

Bill Blake and the B'ar.

A quarter of a century ago, when the valleys and bottomlands of Pennsylvania were decked in the abundant growth of timber which was Nature's heritage, any self-respecting log jobber, if his attention had been directed to the desolate Kettle Creek region, would have turned up his nose disdainfully and passed on to greener fields. But the days when a contractor could choose his place of residence are practically past, and so it was that 'Hank' Bellman was reduced to the extremity last fall of erecting his shanty and starting operations in the heart of the jungle-like forest overlooking Kettle Creek. The camp is fitted into a little patch of cleared ground far over the mountain top. A narrow turnpike winds up to it from the highway hundreds of feet below, and beyond it, extending into the wilderness, great wastes of fallen trees, stumps and piles of hemlock bark show what the woodsman's axe has been doing all winter. Directly surrounding the shanty the trees have not all been removed, and on the frosty winter nights, when the snow hangs in great layers upon the heavy branches and the air is so crisp and keen that sound travels through it with as much precision as though shot from a megaphone, the panthers and catamounts climb up into the tall timber and wake the slumbering echoes of the forest as well as the boys in the camp, with their wild and dismal howlings.

One of those nights came about a month ago. The panthers and wildcats yelled more furiously, it seemed, than they had done before during the winter, and added to their wailing was the voice of the north wind as it tossed the snow against the weather-beaten sides of the shanty. For that night the shanty was good enough for the boys. When supper was over and the storm showed no signs of abating they all gathered together in the big 'lobby,' which is home, club, society and Sunday school to them, and prepared to make the best of a night indoors. Now these woodmen are not the sort of men who can spend an evening over a book or enjoy themselves at any tame diversion, and on this night even jack poker had no charm for them. The fact is that they were just in the mood to listen to one of Bill Blake's stories.

It was Blake who, on a cold winter's night ten years ago, entered a 'dive' in the 'Pig's Ear' district of Potter county and, with a revolver in each hand, forced the landlord and guests out into the street, after which he filled up on the best whiskey in the house. Then, when the proprietor returned with a posse of armed help, Blake barricaded himself in the cellar and would neither emerge nor allow any one to enter until entire immunity was promised by the Blowville constable.

'Say Bill,' said one of the woodmen, 'what t'arnal cussedness ever possessed you to leave the good job you had in the Slate Run camp last fall and come up to this peaky hole?'

Bill Blake puffed comparatively at his pipe for a moment, after which he said: 'Well, mebbly I had a purty good reason, if I wanted to tell.'

Then he laughed quietly. Nobody spoke, and when Bill had finally gone over the details in his own mind, he continued:

'You see I'd never gone to the Slate Run job in the first place, but for one thing. Down at the city, where I had a lovely suit as coachman for a rich lady I got knocked out in a love affair. You needn't grin, Shorty. I kept myself purty spick-an-span on that job, an' if I do say it, they wa'n't many handsomer ribbon slingers drivin' down the pike. Wall, who the gal was don't matter, an' it hain't no one's business who the dude was 'at cut me out. I only mention the incident for the sake of explainin' why it was 'at I ever went back to the lumber business at all.'

'You see, everything went sort o' contrary with me in town after that. I got sick of the whole business, and all the time while I was drivin' them spankin' hosses through the streets my mind would keep a runnin' back, to the camp life, while I knowed they wa'n't like to be no dudes nor no gals to play hide-and-go-seek with a feller's heart. So back I goes to the old Slate Run job, where I was well known an' only had to whistle to get work.'

'Wall, the very first night I spent in the camp I made up my mind it wasn't no use for me to try to get away from the gals. Right in the camp there was two as purty gals as you'd care to see—nieces of the boss's wife, I guess, a visitin' thar, they told me for their health. I found out afore I was in the camp very long 'at they was a little too healthy for that place as it was, an' you'll see purty soon what made me think so.'

RHEUMATIC! YOUR CURE IS ABSOLUTE!

When the Wall between Suffering and Health Seems Impregnable, South American Rheumatic Cure Comes to the Sufferer's Relief—"Shells" the Stronghold of Disease.

Drives out the Hostile Forces—Breaks the Shackles of Rheumatism's Prisoner—and Guarantees Him Perpetual Liberty.

This Great Remedy is Invincible—Gives Relief in a Few Hours and a Cure in from One to Three Days.

Of all the the tortures that disease can inflict upon man perhaps there are none more agonizing than Rheumatism, and its kindred ailments, such as Gout, Lumbago, Neuralgia and Sciatica—and these are no respecters of persons—they attack the old and the young alike.

