

## THE LAST BEAR IN OHIO.

After a Long Fight He Fell Dead on the Half-Breed.

"There are no more wild bears in Ohio," said a resident of Henry county, in that State, "although some pass through the State from time to time. The last resident wild bear in Ohio was killed some years ago in Henry county. Bears lingered in Henry county long after they had disappeared from every other part of the State. There is a big tract of wild land in that county known as the Dark Swamp. When the settlers first ventured into that part of the Northwest Territory, the tract was a formidable one, and, in fact, remained a terra incognita for many years. The valuable timber that the swamp holds, though, finally compelled its exploration, and the axe and mill have worked so industriously at it that the swamp is Dark Swamp now only in name. But that big expense of tangled timber served as a safe retreat for bears and many other wild beasts for years after they had no abiding place elsewhere in the State. There were good hunters in Henry county, though, and they waged unrelenting warfare on the four-footed refugees that had been driven to that far corner of the state, and finally laid them all low, except one wise and tough old bear. That bear defied them all for years, but finally he was brought to bay by a hunter as tough as himself, after one of the fiercest hand-to-hand bear fights on record. The fight also came near removing from the face of the earth the hunter, who was alleged to be the last of a race of noble lineage. This hunter was a half-breed. He claimed to be the son of a daughter of Tecumseh and an officer in the United States army, who gained lasting military glory in the Northwest territory, and subsequently great prominence in national political affairs. This Indian's claim was never disputed by anyone that part of the country where he spent the principal part of his days.

"This hunter and two others had got on track of the last bear in Dark Swamp, and had followed it two days. On the third day the hunters separated. The half-breed and his dog followed the trail, while other hunters moved about the outer edge of the swamp on chance of the bear showing himself somewhere thereabout. In the afternoon the bear evidently became tired of the constant hounding, and he made a stand. He placed himself in ambush in a thicket. The hunter's dog, closely followed by the hunter, followed the track to the thicket, but before he could enter it the bear dashed out. He seized the dog and crushed it to death instantly, without once stopping in his rush. The hunter was taken by surprise. The bear was less than three yards from him.

He raised his gun and pulled the trigger, but the gun missed fire. Before the half-breed could aim again the bear was upon him. Experienced hunter as he was, he lost his head, and brought the butt of his gun down upon the bear. The gun was shattered to pieces, and the bear's advance was not retarded in the least. The hunter kept the barrel of his gun in his hand, and drew his long-bladed hunting knife. As the bear rushed upon him he shoved the gun barrel into the animal's mouth, intending to jam it down into his throat. The bear closed his teeth on the barrel, wrenched it from the half-breed's hands, and hurled it twenty feet away. At the same instant, though, the hunter plunged his knife to the hilt in the bear's neck, and to that fortunate thrust alone did the descendant of Tecumseh owe his life. A stream of blood gushed out from the wound, and the hunter knew that if he had endurance sufficient to carry him through what he knew would be a hard struggle for some time, he would survive the struggle.

"The Indian needed all his endurance. No other man in Ohio could have survived the fight that followed. The hunter had no sooner buried his knife in the bear's neck than the bear felled him to the ground with a blow from his paw that would have killed an ox. The blow stunned the half-breed. The knife had disappeared. The bear's claws had torn the flesh from one side of his face and laid the scalp open to the bone, but the hunter got to his feet, and just in time to escape the bear's clutch. He backed away, figuring to get behind a big tree that was near. Blood had flown so rapidly from the bear's wound that his shaggy coat was red from his breast to his feet.

