A STALLION KILLS A BEAR.

Goes Gallantly to the Rescue of His Master, Who Has Given up the Fight.

A Scranton, Pa., despatch says: Delos Woodcock, who lives in the southwest corner of Lehigh township, owns an old stallion that he calls Harry. The horse is a chunky brown animal of a Canadian variety, nearly 17 years old. He has a large mane and foretop, and a thick black tail, and for years he has been so cross and vicious that no one except Mr. Woodcock could handle him in the stable or harness him. Mr. Woodcock, who owns a small farm in sight of the Lehigh River, has had the stallion for eleven years, and twice during that time the horse has come within an ace of killing his owner, and Mr. Woodcock has often threatened to sell old Harry for what he could get; but he has had the animal so long that he hated to part with him, and now he says he is glad he didn't sell the horse. The reason why he says he is glad is because the vicious old brute saved his life on Monday, and since then Mr Woodcock has looked upon old Harry as a hero.

Late on that afternoon Mr. Woodcock rode the stallion over to Giles Chadwick's place after a bag of oats of a new variety that he wanted to sow in the spring. Chadwick lives on a hill between Trout and Tobyhanna Creek, and the distance between the two farms is nearly two miles by the shortest cut. For a mile and a half the route leads along the west side of what is known as the Big Marsh and through a long strip of timber land. Mr. Woodcock's little dog Josh tagged along behind the old stallion on the way over to Chadwick's. It was about sundown when Mr. Woodcock placed the bag of seed oats on the old stallion's back, mounted the horse behind it, and left Chadwick's place for his own home across the Lehigh. Owing to the bag of oats the horse could not go faster than a walk, and it was getting dark when he struck the woodland path close to the side of the Big Marsh. Up to that time the little dog Josh had been trotting along in the rear of the old stallion, but all at once Mr. Woodcock noticed that Josh was not following the horse, and so he reined the stallion in and whistled for the dog to come on. Josh made no response to his master's call, and Mr. Woodcock wheeled the horse around, rode back a few rods and called aloud to the dog. Just then he heard Josh yelping on the frozen surface of the laurel and alder-covered swamp, and he rode the horse back and forth, and tried to catch a glimpse of the dog through the openings in the bushes, still calling Josh by name and coaxing him to come out; but the little dog paid no attention to the repeated calls, barking more furiously than ever, and seeming to be teasing some kind of an animal with all the energy he possessed, and Mr. Woodcock, seeing that it was impossible for him to make the dog mind, concluded to hitch the horse and go into the swamp to see what Josh had tackled. Mr. Woodcock said that Josh yelped like sixty just then, and so he dismounted, took off the bag of oats and placed it on the ground near the roots of a tree, and was leading the stallion toward a sapling to hitch him, when out of the swamp sprang the little dog howling from fright. Close to his heels tramped an old she bear, frothing at the mouth and snorting, and it was she that Josh had been yelping at and disturbing in her nest under the roots of a fallen tree. Mr. Woodcock said that the little dog ran past him as though he was scared half to death and got out of sight in no time, and that he himself was so startled by the bear's sudden appearance that he forgot to hitch the horse. The angry old bear seemed to think no more about her tormentor the moment she saw the bag of oats lying there, for she pounced upon it with a roar that made the stallion prick up his ears and look mad, and began to rip and tear it all to pieces and make the precious seed oats fly. Mr. Woodcock said this caper of the old bear's caused him to act more suddenly than he usually does, and that, without stopping to hitch the stallion to the sapling, he grabbed a dead limb, rushed at the bear, and began to maul her over the head. The first blow made her bellow but instead of turning tail, as he expected she would, she plunged at him and knocked him heels over head, forced him over in the snow, and nearly broke one of his legs. He squirmed from under her paws, feeling that she would kill him before he could get to the horse, for in the struggle he had lost his club; but just as he got upon his knees the bear sprang at him with another roar, and pitched him head first into a mass of bushes near the side of the path. Then he was sure that the old bear would kill him, but he pulled himself away from her by grabbing hold of some short twigs, and just then he heard the old stallion snort a couple of times, as he had heard the animal do before when he was real mad, and the next thing he realized the horse bounded past him and came down on the bear with both fore feet. The weight of the horse and the sharp calks on his shoes tore the bear's hide, but that only made her more murderous than ever, as she turned upon the horse and tried to strike him down. By this time Mr. Woodcock had got his arms around a tree, where he could see what was going on. All of the stallion's old viciousness seemed to have come back to him in an instant, for he struck at the bear with his fore feet at least half a dozen times in less than a minute, tearing the bear's flesh and hide at every lunge. The bear drew blood on the stallion's shoulder once, and then the horse gave a snort of rage, whirled as quick as a flash, and drove both of his hind feet against the bear's left side three or four times. That knocked the wind out of the bear, but the horse was not through with her yet, for he right about faced and went to stamping on her, keeping that up until he had killed her. When the bear had stopped kicking, Mr. Woodcock said the stallion cooled off and acted as if he was satisfied. It was pretty dark by that time, and Mr. Woodcock, who had been badly bruised by the bear, and whose face had been considerably scratched in the briars, picked up what was left of the injured bag, mounted the horse and rode home. Little Josh had got there before him and had sneaked into the house with his tail between his legs, the bear having frightened him so much that he couldn't be got to leave the house for three days.