The active, irritating cause of Rheumatism in all its phases is Uric Acid, a poison that collects in the blood. It is the waste or effete matters of the system, which, from various causes, are not carried away through the natural channels; the joints and muscles become affected; they swell, stiffen and inflame; and the pain and torture of it none can describe but those who have passed through the ordeal of suffering that Rheumatism entails.

In its more acute and inflammatory form it oftentimes attacks vital parts, such as the heart, and on the evidence of expert testi-

mony it is believed that many cases of sudden death that are today diagnosed as heart failure have really been caused by Rheumatism of the Heart, and it behooves rheumatic sufferers not to dally with so powerful and relentless a foe. It is a relentless disease, but so common that in many cases the suffering is born unheeded when the patient may be within a step of death.

South American Rheumatic Cure is no respecter of cases. It is a never failing specific—a panacea for rheumatic sufferers—it enters quickly into the circulation; it drives out the foreign and irritating matter; it starts in at its work of purification, and in a trice its healing power is felt, and as if by magic, pains disappear, joints are reduced to the normal, natural size, stiffness of the muscles makes way to suppleness, and where was a few hours or days at most, all suffering and and torture, is the calm of peace that comes after the great struggle. South American Rheu-

matic Cure has a thousand times made the erstwhile sufferer discredit that "the days of miracles are past."

The most obstinate, obdurate, acute and chronic forms of rheumatism have been absolutely cured in from one to three days. The remedy is simple and harmless, and leaves no bad after effects. Here's the testimony of one who ought to know its real worth:

Mrs. E. Eisner, a professional nurse, 92 Cornwallis street, Halifax, N. S., sufferer from Rheumatism, and while in my profession I met and consulted many prominent physicians as to my case; none of them gave me any treatment that was permanent. I tried many remedies which claimed to be cures, with the same results. I noted the almost magic relief which came to a patient of mine in using South American Rheumatic Cure and I decided to try it on myself, and I proclaim it here and now a great remedy, the only thing that I ever took that did my rheumatism any noticeable good. When I had completed taking the second bottle I was free from all pain, and although this is some three or four years ago, I have not had the slightest return of it. I do strongly recommend it.

South American Kidney Cure is a searching remedy—it cures permanently and quickly all bladder and kidney ailments. Relieves in six hours.

South American Nervine is a health builder—it acts directly on the nerve centres—good for the stomach—aids digestion—gives tone to the nervous system—richness to the blood. Sold by E. C. Brown.

'The dancels started right in by flirtin' with me, an' they were so winsome 'at I forgot all about the city gal right away. I met 'em half way in the flirtin' game an' it seemed to me 'at I was in clover. The other fellers was all gettin' jealous of the way the gals was shinin' 'round me; but it wasn't exactly my fault if they wa'n't in it, so I didn't bother about that. Wall, things went on lovely for about a week, an' one night the gals says to me, they says: 'Let's go along down an' get some apples.'

'Now the o'chard was quite a ways below the camp an' it was closed in by a big board fence about six feet high. Of course I went. We had a jolly time goin' toward the o'chard an' the gals seemed more lovin' to me than ever. When we got thar an' I seed the high fence I wanted to help the gals over, but they says: 'No, you go fast an' then we'll follow.' So of course I went, I put a board up to the fence an' clumb over an' then waited to ketch the gals. Wall, it must have been a minute I waited thar an' I didn't hear a sound from the other side.

'Yes,' says I to myself, 'I see what they're at; they don't want me to help 'em over after all.' Then I says out loud, sort o' pleasant like: 'O, I thought you'd change your minds, purty dancels! But they wa'n't no answer, an' I begins to get kinder mad. I was jest startin' to look over the fence an' see what was the matter when I heard a growl behind me an' turned 'round quick. Lands o' rattlesnakes, boys, what a sight met my eyes! Thar was a big, ugly-lookin' cinnamon b'ar standin' under an apple tree, an' a-lookin' right at me. Well, I bet these beautiful locks of mine stood on end like porcupine quills. They wa'n't no use feelin' for a gun, 'cause I knowed I didn't have any, not even a jacknife or weapon of no kind. It was a leetle hotter proposition then I wanted to tackle jest then, so I bade Mr. Bruin a hasty farewell an' made for the fence.

