

Rutherford's Bear.

Old Steve Rutherford was one of the most peculiar characters that ever located in Hot Springs, Ark. No one knew where his original abode was located, and no one seemed to care, but every one that came within his range was impressed with his odd personality. He was tall and gaunt and grizzled. His eyes were afflicted with a watery sleepiness, but suddenly became eager at the sight of a dollar. He kept a sort of roadhouse, which he designated as Bear Park, near the town of Hot Springs, and made his living by administering to the thirst and catering to the amusement of the wayfaring man, who, even though a fool, often erred therein—erred, I say, for the man who drank the sour beer drawn by old Steve could not have stopped short of sioning against self. The amusement consisted of a black bear, old, lazy and flea bitten. This animal, advertised as of most furious disposition, was kept chained to a tree in a back lot, and at evening, when the accommodating dusk threw a hiding shade over the bear's most striking faults—i. e., laziness and flea bites—old Steve would announce to his guests that he was now about to engage in the dangerous feat of wrestling with the ferocious monster from the Mississippi swamps. Those who knew the trick drank their beer in unconcern, but those who did not paid their 25 cents and passed into the back lot to see the desperate encounter.

One afternoon when old Steve was sitting on his veranda a man from the mountains came along, driving a red mule and a white steer hitched to a shaky and creaky wagon. In the wagon there were a few small cabbages and a black bear.

"Say," said the mountain man, stopping his team, "don't you want to buy the finest b'ar you ever seen?"

"No," Steve replied. "Got all the b'ar I want."

"But you ain't got no sech b'ar as this here one."

"No, and I don't want no sich kitten of a thing as that."

"Now, look here, mister, that ain't no way to do—insult a man's b'ar. I have travelled 75 miles with this b'ar, and you air the fust man that has offered him a insult. That ain't observin' the common courtesies that is due a b'ar that ain't never done you no harm. But puttin' all that to one side let me ask you seriously if you want to buy a b'ar."

"I told you that I've got all the b'ar I want," old Steve sharply replied.

The mountain man gathered up his hickory fail as if he would drive on, but then, with the appearance of having changed his mind, stretched his long neck towards old Steve and said:

"When you say you've got all the b'ar you want, I reckon you mean that mouse gnawed and bug eat invalid out yander in the back lot."

Steve got up, and through the force of custom acquired in earlier days dusted the seat of his trousers. The mountain man had again gathered his hickory for a decisive blow at his mule, but a hoarse command from old Steve—a command unintelligible as to words, but full of meaning nevertheless—compelled his attention. Steve, mastering his anger and attempting to speak in a quiet way said, "I have been living here a good while and have learned how to be smooth in my manners, but when a man that I ain't never pestered in no way comes along here and willfully insults a member of my family, why, it's time for me to act."

"I don't know nothin' about yo' family, and wouldn't ther'fo insult a member of it," the mountain man replied. "You said that this here b'ar is a kitten of a thing, and then I said that the b'ar over yander in the lot is bug eat, and I am willin' to leave it to any jury that can be raked up in this town that I am right. I know what it is to be bug eat, and I don't blame the b'ar, for I don't reckon he could help it. I had a dog once that was bug eat—as kind hearted and gentlemanly a dog as you ever seen—and I didn't hold him responsible. Say, now, without any more foolishness, don't you want to buy a b'ar?"

Steve placed his hand on a post to steady himself. He looked at the mountain man with all the contempt he could throw into his watery eyes, and then, still under so strong a restraint that the baggy knees of his trousers quivered, thus delivered himself:

"I am tryin' to make an honest livin', and I hope to join the church some day, but if you don't get away from here I'll hurt you, and I'll make it a pint of haintin you mighty bad, do you hear?"

"Oh, yes, I hear and ruther than have any diffikilty I'll hearken, but I do hope that befo' you join the church, and befo' the day is over, for that matter, you may change yo' mind about this b'ar. Get ep, boy." He swung his hickory and dealt the mule a decisive blow.

Business was dull, and Steve nodded and dreamed as he sat on the veranda. He was aroused by a noise, and looking up he saw that the mountain man had stopped at the gate.