On Tuesday morning Mr. Woodcock and Giles Gooderich, a neighbor, went to where the dead bear lay. In the course of half an hour they found her nest, and in it lay two tiny cubs snug and warm, but very hungry. They took the cunning little fellows home with them, fed them milk from a bottle and kept them where it was warm, and yesterday the cubs were all right. Mr. Woodcock means to keep the old stallion till death takes him away.

DREADFUL DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

A Man Murders His Father-in-Law, Mother-in-Law and Brother-in-Law and Suicides.

An Austin, Nev, despatch says: A frightful tragedy occurred at Italian Canyon, twelve miles from here, Thursday afternoon. Samuel Rundle killed his father-in-law, George Hosking, and his brother-in-law, aged 15, by shooting them with a shotgun, the charge entering the neck and severing the jugular vein of the former and tearing away the face of the latter. A boy named John King, hearing the shot, came toward the house. He was met by Rundle, holding the gun. The latter asked the boy to shoot him. The boy refused. Rundle then took the boy's horse and rode three miles to the lower ranche, entered the house, and with his pistol shot Mrs. Hosking in the head and then shot himself in about the same spot. The four bodies were found at the two ranches lying at right angles, forming a cross. The shooting was the result of a family quarrel over a division of property.

TWO TRAPPERS LOST.

Donald and John Finlayson Perish in the Far Northwest.

A Prince Albert, N.W.T., despatch says: Intelligence has just been received from Cumberland of the death of two trappers named Finlayson. The brothers left the Carrot River settlement, about forty miles from here, last August for Deer Lake, taking with them provisions and a trading outfit, intending remaining all winter trading in that region. After getting settled they started for the H. B. Co.'s post, 200 miles farther north and at the other end of the lake, and had not been seen since until a short time ago, when a Hudson Bay trapper discovered their dead bodies about two miles from their camp. It is supposed they were lost on the lake, and their provisions giving out they were starved to death before they could reach home. They belonged to Paris, Ont.

SHE REFUSED MEDICINE.

Death of a Believer in Christian Science in Brooklyn.

A Brooklyn despatch says: Mrs. Dewey, wife of the well-known New York wine merchant, George Dewey, died of consumption a week ago. She was a believer in Christian science and refused medical treatment until within a few days of her death, when Mr. Dewey insisted on calling in Dr. Fisk. The physician found that Mrs. Dewey's lungs were almost gone and recovery was impossible. Mr. Dewey had been favorably inclined to the Christian Scientists, but he is now disposed to make trouble for them. The matter is causing considerable discussion.

MARRIED HIM, ANYWAY.

She Had to be Taken from a Sick Bed and Carried Downstairs.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., despatch says: Miss Fannie Robinson, a well-known young lady of this city, was taken from her sick bed yesterday, carried downstairs and married to W. D. Griffin. The groom came from a long distance once before to marry his betrothed, but she was taken suddenly ill and the event was postponed. This time the bride would not consent to postponement.

SLIDING ON THE BALUSTRADE.

A Boy's Fatal Accident—He Slipped and Fell Three Stories.

