Bill Blake and the Bear

Also Two Girls Who Seemed to Need No Protection.

A QUARTER of a century ago, when the valleys and bottom-lands of Pennsylvania were decked in the abundant growth of timber which was nature's heritage, any self-respecting log jobber, if his attention had been directed to the desolate Kettle Creek region, would have turned up his nose disdainfully and passed on to greener fields, says a Williamsport (Pa.) correspondent of the N. Y. Sun. But the days when a contractor could choose his place of residence are practically past, and so it was that "Hank" Bellman was reduced to the extremity last fall of erecting his shanty and starting operations in the heart of the jungle-like forest overlooking Kettle Creek. The camp is fitted into a little patch of clearing ground far over the mountain top. A narrow turnpike winds up to it from the highway hundreds of feet below, and beyond it, extending into the wilderness, great wastes of fallen trees, stumps and piles of hemlock bark show what the woodsman's ax has been doing all winter. Directly surrounding the shanty the trees have not all been removed, and on the frosty winter nights, when the snow hangs in great layers upon the heavy branches and the air is so crisp and keen that sound travels through it with as much precision as though shot from a megaphone, the panthers and catamounts climb up into the tall timber and wake the slumbering echoes of the forest, as well as the boys in the camp, with their wild and dismal howlings.

One of those nights came about a month ago. The panthers and wildcats yelled more furiously, it seemed, than they had done before during the winter, and added to their woeful wailings was the voice of the north wind as it tossed the snow against the weather-beaten sides of the shanty. For that night the shanty was good enough for the boys. When supper was over and the storm showed no signs of abating they all gathered together in the big "lobby," which is home, club, society and Sunday school to them, and prepared to make the best of a night indoors. Now these woodsmen are not the sort of men who can spend an evening over a book or enjoy themselves at any tame diversion, and on this night even jack poker had no charm for them. The fact is that they were just in the mood to listen to one of Bill Blake's stories.

"Say, Bill," said one of the woodsmen, "what tarnal cussedness ever possessed you to leave the good job you had in the Slate Run camp last fall and come up to this pesky hole?"

Bill Blake puffed contemplatively at his pipe for a moment, after which he said:

"Well, mebby I had a purty good reason, if I wanted to tell."

Then he laughed quietly. Nobody spoke, and when Bill had finally gone over the details in his own mind, he continued:

"You see I'd never have gone to the Slate Run job in the first place, but for one thing. Down at the city, where I had a lovely suit as coachman for a rich lady, I got knocked out in a love affair. You needn't grin, Shorty. I kept myself purty spick-an'-span on that job, an', if I do say it, they wa'n't many han'somer ribbon slingers drivin' down the pike. Wall, who the gal was don't matter, an' it hain't no one's business who the dude was 'at cut me out. I only mention the incident for the sake of explainin' why it was 'at I ever went back to the lumber business at all.

"You see, everything went sort o' contrary with me in town after that. I got sick of the whole business, an' all the time while I was drivin' them spankin' hosses through the streets my mind would keep a-runnin' back to the old camp life, where I knowed they wa'n't like to be no dudes nor no gals to play hide-an'-seek with a feller's heart. So back I goes to the old Slate Run job, where I was well known an' only had to whistle to get work.

"Wall, the very first night I spent in the camp I made up my mind it wa'n't no use for me to try to get away from the gals. Right in that camp they was two as purty gals as you'd care to see—nieces of the boss' wife, I guess, a-visitin' thar, they told me, for their health. I found out afore I was in the camp very long 'at they was a little too healthy for that place as it was, an' you'll see purty soon what made me think so.

"The damsels started right in by flirtin' with me, an' they was so winsome 'at I forgot all about the city gal right away. I met 'em half way in the flirtin' game an' it seemed to me 'at was in clover. The other fellows was all gettin' jealous of the way the gals was shinin' 'round me; but it wa'n't exactly my fault if they wa'n't in it, so I didn't bother about that. Wall, things went on lovely for about a week, an' one night the gals says to me, they says: 'Let's go along down an' get some apples.'