The Indian knew that if he could get to the tree he could keep out of the bear's way, as it was only a matter of a short time before he must succumb to the terrible knife thrust. But as he backed away the hunter struck his heels against a root, and he fell backward to the ground. The bear jumped upon him as he lay, and sank his claws into both the Indian's shoulders, and was about to close his jaws on the hunter's head and face, when the hunter threw his left arm across his face, and the bear crunched it clear through. As he threw his arm up to save his skull from being crushed by the bear, the Indian ran his right thumb in one of the bear's eyes and gouged it out. The surprise and pain of this attack caused the bear to roll off of the hunter's body, roaring frightfully. The Indian scrambled to his feet, but before he could take a step the bear seized him by the shoulders and made a vicious snap with his jaws for his head. The half-breed avoided that by dodging, and the bear felled him with a second blow. This effort on the part of the bear threw it to the ground. It was growing weak, but was on its feet, however, as soon as the hunter was. The latter was almost blinded by the blood that flowed from the wounds on his head, and he was growing weak from the intense pain of his wounds and loss of blood. He made up his mind that his only hope was to run. He started, but the bear caught him. They both fell together in a heap, and the Indian remembered no more.

"How long he remained insensible he never knew. When he revived he found the bear lying across his legs dead. He tried to get up, but could not. Seizing a sapling that was near with his right hand, his left hand and arm being helpless, he succeeded in pulling himself from beneath the bear, and dragged himself to a big hackberry tree. He turned around with his back against the tree, with his face to the east, for he expected to die there. But not long afterward his two fellow hunters stumbled upon him, and they helped him home. He lived several years after that, but never got over the effects of killing the last bear in Ohio."

## TRICKS TO LEAVE THE ARMY.

How Soldiers Try to Fool The Doctor, And How The Doctor Fools Them.

Would-be soldiers resort to various schemes to overcome any obstruction or objection that may exist to their being enlisted into the service—often making the "mistake" of ante-dating their birth some few years, or forgetting a previous engagement with Her Majesty (vulgarily called fraudulent enlistment)—but to none so ingenious and systematic as the dodges tried by those wishing to get out of the army.

One of the most common diseases such soldiers affect is palpitation of the heart, for, as an old hand has been heard to remark, "He can't see yer 'art to tell whether 'tis bad or not"—the "he" referring to the medical officer of the hospital. When this is the particular complaint selected the patient retires, it possible, to the lavatory just before the doctor's visit, and placing his back to the wall, violently bumps his elbows against the wall for five or ten minutes, which is found to give sufficient impetus to the heart's action. Another plan is to make "soap pills" from ordinary yellow soap, and several of these taken daily are found to accelerate the motion of the heart to the desired extent.

Debility is another ailment often affected by those anxious to rejoin their friends in civilian life, provided they are of a suitable build and cast of countenance to assist the deception. One instance occurred of a man who, he said, "weighed eleven stone not long ago, while now," with sorrowful expression, "I ain't ten." The doctor directed that he should be weighed, and note taken of the weekly loss.

The patient was weighed as directed, but by a little manipulation of the weights, and having an ignorant and easy-going hospital orderly with him, bamboozled that worthy into recording his weight as fourteen pounds more than it actually was—thus allowing him a very fair margin to "lose" during the next month or so.

The following week the man was reported as having lost three pounds, and the doctor determined henceforth to weigh the debilitated one himself.

This he did, finding that in two weeks the patient had lost seven pounds, and at the expiration of the third week, ten pounds. The man arranged it thus: Hearing that the medical officer was about to weigh him the second week, he managed to convey a 7lb. weight into the inner pocket of his jacket—the hospital attire being loosely made—and substituting a 4lb. weight for it the following week when weighed, thus accomplished the desired reduction from the stone he had in hand. All sorts of nourishing food were ordered for this man, which he was careful not to eat or drink, taking as little food as he could possibly do with, and, by his persistency, he gained the desired goal of being discharged from the army on account of general debility.

Insanity is a very frequent pretence with soldiers desirous of their discharge, and it is usually only after a long period of confinement in a lunatic asylum that they get better—or after discharge, it thus obtained.

Deafness seems another frequent affliction, and often are the shamblers detected when professing to be deaf. One way is to suddenly wake the patient when in a profound sleep, and address a question in a low but distinct voice, and in many cases of malingering this is thoughtlessly answered, and the deception at an end.

