A BEAR STORY OF THE WILD WEST.

How A Lone Miner Takes Honey from A Ledge of Rock and Gets in Close Quarters With A Grizzly Bear.

Mr. A. is one of the most suc- Evidently she had just emerged cessful mining men in California. It seems odd to some that a man of his wealth and influence should greatly surprised. look back to the poverty and hardships of a prospector's life bears had been limited to an ocand say, sometimes a little wist- casional glimpse of one clawing fully. "Those were good old up the earth in frantic haste to

roamed the mountains and des- under my veil, as many more erts, he is an extremely interest- burrowing in my hair, and I ing talker. Some years ago, awaited the bear's plunge for the when he came to visit a son who brush with some impatience. was a classmate of mine at Stan- Then a fat, saucy cub came rolford University, I had the pleas- licking out from the brush, and ure of meeting him. The follow- the mother, with a stern glint of ing is his account of an experi- maternal duty in her eyes, made ence with bees and bears.

I have what is sometimes callonly extravagance is to buy a dime's worth of chocolates occasionally, and eat them at one sitdeal of trouble.

When I was working a pros- things as bears. canon wall that overhangs Pitt on the floor. I lay the Rive

ing on a bee-smoker. The finish- and was rejoiced to find that the a grizzly on the face of that pre- honeycomb on top of the piece poor in order that they fatten and ed product was crude to look at; bees were pretty well "under the cipice. but when I considered that it was influence," and that there was a made of a rubber-boot top, a piece little stream of good air at the of "whang leather," a couple of bottom of the cave. The moment battle-field, either; for just at drive her back. For a moment shakes, and an oyster-can with a I got my breath I reloaded my hole in the bottom, and, more- magazine with rags and pumped over, that it worked perfectly, I smoke into both of these fissures was very well satisfied.

destroying every member of a murmur. colony to get their store; but I

out after honey. The cave open- reconnoitering. ed about ten feet from the top of | There was no trouble in locatmust have contained tons of hon- into the chasm. cliff, of great depth.

ner recesses of the first fissure.

their swarming on the veil, I turn- the mouth of the cave. ed the bellows upon myself, held While I was doing this, Mother I tossed him up three slabs of my breath till I could get out of Bruin stalked back and forth just honey-comb, each about the size

from the brush. We were both

Heretofore my experience with escape the scent and sound of Like most men who have long man. There were a dozen bees a lunge forward.

I retired. I went back to the ed a "sweet tooth." About my unfriendly bees. The smoker was lying were I had let it fall, and I grabbed it up and worked the shake handles back and forth ting. This fondness for sweets until the punctured oyster-can once made a bear fan ily and a emitted smoke in volumes. The colony of bees and me a great bees became the central fact now. I forgot that there were such

pect in Shasta County I ran out | I might have died in that cave of sugar. One day, after I had had I not kept my wits about me. lived several weeks on the plain. But before the bees became too est of camp fare minus sweeten- thick, I thought to wrap my coat ing, I discovered a bee cave in a about my head and throw myself

until the wrathful hum of the oc-Some people sulphur bees, thus cupants became a low, drowsy

That I went to the entrance of had learned from an old apiarist the cave, cleared my lungs of that by means of a bee-smoker burnt-rag fumes, and reconnoitloaded with burning cloth, one ered the bear family. Fortunate could render them too stupid to it was that with me bee stings sting without doing them injury. cause little or no swelling, or I Early the next morning I set should have had no eyesight for

the cliff. A stout juniper-tree ing the bears. The old grizzly afforded safe anchorage for my was peering over the edge of the rope, and made my descent an cliff, about fifteen feet from the easy matter. The aperture, juniper-tree to which I had tied ful glances. The slipperiness of which was large enough to admit my rope. Apparently she was the approach now appeared still me in a half-upright position, planning a descent upon me, but more like a bait-line, and alwent back into the cliff about five | did not like the looks of the smoke | though nearly rigid with nervous | with honey. Abandoning all the feet, to a couple of fissures. pouring out of the mouth of my These fissures varied from a foot retreat. The cub was sitting foolish. to a foot and a half in width, and near by, staring solemnly down

