

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XX.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1893.

NO. 5.

ASSIGNED'S SALE

—O—
GREAT BARGAINS!
—O—

The entire stock of the Rack-et Store, consisting of—
Clothing.

Dry Goods,
Notions,
Tin & Glassware,

WILL BE SACRIFICED!

It must be closed out im-mediately and will be sold be-low cost.

Call early and supply your-self for the winter.

R. BROOKFIELD,
Assignee.

The New Waterbury Watch.

Round and round in ceaseless motion,
Never fast and never slow;
Buy hands with true devotion
Mark the time as round they go.

"Second-hand, short-wind, stem-setting."
For that watch, the "Series J,"
If a time-piece you are getting,
But a trifle you need pay.

Nickel case, with pure white dial,
Beveled glass, with spring of steel;
Give that watch but just one trial,
Satisfied you then will feel.

ONE OF THE SENSATIONS OF THE DAY.

No longer can the shafts of ridicule be hurled at the Waterbury Watch Co. They have triumphed in solving the problem of a low cost, short-wind watch; one that at its price (four dollars) is within the reach of all who wish a reliable and accurate time-piece and yet have not got the money to invest in more costly gold or silver cases.

This new "Series J" is what you have been looking for, it is neat durable and the finest time-keeper made for the money (\$4). It is preferable and is better than Swiss and other foreign makes at \$6. I keep both styles of the Waterbury in stock, besides a large and full line of other American watches in Gold, Filled Silver, Silver and Nickel, and know I can always please you, both as to price, style, quality and reliability. Call and see them, I am always pleased to show goods, and ENGRAVE ALL GOODS FREE OF CHARGE.

W. H. REISNER,

Leading Jeweler and Headquarters for Xmas and New Year Presents.

HOME COMPANY,

SEEKING

HOME PATRONAGE

AGENTS

In all Cities, Towns and Villages in the South.

TOTAL ASSETS, \$750,000 00!

J. ALLEN BROWN, Resident Agent, Salisbury, N. C.

DYSPEPSIA.

It is that misery experienced when you suddenly become aware that you possess a disordered stomach. The stomach is the most important organ of the whole system. Among a dozen dyspepsias no two will have the same predominant symptoms. To prevent the mental power and a willful temper are subject to Sick Headache; those, fleshy and phlegmatic, have Constipation, while the thin and nervous are abandoned to nervous prostration. Some dyspepsias are wonderfully curable; others have great irritability of temper. Whatever form, Dyspepsia may take, one thing is certain,

The underlying cause is in the LIVER, and one thing more is equally certain, no one will remain a dyspeptic who will



Start the Liver to working, when all other troubles soon disappear.

"My wife was a confirmed dyspeptic. Some three years ago by the advice of Dr. Steiner, of Augusta, she was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I feel grateful for the relief it has given her, and may all who read this and are afflicted in any way, whether chronic or otherwise, use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I feel confident health will be restored to all who will be advised."—Wm. M. Kanari, Fort Valley, Ga.

See that you get the Genuine, with red Z on front of wrapper, PREPARED BY J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION

Beware of Fraud, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of the wrapper, and before leaving the factory, which protect the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas shoes at a reduced price, or says he has bought my name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE. FOR

THE ONLY GENUINE

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 POLICE SHOE.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 SHOE FOR BOYS.

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Life.

To have hoped and suffered in cheer and woe,
To have doubted, betrayed and grieved,
To have trusted the things you best might know—
This is to have lived.

To have sinned, repented and been forgiven,
To have lost what was once received,
To have fallen against the gates of heaven—
This is to have lived.

To have loved, and tasted the Dead Sea fruit,
To have pledged, to have been believed,
To have seen love wither, from branch to root—
This is to have lived.

To have stood in the strength of virile might,
When baffled, betrayed, deceived;
To have ground your teeth in the rage of fight—
This is to have lived.

