How Jerry Beat the Hunters.

IN the eastern part of New Hampshire, well down in the southern half of the State, there is a long, low range of hills, the highest of which is known as Blue hill, or Croydon mountain. This peak is nearly 3,000 feet in height, towering in friendly rivalry to its neighbor, the historic Kearsarge, not thirty miles away.

Nearly the whole of the mountain is included in the famous Corbin park, a tract of 28,000 acres inclosed as a game preserve by the late Austin Corbin, and probably one of the largest in the United States.

A large portion is heavily wooded, and, until within a few years, was the haunt of animals as wild and savage as any that now roam in the wilderness. As late as 1867 a wolf was shot on this mountain, and bears have been seen there even since that date.

In the fall of the opening year of the century the people of all the towns around Croydon mountain joined in a great hunt for a bear whose destructiveness had caused them a great deal of trouble. Scarcely a farmer in the whole section but had experienced a loss in his sheepfold, pigpen or barnyard, and it was determined to hunt Bruin to the bitter end. The bear was believed to be an unusually large and ferocious animal, hence the feeling against him was aggravated quite as much by fear as by the desire to punish him.

The party organized at the foot of the mountain, and formed a great circle of men, boys and dogs. The signal horn was sounded for starting and continued around the whole circle, which signal was to be repeated every half hour until all arrived at the top of the mountain.

All through that clear October day the sound of horns and the barking of

BRUIN CRAWLED NEARER AND NEARER.

dogs startled the echoes of the wooded hills. People in the valleys heard the repeated signaling, but their listening ears could distinguish nothing to indicate the success of the hunters.

High up on the eastern slope of the mountain was the Andrews homestead, which comprised an ordinary sixty-acre lot, with the farm buildings erected by Mr. Andrews. The settler had died a year or two previously, and the work devolved upon Jerry, a boy of 15, sturdy and freckle-faced, and somewhat large for his years. Jerry had not gone out with the hunters, the sowing of a piece of rye compelling him to remain at home.

The pioneer boy was destined, however, to meet with an adventure much more exciting than any that befell the hunters.

Jerry finished sowing his rye late in the afternoon, and as the sun was still an hour or two high he went across lots to visit several traps he had set for mink in the upper pasture. He examined his traps, finding an imprisoned mink in one, and started homeward just as the dusk was beginning to creep down the mountain.

He directed his steps through the lower pasture, wherein was inclosed the farm stock, they having been shut off from ranging the higher pasture since the depredations of Bruin had become so alarming.

He could hear the familiar tink-a-ling of the cow bell as he hurried in search of the cattle in the thickening gloom. He found them grouped in a bunch, tossing their horns and acting in a strange manner. Jerry's first thought was of the presence of a bear, and he hurriedly looked over the herd to see if any were missing. To his dismay he could not find a favorite yearling.

Jerry was no coward, but he had no weapon with him, nor anything that would answer for one except the heavy hoe which he had used to dig around the stumps in the rye field. With this in hand, he started off in search of the heifer.

He tried to think that perhaps the creature had wandered away by herself, and this idea was strengthened when he found some tracks which he thought were hers near a piece of marshy ground that bordered the woods. The tracks led directly into the forest, and the pioneer lad, thinking only of discovering the missing yearling, plunged into the undergrowth.

It was so dark that he could not see objects distinctly, and the darkness was rapidly increasing; but Jerry hurried on over rocks and logs and through briers and brakes. Suddenly he paused, but only for a moment. There, not ten feet from him, by the side of a fallen tree, was a dark object that he took to be the wandering heifer. Impatient at the steps she had caused him, the boy rushed forward and struck the reclining animal a sharp blow upon the ribs with the hoe.

Instantly there was a low, surly growl, and there rose up to confront the lad, not the missing heifer, but the tall menacing form of a huge black bear whose jaws were all besmeared with blood.

To say that Jerry was startled would be putting it mildly. He was scared he could feel his hair stiffen under his ragged fur cap, and his legs trembled beneath him. But he had the pluck of a Yankee boy, and he was indignant at the loss of his favorite yearling. Stepping back a pace or two, he leveled his heavy hoe full at the black, blood-stained muzzle, and struck with all his might. But the bear warded it as dexterously as a boxer might, and the next moment Jerry felt his weapon snatched from his grasp.

The pioneer lad now thought discretion the better part of valor, and making out a low bough before him he seized hold of it and swung himself up into the tree. He hoped the bear would not follow him, but he was disappointed. With a sort of a snort and a growl the enraged beast crawled to the trunk and began slowly to climb the tree.

As it happened, the tree was an immense oak, and Jerry hurriedly clambered to the topmost branch, where clinging to the fork of a limb, he awaited the approach of his enemy.