An army medical officer in Dublin had an almost certain method of detecting "frands" who professed to be deaf. He would visit the patient as usual, and while apparently examining one of the ears, drop a half-sovereign or other small coin immediately in the rear of the deaf one. In nearly every case the man would start and turn quickly round, the confusion which then ensued speedily proclaiming the miraculous cure of his deafness.

Another officer, who, when promoted to the rank of surgeon-major, determined to stamp out some of the deception so prevalent, also effected an equally rapid cure of deafness. He was sent, on promotion, to take charge of a station hospital in which was a man endeavoring to obtain his discharge on the ground of being totally deaf. When visiting the patients in company with the ward-doctor, the new chief expressed commiseration with the totally deaf one, remarking to the surgeon that it was a clear case for invaliding. At the same time he noted a gleam in the patient's eye, but said nothing.

The man was duly brought before him as recommended for invaliding, and being professedly quite unable to hear, questions were put to him by the surgeon-major in writing. Your name? "Smith," responded the deaf one. Age?—and so on with other needful questions. Apparently no one was present but the medical officer and patient, and the latter, while answering the questions as they were written, was congratulating himself what a "good sort" the surgeon-major was, and how easily he was "working it," when from his rear a low but clear voice sharply ejaculated "Smith!" Startled, the man promptly turned on his heel—and was just as promptly returned to his corps as fit for duty. Greek had met Greek, and the officer, surpassing the man in cunning, had secreted someone to catch him in a trap, the man's over confidence allowing his usual caution to desert him.

The cases here quoted have principally resulted in the discomfiture of the patient, but, if resolute and determined, impervious to plain speaking and bullying, the schemer often gets the better of the doctor—who has to be very 'cute, and has much to contend with, in trying to evade the wiles of the soldier who is anxious for his "ticket," or discharge from the service as medically unfit for further duty.—English Paper.

## The Mythical Three.

First we have the Trinity; Jupiter's lightning had three forks; the trident of Neptune three prongs; Cerberus, Pluto's dog, had three heads, and the Pythian priestess sat on a tripod. There were three parcaes and three furies. The sun is Sol, Apollo and Liber. The moon, too, is Luna, Diana and Hecate. The Sabines prayed three times a day, and many nations in performing the act of adoration bow three times. In olden times diseases were cured by three circumlocutions, eye diseases with water strained three times into three separate vessels and applied three different times. Many other odd three combinations could be cited, but the above proves that the seven is not alone as a mythical number.—Phila. Press.

## PHRENOLOGICAL SECRETS.

People Who Read "Bumps" and Those Who Want Them Read.

Who is there who has not, at one time or another, been assailed with the desire to submit himself into the phrenologist's hands? Most of us, no matter how different our dispositions may be, enjoy being told the various traits in our characters; and a fair percentage, it would be safe to say, are disposed to accept as "gospel" any forecast that may be made of our future. Bearing this in mind, a few facts respecting a not very large section of the professional community and their clients (or should it be "patients?") may not be out of place. The writer has lately visited most of the professional phrenological establishments in the metropolis.

That phrenology is an attractive study most will be willing to admit; and so far as the phrenologist is concerned, it is lucrative enough. This may be attributed to two reasons: first, because the fees are, if not high, at all events ample; and next, because those who follow the profession are comparatively small in number. It is, in fact, one of the professions which, unlike doctors and lawyers, is not crowded to excess. This fact, however, should not kindle the belief that those who join the ranks of professional phrenologists will consequently meet with success. It is a "science" which, though not in its infancy, is essentially new, and the time has not come for it to be accepted universally as a true indication of the walks of life our fellow-creatures should pursue.