A Jamestown, N. Y., telegram says: Last (Thursday) evening Fred. Haskell, 8 years old, was playing in the Sherman House sliding down the balustrade from the third story. He lost his hold and fell to the stone pavement of the office, a distance of 30 feet. He struck on his head, fracturing the skull. There is no chance for his recovery.

Startling Experience on a Railway.

Some four days ago as No. 1 was rushing along past Stayner Falls, Conductor Nidd's attention was drawn to one of his lady passengers who was apparently ill, and bending over the lady with motherly solicitude she whispered something in his ear which made his hair stand on end like quills on the fretful porcupine. He soon went to the other lady passengers, explained the nature of the news which had so startled him, and requested their assistance, when, much to his astonishment, they all cleared into the next car and left him alone with his patient. Hastily rushing into the sleeping car he obtained some bedding, and shortly after the lusty voice of a fine young boy was heard above the rattling of the train. She was taken on to North Bay, where medical assistance was procured and kindly hands carried mother and new-born child to the hotel. On the news being flashed to Montreal directions came back to christen the youngster "Van Horne," and the company directed the conductor to assume the title of "Doctor," his visiting cards now reading "Doctor Nidd, accoucheur-general to the C. P. R." —*Algoma Gossip.*

Cure for Insomnia.

Recently there came to work in a Brookfield (Conn.) family a Swedish woman, who, hearing of a young woman's trouble from insomnia, told her of the practice of people in her country who are similarly afflicted. It was to take a napkin, dip it in ice-cold water, wring it slightly, and lay it across her eyes. The plan was followed and it worked like a charm. The first night the girl slept four hours without awakening, something she had not done for several months. At the end of that time the napkin had become dry. By wetting it again she at once went to sleep, and it required considerable force to rouse her in the morning.

Many a young man finds his courtship come to a full stop when it reaches the interrogation point.

The comedy in which Mr. William H. Crane will star next season is called "The Balloon," and is now running at the Strand Theatre in London.

THE DEADLY BOILER.

Five Men Killed and Eleven Injured by a Boiler Explosion.

A last (Thursday) night's Pittsburg despatch says: A boiler explosion occurred in Morris' foundry, on 23rd street, this city, to-day, killing a number of men and injuring others. The explosion occurred just after the noon whistle had sounded, and many of the workmen had left the works to get their dinners. The concussion shook buildings for several squares. In a few minutes a large crowd had gathered about the wreck, and the scene was most agonizing. Wives, mothers and children ran about crying and eagerly searching for their loved ones. The work of rescue is going on vigorously. Four are believed to be still buried beneath the debris, and it is found many more were caught in the wreck. The cause of the explosion has not been learned.

The building was a large, one-story brick structure. The plant was worth $20,000, and will prove a complete loss. Nothing remains but a mass of brick, mortar and timbers. The concussion shattered windows and damaged houses for three blocks around, and it is a miracle that more people were not killed or injured. The boilers were inspected six months ago and were thought to be in first-class condition. The real cause of the explosion will probably never be known.

The work of rescue was concluded late this afternoon, but no more bodies were found. All the employees have been accounted for. Of the 65 wor men five were killed and eleven injured, a number quite seriously. Stephen Carter, however, is the only one in a dangerous condition. He will probably die. The cause of the explosion is still a mystery. Some of the men say they heard the gauge tried a few minutes before the explosion and everything seemed all right. Every one agrees that the engineer was careful and competent. The boiler had been in the house eight years. The loss will reach $30,000.

A correct list of the killed and wounded is as follows: Killed—Gus Linneban, engineer, 25 years old, single; James Carter, boilermaker, 30, married; Jacob Rheinheimer, boilermaker, 28, married; Charles Aulenbache, boilermaker, 45, married; Daniel Clark, boilermaker, 30, single. Injured—Stephen Carter, skull fractured in two places, hand badly burned, will probably die; Martin Conner, painfully injured about the head and legs; Frank Manesky, boy, scalp wound and shoulder blade broken; Frank Smith, boy, injured about head and legs; James McColl, Wm. Kelly, Harvey Barr, Wm. Froner, Wm. Becker, James McKee, John Forest and B. F. Lea, all more or less cut and bruised, but not seriously hurt. Peter Lover, a boy, was buried underneath some timbers and was painfully injured about the head and legs, but will recover.