"Now the o'chard was quite a ways below the camp an' it was closed in by a big board fence about six feet high. Of course, I went. We had a jolly time goin' toward the o'chard an' the gals seemed more lovin' to me than ever. When we got thar an' I seed the high fence I wanted to help the gals over, but they says: 'No, you go fust, an' then we'll foller.' So of course I went. I put a board up to the fence an' clumb over an' then waited to ketch the gals. Wall, it must have been a minute I waited thar an' I didn't hear a sound from the other side.

"'Yes,' says I to myself, 'I see what they're at; they don't want me to help 'em over after all.' Then I says out loud, sort o' pleasant like: 'Oh, I thought you'd change your minds, purty dearies!' But they wa'n't no answer, an' I begins to get kinder mad. I was jest startin' to look over the fence an' see what was the matter when I heard a growl behind me an' turned 'round quick. Lands o' rattlesnakes, boys, what a sight met my eyes! Thar was a big, ugly-lookin' cinnamon b'ar standin' under an apple tree an' a-lookin' right at me. Wall, I'll bet th se beautiful locks of mine stood on end like pore'pine quills. They wa'n't no use feelin' for a gun, 'cause I knowed I didn't have any, not even a jackknife or weapon of no kind. It was a leetle hotter proposition than I wanted to tackle jest then, so I bade Mr. Bruin a hasty farewell an' made for the fence.

"But now, boys, come the trouble in earnest. It was an easy enough matter to get over that fence, but when it come to gettin' back, why that was a different thing. I seen I couldn't do it nohow, an' so I jest stood an' turned my back to the fence an' waited. Bruin was within three feet of me then, an' he riz up onto his hind feet an' stood thar movin' his head about in a threatenin' manner an' motionin' at me with his big, ugly paws. The moon was shinin' out bright an' clear above us, an' as he stood thar between me an' it he was one of the most skeery-lookin' sights I ever seen. He didn't appear to be narvous or discontented in the least, an' I made up my mind I wouldn't be narvous either. So, lookin' straight into his face an' reckonin' the distance, I picked out a spot on the big feller's under jaw an' give him such a kick with my big cowhide boot 'at he yelled with pain.

"You can bet I didn't wait to see the result, but I jest took it across that o'chard as if the devil was at my heels. Lordy, how my feet did welt the ground! At last I seen a hole in the fence whar a board was gone, and at it I went; I reached it all right, an' was jest about half way through when I heard a shufflin' an' pantin' behind me 'at made my blood freeze up in knotty leetle lumps. Boys, did you ever know a b'ar could bunt? Well, I have had the fact drilled into me in a purty forcible way; for what knocked me through the fence at such a lively gait that night was nothin' more nor less than that b'ar's head. I was knocked into a heap on the outside of the fence, an' thar I laid, huggin' the ground an' shiverin' an' expectin' every second to find Bruin on top of me.

"Wall, I was purty sore when I got back to the camp, but I didn't say nothin' 'bout that an' the gals put up a nice leetle story, tellin' me how when they saw the b'ar they was so skeert they couldn't say nothin' an' jest ran back to the house. I took in everything they said, an' the next night when they ast me if I wanted to go 'long down with 'em an' explore the old mine, I was jest tickled to death to get the chance. We took an old minin' lamp with us, an' when we got thar I started in ahead, carryin' the light. The old drift hadn't been worked for years, an' dirty water was drippin' from the roof an' coverin' my best coat as I groped my way in, never doubtin' 'at the gals would foller. I had only got a dozen feet or so, an' was jest turnin' 'round to see if the damsels was gettin' on all right when I stumbled over somethin' an' went sprawlin'. The light went out in the flurry an' the fust thing I knowed they was a deep growl 'at echoed through the mine an' somethin' had hold of me by the bootleg.