The conscientious phrenologist has to have a good deal of moral courage, and must be able to explain his judgments in the most comprehensive manner. If he perforce give some of those who come to him home-thrusts, which in many cases are resented. Most people, for instance, would not care to be told that they are of a "miserably grasping, close-fisted disposition," or that they are of a cowardly nature, or that their observation is so deficient that they "see few things and know almost nothing about the external world, its qualities and relations." Yet the phrenologist, if he be candid, has to say these things, and when remonstrated with, is compelled to explain, as simply as possible, the why and wherefore of his decisions.

As may be expected, of course there are black sheep in the ranks of phrenology just as there are in other and more widely known professions. Some of these reap a harvest by gratifying and pandering to the desire of others for flattery. Their knowledge of the science they practise is comparatively small, and as a result of their lack of confidence, they resort to what I may call a system of "modification." Thus, in speaking of the organ technically known as "inhabitativeness," which means love of home and home associations, they will say that although he (the patient) loves home tolerably well, yet he does not love it with any great fervour, and his organ of "locality" is developed in such a degree that he might gratify a passing desire to travel. This plan the inexperienced phrenologist can apply to all the traits in his visitor's character; and the latter goes away, as often as not, with the firm conviction that the examiner was "a clever man." The very scum of the profession go in for still more crooked devices, such as one who, when a lady took her little boy to be examined, told her that the lad "would be a lawyer, and would eventually become a Q. C."

The people who visit the phrenologist—or a portion of them—have very peculiar notions as to the interpretation of his science. "A young man came to me the other day," said one of the "bump" fraternity to whom I went, "and made a statement which was decidedly novel. 'I hear you read people's bumps,' he began slowly—a remark to which I smilingly nodded assent. 'Well,' he went on, 'not long ago I had some money stolen from the place I lodge at, and I've a notion who the thief is. The chap I suspect has a great big lump on the side of his head, and I thought as how you might tell me that shows he's in the habit of thieving.' Needless to say that young man—he looked like a humble artisan—went away unlightened, muttering as he passed out. 'Phrenology,' indeed! He can't tell nothing."

## One Post-Card Deserves Another.

A wife who knew the aversion of her husband to letter-writing said to him, as he was about leaving home for the continent, "Now, John, as neither I nor the children can accompany you, you must be eyes and ears for us, and drop us an occasional postal card, telling us anything of interest you may see and hear. Don't forget, will you?"

The husband promised, and took his departure. The next morning his wife received a post-card containing the following message: "Dear wife, I reached Dover all right. Yours aff."

Though somewhat disappointed, she excused the brevity of the communication on the ground that her husband was doubtless pressed for time. Two days later, however, another card arrived, bearing the startling announcement, "Here I am in Paris. Yours ever." Still later came another: "I am indeed in Paris. Yours, —"

The wife swallowed her disappointment, and being good at retaliation, seized her pen and wrote: "Dear Husband,—The children and I are in Brixton. Yours, —" A few days later she wrote again: "We are still in Brixton."

In her next communication she grew a little more enthusiastic. She wrote:—"Dear husband. Here we are in Brixton. I repeat it, sir. We are in Brixton.—P. S. We are, indeed."

In due time her husband reached home, and fearing, perhaps, that his poor wife was afflicted with some sort of dementia, hastened to ask the meaning of her strange messages. For answer she shipped into his hand his own three postal cards.

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," she said.—English Paper.

## A New England Parson.

It shall be said of him, he found  
A flower in every human face;  
In pathways where most thorns abound  
He lingered for some hidden grace.  
For those who sang of sunny days  
And those who sorrowed he had cheer;  
Yet could he walk through lonely ways  
And find communion ever near.  
The world was sweeter for his care,  
The heights were won he sought to win;  
For love through him made all things fair,  
And all things fair through love are kin.  
—Charles Knowles Bolton.

## ROMANCE OF ROYALTY.

An Emperor's Pursuit and Final Capture of His Runaway Empress.

The ceremonies which have just been taking place at Buda-Pesth in honour of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coronation of Emperor Francis Joseph as King of Hungary recall to mind a very curious incident in connection therewith—an incident which goes to show how subservient royal personages are obliged to be to political considerations, writes the Marquis de Fontenay.

