

BAFFLED THE BEAR

Exciting Domestic Event in the Early Days of Vermont.

TALE OF AN ALL NIGHT SIEGE.

An Ugly Visitor That Gave Herself a Warm Reception in a Settler's Cabin, a Quick Retreat by the Inmates and a Display of Presence of Mind.

Two of the first English settlers in the town of Addison, Vt., were John Strong and Zadok Everest. Early in the fall of 1776 Strong and Everest had to go to Albany for provisions. Pioneer women seldom worried, but for some reason Molly Strong felt uneasy after her husband had gone. She and her sons got in a good supply of fuel and did the chores early.

When they came back to the cabin the baby was crying for his supper, and Mrs. Strong gave him a cup of warm milk and sat him down in front of the fireplace. She had just swung the kettle of sump from the fire when she heard a noise. Looking round, she saw the blanket that served for a door swung aside as a great bear thrust her head into the room. The children screamed, and the bear backed out in haste, but Molly Strong knew that she would return.

"Quick, children!" she said as she caught up the baby. "Climb the ladder. Let sister go up first, now Johnnie, now Frank—hurry, hurry!"

When the others were safe in the loft Mrs. Strong climbed up with the baby and drew the ladder after her. She hid it across the hole, and then she and the children sat down and waited. The door of the loft was made of round poles laid closely together, but not fastened. It was dangerous to have about on it.

Peering down through the pole floor, they listened and watched for the bear to come back. They could hear her moving round the house, and once a big paw crashed through the oiled paper at the window hole. Finally she came to the door and, after blinking uncertainly at the fire, walked in. Two cubs followed her. The old bear presently upset the pan of milk on the table, and the cubs began to lap it up eagerly.

"I'd like a taste of that myself," Frank whispered.

"So would I," Johnnie replied. "I'm awful hungry."

Next, the bear found the pudding kettle and took a mouthful of the boiling sump. Jumping back with a cry of pain and rage, she broke the pot with a swift blow of her paw, and then at up on her haunches, growling and rhining, and began to dig the pudding out of her mouth. The cubs sat and watched her in grave wonder.

That was too much for the children, who burst into laughter. Instantly the bear gave a loud roar and rushed toward the hole with the ladder across Mrs. Strong gave hurried orders: "Get me a pole, Frank, quick! Now, another. Punch her if she tries to limb up. Be careful. Don't fall through."

The baby, awakened by the noise, began to wail, and Mrs. Strong soothed him with one hand while with the other she warded off the bear. The little girl clung crying to her mother's skirts, but the boys each of a long pole and prodded the bear through the rungs of the ladder. The bear finally shuffled off toward the hole. She pulled down the blanket and tore it into shreds; then she went in, followed by her cubs.

"She's gone!" Johnnie said. "Do you think she'll come back, mother?"

"I expect she will, son, but we can't be sure—If we keep awake."

"I won't go to sleep!" groaned Johnnie. "I'm too hungry!"

Nevertheless, the silent wait in the only lighted loft made them all drowsy, and before the bear returned Mrs. Strong knew by their heavy snoring that the children were asleep. It was near midnight when the bear came in and renewed her efforts to reach the loft. Mrs. Strong peeped her sharply with her pole, and there was a roar that brought the boys to their feet.

Awakened and only half awake, Johnnie slipped across the loft. His foot slipped on a log between the poles, and as he fell the other poles spread apart. Down he fell into the room with the bear and the cubs. The bear did not see him, but she faced about at the noise and started toward him.

Quick as a flash, Mrs. Strong brought a pole down on the nearest cub and wedged it to the floor. The bear tried to rescue her squealing offspring, and Frank drew his brother up to the loft unharmed.

So busy to herself could have she been the old bear's courage like a lioness on her cub, and although she slouched in and out of the room she made no further attempt to reach the loft. As it grew dark Mrs. Strong, watching through cracks in the wall, saw her lead cub across the clearing into the woods.

When she thought it safe she went to the ladder and the family came down. They saw no more of the bear, but Mrs. Strong came home by a door in the cabin secure with a door in the wall and hung wooden slabs. — Youth's Companion.

When the man who does not regret your loss. He neither forgives nor forgets you. He forgives you, but he does not forget you. — Bernard Shaw.

PREPARING FOR OLD AGE.

If You Reach Sixty-five Years What Will Be Your Condition?

Actuaries say that of each thousand men living at the age of twenty five will still be alive at sixty-five. Economists declare that of the 500 living at sixty-five 200 will be in want; that eight-ninths of the pauperism in America is among people who have passed this same age of sixty-five.

A man is, of course, sometimes brought to want in old age through accident, through continued illness of himself or his family, through a dozen and one mischances against which even the wisest is helpless adequately to provide. In spite of this, however, there are certain tried and proved recipes by which a young man may guarantee at least the probability that he will not be found among the unfortunate 200 after the age of sixty-five.

