

## Over the Cliff.

Peter McCall, sitting on the cedar rail fence, gazed reflectively at the mountain-side and spoke to his father, who was taking his after-breakfast smoke: 'Bob Turner told me last week he'd give me six bits and board to chop the late cuckoo burs out of his cotton.'

'You've got a right to work if you want to. I can tend to things here.'

A few minutes later Peter was following a dim path up the mountain, with a heavy hoe on his shoulder. The McCalls lived on a little farm in a valley of the Colorado River, in Texas.

On reaching the top of the mountain, Peter saw that his two dogs, Trap and Watch, knowing that he would scold them back if he saw them soon after starting, had sneaked away and were ahead of him. They were running back and forth among the cedar thickets, smelling and hunting busily, as if affecting that he told them to do so. He laughed, and let them go unscolded.

A little later he heard the dogs barking, and soon he saw a young bear run across the open space but a few yards ahead, and disappear in the direction of the river.

The dogs had not yet seen the bear, but were on its trail. Shouting to them, Peter started after the cub, intending to use the hoe for a weapon. From time to time as he ran he caught glimpses of the bear through the cedars. He soon came close to the precipice that here overhangs the Colorado, and then he saw the little bear disappear over the edge of the cliff.

There he found a steep, narrow path leading down to a ledge some fifteen feet below. The bear had vanished. Shouting again to the dogs, Peter went cautiously down to the ledge, which was about a yard and a half wide, and about seventy-five feet above the Colorado River.

Peter walked along the ledge until he reached a part so overhanging by the cliff that he could not stand upright. So he went on his hands and knees, pushing the hoe before him. Turning a corner he saw that the ledge came to an end not far beyond; but between the corner and the end it was ten or twelve feet wide and about thirty feet long, making a comfortable platform. Back of the wide place were three well-worn, oily holes, which told Peter he had discovered a bear's den.

At the end of the ledge was a large piece of rock. It had fallen from above, and stood on end against the wall. One of the holes was partly behind this rock. There Peter saw a young bear's nose come out, and quickly go back. Dropping to his hands and knees, he peered into the hole but saw only darkness. Then he pushed his hoe-handle into the hole, but could not feel the bear.

The dogs now came running along the ledge on the scent, and began to bark at the hole where the bear-cub's nose had appeared. Peter was encouraging them to crawl in and attack, when a full-grown bear, the dam of the young one, emerged from another opening.

In his eagerness to capture the cub, Peter had forgotten that cubs have parents. He now saw the angry bear between him and the only way of escape. Raising the hoe, he stood on the defensive while the dogs, seeing the big bear advancing, rushed at her fiercely.

The old lady seemed to be an experienced and cool fighter. She sat down near the outer edge of the rocky floor, and suddenly reaching out her left paw, knocked Watch over the cliff. Poor Watch uttered despairing yelps as he plunged down, turning over and over.

Peter leaned over in time to see the dog strike the water and disappear. He quickly came up, however, and after swimming round and round, and finding no landing-place, turned and started for the east bank one hundred yards distant.

When the bear struck Watch, Trap rushed in, but a blow from her paw sent him rolling over the rocky floor toward the wall. He sprang up, and rushed at her again, recklessly. Then the same paw that had knocked Watch off struck him, and over the cliff he went whirling.

Peter heard the falling dog strike the water, but had no time to look, because the victorious bear was now advancing toward him. He retreated till his back was against the fallen rock at the end of the ledge where he stood on guard with uplifted hoe, meaning to hit the bear once, at least before jumping after the dogs.

But he quickly changed his plan. The jump would be dangerous, and it could be taken as a last resort at any time. Putting one hand on the rock, which was five feet high, and the other on the end of his hoe-handle, he leaped upon the rock. Now he was in a fair position for defence being above and nearly out of reach of the bear, on rock so smooth that she couldn't easily climb it.

On she came, growling, and stood on her hind feet, with her paws against the barrier. Peter aimed a blow at her head, but she dodged back so quickly that the hoe missed her, and Peter was within an ace of falling into her clutch. Afterward he was more cautious, but whenever she came within reach he struck at her. He could not hurt her, but he forced her to keep off, although she persisted for an hour in her attempts to reach him. Then withdrawing a few feet, she sat down still watching him closely with her little eyes.

Peter, glad of the respite, lay down and fanned himself with his hat; for the sun high above the mountains, was shining hot against the cliff. While busy keeping the bear off, he had heard the dogs clamoring but had not time to glance toward them.

Now he saw them on the opposite bank running up and down along the edge of the water, and still barking. They could see the bear, and were frantic to get to her, but could see no way of ascending the sp-

parently endless wall of cliff on the west side.

