

ABE THE BUNTER.

A Negro Whose Head Was Harder Than a Grindstone.

He is a Century Old Yet Continues to Walk the Stage as a Battering Ram—A Review of His Life.

It may be an open question, writes a Williamstown correspondent of the Boston Globe, who is the best-known man in the vicinity, President Franklin Carter of Williams college or Abram Pursum, better known as "Abe the Bunter."

Certain it is that Abe is known to thousands and that his fame is fully earned. It was no scratch hit or lucky bump that gave Abe a place in the niches of fame.

The Lord was kind to Abe in giving him an unusually thick skull and a horn about an inch long on the frontal bone, but he has developed the talent given him and has made the most of his opportunities.

Abe the Bunter is an exceedingly jolly old negro, who lives in the part of this town known as White Oaks, and claims that he was 104 years old last 4th of July.

The story of the old negro runs like this: His first recollections were those of a pickinny on a plantation in South Carolina. His master's name was McInister. There Abe lived until he was 14 years old, as he thinks.

Up to the time of his sale as a slave from the auction block, together with his mother and three sisters, his most vivid recollections are of trials of hunting with a young ram. The ram would take a position, lower his head, and with a burst of speed start for Abe, who always met the ram half way, the two heads coming together with great force, but the ram, as Abe tells it, was always beaten.

By the sale Abe was separated from his relatives, and sold, as he thinks, to Stephen Miller, of Claverack, N. Y. Here he staid for five years, and then ran away and went to Sheffield, Conn., where he worked for James Curtis as a house servant. In running away from Miller he was pursued by dogs, and escaped only after killing one.

From Sheffield Abe went to Old Stockbridge, where he lived for a number of years, working for Gen. Williams, the Carlers, Bradleys, Brewers, Crochys, Cashier Adams and Maj. Burrill, all of whom are now dead. Long before the war he located in Williamstown, where he has worked for many people. Boys, since he came here, have become gray-haired men.

All the past years he had continued hunting, until he was confident that nothing less than a blow from a trip-hammer or a pile-driver would break his skull.

The first act, however, that brought him fame occurred many years ago. Abe was then living over a blacksmith shop on Water street. In the night he was awakened by an alarm of fire, and getting out on the street found that Harvey Cole's store was on fire.

The door was locked, the key was missing, and, at the suggestion of a Mr. Powers, Abe went at it head first, and after repeated attacks it yielded.

This gave Abe great prestige—a stock in trade, so to speak; but with the confidence thus acquired he passed on to greater victories.

It came about in this way: Abe and his wife's brother were at South Williamstown one day and they found Farmer Blake having trouble with a trooper old bull that he wanted to kill. The bull was in an inclosure and pawing the turf in great shape, and, by his almost human bellowing, asking for some one to swing a red cloth in front of him.

Abe offered to make the bull lower his colors, but took a big drink of cider brandy before he began the act. He then entered the inclosure against the earnest protestations of Farmer Blake, who asked Abe among other things: "Are you a dashed fool enough to go in there with that wild bull throwing dirt, with nothing to kill him with?"

It was another case of David and Goliath. The big bull and Abe both bunted, and while Abe was shaken badly the bull was stunned so that his throat was cut forthwith. Abe does not say so, but doubtless the cider brandy was called upon to assist in the celebration that followed.

Then the students tempted Abe to show his prowess to them. He was blindfolded and something placed in a bag. Then the bandage was removed and he was told that if he could break the contents of the bag by bunting his head against it a valuable present would be given him. The contents of the bag proved to be a big cheese, and Abe had no difficulty in smashing it.

He was then blindfolded again, and it was assumed that another cheese had been placed in the bag, but instead a big grindstone, an inch and a half in thickness, was substituted.

The first bunt failed to shatter it, but Abe, realizing that his reputation was at stake, went at it again and broke it into four pieces "wid my nigger-head."

For this act he was given five dollars in money, two big cheeses, two pounds of tobacco and assurances from the college boys that if he was sick as a result of the grindstone act he should be well cared for, but he was able to work as usual the following day and experienced no trouble whatever from the bunting.

And so for many years Abe has been a feature—a bunting star, so to speak—with many of the college boys in the Williamstown firmament. He has given them lots of fun, and they in turn have chipped in generously for the old man's comfort and support.

STANLEY'S BENEFACTOR.

History of the Great Explorer's Foster-Father.

Starting in New Orleans at an Early Age He Became Widely Known and Respected—Deserted by His Adopted Children.

Many New Orleans citizens remember Henry Hope Stanley, who adopted Stanley, the explorer, and gave him his first upward start in life. Very few, however, have any recollection of Stanley, the famous traveler in Africa. Henry Hope Stanley, says the New Orleans Post-Dispatch, was born in England in 1815. He came of good family and was highly educated. He had a brother who was killed by a fall from a carriage during the war. After his father's death, which occurred early in Stanley's life, his mother married an Episcopal minister. She is said to be still living and her son by the second marriage inherited Stanley's fortune.