The bear worked his way up among the branches with the skill of a sailor in the shrouds. He seemed determined in his advances, and Jerry began to edge off as far as he dared, for the limb to which he was clinging began to bend under his weight. Bruin crawled nearer and nearer.

Jerry scarcely dared to breathe. He had a huge jackknife in his pocket that the village blacksmith at "the corners" had made for him that very season, for use in skinning minks and muskrats. The boy drew this, and, opening the long, keen blade, prepared to defend himself as best he could. He was all grit and had not a thought of surrender in his mind.

Now the bear was very near him; he could feel the brute's warm, sickening breath in his face. Supporting himself with one hand, he struck forward a strong, quick blow with his right. He aimed directly for the eyes, but instead the sharp blade cut a deep, ugly gash in the great black snout.

That portion of a brute's anatomy is always more or less sensitive, and Bruin's was peculiarly so. The suddenness of the attack disconcerted him, and, sniffing fiercely, the great beast drew back. In changing its position the bear chanced to throw its weight upon a decayed limb. It snapped like a pipestem, and the next instant the heavy carcass descended through the branches and struck the ground below with a deadening thud.

Waiting a few moments to see if the bear stirred, and hearing nothing but a slight groan, Jerry carefully descended the tree. His first act was to secure his hoe. Then he approached the bear, and finding that the animal could not stir, having apparently broken its back by the fall, the boy belabored the narrow, cruel head till it was a mass of bruised and bleeding flesh.

The plucky boy had hardly struck his last blow when a dog barked close at hand, and a few moments afterward half a dozen men walked up to the spot. They were a party of the hunters returning from the hunt, and several of them Jerry knew.

"Well, my lad, you have beat us all," said one of the men, his nearest neighbor below, after he had heard the boy's story. "We have hunted all day for this fellow and couldn't find hair nor claw of the brute. You deserve a farm, Jerry, for I imagine our barnyards and pigpens will be safe enough now."

They found the mangled carcass of the young heifer a few rods away, but Bruin's skin and the bounty paid by the State more than compensated Jerry for the loss. For many a year afterward he was the hero of that region, and old men now living can remember having him pointed out to them as the boy who beat the hunters.—Chicago Record.

Vast Coal Deposits in India.

India has immense coal deposits, from which the output in 1896 was 3,537,820 tons. In the Bengal district alone the Raniguru and Baraker collieries are estimated to contain 14,000,000 tons: the Karampara collieries, 8,800,000 tons; the Bokara collieries, 1,500,000 tons, and the Djherria collieries, 4,5,000 tons.

Friends have a way of abusing each other.

PATHETIC CHINESE INCIDENT.

A Mother's Attempt to Dispel the Blindness of Her Child.

This is what the Fair Samaritan saw after she had climbed the dark stairs behind the store and peeped into a room that was in semi-darkness, while she repressed Lee Chung with a warning finger that enforced silence. It was a room of considerable dimensions, with a low ceiling. The windows were so ill-placed, besides being barricaded, that the room was in twilight gloom, although the day was bright without. Its furniture was curiously disposed close against the walls, thus leaving a wide space in its midst. And in the room the woman Suey Yep was taking part with the little Lee Moy in what was evidently a daily occurrence.

With palms folded suppliantly before her, she regarded Lee Moy with a look of inexpressible love tinged with sadness. He was hitting wildly about him with a toy whip, and shouting angrily, his language being punctuated by strong Anglo-Saxon expletives.

"D—n you, mother! Why cometh not the sun?"

She submitted with the patience of an Oriental to the imperious language of my lord, her Man-Child.

"Oh, son of mine," she replied, with infinite tenderness; "the sun is still at Pekin, drying his hair—for he hath but now risen from his ocean bed. When he hath had his morning meal, and washed his face with dew and decked himself with marigolds, he will mount clouds of purple and gold and amber and come to San Francisco."

"Do they of Pekin see more of him than we do?"

"Yes, son—oh, would we were there!" she sobbed; "for the sun always shines there, but here it is mostly dark."

"We will go there, mother, at once!" He held up his hand for his mother to take.

"But it is a long and stony road from here to Pekin, and we must eat and drink before we start."

She led him to a little table, and set cakes before him, and a cup of tea—which she fortified with a generous draught of samshu.

When he had satisfied his appetite she prepared him another cup similarly sophisticated and set it before him.

"Drink once more," she said, "for when we have left San Francisco we shall have no more tchah (tea) till we reach Pekin."