"It was pitch dark in the hole, but a flood of moonlight to one side told me whar the openin' was. With an awful effort I jerked my leg free an' scrambled to my feet with the intention of makin' a dash towards that flood of moonlight. Wal, I had only jest nicely got onto my feet an' turned around when I felt somethin' shoot between my legs an' tip me back. I clutched wildly in front of me an' got my both hands imbedded in the shaggy hair of Bruin—for I knowed right well by this time what it was. The b'ar shot out of that drift at an almighty rapid gait, an' I didn't dare drop off for fear of buttin' my brains out against the sides, so I jest laid flat an' hugged tight, watchin' for a good chance to make a leap.

"Wal, I kin sit here now an' laugh with the rest of you, when I look back at it; but you kin bet they wa'n't no fun in it fer me jest then.

"Right outside the mouth of the drift was a little decline, an' at the bottom of it was a pool of water that was made by the leetle stream flowin' out of the mine. I was all ready, an' as soon as I seen 'at I was out in the open air again I jest slid off, easy as you please, from the b'ar's back an' struck right in that pool of water. Wow! But I did get a nice duckin' an' no mistake.

"The first thing I done was to cuss myself for bein' such a blamed fool as to drop in that water, an' then I pulled myself up onto my feet an' proceeded to look myself over. Never lettin' up on my cussin' for a minute, I meandered back to the camp an' jest sneaked in an' went to bed without sayin' nothin' to nobody. It was a little late when I got around the next mornin', an' jedge my su'prise, fellers, when I went behind the fence an' seen one of them blamed gals feedin' an old b'ar outen a tin pan!

"I seen how the whole thing was in a second. Them gals had been makin' game of me all the time, an' the b'ar 'at had been makin' me so much trouble was nothin' but a tame one 'at wouldn't hurt nobody. Fust I had a notion to go in an' get my shooter an' put an end to the 'tarnal thing for spite, but I concluded it was best to curb my temper an' let it go. The fellers had all gone to work, an' I knowed if I waited until they got back they'd be onto the thing an' have an awful leg on me, so I jest got my togs together an' scratched out as quietly as I could.

"Yes, this is a lonesome, pesky hole, an' no mistake, but they ain't no dudes here nor gals to play hide-an'-go-seek with a feller's heart an' he payin'. I'm durn glad of it."

Campaign Drift.

There is now no doubt that Bryan is the most nominated man in the push.

Until the several "letters of acceptance" appear the campaign cannot be regarded as wide open.

Murat Halstead promises to outshine Senator Jones in casting horoscopes into the political caldron.

The Unite l States Monetary league, an organization with more title than membership, threatens to hand Bryan another nomination.

That Nebraskan who offers to bet his farm against $1,000 on the election of Bryan might as well deed it away now and spare himself the anxiety of the contest.

Croker and Hill insist that it is necessary to fight for harmony in New York. At this distance it looks as though David had the tiger by the tail and dare not let go.

How times have changed. Santa Claus Stewart's whiskers are now an object of wild derision in democratic circles. Even the "Crime of '73" is treated with contempt.

Hon. Horace Boies, one of the faithful of Iowa, is not exercising his voice in politics this year. But his shipments of stock and farm products to market indicate that he is doing fairly well.

The output of eggs bearing the initials of presidential candidates appears to be growing. Interest in these "lays of the campaign" would be greatly increased if the output could hatch out votes.

Webster Davis is sorely perplexed these days. He says he has been obliged to decline in one week 842 invitations to make speeches. Localities favored with a Davis decline are to be congratulated on their good luck.

McKinley is reasonably sure of a majority in Pequea township, Lancaster county, Pa. Rev. Daniel Rhines, 79 years old, lives there, with his five sons, five sons-in-law and thirteen grandsons, every one of them republicans.

The democrats and populists have not lost any southern or carried any northern states so far this year. Elections have been held in Oregon, Alabama, Rhode Island and North Carolina. Arkansas, Maine and Vermont will vote in September.

Connecticut formerly made it a requisite of suffrage that electors should "have sustained good moral character during the year." In South Carolina paupers were excluded and in Arkansas no soldier, seaman or marine in the United States services was qualified to vote.