After watching Peter awhile, the bear renewed her attempt to reach him. Again and again she tried to climb the rock, but his desperate hoe kept her back. Once when he aimed a blow and missed her, she struck the hoe with her paw, and nearly jerked him off the rock. When she squatted again, she had her mouth open, panting from the heat, and Peter hoped she would crawl back into her den for shade. But she went to the other end of the wide part of the ledge, and lay down in a little stream of spring water that trickled across the rocky floor. She lapped the water and rolled in it, but did not forget to keep an eye on Peter.

He stood sweltering against the cliff, wondering how he could escape, and very thirsty. The sight of the spring and of the river flowing below tantalized him almost beyond endurance.

While the old bear was lying in the water, a cub came out from behind the rock Peter was standing on and shambled to her. Raising herself, she gave the cub a slap that sent it rolling across the floor. Her act reminded Peter of an impatient woman slapping her child for bothering her when she has important matters on hand.

As the cub rolled over, it caught sight of Peter on his pedestal, and the haste with which the little fellow scrambled into a hole was so comical that the young man could not help laughing. Another cub soon moved out, but seeing Peter, quickly retreated.

The sun grew hotter and hotter, until the young man felt that he was in danger of being broiled against the cliff. He looked, but there was no possibility of scaling that overhanging wall. Then he looked down longingly at the river. 'The jumping would be easy, but how about the stopping?' said Peter to himself, whimsically.

He could not entertain the thought. Although a plunge into the cool, clear water would have been delightful, the distance was too great to be ventured while any other hope should remain.

'You old beast, you!' he exclaimed angrily, shaking his fist at his enemy, while with the other sleeve he mopped his red, dripping face. The bear was lying comfortably in the water. 'If I could get good, square whack at you with this hoe, I'd fix you!'

At his voice the bear rose and looked at him in a peculiar way, as if she meant to reply: 'All right; come down and hit me. I won't run away.' But Peter declined the challenge.

At noon the shadow of the upper cliff had covered the ledge, and Peter's position was much improved. A cool breeze blew up-river, and but for his increasing thirst he would now have been comparatively comfortable.

The bear, however, soon came on with more vigor than ever. For a while Peter had all he could do to repel her advances. He succeeded in biting her twice with the hoe, but the only effect was to put her into a rage, and make her more eager to get him.

When she withdrew again, Peter was so tired that he sat down on his pedestal to rest. Then the bear, under the impression that he was now within her reach, promptly returned, and kept him busy for another hour or two. While this fight was going on, he heard the dogs barking and whining, and then he caught a glimpse of them swimming across the river; but as they could not climb the cliff, they had to swim back.

Again the she bear retired; and then Peter had a good, long rest, although he had to take it standing up, not daring to tempt his enemy again by sitting down.

The next attack was the most determined of all, and lasted till the shadow of the cliff reached beyond the river. When it was over, Peter could see nothing of the dogs, and supposed they had got tired and hungry and gone home. He would have been glad enough to go home, too, if that unreasonable old she bear would let him. As it was, he felt a little discouraged by the desertion of the dogs.

Perhaps when right came on hunger might drive the bear off into the mountains to find something to eat for herself and her cubs. That would give him an opportunity to escape. But, on the other hand, hunger might drive her to a more resolute effort to take a meal of him; and in the darkness she might succeed. One bad feature of the situation was that he could not be missed at home for several days.

'Not until she has digested me,' thought Peter.

The outlook appeared discouraging, but Peter did not despair. He could always jump to the river, and there was a chance in that. It would, at worst, save him from the bear. The thought of the cool water tempted him, but he still restrained himself.

The last rays of the sun were shining against the cedars on top of the mountain east of the river, when Peter heard a sharp bark. The next moment Trap and watch came bounding round the corner in the ledge, and rushed at the bear. Tantalized by the sight of the animal beyond their reach, they had gone down the river until they could cross, and then had returned to the bear's den from above.

At the first bark the bear turned to meet them. When she rose on her haunches to use her paws, she sat only a few inches from the edge of the cliff. Possibly she had learned, from having lived here long, that the easiest way to get rid of her enemies was to knock them over the precipice.

The dogs had learned something, too, and kept out of her reach. Fearing that she might serve them as she had done before, Peter quickly sprang down from his perch. He was about to run up behind the bear, and try to cut her head open with the hoe.

He changed his plan suddenly. Lowering the hoe, he grasped the handle firmly with both hands, and moved round till he was but a few feet behind the bear, and between her and the nearest wall. Then he rushed

at her, using the big hoe as a battering-ram. She was wholly occupied with the dogs at the moment.