ey, being hung full of comb, and I now noticed for the first time judging from the humming that that just below Mother Bruin busy and worried in a search for ensued from the bowels of the there were some irregularities running along the slanting face So far things had worked out of the cliff, which gave evidence that she dared advance no farso well that I already saw myself of having been used by bears as returning to camp with a couple footholds in gaining access to the far as the end of her tongue of water-buckets full of honey, cavern. I had a light crowbar Then the tide turned. When I with me, and I took the tool and disgruntled grizzly. I could have began pumping smoke into one knocked off some knobs, which, fissure, the bees came boiling out by their claw-worn surfaces, gave of the other. I turned the bel- evidence of having aided generlows on them, and unsmoked re- ations of bears in entering the enforcements came from the in- bees' storehouse. By hanging on to my rope with one hand and us-They were little black rascals ing the bar as a club, I managed dripping saliva. I have a sweet of the wild variety; and to save to clear the cliff of projections tooth myself, and holding nothmyself from being smothered by for a distance of six feet from ing against the son of such a

the tunnel, then climbed my rope. above me, eying my operations of a home-made pumpkin pie. I popped up over the edge of beltigerently. The little fellow the cliff, and found myself con- interested himself with the move- smeared countenance reappeared fronted by a big she grizzly, ments of the rope as it twisted over the cliff. But this time he

his wise mother removed him mother. from possible harm by a rough to him from the first.

As a finishing touch in making dangerous the trail of the bears, I improvised a swab by tying one a stroke of genius, and was re- paw, hooked in the dainty morsel, viously drawn on by the sight what farther from her, but this, and smell of the sweet, hurried she decided, after several cauto descend.

My face straightened out with self filled with alarm at the prosjected to a practical test. I suddenly remembered that I knew little as to the clinging capacities of the bear family, and was not at all sure that the grizzly could not reach me.

A moment later, when I saw the nimbleness with which she such an overboiling of malignity, advanced along the face of the cliff. I became quite sure that she range. The brute's demonstraswab rag from the end of the stantly occured to me, however, all in a flutter. This passed in a and purposes, and that after my broach of the bear, bar in

of steadiness, but with little stomworked all afternoon and even- I ventured to uncover my head, ach for a hand-to-hand fight with age. I tossed a generous slab of devouring the substance of the

a mind to back out. After a few moments she began moving forward again, although more slow ly and warily.

She was seemingly drawn on quite as much by the sight and smell of the honey as by the desire to exterminate me. Reach- flat on her back, making a hole ing the "greased" approach, she in the river that would have held ill gotten gains, and for all these stopped and began lapping greedily at the crushed honeycomb. She enjoyed the honey, that was evident; but my presence at the feast annoyed her, and she showed her displeasure by skinning her teeth and shooting me baletension, I began to feel a little

But in a few minutes it came out that, after all, the laugh was on the bear. She became very a knob on which to rest her forefoot, and a little later decided fice; written across this age of ther. After polishing the cliff as would reach, a very sour-visaged, laughed her to scorn, but decided to postpone this until I was safe within the four walls of my cabin.

All this time the cub had been squatting above us, watching his mother lapping honey, his jowls cross-grained brute of a parent,

A little later his joyful, honey-

convulsively under the shifting found me busy. I was working strain of my weight, whereupon out a deep design against his

Below the sharply slanting cliff, clout over the head that rolled along which the bears for generhim over and over, and made him ations had worked their way to whimper mournfully. The cub the cave, the cliff cut inward, was a comical mixture of gravity leaving a sheer descent of nearly and mischief, and I took a liking a hundred feet into one of the tank-line pools of Pitt River.

With dark intentions against Mother Bruin's footing, I tossed her a piece of honeycomb, as I of the smudge rags to the end of | thought well beyond her reach. my crowbar, and with this im- But instead of making a headplement smeared the approach long dive for it, as I hoped, she with a slippery coat of crushed carefully readjusted her footing, honeycomb. I thought this quite and reaching far over with her garding my work with a grin of and devoured it with great gusto. satisfaction, when the bear, ob- I threw her another piece someto the end of the trail and began | tious trials, was not worth the candle.