John W. Yerkes, the republican candidate for governor of Kentucky, is a lawyer and is collector of internal revenue. He was a candidate for United States senator when Senator Deboe was elected in 1897 on the 112th ballot. He is a resident of the town of Danville, the seat of Centre college.

John H. Holt, democratic candidate for governor of West Virginia, will make a fiddling campaign, in imitation of some other southerners who have run for similar offices. Governor Atkinson, the present republican executive of the state, made use of a violin in his canvass, and former Governor Wilson was also a performer on the same instrument. "Alf" Taylor fiddled his way into the gubernatorial chair of Tennessee. He and his brother "Bob" canvassed the state together, divided time in their speeches and frequently slept in the same bed.

TILLAMOOK WEATHER.

Aug.	Temperature. Maximum.	Minimum.	Mean.	Rainfall.
1	65	56	60.1	0.15
2	68	48	58.0	0.02
3	71	44	57.1	0.00
4	67	41	54.0	0.00
5	67	45	56.0	0.00
6	66	47	56.1	0.25
7	68	50	59.0	0.04
8	66	48	57.0	0.00
9	67	50	58.1	0.04
10	66	47	56.1	0.00
11	68	51	58.1	0.00
12	68	53	60.1	0.00
13	69	47	58.0	0.00
14	68	51	58.1	0.02
15	67	55	61.0	0.00
16	65	47	56.0	0.10
17	66	53	59.1	0.00
18	64	49	56.1	0.05
19	65	44	54.1	0.00
20	68	51	59.1	0.00
21	68	53	60.1	0.00
22	68	52	60.0	0.00
23	67	51	59 0	0.85
24	67	51	59.0	0.30
25	65	51	58.0	0.74
26	65	43	54.0	0.03
27	64	47	55.1	0.00
28	70	47	58.1	0.00
29	66	45	55 1	T.
30	67	45	56.0	0.00
31	65	51	58.0	0.00
Sum.	2571	1513	179.8	2.59
Mean	66.7	48.7	58.0	0.00

SUMMARY.—Max. temp., 71; date, 3rd. Min. temp., 41; date, 4th. Total precip. inches, 2.59; total snowfall inches, 0; number of days clear, 7; partly cloudy, 7; cloudy, 17. Dates of frost—Light, 0; Killing, 0. Dates of hail, 0; sleet, 0; thunder storms, 0; auroras, 0. Prevailing wind—Direction, N.W.

Remarks.—29th, a rainbow tincted Solar halo. T trace.

Heavy rain on the 8th Sept., if wind S.W. and 15th, and light rain 23rd.

CAPT. JOSEPH J. DAWSON,
Voluntary Observer.

A Special Inducement.

As a compliment to our many patrons and the public generally, for a time, we propose to give to every customer making Cash Purchases to the amount of $25.00 a handsome three-quarter, life size, Crayon or Water-color portrait FREE. To this end we have made a contract with one of the leading portrait houses of America to furnish us with their celebrated portraits. REMEMBER that the portraits do not cost you anything. REMEMBER also that the goods you buy at our place do not cost you any more than at any other store. We are simply presenting you the portrait as an appreciation of your patronage.

Yours truly,

KING & KERREMANS.

Out of the Ordinary.

The biggest orchard in South Dakota is owned and managed by Mrs. Laura A. Alderman. It covers 150 acres and contains 8,000 trees, besides currant and gooseberry bushes and grape vines and three acres of strawberries

There are now 13 cable lines across the Atlantic in successful operation, yet the charge for sending messages remains what it has been for twenty years or more—25 cents a word for commercial messages and 10 cents a word for press dispatches.

State Senator McCarren of New York is proving himself a terror to the gambling houses of Saratoga. In three successive evenings recently he came out $500, $4,000 and $7,000 ahead. He likes to play faro with $25 chips and whenever he sits down the dealer begins to breathe hard.

