

SURPRISED.

A Giant Blacksmith Finds Himself in an Uncomfortable Position.

POWARDICE A CHARACTERISTIC OF THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

A gentleman who accompanied a trading caravan through New Mexico relates the following "moving accident by the way." It confirms what has often been asserted that a grizzly bear will generally get away from an attack if he can, rather than attack a man. That the man (even if he is a big man) generally prefers to get away from the bear, needs no confirmation. "We had," says the writer, "in our company a giant blacksmith and general repairer of wagons named Campbell who measured fully six feet eight in his stockings, and was besides elegantly proportioned."

"Independently of his universal usefulness as 'Jack-of-all-trades,' our colossal friend was in such constant requisition that he might well have been origin to the western phrase of his being a 'whole team;' for if a wagon happened to be in the mire, he was worth more than a whole team to extricate it. He was in short, the most appropriate subject for a regular grizzly bear to scrape."

"On the occasion I speak of, Campbell had laid himself down under the shade of a bush, upon the brink of a precipice about ten feet high, and was taking a comfortable snooze while his companions were hunting a family of bears in the neighborhood."

"During the chase, a young bear that had been scared from his mother, slipped down the trail towards our camp, apparently heedless of the company. Several of us saw the animal. We seized our guns, and as he sprang across the ravine through a oak near the spot where Campbell lay, we gave it a salute."

"This caused it to tumble back, probably wounded, into the ravine beneath the precipice with a frightful noise."

"Campbell was suddenly aroused by the noise, and started up with the rapidity of lightning, and in so doing, fell asleep as he was, as tumbled over the precipice plump upon the bear's back."

"Wugh!" growled the bear. "Murder!" screamed the giant. "Clinch it, Campbell, clinch it!" cried his companions; for no one as bold venture to shoot for fear of a grizzly man.

"Campbell, however, had no notion of closing clutches with his long-funneled antagonist, but busied himself in vain attempts to clamber up the steep bank; while the bear, rising upon his hinder legs and staring at the movement upon the huge frame of the blacksmith, soon made up his mind as to the expediency of turning round and finally succeeded in accomplishing his escape, notwithstanding a volley of shot that was fired after him."

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STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE WITH RATS.

The plague of rats in the Decatur second season in succession is a menacing serious alarm. These animals overspread the country like insects, destroy the crops almost as thoroughly, and are even more difficult to keep down. So grave had become the aspect of affairs that a "Rat Committee" was appointed to inquire into the best means of disposing of these creatures. They went thoroughly into the question after the manner of the committees in India, and their recommendations are carefully tabulated. The people are to be induced to turn out en masse and face the rats; rewards are to be offered for rats, and, in fact, the invasion is to be treated as a matter to be dealt with vigorously by the whole community. No great way will, however, be made until the same measures are adopted which are taken with rabbits in Australia when they become an undurable nuisance. It has been found that the only successful plan to block up all the holes which can be found. The difficulty in Australia to obtain sufficient labor for this process. That difficulty is not likely to exist in Bombay, and a correspondent of a Bombay newspaper has already suggested that this plan should be adopted. In the meantime the question has arisen as to how the rats are so increased and multiplied. At this point can, however, be discussed with more calmness when they have their more subordination. — [Pall Mall Gazette.

RECEIVING \$20,000 IN A LUCID INTERVAL.

The Pennsylvania Railroad ferryboat, Hudson City, and the New York and Norwich Transportation Company's Sound steamer, City of Norwich, were in collision, in February, 1880. John M. Martin was a passenger on the ferryboat. A gas fixture fell on his head. The blow so affected his mind that it was necessary to confine him in a lunatic asylum, from which he was but recently released. He sued both companies in Judge Larremore's court for \$25,000 damages, and yesterday he recovered \$20,000. He was a witness at the trial, but his wife testified that on the night of the day on which he had testified he knocked her down and had to be put under restraint again. On this testimony Mr. John W. Scribner, for the defendant, asked that the suit be discontinued because the plaintiff was insane. Mr. Joseph H. Choate, for plaintiff, asked for permission to increase the claim for damages from \$25,000 to \$40,000. Both motions were denied.