The most notable feature of the coronation a quarter of a century ago was not so much the crowning of the emperor as his reconciliation with the Empress, from whom he had long been estranged.

It is needless to refer here to the circumstances which led to the Empress' sentiments of bitterness against her husband—feelings which years and grief have tempered, but which have had a saddening influence upon her whole life.

They resulted, however, in an almost complete separation of husband and wife in the year 1859, which soon became the talk of Europe. The Kaiserine left Vienna, and absolutely refused under any consideration whatever to meet the Emperor.

She took up her abode in Corfu, but as soon as she heard that her husband was about to sail from Trieste in order to obtain an interview with her, she immediately boarded her yacht and set sail for the Spanish Islands of Minorca, whither she was followed by the emperor.

Barely forty-eight hours before the Emperor reached Minorca the Empress left for Madeira, and when he followed her there he found that she had gone northward in the direction of the British channel. He thereupon gave up in despair the attempt to secure an interview with her and returned to Vienna. Nor was he permitted to see her, save on a very few state occasions, and then in a most formal and distant manner, until 1867. It was then that the Emperor's relatives and principal advisers, alarmed by the delicate health and frail constitution of Crown Prince Rudolph, who was the only son, determined to bring about a reconciliation between the imperial couple on grounds of national policy.

They foresaw the difficulties that might arise, especially in connection with the succession to the throne of Hungary, were the Crown Prince to die in childhood. For at that time the relations between the Magyar Kingdom and the Austrian Empire were of a far less friendly nature than they have since become. Accordingly, the Empress was approached in the matter, both by her nearest relations, and by the leading statesmen, who appealed to her, not on personal but on patriotic grounds, to resume once more her position as the wife of her husband.

Her Majesty finally yielded to their solicitations. She took part in the coronation ceremonies at Buda-Pesth, the 8th of June, 1867, and the evening of that day the entire population of the ancient Magyar capital was drinking toasts, not alone in honor of their newly-crowned king and queen, but also in honor of the reconciliation between Francis Joseph and Elizabeth.

In the following spring Her Majesty gave birth in the Hungarian capital to her third and favorite child, Archduchess Valerie. Since that time a better understanding has existed between Francis Joseph and his beautiful wife. If no longer lovers they are at any rate firm friends, and the grief consequent on the tragical death of their only son served to draw them closer together than at any time since 1859.

## Wicked Stories in Cornhill.

Some good stories are to be found in the "Reminiscences of Clerical Duty," published in the July number of *The Cornhill*. On one occasion a parson was marrying a somewhat elderly gentleman, who conducted himself in very stolid and stupid fashion: "At last he saw that I was somewhat bothered by his extreme stupidity, so in the middle of the service he upset my gravity by volunteering the following apology: 'You see, sir, it's so long since I was married afore that you must excuse my forgetting of these things.'" On another occasion a lady had sent her footman to some confirmation classes: "Just as he was leaving, it suddenly occurred to her that she had a groom, and very likely he was not confirmed either. So she rang the bell, and told the butler to go over to the stables and find out whether James had been confirmed. In a few minutes the man returned and stolidly announced: 'Yes, miss, it's all right. He's been done twice.' Of course, he meant vaccinated." This tale recalls the wicked remark of a heterodox Oxford tutor, who shall be nameless: "I was both vaccinated," he said, "and baptized; but neither 'took.'"

## Mortality in Childbirth.

Some remarkable evidence respecting midwives and mortality was given before a House of Commons committee which was dealing with the Midwives Registration bill. Dr. Rentoul gave it as his opinion that the education of a midwife should be as complete as that of a medical practitioner, and that she should have more power to act. His reason for entertaining this view was that in every fifteen first confinements resulted in the death of the woman, and that one in every fifteen first children was still-born. During 1890 4,500 mothers died in childbirth, and during the same period 50,208 children were prematurely born.