During a tremendous thunderstorm at Bellfontaine, O., last week the house of Tobias Kerr was struck by lightning. Everyone in the family was more or less stunned by the shock. On coming to they were amazed to find that a bureau had been moved from one room into another.

Several years ago Frank P. Van Valkenburgh, a prominent attorney of Milwaukee, who died a few days ago, requested that no publicity be given to his obsequies. His funeral, as a consequence, was devoid of all ostentation or ceremony, only his own relatives being permitted to attend it or view the remains.

Left-handed parties are amusing some of the Chicago stay-at-homes this hot summer. The invitations are written with the left hand and the host greets you with the left hand instead of the right hand. The guests must draw pictures or write with their left hands and prizes are given for the best and worst efforts.

The little Grand Duchess Olga of Russia may be said to be the richest baby in the world. The week she was born $5,000,000 was settled on her and it is said that this huge sum was safely invested in British and French securities. For in a country like Russia no one knows what may happen to members of the reigning house.

It is the law in Maine that the bounty for bears must be paid when the animal's nose is shown and in New Hampshire the money is payable on exhibition of the ears. Some enterprising sportsmen who live near the border of the two states get a double bounty by collecting on the noses in Maine and on the ears in New Hampshire.

The Marquis of Londonderry, the postmaster general, has issued a hard and fast order to postoffice clerks that "Esq." shall be used in future in addressing all male correspondents unless they "are evidently laborers, personal servants or tradesmen." In case of doubt the "Esq." must be used. Depositors in postal savings banks are not entitled to the "Esq."

To all appearances Mrs. Eliza Walker of Carthage, Mo., died one day last week. Preparations were made for the funeral, but no one thought of getting a burial permit. To this oversight Mrs. Walker probably owes the fact that she was not buried alive, for while a messenger was dispatched for the necessary document she opened her eyes and sat up. She is now as well as ever.

Speaking of the health of the British army in South Africa, the Lancet says that "one of the greatest difficulties which confront the medical officers is to induce the men to drink only water which has been rendered as pure as possible by boiling and filtering. After a long march the average soldier will run any risk to obtain a draught of water, however bad."

In one of richest wine districts of France there are stationed 104 soldiers and fifty-two cannon, man and arms being used in most civilized warfare. At the first sign of a storm which might be expected to seriously injure the vines an alarm is given from a look-out tower. The guns are wheeled into position and open fire on the clouds. This treatment is found to bring admirable results, the clouds being shattered and the storm broken up into comparatively harmless sections.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., September 1st, 1900.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at Oregon City, Oregon, on October 19, 1900, viz:

FREDERICK M. BLAISDELL,

H.E. No. 11564, for the S ½ of Se ¼, Lots 7, 8 and 9, S. e. 10, Tp. 3 N., R. 8 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Del Springer, of Jewell, Oregon; Matt Lukarilla, of Elsie, Oregon; Erick Hemstrom, of Olney, Oregon; Dave Tweedle, of Vine Maple, Oregon.

CHAS. B. MOORES Register.

W. V. MORGAN. H. MUDGE. J. D. EDWARDS.

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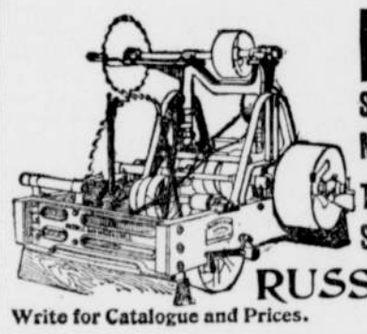

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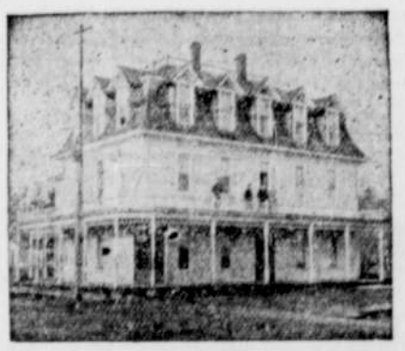

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