The hoe struck her squarely, and her hind parts were knocked over the edge of the cliff; but she caught the rough rock with her front claws, growling fiercely, and doing her best to get back upon the ledge. Peter hammered her paws with the hoe until he broke her hold, and then she fell back and dropped down, down as the dogs had dropped.

He heard the great splash and looked over in time to see her come to the surface and strike out for the east bank. The dogs stood with their heads over the edge of the cliff, barking at her loudly.

On reaching the bank, the bear sat down and watched the cliff for a minute or two; then she rose and disappeared into the bushes. While Peter was quenching his thirst at the little spring, the dogs began to bark under the cliff at the cubs, but it was getting dark, and the old bear would doubtless return. So Peter shouldered his hoe, called off the dogs, and after making his way cautiously along the ledge and up the path, went home.

Early the next morning he and his father armed with guns, came to the den in the cliff, but the wise old bear had foreseen this visit.

'We're too late, it seems,' remarked Peter's father. 'Ma bear took her family last night, and left for parts unknown. You'll never set eyes on 'em any more.'

'Oh well, let her go,' said Peter. 'Don't care much about killing an animal with young ones anyway. The old bear treated me and the dogs a little mean, but she got paid back for it. So I guess we'll call it square, seeing I've got to.'

## A REALLY SICK MAN.

### SUFFERED TERRIBLE AGONY DUE TO KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLE.

Medicines Apparently had no Effect. Until at the Solicitation of a Friend He Used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and Was Cured. From the Mail, Granby, Que.

Mr. Albert Fisher, accountant at Payne's cigar factory, Granby, Que., is known to almost every resident of the town, and is held in the highest esteem by all who know him. In conversation with the editor of the Mail recently, something was said concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, when Mr. Fisher remarked that he had found these pills a very valuable medicine. It was suggested that he should make his experience known, and to this he readily consented, handing to the Mail the following letter for publication:—

Granby, March 16th, 1900. In Justice to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I think it my duty, in view of what they have done for me, to add my testimonial to the many which I have seen in print. For some months I suffered most severely from pains up and down my back. It was thought these were due to liver and kidney trouble, but whatever the cause, they kept me in terrible agony. The pains were not confined to the back, but would shift to other parts of the body. As a result, I could get little rest; my appetite was much impaired, and I was really a sick man. I tried many different remedies, without effect, and which disgusted me with medicine. A friend suggested that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not easily persuaded, for I had given up the use of medicine, as nothing had helped me, but as he insisted, I finally concluded to give them a trial. I purchased one box, and was astonished to find that before it was entirely used, I was quite a bit relieved, and after using six more, was fully restored to my former good health. I take great pleasure in recommending this valuable remedy, that others may profit by my experience, and not suffer the tortures that I did.

Yours sincerely,  
Albert Fisher.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## CHINA'S SECRET SOCIETIES.

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twenty six parts, was next read to him and after he had sworn the oath was burned as an offering to the gods, who were supposed to visit the renegade with terrible vengeance. The novice was then made to 'cross the bridge,' which consisted in his standing underneath two naked swords held over his head by two brothers, while the presiding officer or elder brother heard him reaffirm his allegiance. The new member then rung off a cock's head, saying: 'Thus may I perish if the secret I divulge.'

Although the Chinese are noted for their untruthfulness, few have broken this oath. The penalty for treachery was, of course, death, inflicted by one or more members chosen for the mission, as is the custom with the Russian Nihilists. Like the Freemasons, the brethren were able to make themselves known to each other by secret signs and passwords, and could thus communicate among a crowd without exciting suspicion. One of their signs was the picking up of an object with three fingers, signifying the 'three united' of the Triads. Peaceful and timid subjects were

forced to join by means of letters threatening death as the penalty for refusal, and travellers were often kidnapped on the highway and initiated out of hand.

The Triads are no more, and this present breed of Boxers seems to be entirely different in origin and purpose.

'My Boston cousin is just crazy about puzzles.' 'She is?'

'I think so; every man that proposes to her has to present his offer in the form of a rebus.'

## BORN.

Merrimack, June 8, to the wife of F. Porter, a son.  
Halifax, June 6, to the wife of John Massey, a son.  
Halifax, June 14, to the wife of Edwin Gibson a son.

Westville, June 11, to the wife of Alex. Dickens, a son.

Newport, June 10, to the wife of James Ross, a daughter.

Dalhousie, June 17, to the wife of G. Gillis, a son.