To have trodden the wine press, weak alone,
Of your life's fair fruit bereaved;
To have slain your sorrow without a mou—
This is to have lived.

To have given the helm to a stronger hand,
To have listened, to have believed;
To have yielded life to a high command—
This is to have lived.

Texas Pioneers.

INDIAN RAIDS ALONG THE BORDER.

During the years 1890, '91 and '92, the Indians were numerous along the western border toward the Rio Grande, committing many murders, carrying off stock, &c., but in a fight with the settlers on the Seco, the chief, Lone Wolfe, was killed, which somewhat checked them in that quarter. Along the San Miguel, Attas-oso, and other streams they were almost constantly on the march. Among the settlers in and around the little village of Pleasanton, then just starting on the banks of the Attas-oso, were O'Brien Herndon, N. B. Tucker, Calvin S. Turner, Anderson and others.

On one occasion the Indians ran O'Brien into the village, shooting three arrows into his back. About the same time Herndon and Napoleon Tucker went out on a cow hunt together. When they were about to start Herndon took down his pistol, and drawing it from the holster, remarked that it had but three loads in it; but he had seen no Indians for some time, and supposed, as they were not going far, there would be no danger, and he would not take time to clean and load it. Mrs. Herndon protested against this, and warned her husband not to go into the woods without his pistol well loaded. How many ills and mishaps would have escaped if a faithful wife or mother! But the brave settler on this occasion thought he, like a great many others, had as good judgment as his wife, and strapping the half-loaded pistol around him, mounted and rode off.

The two cow-hunters had proceeded about three miles from town, and were riding through an open black-jack country, when Tucker remarked: "There are a crowd of cow-hunters under the trees ahead of us."

Tucker at this time had never seen an Indian, but as soon as Herndon said they checked his horse and said: "Those are Indians, and we have got to run for it," at the same time turning his horse around.

The Indians, when they saw the whites had discovered them, came out from among the trees and gave chase. Tucker was mounted on a splendid horse, and could have easily made his escape, but Herndon was on a common cow-pony, and soon saw that escape with him was impossible, and urged Tucker to abandon him, as the Indians were close upon them.

"Go," said he, "and carry the news to town. It is no use for both of us to be killed." And drawing his revolver, he looked back over his shoulder at the pursuing Indians who were close at hand and yelling furiously. Tucker thus urged, let his horse out, and was soon out of danger. He then held up and looked back. His companion was completely surrounded, and he saw him fire three shots at close quarters. The Indians seeing Tucker halt, some of them again pursued him. Seeing he could do his friend no good, Tucker set out at full speed and soon arrived at Pleasanton and gave the alarm. A number of men were soon gathered and set out under the guidance of Tucker to search for the body of the unfortunate Herndon, and, if possible, to overtake and fight the Indians. They had proceeded about a mile from the village when they saw two men on the prairie running at full speed toward them. Not knowing whether they were white or red men at that distance, they drew back behind a small thicket until they came up. As they neared the spot they discovered that the foremost man was a neighbor named Anderson. He was leaning forward in his saddle and running at full speed, and seemed to be trying to escape from the one in the rear, for no others were in sight behind them. One man said the hindmost man was an Indian, and raised his gun to fire, but was prevented by some one who seized his gun barrel and told him to hold his fire, as they were both white men and were running from Indians. About this time the Indian—for such it proved to be—discovered the party by their loud talking, and knowing it would not be safe to pursue Anderson any further, adjusted an arrow, and leaning forward on his horse, sent it with terrible force, striking the flying settler between the shoulders, the distance being more than one hundred yards. Anderson was a brave man, but

was entirely unarmed, and knew that his only chance for safety was in flight. The Indian, as soon as he discharged the arrow, wheeled his horse while still on the run, and dashed off across the prairie and made his escape. The reason he so completely fooled the settlers and passed so near them without being shot was the fact that he had on Herndon's hat, coat, pants and boots. He had done this on purpose to get near some cow-hunter on the prairie, which he did in Anderson's case.