The young Englishman was of independent mind, and determined to carve his own way to success. Accordingly he came to America about 1837, first landing in Charleston, S. C. There the young man heard of the great west and made his way to Texas. He found a wife in the Lone Star state, but little in the way of fortune, and the couple determined to remove to the southern metropolis.

Although Stanley was twice married, neither wife bore him children. Their kind hearts hungered for the touch of baby fingers, and at various times the household adopted little orphans and bestowed as much love and care upon them as if of their own blood. Strange to say, none of these fatherless ones remained to comfort the closing years of their benefactor's life.

Joanna, the first adopted child, died after her marriage to a local druggist who has also passed away. Henry "Stanley Atricus" went into the world against his foster-father's will and was never forgiven, while Annie, who shared the home with the explorer, is said to have eloped with the coachman.

About this time Stanley made the acquaintance of an individual known as "Cedar" Smith, which consisted in exporting Louisiana cedar. About 1847 they took a trip up the river on a cedar purchasing expedition, intending to ship a large cargo to England. They were gone some time. Facilities for mail communication were neither rapid nor plentiful in those days. Stanley heard little of affairs at home. He returned to New Orleans to find his wife had taken sick and died during his absence from home. Soon afterward he married Miss Miller, an Englishwoman.

He then changed his business, becoming cotton weigher for the firm of Payne, Dameron & Co., the predecessors of Payne, Kennedy & Co.; later he obtained employment with Wright, Williams & Co., in the same capacity. He made a good deal of money in the days when there were fortunes in the cotton-press business. When the war broke out he took no part in the conflict, but with his wife went over to England to revisit the scenes of his youth. He left his dwelling, facing Annunciation square, in charge of Mrs. Stanley's sister, Mrs. Walter Nicholl, who occupied it with her husband during the absence of the Stanleys. When Gen. Benjamin Butler made his headquarters in New Orleans he ordered the seizure of the house and the Commercial press, putting his soldiers in the latter.

Mr. Stanley's friends took advantage of his British birth and foreign residence to appeal to the English consul. The latter promptly sent word to Butler to release the property within twenty-four hours. The orders were obeyed and the soldiers marched out and camped in Terrell's press across the street. As soon as the war ended Stanley and his wife returned. Stanley resumed the cotton-press business, but was not as successful as in the antebellum days. In 1870 he sold the Commercial press to Lehman & Abraham and bought the Liverpool press, which he conducted until his death, although he left the management principally to James Randolph and George Johnson.

In 1878 he went up to a plantation to look after the crops, in which he was interested, suddenly became ill and in twenty-four hours was dead. His second wife preceded him to the land of rest. Mr. Stanley was a member of Mount Moriah lodge, a prominent masonic body, and was buried in its tomb at Metairie ridge.

Interesting If True.

It is often a matter of curiosity with the observer of feminine ways to know why women should wear so many ornaments while on the street, says the New York Recorder. To see a delicate little woman, whose waist is surrounded by an enormous belt, from which depend a number of small bottles of glass and silver, watch charms, bangles and heaven knows what besides, is enough to create wonder in the mind of the uninitiated. The habit is looked upon as a fad. Probably it is, but an English writer says it is something more. This learned Britisher asserts that the American girl carries in the little bottles which dangle from her belt a lot of quinine pills. When she grows weary from the exertions of a shopping tour she takes two pills; if chilly, one pill; when hungry, which is often the case, down go two pills; if she gets her feet wet she swallows an antidote in the shape of ten pills. This is one of those things which may be described as interesting if true.

An Illuminated Cat.

An illuminated cat is among the curiosities of the patent office at Washington, D. C. It is made of pasteboard or tin painted over with phosphorus, and is intended to frighten away rats and mice and such small deer in the darkness of cellars and garrets.

"Now I want to give you a point," said the doctor, as he prepared to jab with his lancet.—Boston Traveller.

DANGERS OF ALPINE LIFE.

Italian Soldiers Have Had a Hard Time During This Winter.

The Italian Alpine soldier has no easy life of it in winter, buried in small forts on the high Alps, and being obliged to march in storm and snow, the new military orders enforcing never-interrupted communication between fortified places, whatever may be the state of the weather. A Turin correspondent, says the Chicago Post, gives the particulars of the late accident when Lieutenant Zanucchi and four of his six companions met with their death. The lieutenant, with six soldiers, was following some Alpine companies from Pieve di Telo across Mount Tanarello to Briga Maritima, but, as he was under free marching orders, he remained behind and passed the night at a small hamlet on the way. The day after he started with his six men to climb the Tanarello, and on arriving at the summit met with a strong wind, which shook the mass of snow, sending large quantities rolling into the ravines. A path most frequently used, as being the safest, descends from the summit of the mountain to Briga, but Lieutenant Zanucchi, either to shorten the way or bewildered by the ice particles with which the wind filled the air, abandoned the path and turned to the left toward Mount Saocarello.