Woodstock, June 14, to the wife of Geo. Balmain, a son.

Annapolis, June 20, to the wife of E. McClafferty, a son.

Wentworth, June 11, to the wife of M. Leighton, a daughter.

Windsor, June 11, to the wife of Stephen Barron, a daughter.

Falmouth, June 16, to the wife of Wm. Starratt, a daughter.

Westville, June 10, to the wife of Thomas Baker, a daughter.

Westville, June 7, to the wife of Phineas Woods, a daughter.

Westville, June 3, to the wife of R. Munro, a daughter.

Annapolis, June 12, to the wife of W. Munro, a daughter.

Gloucester, June 2, to the wife of Geo. Trefry, a daughter.

Amherst, June 18, to the wife of Wm. Merrill, a daughter.

Amherst, June 18, to the wife of Wm. Tuttle, a daughter.

Paradise, June 15, to the wife of John Elliot, a daughter.

Summerside, June 15, to the wife of Allan Parsons, a daughter.

Long Island, June 14, to the wife of Edward Gould, a daughter.

Shubenacadie, June 13, to the wife of John Christie, a daughter.

New Glasgow, June 13, to the wife of Harry Austin a daughter.

Hamford, May 8, to the wife of W. Johnson a son and daughter.

Upper Stewiackie, June 15, to the wife of Frank Smith, a daughter.

New Glasgow, June 11, to the wife of Arch. McDougall, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Moncton, June 14, F. C. Fader to Elsie Manning. Rockingham, by Rev. A. Dickie, H. C. DeWolf to Lena Woodroffe MacDonell.

Kar, Kings Co., May 24, by W. J. Gordon, Willitt Cain to Sarah Merritt.

Fredericton, June 11, by Rev. F. Campbell, Asa Randall to Doris Boyd.

St. Stephen, May 29, by Rev. W. Robertson, Ivan Smith to Olive Jellison.

Yarmouth, June 17, by Rev. E. Crowell, Jacob Boyd to Mary Deane.

Woodstock, June 19, by Rev. J. Clarke, Archie Annett to Maggie McMullin.

Boston, May 21, by Rev. Mr. Holden, Emma Green to Mr. C. E. Easter.

West Point, June 9, by Rev. A. Chapman, Andrew Stewiackie to Elsie Macdonald.

Woodstock, June 15, by Rev. T. Todd, Samuel Smith to Louise Dickinson.

Hillsburn, June 14, by Eder G. Sederquist, Mary Anderson to Oscar Parker.

Amherst, June 12, by Rev. W. Bates, Robert Miller to Emma Knowlton.

Yarmouth, June 5, by Rev. Fr. Foley, Louis Fother to Lavina MacDonell.

Milltown, N. B., June 15, by Rev. J. Kirby, H. W. Hill to Addie Turner.

Calais, June 6, by Rev. Chas. McCully, Paul Sargent to Sarah McAllister.

Millford, June 13, by Rev. A. Dickie, Rev. Alvin Campbell to Annie Wardrop.

Dorchester, June 2, by Rev. C. Burgess, Almira McCull to William Crossman.

St. Stephen, June 9, by Rev. W. Goucher, George Hanson to Fannie Williams.

Hopewell, June 13, by Rev. Wm. McNicholl, A. B. Dean to Barbara McLean.

Yarmouth, June 11, by Rev. A. McNinch, Benj. Coulton to Lavina MacDonell.

Zionville, York Co., June 11, by Rev. A. Robb, David Sanson to Jennie Bell.

Victoria, June 20, by Rev. J. M. Forbes, J. R. Brooks to Ethel B. Crossman.

Digby, June 12, by Rev. B. Thomas, Walter Middleton to Georgina Small.

Stellarton, June 19, by Rev. D. Farquhar, Alex. Gladwin to Josephine Young.

Delaps Cove, May 30, by Rev. W. N. States, John Brothers to Georgina Lawrence.

Florenceville, June 18, by Rev. D. Fiske, Rufus Giberson to Miss Amy Giberson.

Boston, June 6, by Rev. Fr. Dolan, Francis McCarrill to Miss Mary Mahoney.

Truro, June 20, by Rev. C. J. Robertson, Fred Simons to Lottie Seeley.

Springdale, Kings Co., June 20, by Rev. W. Camp, Richard Gross, to Zora Goddard.

Kentville, June 19, by Revs. Raymond and Brock, Lee Raymond to Gertrude Brock.

Halifax, June 17, by Rev. Dr. Beattie, Theophilus Gladwin to Josephine Young.

Providence, R. I., June 6, by Rev. Thos. Fenton, Henry Brehaut to Jessie Denoon.