STARVING ONE'S SELF TO DEATH.

A Georgian Forger Thus Satisfies His Conscience in Twenty-six Days.

An Atlanta, Ga., despatch says: The death in Macon of John Adams, the cotton factor, whose forgeries foot nearly $60,000, has created a sensation. Since his incarceration in jail Adams refused all food. It was Friday night, Feb. 15th, when he was put in jail. He immediately resolved to die slowly by starvation that he might in part expiate his crime and sins. He never gave way to the cravings of hunger but once, and then it was only for a moment to eat two oranges and a piece of cake. This food his stomach could not retain, and so it cannot be said that the fast for starvation was broken during the twenty-six days of suffering and shame. The twenty-sixth day passed at 11 o'clock last night, and he entered the twenty-seventh in a deep and peaceful slumber. He was then at his home in Macon, having been taken there from the jail after a week's confinement. He was still in charge of the authorities, his family paying for a special guard that he might be at home. Since the first all efforts to induce him to eat have been fruitless. Upon her knees his aged mother begged him to save his life, but all entreaties were in vain. He begged his parents to allow nobody to force food or nourishment into his system, saying that this would only prolong his suffering. His courage was that of a martyr, most remarkable throughout. The authorities are universally condemned for allowing him to die this way. It is the general verdict that they were negligent in failing to force nourishment into Adams' stomach. Physicians declare that his life could have been prolonged a year or more in this way, and it is generally believed that had this method been resorted to he would have desisted in his efforts. While in jail he assigned to the Capitol Bank Life Insurance property amounting to $18 000. This is said to have been done in consideration of a promise not to prosecute him. Other creditors will fight the assignment and some startling disclosures are expected.

Expert.

Mrs. C.—Doctor, you were at the last illness of my eldest boy?

Doctor—Yes.

Mrs. C.—You also attended professionally my first husband, who died.

Doctor—Yes.

Mrs. C.—Well, my second husband is sick, and I would like you to see him through, too.—*Health.*

A Faithful Servant.

Mistress—Did you tell Mr. Bangs that I was sleeping?

Margaret—I did, mum.

Mistress—What did he say?

Margaret—He axed me how did I know.

Mistress—And what did you reply?

Margaret—I towld he ye said so yerself.

Compliments of the Season.

Fenderson (rising to go, after talking incessantly ever since his arrival) Really! I didn't think it was so late! I have enjoyed the evening immensely. Miss Frankley—Oh, thank you, Mr. Fenderson; but then it don't make any difference where you go, you are always sure of enjoying yourself.

Very Magnetic.

Physician—Have you ever taken a course of magnetic treatment?

Patient—Yes. I slid down a toboggan chute on the seat of my trousers once, and if you want to see sparks as big as hot coals, all you have got to say is. "Let her go, Gallagher."

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

The Glad Deliverance of Five Miners Imprisoned in a Mine.

A Mount Carmel, Pa., despatch says: Five of the six miners at Black Diamond Colliery have been rescued alive and well, and the sixth will soon be brought to the surface. Hall and Revels, though suffering extremely from nervous exhaustion, gave to-night the first account of their experience. These two were driving near the shutes in breast No. 8, in the south slope of the mine, about noon yesterday, when they heard a terrific roar, and the next minute they experienced a shock which caused Hall to exclaim, "My God, Nick, the slope has caved in." Revels descended to the gangway, and 12 feet from it found their egress to the slope cut off by huge rocks. He called to the miners working in No. 7, and soon saw Pokus crawling from the debris. They both joined in the shouts, and then heard Hearshallsky calling from No. 7 chamber for help. He was pinioned by a large rock, and urged his comrades to come to his rescue. They climbed up a distance, but the danger grew so great that they had just time to run back when a second fall occurred, and no more sound was heard. The poor fellow was in all probability killed, though a force of men are still working for his deliverance. The five miners who were saved secured themselves by setting props in the gangway, and then awaited the result. They heard their rescuers stop work outside about 6 o'clock last night, and growing desperate they endeavored to climb up an abandoned chamber and gain an exit, but mountain-like boulders stood in their way. They returned to the gangway and endeavored to console one another. Later they heard sounds of outside work again, and their hope grew. They betook themselves to prayer, and the sounds grew nearer. They then signalled five times on the solid pillar. The rescuers returned the signal, and wives, children and hundreds of friends at the mouth of the colliery knew that five were safe. At 12 o'clock to day they heard a voice shouting, "Are all safe." The imprisoned miners answered back, "Five are here; one is covered." The next moment they embraced their rescuers, and shed tears of happiness. Their deliverance had been effected by driving a tunnel twenty-nine yards. Hundreds of tons of *debris* must be removed before the mine can be put in working order.