When the little party reached the top of the valley of the Broc they began to descend, but a wide and deep stratum of snow, undermined by water below or moved by the wind, suddenly gave way beneath the travelers' feet and they were precipitated more than one thousand six hundred feet to the bottom of the valley. The lieutenant and two soldiers were found dead afterward close together. Two of the men were farther away and after lying fainting on the snow for a time came to themselves, one with his arm, the other with his ears and nose frozen. They tried to dig up their companions, but had no proper tools and were also too weak, so had to renounce the attempt.

They drank all the brandy they had with them and then climbed down to Briga, fearing a catastrophe at every moment. When they reached Briga they were half dead, and for some hours had not even strength to relate what had happened. One other dead soldier was found alone, but the body of the fourth lies still beneath the snow. Only just a week ago a similar accident happened, but fortunately without loss of life. A party of a few soldiers and a citizen had set out from Fort Centrale, four thousand two hundred and twenty-seven feet high, to go to Fort Popone, six thousand six hundred and eighty-seven feet high, and were overtaken by a storm. They thought for a moment of turning back, but the orders were strict, and they therefore marched on. All at once they felt the ground tremble beneath their feet, and a moment after they saw an enormous avalanche descending swiftly upon them with a loud whistling sound and a violent current of air. It overtook them and rolled them down the mountain with the speed of an express train; yet, strange to say, they were suddenly stopped on a level space, after a fall of six hundred and fifty feet, without beyond a few scratches and being a little stunned. The avalanche went on its path to break to pieces in a ravine, and the young soldiers stared each other in the face, astonished to find that they were still alive.

LIVING OCEAN LANTERNS.

How the Deep Sea is Lighted by Its Fluffy Inhabitants.

Away down in the dark depths of the ocean there are living lanterns that are borne about to light up the darkness. A queer fish, called the "midshipmite," carries the brightest and most striking of all these sea torches. Along its back, under its skin, and at the base of its fins there are small disks that glow with a phosphorescent light like rows of shining buttons on the young middy's uniform. In this way it gets its name "midshipmite," by which young sailors in the navy are often called.

These disks, says the New York Press, are exactly like small bull's-eye lanterns, with regular lenses and reflectors. The lenses gather the rays and the reflectors throw them out again. There is a layer of phosphorescent cells between the two, and the entire effect is as perfect as if made by some skillful optician.

The fish is so constructed that when it is frightened by some devoning sea monster it can close its lenses and hide itself in the darkness. It can turn its lantern off and on at will, and then it is always "lited" and ready when wanted.

Another marine animal has a luminous bulb that hangs from its chin and thus throws the light before it to warn it of the approach of enemies. Still another upholds a big light from the extremity of the dorsal fin. Others again have constant supplies of a luminous oil that runs down their sides from the fins, making a bright and constant light all around.

She Was Down on Boys.

A little girl but four years old was observed to be very devout in church and to be very eager not to miss attending the services. "What do you do, when you are there, Rosie?" asked a lady friend, "you cannot read and you must get very tired of such long services?" The little one shook her head gravely. "I am never tired," she said, "I have so much to say to God." "What do you say, do tell me," persisted the lady. The child climbed on her knee, and whispered with all her soul in her eyes: "I cannot go to church too often to thank God—I was not born a boy."

Big Imperial Enters.

The czar is described as the largest eater among crowned heads and the Kaiser comes next. The latter is stated to have a mania for eating at extraordinary times, and, although dining copiously before going to the theater, he generally insists on the dispatch from the imperial kitchens of a fully prepared supper, which he devours in one of the private rooms of the theater between the acts.

Carpets, carpets, carpets. Matting, matting, matting. Buy of the Albany Furniture Co. Baltimore Block. Albany, Oregon.

Hats, hats, hats, when in need of a hat don't fail to look at those in the hat store, straw hats 50c, 20c, and 25c. Wool hats 30c, 45c, and 50c. Cowboy hats 75c and \$1.50. Fur hats \$1, \$1.25 and first grade \$1.75. New styles, fine figured lawn and dress collars at prices away below competition. Great bargains in white dress coats from 5c up. Outing flannel, 20c, for \$1. Baby's lace caps 20c, 25c, and 35 cents.

Notice of Executrix.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that by an order of the county Court for Linn County, State of Oregon, the undersigned has been duly appointed and is now the duly qualified and acting Executrix of the last will and testament of Eugene H. Elm, deceased.

All parties indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to be understood, and all parties having claims against the estate are hereby required to present the same properly verified, within six months from the 5th day of April 1885, the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at the office of Sam'l M. Garland, Lebanon, Ore.

E. J. Elm, of the last will and testament of Eugene H. Elm, deceased.

SAM'L M. GARLAND, Atty. for Executrix.

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