And the little man drank as he was directed, and prepared for his daily flight across—the world.—Lippincott's Magazine.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Riding on the front platform of an electric street car is held, in Watson vs. Portland & Cape Elizabeth Railroad Company (Me.), 44 L. R. A. 157, not to constitute negligence as matter of law.

Mortgages made by deposit of title deeds without writing are held, in Bloomfield State bank vs. Miller (Neb.), 44 L. R. A. 387, to be contrary to the policy of the recording acts which are in force in this country.

Liability for assault committed in a joke is involved in State vs. Monroe (N. C.), 43 L. R. A. 861, where a druggist who dropped croton oil on candy for a customer, to be given to a third person, is held liable for the damages caused.

A drawee bank which pays the good-faith holder of a forged check on which an indorsement is forged is held, in First National Bank vs. Marshalltown State bank (Iowa), 44 L. R. A. 131, to have no right to recover back the money paid.

On the vexed question of the right [illegible] one person to bring an action on a contract made by other persons for the benefit of the former the case of Buchanan vs. Tilden (N. Y.), 44 L. R. A. 170, holds that a woman may sue on a contract for her benefit between her husband and a third person which provided for payment of money to her in case of success in contesting a will, for which the husband procured an advancement of funds, while there were strong moral and family reasons why she should be considered an heir, though not legally such.

Fire in the United States.

The average loss by fire in the United States has been reduced in ten years from $6,922 to $1,860. The insurance loss in the same period was reduced from $3,993 to $1,056.

The prevailing use of electricity has brought about a large increase in fires, owing to crossed wires. Ten years ago there were only sixty-six such fires and last year there were 958.

Defective flues are responsible for over 11 per cent of the fires and incendiarism is next as a cause. Last year 6,891 incendiary fires occured. Lightning caused 3,479, spontaneous combustion 1,179, friction in machinery 295, natural gas 94, dust explosions 14 and five were caused by the sun's rays passing through window glass. There was no assignable causes for 12,204 fires of last year.

Some men have so many diamonds that they are made miserable in guarding them.

Many a woman who becomes indignant when called tough, glows when called a Bohemian.

NINA VAN ZANDT.

Woman Who Was Married by Proxy to August Spies, the Anarchist.

Nina Van Zandt, the woman who was married by proxy to August Spies, the anarchist, almost upon the eve of his execution, is now Mrs. Stephen Malato, wife of a prominent Italian politician of Chicago, and has been living quietly since her marriage, four years ago. She now dismisses the escapade of her proxy marriage to Spies

NINA VAN ZANDT-MALATO.

by saying: "I was a foolish young girl then." She is the daughter of an expert chemist, who lived in a fine house on Huron street.

When the Haymarket riots occurred she was only 17 years old, and fell in love with Spies when she saw him at the preliminary hearing. She became a constant visitor to the courtroom, always elegantly dressed. She made no secret of her infatuation, sending flowers and meals from expensive restaurants to the jail. Her parents made no effort to break off the attachment. When Spies asked her to marry him she consented, but the sheriff interfered. It was then decided to use a proxy, and Miss Van Zandt was married to Chris Spies, acting for his brother. The girl continued her visits to the jail, and used every endeavor to save her proxy husband's life. For a long time after the anarchist's death Miss Van Zandt shut herself up in her home on Huron street, and denied herself to all callers. She had a marble bust of Spies made.

A GOVERNMENT JOB.

It Very Often Saps the Energy of Its Holder.

The narcotic effect of government employment is notorious, explains an Eastern newspaper writer, but, as in other cases, the victim of the sedative habit does not believe and cannot realize its power until it is too late.

There is a certain fascination to the old and hardened to watch the young struggle against their fate. The same sensations may be secured by observing the operations on a sheet of fly paper. The victim is "foot loose" and is looking around for a favorable opening. In the meantime it seems desirable to have some temporary lodgment—standing-room, as it were—until the delayed [illegible] appears. So the fly steps in[illegible] Government stickum. At firs[illegible] not seem so bad and it is onl[illegible] sinking that this he find[illegible] and begi[illegible] leverage [illegible] operatio[illegible] ber on[illegible]

[illegible]ang from the [illegible]gles up one wing. The [illegible]waves for a while, the emblem [illegible] disappointed and hopeless a[illegible]tion, now and then buzzing about [illegible]time to come when he will quit [illegible] Government fly paper and enter business or a profession. Then he rents a larger house and his wife takes a few friends to board. His body is submerged in the Government glue and he is in the Government service for life.

As Secretary of the Civil Service Commission Mr. Doyle has had opportunity to observe the number of Government employes who leave the service for other occupations and then return to it. "A few years ago," said Mr. Doyle, "my attention was called to a man by the excellence of the examination which he passed. He secured the place, but after a year or so he resigned. He had saved money and was going to Yale College. After four years I heard he had graduated and was studying law. Then I heard he had been admitted and had gone to New York to practice. And just the other day," he continued, "the man came in and made application to take the examination for his old place in the department."