The Remarkable Sewing Machine of the Future.

There aren't many men in the world who can justly be called benefactors of womankind, but there are a few. Mr. Thomas A. Macauley, who is at the St. James, is one of them. During the last thirty years he has taken out over sixty patents on sewing machines—more than any other man. He is the Edison of that branch of human ingenuity.

"The sewing machine," said he, "is an evolution. But the great machine is not yet on the market, though it will soon be. The coming one will be on the lines of existing mechanism, but it will be lighter, have less parts, will do everything in embroidery that can be done by hand needles, and do it with infinite rapidity. It will be noiseless, can be run with one foot with the greatest ease, will adjust its tension automatically. Its parts will be so constructed that it will not clog with drying oil. In fact it will be as far ahead of the best machines of to-day as those are ahead of the clumsy attempt of a quarter century ago. It is merely a matter of simplification and adjustment.—*Washington Post.*

Poor Jones.

Mr. Jones had joined a French class, and was telling his wife how well he was getting along. "I am afraid," she said, "that it is nothing but a spasm. I've known people before who would tackle a foreign language, expecting to know all about it in a month, and by the time they could translate, 'The son of the baker has the loaf of bread of the daughter of the gardener,' or some such rank nonsense as that, and had bought a few dollars' worth of foreign books, their enthusiasm would die away like the morning mist." "But that's not the case with me," replied Mr. Jones, confidently; "I am progressing splendidly. Professor Crapaud says that in a short time I ought to begin to think in French, and when one can accomplish that progress is always rapid." "Well," said Mrs. Jones, with a sigh, "I don't want to interpose any objection, of course, and if you can learn to think in French I shall be glad of it. It's something you have never been able to do in English."

Is He a Woman-Hater?

Bruce Herald: The only chance we can see for unfortunate man is to fix a limit of age, say 30 or thereabouts, for women voters, and swear them to their age. An unmarried woman who would publicly own up to 30 might perhaps be safely entrusted with a vote.

Easily Done.

Ticket Agent (at railroad station)—I wish some way would be invented to keep men away from the ladies' window.

Bystander—Easy enough. Put the sign "For Ladies Only" on the other window.

The Domestic Retort Corteous.

Son—Papa, how do they catch lunatics? Cynical Father—With large straw hats and feathers and white dresses, jewelry and neat gloves, my boy. Mamma (musingly)—Yes, I remember that's how I dressed before we were married.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

The First Kiss.

(By an expert in the New York Herald).

A girl who accepts her first kiss with a grateful sigh, as though her life had been saved, cannot hope to retain her value long. The first kiss in every instance should be a shrinker, a mere brush, struggle and break away.

Off Duty a Moment.

Business Man (Chicago)—Where is Brown?

Clerk—Just stepped over to the tailor's to see about getting a new overcoat.

"Ah! Where's Jones?"

"Just stepped over to the Divorce Court to see about getting a new wife."

An immense crowd of English immigrants have arrived at Winnipeg this week. It is predicted that the influx this year will exceed the numbers of recent years.

The Outraged Editor.

He my sanctum penetrated, and I looked up in surprise
From the proofs I was correcting, and he caught my angry eyes.
His appearance was against him, as he stood before the fire,
Of convivial complexion and irregular attire.
I insinuated, mildly, that I hadn't room for bores,
And that nothing was more precious than the time of editors.
Then he grimly smiled and nodded, with his head on an incline,
Asking if, 'mongst my contributors, was Imogene Vantyne.

I was startled; yes, and I'll confess that something like a blush
Came o'er my editorial cheek, and why my blood should rush
In such a way unusual, was this that Imogene
Had been making an impression, though her face I'd never seen,
For her poems were peculiar, and with passion were full charged;
And on reading them I'd found my little heart was much enlarged;
So, in one ecstatic moment, but a week before,
I had written her and had told her I loved her—yes, and more.