Avoidance of wasteful, destructive habits; thrift, economy, the practice of spending habitually less than one earns, the habit of study, which increases one's usefulness and earning power—such are a few of the stable qualities which distinguish the young man approaching an independent old age from the one approaching a condition of want. Stand the actuary's thousand men in a row, divide them into two groups, the one possessing the habits and qualities noted above and the other lacking them, and there would be little difficulty in telling from which group will come the 200 and from which the 300.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WOOD FROM THE MOON.

Queer Decision of the Most Primitive Race on Earth.

The "north pole natives" alluded to by Captain Amundsen in a recent lecture were discovered by him while he was navigating his little craft, the Gjoa, through the Northwest passage in 1903-7.

He christened them "Nechilli" and considered them to be the most primitive race on earth. No white man had ever before invaded their icy fastnesses. Consequently they were ignorant of the use of iron. Their fishing implements were long spears, fashioned out of reindeer horn. They knew no other method of procuring fire than that of rubbing two pieces of wood together. They were, in short, still in the stage of civilization reached by our ancestors of the stone age.

So cut off were they from others of their kind that they imagined their tribe was the only one in the world and displayed the utmost astonishment when told of populous countries far to the south, where neither ice nor snow was. The Gjoa and her crew they thought to have dropped from the moon, and the first Nechilli to come aboard felt the deck, masts, boats, oars, all the while whispering to one another in amazement. "How much wood there is in the moon—how very much!"—London Standard.

Too Eager.

There is a lady in Richmond who has in her employ a darky servant of a most curious disposition.

"Did the postman leave any letters, Lily?" the mistress asked on one occasion on returning from a call in the neighborhood.

"Here ain't nuthin' but a postal card, ma'am," said Lily.

"Who is it from?" asked the mistress craftily.

"'Deed, I don't know, ma'am," said Lily, with an air of entire innocence.

"Well, any one that sends me a message on a postal card is either very stupid or impertinent," suggested the lady of the house.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said Lily, with dignity, "but that ain't no way to talk 'bout yo' own mother!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Population of Earth.

The population of the entire earth is about 1,000,000,000. Of this number, Asia has over half, 850,000,000; Africa, 127,000,000; North America, 120,000,000; South America, 45,000,000; Australasia, 5,000,000; Europe, 380,000,000; polar regions, 300,000. There are no means of estimating the increase in the earth's population, owing to the paucity of statistics and the comparatively recent date at which any sort of statistics were possible. But it is safe to say that from now on, owing to the spread of science the human increase will be greater than ever before. New York American.

Dodges the Germs.

"I understand that your neighbor Jinks has a deadly fear of microbes and takes every possible precaution to avoid infection."

"That's true. He won't even read a book or article if he thinks it contains any germs of thought."—Baltimore American.

Her Odd Way.

Giles—My wife is a queer woman. Miles—Indeed! Giles—Yes. Why, when she has occasion to drive a tack she uses a hammer instead of a hair-brush.—Chicago News.

Far Enough.

"Does your wife make your money go far?"

"I judge so. None of it has ever come back that I know of."—Buffalo Express.

From Abstract to Concrete.

"You say her love affairs have progressed from abstract to concrete?"

"Yes; she jilted a title guarantee man to take on a builder."—Judge.

He that knoweth himself best exalteth himself least.

HE RILED GLADSTONE.

And It Was the Only Time Disraeli Laughed in the Commons.

Disraeli, it is said, laughed only once in the house of commons. Mr. Gladstone had made an impassioned speech in favor of the union of Wallachia and Moldavia. Mr. Disraeli, speaking in opposition, pointed out that the result would be the extinction of the independence of these people, and the only thing left would be the remorse "which would be painted with admirable eloquence by the rhetorician of the day."

In reply Mr. Gladstone said that he would not be guilty of the affected modesty of pretending to be ignorant that that designation "the rhetorician of the day" was intended for himself. Mr. Disraeli interrupted with the remark: "I beg your pardon. I really did not mean that." Disraeli sat down with a satisfied smile that told of his enjoyment.

Mr. Gladstone's face expressed amazement and indignation. His opponent had placed him in the mortifying position of applying a remark to himself which had no such personal reference, therefore Gladstone's wrath and Disraeli's smile. The Liberal leader proceeded with his speech and condemned the "sesquipedalian words and inflated language" of the leader of the Conservatives.

SWALLOWING A PILL.

By Being Too Conscious of the Act We Make It Difficult.

Reduced to plain words, the scientific reason why so many people find it exceedingly difficult to swallow a pill is because they try to.

While this sounds paradoxical, it is, nevertheless, true, according to the best of authorities. The explanation is that in eating our food we swallow it almost automatically and give no thought to the act of swallowing, but with a pill we put it in the mouth and say to ourselves, "This is a very small object and will be difficult to swallow; I must make an effort to do this."