"Look here," Steve yelled, now un-

der very little restraint, "thought I told you to go on away from here."

"You did tell me and I did go away, but that didn't keep me from comin' back again. I have been to nearly every place in the town, and nobody don't seem to want a b'ar, and the fact has begun to crawl into my mind that the b'ar market down here is pretty dull. Down yander just now the thought struck me that arter all you mout want a real b'ar, and as I am willin' to help you out with yo' wants I will let you have this here one for \$10."

Steve went out to the gate. He put his elbows on a wheel of the wagon, and looking hard at the mountain man said:

"I have been very kind to you," "I haven't made this diskivery, but if you have been kind to me I'm much obliged."

"I have been kind to you, and now I want to tell you what I am goin' to do. I'm goin' to maul you."

And he did maul him. He snatched the mountain man out of the wagon and walloped him in the road. And during the performance the bear sat in the wagon and looked on with an indifference complete in every detail. The mountain man climbed back to his seat as soon as Steve granted him that privilege, and gathering up his hickory said:

"After all I reckon you know yo' own mind best—don't reckon you really do want to buy a b'ar. Goodby, sah!"

Evening came, and strangers who had heard that a desperate man would wrestle with a ferocious bear gathered at the place of encounter.

"Now, gentlemen," said Steve, "the time has come for me to show you what a white man can do. All my folks were b'ar fighters, and so far as heard from not one of them was ever whipped. Some hunters have just brought in a monstrous b'ar from down in the bottoms, and all that want to see me fight him just pay 25 cents and come ahead."

A number of men paid their money and followed him into the back lot. Those who were acquainted with the indolent habits of the bear said nothing, partly through fear of incurring the enmity of old Steve, but mainly to foster a laugh at the expense of the gullible "tenderfeet."

Steve conducted the spectators to the tree where the bear was chained. The brown of evening, making a mystery of the huge black mass of animal life and hiding the pitches on his coat proclaimed him a savage monster.

"Gentlemen," said Steve, "befo' I go into this here fight I want to tell you that I don't deserve no sympathy, for I've brought it on myself. Here goes!"

He made a lunge at the bear. The monster threw himself in an upright position against the tree and caught Steve in his arms. For a moment there was silence, and then a loud yell split the stillness of the deepening twilight.

The b'ar boxed Steve, he hugged him time and time again and then appeared to be biting him.

"Take him away! He's killing me!" the gladiator cried. Two men seized Steve's legs and drew him beyond the bear's reach, and the monster—and indeed he was one now—stretched his chain in the effort to renew the engagement. Steve was taken into the house. He was covered with blood and it was evident that a number of his ribs were broken.

"Have you anything to say?" some one asked. "It may be probable that you can't talk after a while."

"All I've got to say is this," Steve groaned. "I wish I hadn't got so intimate with that blamed b'ar."

Several men went out with a lantern to look at the victor. They found nothing but a chain under the tree, but down farther, in a fence corner, they found a worn and flea bitten bear asleep. Had they continued their search, however, they might have found down the road a mountain man helping his bear into a wagon, and they might possibly have learned that the mountain man, for purposes peculiarly his own, had liberated the lazy bruin and had temporarily chained his own bear to the tree.—Exchange.

Testing Her Love.

"Maria," said the stalwart young man as he gazed ardently at the blushing little fairy of a girl by his side, "do you really and truly love me?"

"Far more than life, dear George," was the earnest reply. "I would even go through fire and water for you if it were necessary."

"Make no rash promise in regard to water, my love, unless you can swim," replied the noble young man in fond and loving tones. "But in regard to fire, if you are perfectly willing to promise me that even on cold winter mornings you will not hesitate to get up early and wrestle with it, I will summon up courage to ask you to become my wife."—London Tit-Bits.

The police of Chicago have been ordered to close all the gambling dens and have started out to obey the order. The chief of police says it is Mayor Hopkins's policy, and will be enforced.

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A Great Offer.