'But now, boys, come the trouble in earnest. It was an easy enough matter to get over that fence, but when it come to gettin' back, why that was a different thing. I see I couldn't do it nohow an' so I jest stood an' turned my back to the fence an' waited. Bruin was within three feet of me then an' he riz up onto his hind feet an' stood thar movin' his head about in a threatenin' manner an' motionin' at me with his big ugly paws. The moon was shinin' out bright an' clear above us an' as he stood thar between me an' it he was one of the skeery-lookin' sights I ever seen. He didn't appear to be nervous or discontented in the least an' I made up my mind I wouldn't be nervous either. So looking straight into his face and reckonin' the distance I picked out a spot on the big fellows under jaw an' give him such a kick with my big cowhide boot 'at he yelled with pain.

'You can bet I didn't want to see the result, but I jest took it across that o'chard as if the devil was at my heels. Lordy how my feet did welt the ground! At last I seen a hole in the fence whar a board was gone, and at if I went, I reached it all right an' was jest about half way through, when I heard a shufflin' an' pantin' behind me 'at made my blood freeze up in knotty leetle lumps. Boys, did you ever know a b'ar

could bunt? Wall, I have had the fact drilled into me in a purty forcible way, for what knocked me through the fence at such a lively gait that night was nothin' more or less than that b'ar's head. I was knocked into a heap on the outside of the fence an' thar I laid, huggin' the ground an' shiverin' and expectin' every second to find Bruin on top of me.

'I don't know how long it was 'fore I dared raise my head an' look round, but when I din they wa'n't no b'ar in sight. I made up my mind afterwards 'at Bruin was jest as anxious to get outside o' the fence as I was. He must have gone in through that very hole in the fence an' was probably puttin' in his best licks to get out again 'fore I could give him another kick. When I got to the hole ahead of him of course he couldn't very well do anything else than knock me out o' the way.

'Wall, I was purty sore when I got back to the camp, but I didn't say nothin' about that, an' the gals put up a nice leetle story, tellin' me how when they seen the b'ar they was so skeert they couldn't say nothin' an' jest ran back to the house. I took in everything they said, an' the next night when they ast me if I wanted to go 'long down with 'em an' explore the old mine, I was jest tickled to death to get the chance. We took an old minin' lamp with us an' when we got thar I started in ahead carryin' the light. The old drift hadn't been worked for years an' dirty water was drip pin' from the roof an' coverin' my best coat as I groped my way in, never doubtin' 'at the gals would follow. I had only got a dozen feet or so, an' was gettin' on all right when I stumbled over somethin' an' went sprawlin'! The light went out in the flurry an' the last thing I knowed they was a deep growl 'at echoed through the mine an' somethin' had a hold of me by the boot leg.

'It was pitch dark in the hole, but a flood of moonlight to one side told me whar the openin' was. With an awful effort I jerked my leg free an' scrambled to my feet with the intention of makin' a dash towards that flood of moonlight wall, I had only jest nicely got onto my feet an' turned around when I felt somethin' shoot between my legs an' tip me back. I clutched wildly in front of me an' got my both hands imbedded in the shaggy hair of Bruin—for I knowed right well by this time what it was. The b'ar shot out of that drift at an almighty rapid gait an' I didn't dare drop off for fear of buttin' my brains out against the sides, so I jest laid flat an' huggid tight, watchin' for a good chance to make a leap.

'Wall, I kin sit here now an' laugh with the rest of you, when I look back at it; but you kin bet they wa'n't no fun in it for me jest then.

'Right outside the mouth of the drift was a little decline, an' at the bottom of it was a pool of water that was made by the leetle stream flowin' out of the mine. I was all ready, an' as soon as I seen 'at I was out in the open air again I jest slid off, easy as you please, from the b'ar's back an' struck right in that pool of water. Wow! But I did get a nice duckin' an' no mistake.

'The first thing I done was to cuss myself for bein' such a blamed fool as to drop

into that water an' then I pulled myself up onto my feet an' proceeded to look myself over. Never lettin' up on my cussin' for a minute I meandered back to the camp an' jest sneaked in an' went to bed without sayin' nothin' to anybody. It was a little late when I got around the next mornin', an' I judge my su'prise, fellers, when I went behind the fence an' seen one of them blamed gals feedin' an old b'ar outen a tin pan!

'I seen how the whole thing was in a second. Them gals had been makin' game of me all the time an' the b'ar 'at had been makin' me so much trouble was nothin' but a tame one 'at wouldn't hurt nobody. Fust I had a notion to go in an' get my shooter an' put an end to the 'tarnal thing for spite, but I concluded it was best to curb my temper an' let it go. The fellers had all gone to work an' I knowed if I waited until they got back they'd be onto the thing an' have an awful leg on me, so I jest got my toes together an' scratched out as quietly as I could.