And right there is where the difficulty comes with most people. The muscular effort made to swallow the pill, accompanied by the thinking about the act, really hinders the proper working of the throat muscles that would otherwise act properly in carrying the pill down the throat.

A similar condition is that of a musician playing well when alone and faltering in the presence of listeners. It has been advanced that fear inconveniences the nervous system, causing the musician to fumble and the pill swallower to procrastinate.—New York World.

Majority and Plurality.

In politics the plurality is the greatest of more than two numbers and is also the excess of the highest number of votes cast for any one candidate over the next highest number. When a candidate receives out of 10,000 votes cast 4,000 and two other candidates receive respectively 3,500 and 2,500, the first is elected by a plurality, though he has received less than a majority of the whole vote, and he is said to have a plurality of 500 votes. If the numbers are 6,000, 3,000 and 1,000, the majority is 2,000 and the plurality is 3,000. A majority, therefore, must be more than half the entire vote cast, and a candidate's majority is, then, the difference between the number of votes he received and the combined number of votes cast for all other candidates; his plurality is the difference between his own number and the number received by the candidate nearest to him.

Timid About Bathing.

Archibald Colquhoun relates that "there is a strong prejudice in Nicaragua against bathing and even washing while on a journey and for some days afterward. The dust is not washed off the face for some days after arrival, especially if the traveler has come from the 'tierras calientes' (hot country, or lower region), for a too sudden opening of the pores of the skin will certainly produce fever, according to popular belief. The people of Nicaragua, according to Squier, 'are generally scrupulously clean in their persons, except when traveling, and then the use of water is prohibited.'"

The Agriculturist's View.

Two farmers on a visit to Liverpool stood upon the platform of a railway station, when a lady passed dressed in the height of fashion.

"There, Jim," said one, "what do you think of that, lad?"

Jim looked at her for a minute and then said, "Ay, Tom, it's bad ground that takes so much to dressing!"—Liverpool Mercury.

Fate.

"My good man, how did you come to be in prison?"

"Fate, I guess, ma'am."

"Fate? I don't understand you."

"Well, you see, it must have been ordained that somebody would be in this cell when you came along asking fool questions, and of course I had to be the guy."—Detroit Free Press.

How She Knew.

Nan—When young Mr. Gayman was introduced to me the other day I thought he seemed painfully embarrassed.

Fan—He didn't seem so to me, but on looking him up in the commercial directories, I found he was.—Boston Transcript.

Seeking to Be Exact.

"My grandpa had a perplexity fit yesterday," said small Dorothy.

"Perplexity fit?" echoed little Clarice.

"You mean a paralytic stroke, don't you?"—Stray Stories.

CONSIDER THE CAT.

The Only Animal Man Has Never Been Able to Conquer.

There is just one animal man has never conquered, never can conquer. Centuries ago every other beast became the slave of man or else fled far from human habitation. One and one only refused to flee or to submit.

The horse, the dog, the cow, the sheep, the goat, the pig—all came into camp thousands of years ago. They have ever since worked for man or fed him, or both. They have been his unquestioned and unquestioning slaves. The elephant, too, has become a servant as have other jungle lords.

The lion, the tiger, the wolf, the bear, and such other savage beasts as have not yielded service to man have slunk away in terror from the path of civilization, and are killed on sight.

But one single animal claims man's protection, shares his food and hearth, wanders at will and unmolested through human haunts, and does absolutely no work in return; obeys no orders, and does not even serve as food or clothing.

This only exception to a world of servants and of scared enemies is the domestic cat.

Think it over. The cat will not work. It will not guard your home. Its flesh and fur serve no use. Its one useful act is the catching of mice and rats. And these it slays and eats because it wants to; not to help out its owner.

For example, it does not bring its captured prey to its owner to eat. Nor will it hunt rodents unless it happens to feel like doing so.

The cat won't work. It won't even learn tricks unless it happens to want to. And no one can punish or torture it into learning any trick it doesn't want to learn.

That is why there are almost no tricks cats in animal shows and why the few that are there do such very simple tricks. A dog can be tortured into doing tricks. A cat can't.

When some animals became man's slaves and others fled from him, the cat did neither. It simply took all the favors and advantages man had to offer, and refused to do one lick of work in exchange. Beat a dog and he will fawn on you. Beat a cat and it will attack you and then desert you. You can't conquer the cat. You can't make it work.—New York World.

English Weights and Measures.