Summerside, June 19, by Rev. N. McLaughlin, James Boren to Miss Laura Crozier.

Charlottetown, June 19, by Rev. J. Fraser, Dr. O. H. Dewar to Miss Marion MacLeod.

Highfield, June 20, by Rev. D. MacLean, Albert Farquhar to Isabella MacKinnon.

Weymouth Falls, June 9, by Rev. F. Langford, James Langford to Millie Langford.

McAdam Junction, June 19, by Rev. J. Flewelling, Martin Allen to Louise Weeks.

New Glasgow, June 13, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, Rufus Curry to Mrs. Cornelia Carver.

Middle Simonds, June 19, by Rev. A. Hayward, Allison Millard Shaw to Miss Edna Haley.

## DIED.

Horton, Leonard Fuller 80.

Boston, Mrs. Mary H. Butler.

Boston, Elizabeth Weatherlie 86.

Milltown, June 9, James Darcas 46.

Yarmouth, June 12, Paul Ricker 72.

Durham, June 8, Wm. Matheson 76.

Wawick, June 2, Mary Ann Budd 75.

Hillsburn, June 10, Abram Guest 44.

Guyboro, June 8, Blake Mitchell 17.

California, June 5, Blake Mesher 34.

Windsor, June 14, Eliza Underwood 83.

Newcastle, June 9, Peter McCernin 68.

Windsor, June 17, John G. Dimock 24.

Newark, Eng., May 1, Ellen M. Towell.

Bloomfield, June 9, Sanford W. Cann 27.

Kansas, Ill., May 30 Judge C. K. Starr.

D'Essex, June 13, Mrs. Simon Joyce.

Hedgeville, June 6, Cassie M. Holmes 24.

St. George, June 11, Mary A. Stevens 21.  
Bridgetown, June 11, Hazel Rogerson 81.  
Boston, June 13, Ronald C. Macdonald 18.  
Bear River, June 20, Norma McLellan 18.  
Jacksonville, May 18, George M. Slipp 39.  
Chipman, N. B., June 16, Wm. H. Lecky 83.  
Burton, June 11, Mrs. Rainsford Barker 42.  
Port Jolite, June 12, John B. McDonald 78.  
Old Orchard, Me., June 17, Eva V. Lutz 6.  
Concord, June 1, Mrs. Isabella Robertson 76.  
Barnstable, June 6, D. Clarke Armstrong 13.  
South Boston, June 9, Edward F. Langtry 37.  
New York, June 8, Marion R. Hogg 7 months.  
Bedford Row, June 19, Mrs. Elizabeth Norris.  
Pictou, June 18, Anabel, wife of John U. Rose.  
Halifax, June 15, Mrs. Alexandra Bayley 86.  
Gay's River, June 16, Bessie Andrew 2 months.  
Mount Dalhousie, June 9, George Adamson 95.  
Halifax, June 20, Henry St. George Twining 61.  
St. Mary's N. S., June 12, Mrs. Sarah McLean 81.  
Pictou, June 1, Aileen B. child of Wm. S. Fraser.  
Upper Woodstock, May 31, Eva E. McCormac 28.  
Halifax, June 19, Margaret, wife of Alfred H. Fair.  
Halifax, June 17, Daniel, son of John McEhran 6.  
Halifax, June 12, Vincent, son of Thomas Somers 11.  
Montreal, June 7, Amy, wife of James Stephens 60.  
Jacksonville, N. B., June 18, Rev. Frederick W. Harrison.

Halifax, June 16, Elizabeth J. daughter of Stephen Campbell 2.

Barrington, June 8, Experience, widow of Thomas Burnaby 51.

Newcastle, June 18, Caroline, daughter of the late Wm Murray.

Chatham, June 20, Mary, daughter of the late Robert Johnston.

Halifax, June 24, Janie daughter of Patrick McGee.

Truemanville, June 18, Eva, wife of Thompson Truman 35.

## RAILROADS.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC

## Dominion Day EXCURSIONS.

### One Fare for the Round Trip.

June 29th, 30th, July 1st and 2nd, good to return until July 4th, between all stations in Canada on the Atlantic Division, and to all stations Montreal and east, also to and from I. C. R., D. A. R., and P. E. I. Ry. points. On June 30th, July 1st and 2nd, to stations west of Montreal in Canada, good to return July 3rd. To Commercial Travellers, on presentation of certificates, on June 29 to points west of Montreal in Canada, good to return until July 3rd.

A. J. HEATH,  
D. P. A. C. P. R.,  
St. John, N. B.

## Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

### Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.