Then my visitor continued, that my cheeks were fair enough,
But this writer cared for business and not for gush and stuff;
That he thought it wasn't proper, and he hoped that I'd agree
To but raise the price of articles and let love matters be.
"Ah! then you must be her father, sir," I gasped, with loving rife;
"Pray, then, say that I may visit her and woo her for my wife!"
How he laughed, as loud he shouted, "Why, she's no charming elf!
I just chose that for my *nom-de-plume*. I'm Imogene myself!"

—*George Birdseye.*

SALVATION ARMY NOTES.

The Total Number of Officers in the World is Now 7,608.

Another great food depot has been opened by the General in Marylebone, London, Eng.

The Army realized $75,000 from its recent week of self-denial throughout the world.

The Melbourne Rescue Work, during the nine months ending September, 1888, supplied 6,082 beds and 26,665 meals.

Of 450 men who passed through the hands of the Sydney, New South Wales, Prison Gate Brigade in nine months, 156 found employment.

Converts belonging to the British army stationed in Zululand have been holding S. A. meetings among their comrades in a marquee lent them by the commanding officer.

During the General's recent visit to Sweden, Government officials, naval and military authorities, barons and baronesses and municipal representatives were present at his meetings.

The Christian Institute lately built by Mr. William Gooderham, the Army supporter, in Toronto is a magnificent institution. It was built solely at his expense and cost $20,000.

It Wasn't Law.

"I remember riding home in a horse car with Henry W. Paine one day," remarked a story-teller, apropos of this eminent Maine jurist. "Paine was reading a sheep-skin-bound volume of law reports. A mutal acquaintance hailed him, and said: 'See here, Paine; do you have to study law still?' 'This isn't law,' said Paine, 'it's only a collection of decisions of the Massachusetts Supreme Court.'"

She Wished She Hadn't Spoken.

An old lady, visiting one of her friends, found a child of the latter, a mite of 5 or 6 years, sobbing bitterly, and apparently in great distress.

"You shouldn't cry like that," said the visitor, "that's what makes little girls ugly!"

Dolly looks up through her tears, and gazes at the visitor.

"What a lot you must have cried when you were a little girl."

The Answer Courteous.

Patronizing Old Gentleman—I wonder whose little boy this is?

Small Boy—There's two ways you could find out.

Old Gentleman—How so, my son?

Small Boy—You might guess, or you might inquire.

Hard to Kill.

Bacon—"See that man over there?"

McDonnell—"Yes."

Bacon—"He bears a charmed life."

McDonnel—"How so?"

Bacon—"For seven years he has listened to Wagner's opera without an accident."—*Time.*

Abnormal Thermal Changes.

It is getting abnormally warm in Canada. That retrospective Extradition Bill has sent the mercury up among the nineties in "Boodlers' Corner," Montreal.—*N. Y. Herald.*

An Editor's Birthday.

The Elgin (Tex.) *Times* says: To-day was our birthday, and we celebrated the occasion by "setting up" two columns of type, cutting half a cord of wood, rocking the baby two hours, and cleaning our shotgun.

There's a faint hint of spring
In the air;
There is mud under foot
Everywhere;
And objects (long hid by the beautiful snow),
Which we had forgot, are beginning to show
Here and there.

Old rubbers and shoes,
And snipletts and chews,
Empty pint and quart bottles, no matter whose,
And no end of things we no longer can use——
And oh, oh, oh.

Here a whiff of old garbage beginning to blow,
And hark! there's the crocus beginning to crow—
Loud let us sing
Welcome to spring,
The time for uncovering everything.

The sales of Mrs. Burnett's "Fauntleroy" and "Sara Crewe" amount up to date to 125,000 copies.

A speech of the Princess of Wales recorded in the phonograph is: "You are the most wonderful instrument I have ever seen or heard of. I wish that I might have one ike you for my own."

Mr Kenneth McKenzie, M.P.P., of Portage la Prairie, writes Postmaster Stirton, of Guelph, that on the 6th instant he sowed twenty bushels of wheat. Mr. McKenzie was formerly of Puslinch, in this county, and is now carrying on farming extensively in Manitoba.

The Historical Society of Winnipeg wan to preserve Fort Garry gateway.