The Indians had not molested them for some time in this settlement, and the citizens had become careless, and very often would not encumber themselves with arms while running stock. Anderson, after being struck with the arrow, sank down in his saddle, but remained on his horse until he arrived in town. A surgeon being near, he was quickly called and extracted the arrow as soon as possible; but it had remained in there too long. The sinews with which the spike was wrapped relaxed and left it in his body when the arrow was withdrawn. It had penetrated so deep that the surgeon would not attempt to cut it out. This seal of fate of the unfortunate pioneer, for it gradually wore his life away, and he died about twelve months afterward.

"After the Indian had shot Anderson and turned off across the prairie the settlers pursued him, but he was not overtaken. Then they went to the spot where Tucker last saw Herndon, and after a short search found his body two hundred yards from there. It was lying at the foot of a tree, entirely naked, and black with powder which had been shot into it. The Indians were entirely successful in this raid, killing two white men and getting away without loss to themselves. It is supposed that Herndon's bulls were knocked off by shields, as no signs were found that he had hurt any."—J. S. Sowell, in Nashville Advocate.

Queen Natalie's Sad Romance.

"THE FAIRY OF THE ORIENT" ONCE SAVED ROMANIA'S CROWN.

Four years ago Queen Natalie, the divorced consort of King Milan, saved her husband's crown. At that time when all the great powers except Russia had accepted an accomplished fact, the union of Eastern Roumania to Bulgaria, which had been brought about by Prince Alexander's coup d'etat, the King of Serbia, urged on by his wife, suddenly declared war on the Prince, demanding a large portion of Bulgaria as compensation for the latter's increase of territory. Contrary to everybody's expectation, the Bulgarian troops were victorious in every engagement, and the invading Serbian forces completely routed, retired toward the Serbian capital, closely followed by the Bulgars, whose Prince asserted that he would only resign the terms of peace in the royal palace at Belgrade. King Milan, who always prudently remained twenty miles distant from the scene of conflict, appealed in vain to the Emperor of Austria for help, and was met by the most decided and curt refusal.

Early one morning Count Rudolph von Khevenhuller, the Austrian Ambassador to Serbia, rode into Alexander's camp, and verbally informed Prince Alexander that if he continued his march on Belgrade, an Austrian army would enter the city at his heels. Taking into consideration the high diplomatic rank held by the minister, and the official nature of the communication, the Prince had no reason to doubt its authenticity. Accordingly Prince Alexander brought his victorious army to a halt, and withdrew from Serbian territory, creating thereby the most intense surprise.

The whole of the European press was mystified about the matter, and the most outlandish reasons were given for Prince Alexander's course of action. It was only when too late that the latter discovered that Count Khevenhuller had not only been without the slightest authority to make any such communication as he had delivered, but that he had even acted in direct opposition to the instructions and wishes of the Austrian foreign office in so doing. The ambassador had acted at the instigation of Queen Natalie, who had summoned him to the rescue of Serbia.—Washington Star.

Silk Tread in Bank Notes.

The paper on which bank notes are printed is called "distinctive paper," because used exclusively by the government for printing of bonds and currency. The U. S. where it is manufactured are at Glen Falls, West Chester county, Pa. An agent of the treasury Department receives the paper direct from the hands of the manufacturer and every precaution is observed in order to prevent any loss. Short scraps of red silk are mixed with the liquid pulp in an engine. The finished material is conducted to a wire cloth without passing through any screen, which might retain the silken threads. An arrangement above the wire cloth scatters a shower of fine scraps of blue thread, which falls upon the paper while it is being formed. The side on which the blue silk is deposited is used, for the back of the note, and the threads are so deeply imbedded as to remain permanently fixed. Each sheet is registered as soon as it is made.

In a Wild Leopard's Den.

A HUNTER LED TO HIS PREY BY A TROOP OF BABOONS.