The GLOBE of Toronto is offering great inducements in connection with their weekly for 1894. To all subscribers who forward them one dollar by the end of December inst., they will send The Weekly Globe for 1894, and, in addition, present them with a copy of "Hints for the Million," published by Messrs Rand, McNally & Co., the celebrated publishers of Chicago and New York.

This work is an invaluable book of reference and handy for the household, being a compendium of thousands of new and valuable recipes and suggestions on hygiene, medicine, business affairs, travelling, the workshop, laboratory, house, kitchen, garden, stable, etc. The regular selling price is 35c.; it is worth one dollar.

PRESS NOTICES.

Useful to an inquisitive and economical housekeeper.—New York Sun.

A book which will be found useful by everybody.—Boston Traveller.

A very useful thing for a handy person.—New Orleans Picayune.

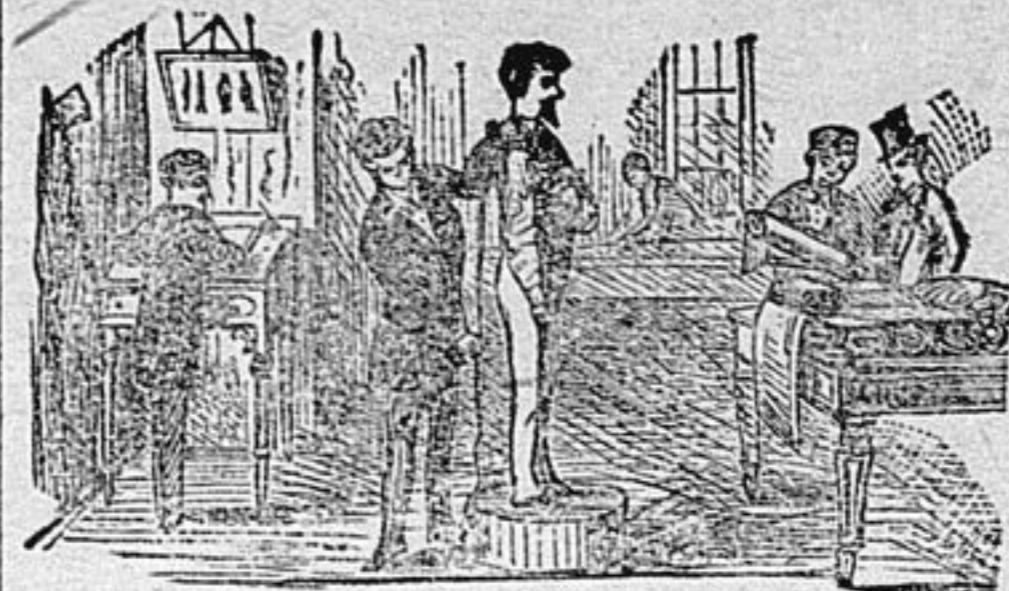
The "Hints" are comprehensive enough, and the wonder is they aren't called a "Household Encyclopedia."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

More useful information could not well be crowded in the same space.—San Francisco Bulletin.

No well regulated household should be without a copy of "Hints for the Million."—Spirit of the Times.

In a wonderfully compact form a vast amount of information.—Manchester Union.

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SECOND DIVISION COURT

— OF THE —
County of Victoria.

The next sittings of the above Court will be held in Dickson's hall, Fenelon Falls, ON MONDAY, FEB'Y 19th, 1894,

commencing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon Thursday, February 8th will be the last day of service on defendants residing in this county. Defendants living in other counties must be served on or before Dec 2nd.

S. NEVILSON, Bailiff. E. D. HAND, Clerk. Fenelon Falls, December 22nd, 1893.

NOTICE.

To the residents of Fenelon Falls.

Take notice that any person or persons removing from any village or district infected with diphtheria to Fenelon Falls will be quarantined for a period of 14 days or longer, at the discretion of the Board of Health. The citizens of Fenelon Falls who do not wish to be so inconvenienced will govern themselves accordingly.

By order of the Board of Health.

A. WILSON, M. D., Medical Health Officer. Fenelon Falls, Feb'y 22nd, 1893. 1-t. f.



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