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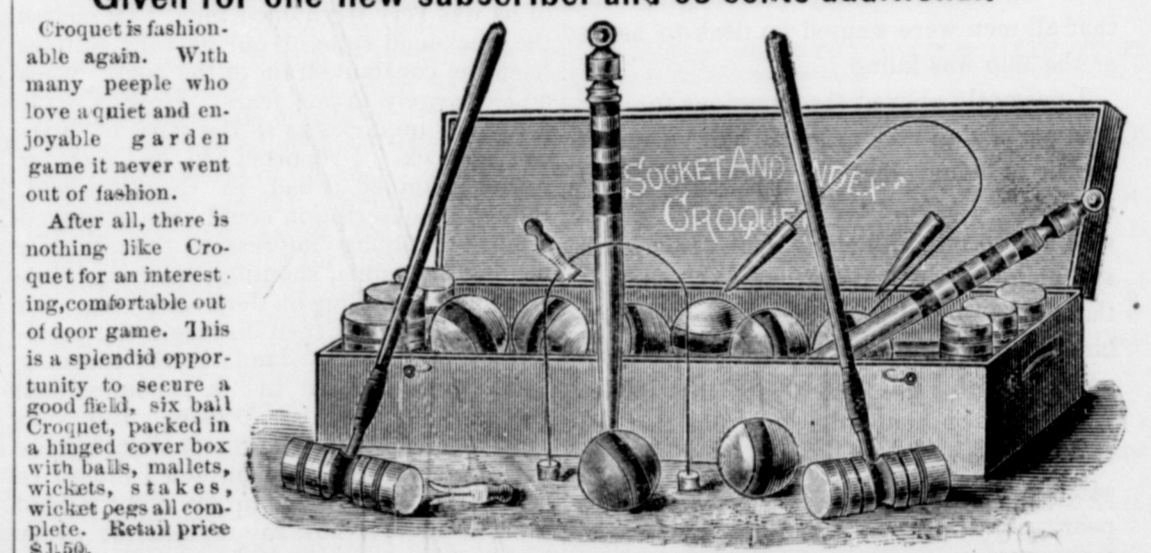
Neither can he see the funny side of a cold dinner, after walking all the way from his place of business. A woman does not see where the fun comes in on wash day, with a big stack of clothes ahead of her. Hundreds of people avoid all this, and have plain sailing all week by sending their laundry to Ungar's. The Waterloo street establishment has everything necessary for good work, from the latest machines to the most skilled workers. The idea is to do the very best laundry work that all the advantages of the 19th century civilization can turn out. A large establishment, with your delivery waggons continually on the go is the natural result. Move with the world.

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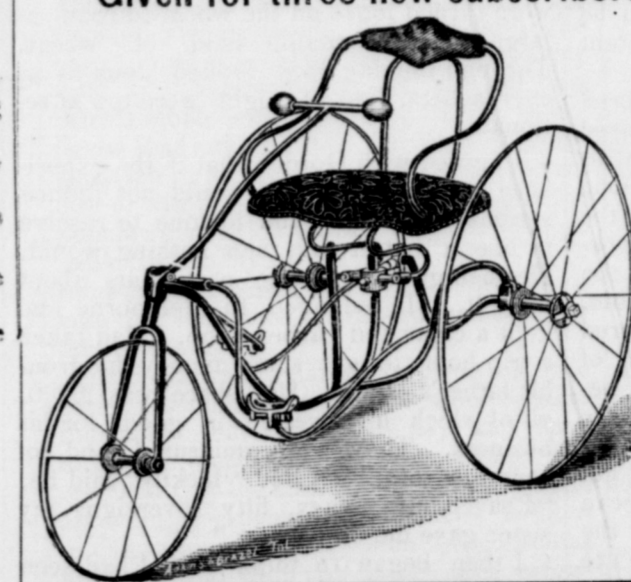
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