Cigar was a Hottentot and a mighty hunter of both large and small game. His skill in the use of fire-arms was so great that report credited him with having shot several white men. Circumstances made Cigar the guide and companion in South Africa of Parker Gilmore, who won his heart by treating him with kindness. One night as they sat together on the wagon box Cigar told his master the story of an adventure with a leopard, which we condense from the author's "Days and Nights in the Desert."

One day, while looking out for bok, Cigar came across the spoor of a leopard, a beast for more cunning and dangerous than a lion. The Hottentot's gun was an old flint-lock musket, which did not always go off. But he was nearly out of ammunition, and the leopard's skin would buy him a trade bag of powder; so he followed the leopard's spoor from stone to brush and from stump to tree.

The chase was a long one, and led the hunter to a rocky ravine, where the tracking would have been difficult and dangerous had not a pack of baboons unexpectedly come to his aid. When the baboons discovered their enemy stealthily creeping among the rocks they followed at a safe distance, howling at their rage and hatred.

Cigar heard the cries and made for elevated rock, whence he saw the leopard ascend the opposite side of the ravine and enter a cleft in the rocks. Knowing that the leopard had gone into her den, Cigar selected a hiding place within easy range of the ledge on which the cave opened, and waited for the animal to come out.

As soon as the baboons began to howl the leopard came forth from her den, followed by the two cubs about twelve weeks old. Thereupon the baboons forsook the Hottentot and directed their attention to the leopard, who had extended herself on the ledge, and lay on her side in order that the cubs might more easily take their food.

Cigar, having taken time for a steady aim at her heart, fired, and the beast rolled over on her back dead. The cubs ran into the cave and the baboons scuttled up the rocks. Cigar ran into the ledge, skinned the leopard, kicked the carcass into the ravine, and then considered how he should secure the cubs alive.

The interior of the cave is dark, and low in the roof, but smooth on the floor, which was thickly covered with sand. Cigar crawled on his stomach to the end of the cave, where he groped about and soon touched a spitting and hissing cub. With much trouble and many scratches and bites he secured it and brought it out into the day-light, where he left it lying on the ledge with its four feet tied together.

On re-entering the cave, Cigar took with him his loaded musket, thinking that the father might return and discover him rifling his home.

The second cub had squeezed itself into such a deep crack that it took the Hottentot half an hour to draw it out. While tying its feet the little light failed, all was dark within. There could be but one cause for the darkness, and the Hottentot prepared for the fight that must end in the death of hunter or leopard, or of both.

He knew even in the darkness, where his foe was, for the leopard's eyes glowed like balls of fire. The roof was so low that the animal could not spring upon the hunter, and it had to advance slowly, stretching out its body to its full length.

Anxiously Cigar took him; the report answered the snapping of the lock; the leopard was struggling in front of the man. The Hottentot reloaded his gun—a slow process on account of his constrained position—and then knowing that the wounded beast was struggling toward him, shoved forward the musket. Its muzzle touched the leopard's body. Cigar pushed the gun and pulled the trigger. There was a stunning report and all was still. He had won.

It took him a long time to crawl over the dead beast, so closely was it wedged in the passage, and a longer time to draw out the carcass. His first shot had smashed the animal's lower jaw, and the second had entered the chest and passed along the spine to the roof of the tail, where it lodged.

The brave hunter sold the cubs and the skins to a party of English gentlemen for nearly \$50 in trade and cash.—Youths' Companion.

Swedish Family Names.

Although there are many Swedes in this country but few Americans understand the old system of naming still used in Sweden. I often hear people ask how it is that the names of so many Swedes end in "son." My father's name was Eric Johnson and I was named Eric. In Sweden my name was Eric Ericson. When I came to this country I did as all Swedes do when they emigrate—take my father's name. This system of naming was never in vogue among the Normans or Saxons, and every person who is named Nelson or Johnson or Thomson or any other "son," may be sure that he is a descendant of the old Scandinavian freebooters.—Kansas City Star.