'Yes, this is a lonesome, peaky hole an' no mistake, but they ain't no dudes here nor no gals to play hide-an-go-seek with a feller's heart I'm durn glad of it.'

They Speak For Themselves.

PICTON, Feb. 17.—This is to certify that I have used Polson's Nerviline for rheumatism, and have found it a valuable remedy for all internal pain and would greatly recommend it to the public.—N. T. KINGSLEY.

LEEDS COUNTY, Jan. 9.—We are not in the habit of puffing patent medicines, but we cannot withhold our testimony as to the great value of Nerviline as a remedy for pain. We have pleasure in recommending it as a never-failing remedy.—REV. H. J. ALLEN, BENJ. DILLON, and many others. Sold by all druggists.

The Man Who Dared Disobey.

The great soldier is the man who, as a subordinate, on all ordinary occasions obeys orders implicitly, but who, when the great emergency arrives, knows that, to save the day and his country, he must disobey. He breaks his orders on his own responsibility, knowing that the result and the future will justify him. Failure would be his ruin. Success may immortalize him. And if he is great, he knows that he shall succeed.

One of the members of the Russian imperial cabinet, Monsieur Witte, minister of finance, is one of the most powerful and important men in the empire. Highly esteemed and trusted by the emperor, he is respected and honored by the representatives of foreign powers. Yet Monsieur Witte is of humble origin—a fact which, in Russia, where every circumstance favors the man of noble blood above the plebeian, has counted for much against him.

Monsieur Witte, in his early life, after an imperfect education, was made station master at a small and unimportant railway station in southern Russia. The war between Russia and Turkey arose, and hundreds of thousands of soldiers had to be transported into Roumania and Bulgaria. One day Monsieur Witte, in his station, received telegraphic instructions to make certain arrangement in connection with the passage of these troops along the line.

In Russia orders from a high source, connected with the affairs of the govern-

ment, are terrible things, not to be disobeyed. But this young man saw that obedience in the present instance would create great confusion, if not positive disaster. His superiors had told him to do the wrong thing. He ventured to violate his instructions, and to do the right thing.

The president of the railway summoned the young man before him, and asked why he had presumed to disobey his telegraphic orders in a matter of such vast consequence. Monsieur Witte told him why, and convinced him that he, the station-master, was right, and that the orders were wrong. Instead of removing or punishing him, the chief of the road advanced him.

Afterward this railway president, Monsieur Wichnegradski, was called to St. Petersburg to assume a place in the imperial cabinet. Remembering the man who had so successfully disobeyed, he sent for him and gave him a post under him. After that Monsieur Witte's advancement was rapid, and he rose to occupy the highest 'business' position in the empire—that of minister of finance.

An Aged Student.

Monarchs can never afford to leave off learning, whatever their subjects may do. A striking instance in point is furnished by an article in Pearson's Magazine, an article the proof sheets of which were corrected by Queen Victoria herself.

From this article it appears that in spite of all her duties and responsibilities in spite of the fact that she has devoted so much time to the study of politics as to have become one of the greatest living authorities on the practical politics of Europe, Queen Victoria has, within the later years of her reign, acquired an intimate acquaintance with a difficult language spoken by a large number of her subjects.

She makes it a custom, we are assured, to note in Hindustani the daily events of her life, keeping a diary for this special purpose. She speaks the language fluently, having devoted a part of every day for the last ten years to instruction in it, and to acquiring a knowledge of the intellectual treasures of the East.

The queen has surprised many of her Indian visitors by making unexpected observations in good Hindustani. As everybody knows, she is always attended, when at home, by one or more of her picturesque Indian servants. It is not, however, so generally known that she always speaks to them in their own tongue. [However small the remark, or however serious the command, it comes to them in Hindustani.

Universal admiration has been expressed at the determination of the queen at an advanced age, not only to learn to speak Hindustani, but also to take an interest in the literature of India, and to acquaint herself with the ideas and aspirations of her Oriental subjects.

BICYCLISTS, young or old, should carry a bottle of Pain-Killer in their saddle bags. It cures cuts and wounds with wonderful quickness. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Ann Tique—I sometimes think we cannot believe even what we see.

Sara Bellum—That must be comforting though when you look in the mirror.