Underground City.

Epernay, in France, is a vast subterranean city, the streets for miles being hewn out of solid chalk, flanked with piles of champagne of all blends and qualities. The largest champagne manufacturers in Epernay possess underground cellars which cover no fewer than forty-five acres, and contain 5,000,000 bottles of wine.

It is useless to acquire knowledge unless you have a little common sense with which to season it.

IN THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS.

Something About the Temperature and Pressure of the Water.

The temperature at the bottom of the ocean is nearly down to freezing point, and sometimes actually below it. There is a total absence of light as far as sunlight is concerned, and there is an enormous pressure, reckoned at about a ton to the square inch in every thousand fathoms, which is 160 times greater than that of the atmosphere we live in. At 2,500 fathoms the pressure is 30 times more powerful than the steam pressure of a locomotive when drawing a train. As late as 1880 a leading zoologist explained the existence of deep-sea animals at such depths by assuming that their bodies were composed of solids and liquids of great density, and contained no air. This, however, is not the case with deep-sea fish, which are provided with air-inflated swimming bladders. If one of these fish, in full chase after its prey, happens to ascend beyond a certain level, its bladder becomes distended with the decreased pressure, and carries it in spite of its efforts, still higher in its course; in fact, members of this unfortunate class are liable to become victims to the unusual accident of falling upward, and no doubt meet with a violent death soon after leaving their accustomed level, and long before their bodies reach the surface in a distorted and unnatural state. Even ground sharks, brought up from a depth of no more than 500 fathoms, expire before they gain the surface.

The fauna of the deep sea—with a few exceptions hitherto only known as fossils—are new and specially modified forms of families generally inhabiting shallow waters in modern times, and have been driven down to the depths of the ocean by their more powerful rivals in the battle of life, much as the ancient Britons were compelled to withdraw to the barren and inaccessible fastnesses of Wales. Some of their organs have undergone considerable modification in correspondence to the changed conditions of their new habitats. Thus down to 900 fathoms their eyes have generally become enlarged, to make the best of the faint light which may possibly penetrate there. After 1,000 fathoms these organs are still further enlarged or so greatly reduced that in some species they disappear altogether, and are replaced by enormously long feelers. The only light at great depths which would enable large eyes to be of any service is the phosphorescence of deep-sea animals.

We know that at the surface this light is often very powerful, and Sir Wyville Thomson has recorded one occasion on which the sea at night was "a perfect blaze of phosphorescence, so strong that lights and shadows were thrown on the sails, and it was easy to read the smallest print." It is thought possible by several naturalists that certain portions of the sea bottom may be as brilliantly illumined by this sort of light as the streets of a European city after sunset. Some deep-sea fish have two parallel rows of small circular phosphorescent organs running along the whole length of their bodies, and as they glide through the dark waters of the [illegible] and abysses they must look [illegible] model ships with rows of sh[illegible] holes.—Nineteenth Century.

Why He Depart[illegible]

[illegible]rke once rushed out [illegible] [illegible]mmons in a rage [illegible] s[illegible] holding [illegible] [illegible]pe" the [illegible]s not intend[illegible]" and to bore us with a [illegible] speech [illegible] bargain."

"A lion put to flight by the braying of an ass," whispered the witty George Selwyn.

This old anecdote is "capped" by one told in Sir M. Grant Duff's "Diary" of a London engineer.

The engineer, though not easily worsted, admitted that he was once put to flight by a dealer in marine stores. He had gone to examine, from the man's back yard, a house which he was thinking of purchasing on behalf of a railway company. While standing there, he saw a huge mastiff making at him open-mouthed..

"Oh! you're in no danger, sir," said the dealer, "he's very particular about what he eats." The engineer instantly left the yard.

Italian Mountains to Be Decorated.

Italy's mountains are in a fair way of being decorated, should one of the ideas now entertained of commemorating the "holy year" of 1900 be carried out. It is the intention of a special committee just formed to erect nineteen statues, one for each century since the birth of Christ, on high mountain peaks in different parts of the peninsula. The statues will all be colossal figures of the Redeemer, in gilded cast iron, to be illuminated at night.

Bookworms Defied.

Modern books, however rapidly they may deteriorate from other causes, are protected from bookworms by the chemicals used in paper-making. Such, at least, is the conclusion of Dr. Garnett, who, after forty-eight years of service as keeper of printed books at the British museum, is able to say that he has seen only one bookworm, and that was imported from Crete.