THE MONTREAL GIRLS DRESS.

"I don't tell you how these girls dress," said a New York woman to her husband. "First, they start with flannel on their heads to foot—and such flannel! Then they go on like other women, except that they put on more skirts, and usually a quilted one that's warm as a wood fire. Then they put on a dress, and over that a chamois jacket that fits like a shoe in the mud. Then they put ribbed woolen stockings over their stockings and arctics over their shoes. They don't care any more about the looks of their feet than the St. Louis women do. Then they put on their knit wristlets, then gloves, then a fur or cloth dolman, then a fur cap, and finally a coil of worsted comforters. When they are dressed, if they are hurled at a speed of a mile a minute from a toboggan they are unhurt. If they fall through the ice they are not wet. If the thermometer drops to fifteen below zero they read of it next day and wish they had known it at the time."

THE GIRLS IN A PANTOMIME.

Whilst the principals are being rehearsed, I take the opportunity of surveying the five or six hundred young women who have been collected to adorn the pantomime. They belong one and all, I should say, to the respectable lower middle classes. Many of them are pretty enough, but many more are exactly the reverse. I can not understand what freak can have led them to undertake this particular employment. They are modest, retiring and uninviting young women. In classifying them in my mind I should say they extended from the sewing-machine girl to the daily governess who is out of work. Not a dozen of them are really well or expensively dressed. The great majority adopt that hideously vulgar English fashion of imitation. The costume is a shabby imitation of the material used by a rich woman—sham sealskins, sham furs, Newmarkets made in wretched stuff, and trumpery ornaments. For more attention is paid to outside smartness than to petticoats and boots. A French woman would sooner wear a clean petticoat and a smart pair of boots than a gay gown; but these six hundred girls were for the most part of the draggled-tail order, and disgracefully shod. They were members, most probably, of large families, and necessity made them contribute to the general purse. I observe no fastness or frivolity at all in this congregation of girls; they were no more forward than the young women who stream out of city warehouses when work is done. Some of them were so gentle and refined in manner, that it seemed painful they should be subjected to the rough language that seems to be inseparable from stage teaching. Nervousness sometimes is construed into stupidity; and it must be a harsh experience for a sensitive woman, here, perhaps, to assist her struggling father or indigent mother, to be told in so many words that she is a fool, and to be dismissed as a dunderhead before all her companions. "Ah! but he does not mean it," whispered some one in my ear. "He is the best fellow in the world, and will take her back directly the rehearsal is over. But there must be a discipline and example in a theater!" Yes, that is all very well, no doubt; but I saw the blush start to one poor girl's face when she was removed. I saw her wince when she failed again and again; and when she was sent about her business, and went to the back of the crowd, the tears fell down her cheeks in showers. No doubt there must be discipline, but think of the disappointment of that poor girl when she had to get back home through the mud and tell her friends she had been dismissed! There are bad fathers, who beat such miserable women. Pa Eccles has a flat as well as a thirsty throat.

MARRIED LIFE IN TURKEY.

The Turk is commonly believed to be a sort of Bluebeard; but a writer in London Society says that it is not so, and that polygamy is the exception rather than the rule, as it is restricted to the wealthy classes. Members of the latter, however, often have four wives and a large number of concubines. In points of etiquette, at least, the husband is the subject of many small tyrannies. He must have no acquaintance with women other than those of his own harem, and should he observe slippers outside the harem-door, he knows that ladies are visiting, and he therefore cannot enter. Then again, if perchance he strolls through the bazaar, there must be no recognition of his own women, though they may be throwing away his money right and left on silks and jewels. European ladies are the object of much attention and curiosity on the part of the women of the harem. A young English lady, seventeen years old, of great personal attractions, some time since visited a harem accompanied by her mother and friends. The women questioned her, and would not believe that she had no children or even a husband. One of the wives, who took a great fancy to her, threw her arms around her neck and entreated her to stay with them forever. She could have any husband she liked, and was even so kind as to specially recommend her own, adding at the same time that she was sure that he would soon want another wife, and that she, the real wife, would much rather it was this nice English girl, than there would always be the pleasure of having her as a friend and companion. Here was a most decided offer. A firm refusal, however, of these honors caused much disappointment.