Other things besides fish have their own peculiar measures. Gunpowder, raisins and butter are sold by the barrel, but the weight varies. A barrel of powder weighs 100 pounds, of raisins 112 pounds, of butter 224 pounds. You can also buy butter by the firkin of fifty-six pounds, while a firkin of soft soap is sixty-three pounds. "Stones" are not always the same. A stone of glass is five pounds; a "customary stone" is eight pounds, the "legal stone" fourteen pounds. A "fodder of lead" depends upon where you buy it. In London or Hull you will get only nineteen and a half hundredweight, in Newcastle they will give you twenty-one and a half hundredweight and in Derby twenty-two and a half.—London Globe.

Look For the Pearls.

Do you know that perhaps within a stone's throw of your suburban home pearls may be found. Sara Savage Miller has an article in Suburban Life on "Fresh Water Pearl Fishing." She says that almost every stream and pond throughout the United States contains one or more varieties of mussels in which pearls are found and tells of a carpenter of Paterson, N. J., who found a magnificent pink pearl weighing ninety-three grains in the waters of Notch Brook. It was bought by Tiffany & Co. for \$1,500 and later was sold to the Empress Eugenie. Since then it has been known as the famous Queen pearl.

He That Keeps His Lawn Well.

Show me the man whose lawn is in good condition year by year and I will show you one whose wife did well to get him.

For let me tell you, friends and fellow travelers to the tomb, there are more sticks and bones, clothespins and crooked wires upon a lawn, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy. And he that cheerfully endures the slams upon the bread basket that the lawn mower hands him when its cutters clog possesses more than Christian fortitude—it mounts up to fifty-tude.—Eugene Wood in Everybody's Magazine.

Locating the Bar.

A grimy looking stranger entered a hotel. "Where's the bar?" he asked of Pat, who was standing at the door.

"What kind of bar?" asked the latter.

"Why, refreshment bar, of course! What do you suppose I mean?"

"Well," drawled Pat, with a twinkle, "I didn't know but you might mean a bar of soap."—London Answers.

Keep Tennis Balls Dry.

Tennis balls can be preserved in usable shape for an indefinite length of time if they are kept absolutely dry. They lose their resiliency and become "dead" before they are worn out for the reason that dampness decomposes the rubber.—Popular Mechanics.

The Hard Knocks.

"This old world at best is only an anvil and life a sort of Pistonius blacksmith, that, with varying blows, strikes us into form. The blow that hurts us most may shape us best."

The head, like the stomach, is most easily infected with poison when it is empty.—Jean Paul Richter.

Best Cough Medicine for Children.

"I am very glad to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes Mrs. Lida Dewey, Milwaukee, Wis. "I have used it for years both for my children and myself and it never fails to relieve and cure a cough or cold. No family with children should be without it as it gives almost immediate relief in cases of croup." Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is pleasant and safe to take, which is of great importance when a medicine must be given to young children. For sale by I. S. Lamar.

Colds to be Taken Seriously.

Intelligent people realize that common colds should be treated promptly. If there is sneezing and chilliness with hoarseness, tickling throat and coughing, begin promptly the use of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It is effective, pleasant to take, checks a cold, and stops the cough which causes loss of sleep and lowers the vital resistance. For sale by all druggists.

Difference in Working Hours.

A man's working day is 8 hours. His body organs must work perfectly 24 hours to keep him fit for 8 hours work. Weak, sore, inactive kidneys can not do it. They must be sound and healthy active all the time. Foley Kidney Pills will make them so. You cannot take them into your system without good results following. For sale by all druggists.

Chronic Constipation Cured.

"Five years ago I had the worst case of chronic constipation I ever knew of, and Chamberlain's Tablets cured me," writes S. F. Fish, Brooklyn, Mich. For sale by I. S. Lamar.

Tillamook Baker's Bread Sold at All Grocers.

If you are thinking of buying a good Harness, horse covers, halters, or anything in the harness line it will pay you to see me.

I also carry the famous Sharkey's collar.

Bechtel's Harness Shop TILLAMOOK, ORE.

Four Foot Fir Slabs \$3.00 per Cord. Delivered. Dry Short Wood \$2.00 Load.

A. F. COATS LUMBER CO.

The drunkard will have none of me. The heavy drinker says "no" when my name is mentioned. The man who craves rough—strong—whiskey passes me by. All this is as it should be—as I myself would wish it. I am not for them.

Cyrus Noble

W. J. Van Schuyver & Co., General Agents Portland, Oregon

Advertisement for the Great Majestic Malleable and Charcoal Iron Range. Includes an image of the range and text describing its features: 'Why You Need a New Range', 'Perfect Baker A Fuel Saver', 'Body Made of Malleable and Charcoal Iron, Adds 300% to Life of Range', 'Great Majestic Malleable and Charcoal Iron Range', 'Outwears Three Ordinary Ranges', 'Half The Fuel', 'Pure Asbestos Lining', 'Movable Copper Reservoir', 'Other Exclusive Features', 'FOR SALE BY ALEX McNAIR & CO.', 'The Range with a Reputation'.