Catching a Pig.

There are many things in this world that look comparatively easy, but which a trial demonstration calls forth a man's most serious efforts. We have always labored under the impression that a sixty-pound pig could be grabbed by the hind-leg and carried off with comparative ease by a man of ordinary size. This crude idea, however, has lessened its grip on us during the last few days. Last Thursday we ambled up to a pig like a member of the Manhattan Ball Club getting on deck for a strike, and reached for his hind leg. Just then he had to take a step we had not expected him to make, and the leg was not there any more. Several more reaches were made, but they all fell short; and what was the most surprising part of it, the pig, which was so absorbed in its rooting that it never looked up, always happened to move just in time to be missed. While regarding it as a coincidence (for the animal did not even know we were there, we stole up so quietly), it was one of those annoying coincidences that is not easy to account for. If we were writing a treatise on coincidence we should give this a prominent place. Presently we got the animal in the corner, and in order to be sure, fell down on it bodily. Again one of those provoking chance movements took place. The pig took two steps to gather a potato, and we fell flat on the place where the pig had been. Then he looked around for the first time, and perceiving us lying there, grunted his astonishment and trotted away. He was so astonished at seeing a man lying there on his stomach, spitting gravel out of his mouth, that he went off and stuck his head in a barrel to give his brain a rest. Then we slid up quietly, and by a finely calculated cryptograsmic movement snatched him by the hind-leg. This was probably what caused the barrel to rise up suddenly and hit us on the nose. The wrestling-match seemed to begin at this point. First we got a collar-and-elbow hold on the barrel and stood it on its head. Then the pig got a grape-vine lock and threw us over the barrel. Then we got a Cornish grip on the animal and threw him, and were in turn downed by the barrel. Then we got a half-Nelson, Greco-Roman lock on the pig's neck, but it got out with a half turn and somersault, and grabbed us by the seat of the trousers. Claim of foul disallowed by female referee on the front steps, on the ground that the pig's tail had also been grabbed in the turn. Then the pig, with a new style of wrestling, heretofore unknown to us, turned us somersault. If a pig blindfolded by a barrel could play this sort of game, it occurred to us that there was no telling what he might not do with his head loose. This idea, and feeling that he might put his head out of the barrel, or the barrel-head out, or get us out of our head, had a most demoralizing effect. Suddenly, by a coup de main act, we stood the barrel on end, with the pig's hind-quarters in the air, and thought we had the match won; but the animal wiggled down in the barrel, and as we lowered it on its side to prevent his weight annoying him any farther, he made an extraordinary movement. He smashed out the barrel-head, and as we had him by the leg, dragged us after him into the barrel. When we let go, to prevent the nails in the barrel from tearing our new clothes, we found ourselves in the barrel and the pig in the field about a half mile from the house. A woman who had been sitting on the steps to act as a referee gave the match to the pig.—Carson (Nec.) Appeal.

About Women.

Houston, Texas, boasts a women dentist.

Belva Lockwood says that women are improving intellectually 13 per cent. faster than men.

The women of America expend \$3,000,000 annually for paint and powder for their faces.

At Roseburg, Ore., is a "Ladies' Hammer Brigade," which makes a point of keeping down the nails in the wooden sidewalks.

An elderly New York woman, who for six months spent her time while riding to work in knitting a costly shawl, forgot the garment, which was almost completed, in the cars.

A woman at Hutchinson, Kan., with fourteen children applied to the city marshal the other day to make a split in her family, as she could not support them all. She now rustles for eight.

The women of France are organizing an association on the lines of the Primrose League, and have chosen for its name "The Rose of France," the object being the restoration of the monarchy.

The Empress Josephine used to hold her handkerchief so as not to display her colored teeth. She made handkerchiefs fashionable. Before that time they were seldom exhibited and never made use of in public.

