost my hunt, lost a slug, and came near to losing my reputation for truthfulness-would have lost it if the Mexicans had not asserted that they had found me in the tree. That ended my bear-hunt ng for years. "The next bear I saw," said Pratt af-

ter a minute's silence, "came very near killing me, and the narrow escape I made gave me a distaste for bear hunting for sport. One day in the fall of '60, my comrade and I thought we had earned a rest, and we dec ded to go bear hunting. We loaded a pack animal, took our rifles, and started for the hills. Neither of us had ever shot a grizzly bear. We knew that they were dangerof them. Then he would stop and sit ous animals to foo! with, but that was all we knew. The next afternoon we got into what we thought was a likely bear country, as there were plenty of bear signs. We made our camp, and the following moraing started on foot on his part would protect him. When into the hills. Presently we came to a point of chapparal, which stretched horizontally along a steep hilside. Below stood still as he conjured the size and steep, chapparal - covered thicket, Herald.

way. We decided to separate, one walking above the th cket, the other to walk along its lower edge. The hillside was rough, steep and boulder-strewn. After walking about a quarter of a mile I saw a well beaten bear trail, which led into the chapparal, which was about fifty yards wide at this point. The bear trail formed a tunnel through the chapparal, I kneeled down and looked through the tunnel and saw the valley close below. I stepped back up the h Il to overlook the th cket to see my companion. I could not see him, but called to him, telling of the tunnel. Looking across the valley I saw a large grizzly bear sitting on the other hillside. The bear was about 250 yards from me. I was armed with a heavy muzzle-loading rifle, and believed I could kill the bear. I rested my rifle on a bowlder, took a long, careful, aim, and touched the hair trigger. The bear fell over. I velled to my comrade that I was coming through the tunnel, and ran to its mouth. I dropped on my hands and knees, and, with my rifle in my hand, began to crawl through it. 1 heard my comrade shout warningly to me, but I was too much excited to heed what he said, even if I understood the words. With my head bent down I crawled as fast as I could. I heard a

> looked up and saw that the great bear was alive, and that he was approaching the tunnel at full speed. It was evident that he had seen me as I ran into the chapparal, and that he was determined to catch me. I then understood why my comrade had called me. Instantly I realized that I was going to be killed in a horrible manner. could not get through the tunnel before the bear entered its lower mouth. I could not back out. I could not turn around. I had not time to load my rifle, and I had not sufficient room to fight effectively with my kn fe. Nearer and nearer came the bear. My heart ceased to beat almost. I was in a regular flunk. The bear was almost at the mouth of the tunnel. I could see blood trickling from a wound in his neck. His eyes were shining and his teeth glistening. In another instant he would enter the tunnel. Just as his shadow darkened the entrance I saw a puff of powder smoke shoot against his head and he fell, and then, indistinctly, I heard the faint report of a rifle. It sounded as though it was a mile away. Directly I saw my comrade seat himself on the bear and heard him call to me. I was too weak to answer him. I lay down in the tunnel to rest for an instant, and then crawled out into the daylight and sat on the bear alongside of my comrade and grasped his hand strongly. That was a good comrade. "Ah!" said Pratt, "he was a man.

noise in the valley as though stones

were rolling down the hill.

When he saw that the bear was not lead, and that he was running for the tunnel, he knew that I would be killed if the bear caught me in there. There was but one thing for him to do-he had to kill the bear or get killed. "He had but one shot, as there were no breech-loading guns in those days. He sank behind the bowlder close to the mouth of the tunnel, cocked his rile, brought it to his shoulder and waited. When the bear, intent on catching me, ran into h s rifle's sights he pulled the trigger. Fortunately the ball entered It does not sound like a great feat, but not one man in a thousand has sufficient nerve and devoted courage to do it.'

Pratt ceased to talk. The recollections of his old comrade trooped around him. He was affected. He turned away from me, arose, walked off to the forest a few rods and attempted to whistle. I rolled my blankets around me and left him with his memories .-Frank Wilkeson, in New York Sun.

# Four Lines of Wisdom.

The men of energy and pluck Have found the maxim wise-It never pays to run for inck Unless you advertise. -Springfield Union.

# The Hot End of the Joke

Here is a good story told of Roddy's cavalry: One day the troopers were about to go into battle, dismounted, leaving every fourth man to hold horses. The men were drawn up to count from right to left. Of course, every fourth man felt jolly as this is the way the count went on: "One."

"Two." "Three."

"Bully." "One.

"Two." "Three."

"Bully.

Gen. Roddy heard each fourth man call out "bully." His face flushed. When all had called off he said: "Numbers one, two and bully will go into the fight as dismounted eavalry. Number three will hold the horses.

#### There was a good many sick "bulies that day .- Atlanta constitution.

About Thimbles. The best thimbles are made in France. The thimble was first used on the thumb and was called the thumb bell. The first thimble ever seen in Eng-

land was made in London nearly 200 A lady in Boston has a thimble from the elm at Cambridge under which

Washington stood when in 1775 he took the oath as commander-in-chief. The queen of Siam has a thimble made of gold in the form of a lotus bud. the lotus being the royal flower. It is thickly studded with diamonds so arranged as to form her name and the

date of her marriage. Ladies in China are very dainty about their thimbles. Some are carved from large pearls, banded with fine gold, on which are engraved all sorts of fautastic figures, the etchings of which serve to catch the needle.

# A Difference in Hens.

A paper speaks of an opal "as large as a small hen's egg." It has probably never occurred to the editor who makes this comparison that it sometimes hapit was a narrow brush-covered valley, pens that a small ben's egg is larger been menaced with a club. His heart on the other side of which was another than the egg of a big hen - Norristowa