A HISTORIAN.

Sketch of His Quiet, Pleasant Life at Newport and in Washington.

A WELCOME GUEST AT A DINNER TABLE.

George Bancroft is eighty-two. He has been writing history for years. It has lengthened his days. Perhaps that's the reason why Blaine contemplates a history of political events in the United States between the Lincoln and Garfield administrations. I wonder whether the other shelved statesmen who propose to settle down in their Washington palaces purpose writing history. Ferry might tell us all about silver mines; Windom could enlighten the world on stock operations; Saunders of Nebraska could give us points on agriculture as a species of political capital. What a history of the navies of the world Robeson could write! and how entertaining voluntary contribution Hubbell's essay on political assessments, past and present, would be! At any rate, Mr. Bancroft lives a life that any of them might envy. He has everything that heart could desire—fame in his life-time, houses and friends, horses and roses, books and bouquets. He lives well at Newport in summer, and he lives better in Washington in winter. He said the other day that that was his idea of a sensible life—a six months of the city in winter, with plenty of flowers and friends and books and horses in both. He is fond of roses—he has some of the finest in the world, both here and at Newport—and of books and of paintings and of sculptures and of fine horses. So are a great many other people, but unlike a majority of them, he is able to have what he wants. One thing that he enjoys very much is horseback riding on the smooth roads north of Washington. When he can get a companion or two he is almost happy. When several pedestrians or equestrians have bowed to him he is quite happy. He is, like most successful men, profoundly self-respectful. He likes to have people bow to him whether he knows them or not. Another thing he is fond of is dining out. He is a welcome guest at any dinner table in Washington, from the President down. He has great conversational powers and an abundant fund of anecdotes and recollections. He is entirely adequate to the entertainment of one end of any dinner table. He tells a story about a man who has been dead fifty years as though he had been with us yesterday. In the course of his long life he has held such positions at home and abroad as brought him in contact with the best as well as the most prominent men in the world. His memory is simply marvelous. It is full of well arranged facts, faces and fancies, the accumulation of a busy, brilliant lifetime. He told at a dinner, not long ago, with great neatness and grace, the story of near-sighted old Governor Lincoln of Massachusetts, who, crossing Boston Common sixty or seventy or eighty years ago, bowed gravely and courteously to a flock of geese then advancing toward him, with a "Thank you, my children; very polite of you to bow, I'm sure." No one could have imitated the ancient Governor's manner and voice more perfectly than did the bright-eyed, white-haired octogenarian across the table, and the laughter that followed was as deserved as it was hearty. Mr. Bancroft has a warm side for all Massachusetts people. He takes enough time every day out of his busy life to stop at the hotels where the Boston people usually stop. "Any Boston people here?" he asks, and if the clerk says "Yes," he adds: "Here are some cards; put them in their boxes. Good day." And then he is off again to his drive or his book.

"NOW A PERTATY."

Willis, the poet, whom our fathers and mothers admired, saw one day in London a scene of plenty and want. The paths of the incident laid not in the contrast, but in the fact that want seemed to enjoy plenty's happiness. As the poet was walking the London streets, he came across a little ragged girl, whose sharp features indicated her familiarity with hunger. She was peering through an iron railing into the window of an eating-house. A man sat at the window making ready to eat a good dinner. The girl was watching his every movement, as though the sight itself was nourishing. A beefsteak, piping hot, had been placed before him. The man cut the steak, put a piece of it on his plate, then stopped and looked around. "Now a pertaty," murmured the child, as if she herself was dining; and her look showed the highest enjoyment.

A COMPETITIVE TEST.

Invalids who are recovering vital stamina declare in grateful terms their appreciation of the merits as a tonic of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Not only does it impart strength to the weak, but it also corrects an irregular acid state of the stomach, makes the bowels act at proper intervals, gives ease to those who suffer from rheumatism and kidney troubles, and conquers as well as prevents fever and ague. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally. S.F.N.C., First Series, No. 41.

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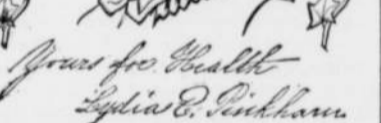
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