The Empress of Japan has established a college for women, which is to be ruled by a committee of foreign ladies. Two of these are Americans, two English, and the other two French and German, respectively.

A Queer Little Postman.

HOW TWO CONVICTS TRAINED A COMMON COCKROACH.

A common cockroach was trained to act as a letter carrier between William Rodifer and "Starlight Jack" Ryan, convicts in the southern Indiana penitentiary. It is probably the first instance on record, too, where there was any use found for this little creature.

Rodifer occupied a cell in the tier just above the one where Jack was confined and for a long time they had no means of communication with one another. Rodifer was a daring fellow, but he had not sufficient imagination to get up a plan of escape, and he relied on the bright mind of his friend, "Starlight Jack," to suggest an idea.

One evening Rodifer noticed an innocent looking cockroach running about on the floor. After watching its gambolings for a time he concluded he would use it. So writing a short note to his friend, he tied it to the cockroach's wing, and kneeling down on the floor, he put it out on the wall under the iron balcony in front of his cell. He calculated that it would run into the cell underneath; and it did.

Jack noticed the paper, caught the insect, and read the note. Then he answered it and poked the little creature out on the wall from the ceiling over the door, where he released it. The roach went into Rodifer's cell and was caught. Then they fed and cared for it, and used it in this manner for some months. In fact, it grew to understand its business.

It must have been a female cockroach, however, for one day it stopped to chat with a friend and was noticed by the warden. The note, which was written in some sort of cipher, was taken off, and the hospital steward Dr. Sid C. McCura, read it. The beetle was put on the balcony floor and ran into Rodifer's cell. Thus the officials were kept posted as to the two famous jail breakers.

After a time Jack began to suspect that something was wrong, and he added a postscript to his letter something like this:

"If everything is right you will find a hair from my head in this note."

The warden read it, as he did the others, but dropped the hair and lost it.

"Never mind it," said Captain Craig, whose hair was red; "put one of mine in it."

The answer came back: "That last whipping must have been an awful one, Jack, for it has changed the color of your hair."

The scheming of these two worthies came to naught, however, and they served their terms.—Tid-Bits.

A Fight With a Bear.

A CATSKILL HUNTER HAS A LIVELY TIME IN THE STONY COVE.

Frank Ennist of Roundout received on Monday the carcass of a large black bear, and hundreds of people flocked to see it. The shaggy brute was killed after a desperate struggle near Diamond Notch in the Stony Cove in the Catskill Mountains by Asa Ennist, a brother of Frank. The hunter started from his home in Lanesville early Monday morning in quest of game, with a shotgun over his shoulder, not dreaming that he would run across anything larger or more formidable than rabbits or partridges. He had ascended the mountain near Diamond Notch but a short distance when in passing around a large boulder he came face to face with a bear. Ennist was so startled that he did not act quickly. Bruin showed fight at once. He struck at Ennist with his paws and knocked the gun out of his hands. Then it embraced him and a lively tussle followed. Ennist's clothing was torn to shreds, and portions of his body were badly lacerated.

Finally the hunter succeeded in freeing himself from the bear's clutches and regaining possession of his weapon. Instead of running away the bear again advanced toward his foe. Ennist raised his gun and fired, the full charge entering the bear's head behind the left ear. Ennist then felt protrude from loss of blood on top of the body of Bruin. Later on he regained consciousness, and managed to reach his home. He told his neighbors of his adventure, and several of them started for Diamond Notch. They brought back the carcass with them, and, as Ennist directed shipped it over the Stony Cove and Ulster and Delaware railroads.

The bear was well bed and it tipped the beam at 200 pounds. A dispatch from Lanesville says: Hunter Ennist is suffering from pains in the abdomen, the result of the hugging he received in the encounter. The bear's skin is a very fine one. Mr. Ennist will have a rug made of it.—Port Jervis Gazette.

A New Orleans lady sent half a dozen designs to