

The Herald.

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BY W. C. BYRD & SON.

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NEWS IN GENERAL

FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

TACKLING A BEAR.

I was smoking a pipe with the old man on a log in front of his door when a Turk came a long with a dancing bear, headed for Nashville. He signified that he was thirsty, and was told to go to the well and help himself. While he was drinking his fill and supplying the bear the old man was given bruin a careful looking over. Presently he said:

"I've seen dead loads o' b'ars in this yere state of Tennessee, but dod rot my buttons if I ever saw a critter like that before! I jest feel like I wanted to tackle him! D'ye reckon that bear would be much on the hug, stranger?"

"Well, he's a pretty good chunk of a bear, and I think he'd be too much for a man," I replied.

"Burn his picture, but I think I can break his back! Say, you."

"Look here, Stephen, what yo' all gwine to do now!" inquired the wife as she came out.

"Gwine to tackle that b'ar!" he replied. "It's been a right smart while since I had hold of a b'ar, and I'm gettin lonesome."

"Don't you go for to do it! You's got plenty of business without fussin' with b'ars. Better tackle that yere bresh fence."

"Got lonesome to tackle a b'ar, Sally, and 'twont do no good to gabber at me. Say, stranger I want to hev a turn at that varmint. I don't think the Turk nderstood what was wanted. He had taken the bear's muzzel off to let him drink, and he now replaced it and stood looking at us in a puzzled way.

"Stephen don't make no fool of yo' self!" cautioned the wife as the old man pulled off his vest and spit on his hands.

"I'll tackle that darn critter if it busts me! Whoop! Whooper! Hear me creak his blamed ole spinal column!"

The bear was standing up when the old man rushed in. The Turk let go of the chain with a shout of dismay and ran down the road, and man and bear tumbled into the dust and rolled over and over and were almost hidden from sight. The wife and I sprang forward, but could do nothing. The bear growled and the old man shouted, and they tumbled around for two minutes before bruin broke away and lumbered off after his frightened master. Then we looked for the old man. He was there and almost as naked as the day he was born. He was tied up in a knot, but we finally straightened him out, lugged him into the house and got the remains of him on a bed. Then we brushed and washed and rubbed until we got the dust out of him. He was clawed from the top of his head to the end of his big toes, and we worked a good two hours to dress

his hurts. He recovered consciousness after the first half hour, but didn't say anything until we were all through; then he faintly asked: "Sally, did yo' pay the Turk?"

"What fur, Stephen?"

"For his dead b'ar. I didn't mean to do it, but when I got my favorite back bolt on him and he wouldn't squat, I jest let out and busted his dod blamed backbone into fo'ty pieces!"

"Stephen, has yo' got yo'r mind?" asked the wife as she bent over him.

"Of co'se I has."

"An' yo' think yo' killed that b'ar?"

"Of co'se I do."

"Then let me say yo' don't dun know nuff to soak yo'r head in the rain bar'll! That b'ar licked you to shoestrings in about a minit, and you'll be mighty peart if yo' git outer this bed agin in fo' weeks! I dun told yo', but yo' wouldn't heed."

"Stranger, was it a fair foat?" he asked of me.

"It was."

"And I was licked?"

"You were."

He looked surprised and incredulous for a moment and then whispered:

"Licked by a b'ar! Now let the lawd dun take me away, fur I'll never hold up my head agin on this airth no mo'!"

Both Were Drowned.

VICTORIA, July 22.—Miss Bertha Jay, a native daughter of this city, was drowned at Matsqui Prairie yesterday, where she had gone for the summer. Her people are very prominent here and are well known all along the coast. The circumstances of the tragic event are briefly told: Alex. Purver and his sister, with Miss Jay, went on the main slough in a canoe for the purpose of bathing. Portions of the prairie being flooded at this season it is almost impossible to distinguish the many small creeks running into the slough. All went into the water, the ladies contenting themselves with bathing in the shallow water, while Mr. Purver swam out into the stream a little distance.

Suddenly Miss Jay sank and Miss Purver called her brother. A few strokes brought him to the spot and as Miss Jay had not reappeared he dived after her. This he did two or three times. On coming to the surface, before taking a last dive, he was perfectly exhausted, and his sister in frantic despair rushed in, and, taking him by the hand, pulled him into shallow water. He was then quite dazed, but he recovered somewhat, and again plunged into the stream to his death.

Miss Purver, wild with grief and fright, jumped into the canoe and paddled to a house three quarters of a mile away and gave the alarm. A party went out to search for the bodies, but, owing to the uncertainty of the location and the growing

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darkness, they could not be found. Search was resumed at day break and both bodies were found in a long narrow creek. Miss Jay had become entangled in the long rank weeds and grass and was held there. The body of Purver was found close by. Miss Jay was engaged to Purver, and they were to have been married in the fall.—Examiner.

The Religion of Endeavor.

The invasion of New York City in full midsummer by any army of young church members, conspicuous by their badges and by their fresh and frank faces, has been the local sensation of the week. It has brought the inhabitants of the great city face to face with a new aspect of religion, and the aspect is altogether an agreeable one.

With these young visitors religion and pleasure seem to mix very well. The infusion of a certain element of happiness into church work has not diminished the sincerity of belief nor the efficiency of work. On the contrary, it has added an increase, and this is as it should be. Cheerfulness is almost a religion in itself. Enthusiasm and energy and buoyancy of spirit are potent factors in all fields of endeavor. Youth especially is entitled to the joy of hopefulness, as an element of its religious life as well as of its daily life, and it cannot be very wide of the mark in cultivating the spirit of happiness.

The spirit of endeavor, moreover, is a most commendable one. To endeavor is to start on the road to success. Indeed merely to endeavor is already to have accomplished something. Those who endeavor to help others certainly succeed in accomplishing something for themselves.

A gospel of cheerfulness, of helpfulness, of enthusiasm, a gospel which infuses religion with the spirit of endeavor and brings it into daily life, is a most acceptable gospel even to those who realize most deeply the sad and serious aspects of mortal existence. And an army which comes preaching this gospel by its example should be welcome anywhere and everywhere.—N. Y. World.

The attorneys for Colonel H. Clay King, the Memphis lawyer who is under sentence to be hanged August 12 for the murder of David H. Poston, have taken the case into

the United States court on a writ of habeas corpus. It is alleged that during his trial a bailiff allowed the jury to take a steamboat excursion, and that they landed on the Arkansas shore, and were thus out of the jurisdiction of the court. Judge Jackson will hear the case in a few days. Governor Ruchanan just received letter from Senators Carlisle and Voorhees in favor of commuting King's sentence.

Bergman, the would-be assassin, when told that Frick would recover, said: "Well, I'm sorry for that." Bergman was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, and educated at one of the leading colleges there. When told the people considered his act most cowardly and that he had no sympathizers, he replied: "I know the people will be with me, and I am sorry I made a bad job of it. I am willing to stand the consequences." Bergman declared he had no confederates. He asked for the newspapers and said he wanted to see what they said about him.

PRINCETON, Ky., July 25.—John Wilson and wife, prominent people of Caldwell county, have both been lying very low with consumption. On Friday Mrs. Wilson died. When the news was carried to Mr. Wilson he got out of bed, shaved himself, ate a hearty dinner and said he felt better, but would die before noon the next day. He stopped the sexton from digging his wife's grave, telling him that a double grave would be needed as he would be buried with his wife. The next day he died at the hour predicted, and was laid away with his wife in the same grave.

St. Louis, July 26.—The largest death rate for a number of years was recorded yesterday, the number reaching 51. By far the larger portion were children under 5 years. The main immediate cause of death was excessive heat. Badly lodged people in the poorer districts are suffering frightfully.

Quite a heavy shock of earthquake was felt at Napa Calif. the 26th ult. The shock was also felt at San Francisco.

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