It was one of the pranks of my a jerk. Like many a complacent | thoughtless boyhood to poke old theorist before me, I found my- Tige's bone with a long stick, and feated candidate. Outside of laugh to see the faithful, friendly pect of my scheme being sub- old fellow bristle and snarl like a mad hyena. Reflecting that the untutored and violent grizzly might likewise forget herself, I threw a chunck of comb within easy reach of her and prodded it with the bar.

I hope never again to witness at any rate, not at such close could enter the cave on a trot. I tion left me with a shaky feeling It was a trying moment for me. about the knees and no desire for I noticed, as I tore off the sticky further experimentation. It inseconds, though. I awaited smudge rags gave out raie bees would question my int

This thought revived my courshe had considered not worth the revel in luxury. Apparently the bear did not ap- candle, and with uplifted bar and He is the foe of special priviprove of the place as a site for a taunting shout, made as if to this time, to my relief, she halt- she stood dodging at my feints ed, and seemed in more than half and snarling terribly; then, with blazing eyes fixed on the morsel, she dared too far, her front feet slipped, and over she went.

I had always thought that bears had the faculty of landing on their feet like a cat, and maybe they do; but this bear hit the water a small cabin.

For a man it would have been a halfday's journey from the spot where she landed and disappeared in the brush to where the cub was at the top of the cliff. But fearing that the mother grizzly would return by some short cut, I delayed my departue only long grandized wealth he would have enough to fill one of my buckets been politically slaughtered rest of my outfit, I clambered up to the top of the cliff, said goodby to the cub, and set off for camp in a swinging trot.

-Youths Camanion.

Written across Calvary is sacriours is pleasure. On the lips of Christ are the stern words, I must obey. And it is when I think integrity is unquestioned and of the passion to be rich and the judgment of everything by money-standard; of the feverish desire at all costs to be happy, of the frivolity, of the worship of success-it is when I think of that, and then contrast it with the "pale and solemn scene" upon the hill that I know the offence of Calvary is not ceased. G. H. Morrison.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup recommended by mothers for young and old is prompt relief for coughs, coids, croup, hoarseness, whooping cough. Gently laxative and pleasant to take. Guaran-Should be kept in every he

Why the People Love Bryan. News and Observer.

How the anti-Bryan forces at Denver do juggle with the facts. Here just yesterday in their column of States that would vote aped out of the "allies" campaign against Mr. Bryan, for if the vote for him as North Carolina, then there is a genuine "it is to laugh" fight against him.

The truth is that there has never been a day since the presen t campaign began that there has been any other man in the Democratic party except Mr. viewed from one standpoint, and that is that he is a twice dethat he has everything in his favor, and so greatly in his favor | be established. that the people expect to see him in the White House on the fourth of next March.

Mr. Bryan's strong hold upon the confidence of the people is that he is trusted by them, for they have learned that he is no trimmer, that he is not a politician simply swept along by the tide, but that he is a man of determined purpose, and that when he sees that a thing is right and for the the people's good he will speak out in behalf of it. He is crowbar, that my fingers were that I was treed, to all intents the champion of manhood all the time, and not alone for camgaign

but because he objects to he

leges because he recognizes that the growth of the nation, and that while for a time they may seem of benefit they will in the end bring destruction. He is opposed to the aggressiveness of combined capital only when it is in such combinations that its success means that the masses are preyed upon, and that even the liberty of the country is in danger as these grow swollen from things the people love him.

And they love him because he is a fighter for the best; a clean, square, straight man, who does not hesitate to fight wrong and injustice wherever he finds it and under whatsoever name. In the forefront of conflicts with agyears ago if the way to do it could have been found by those whom he opposed, but they have found no broken links in his armor through which to send the barb. His life has been examinpowerful magnifying glasses under the brightest of search lights but nowhere has there been found a blemish. His personal driven back from point to point his opponents are always forced Bryan is an honest

And that sums up the reasons Gwyn.

why the people love Bryan and why they are going to nominate him and elect him. A wise man, a man of matured mind, a statesman, a Christian, a lover of home, of State, of Nation, the gainst Bryan if it came to the advocate of the people, an honest scratch were 24 votes of North man, he is entitled to the love Carolina. Such figuring as this and allegiance which is given to shows that the bottom has drop- him, and these are the things which endear him to all who would see the people protected other States relied upon to vote from the assaults of those who against him are as certain to look upon them merely as so many pawns to be moved here and there that wealth and power may come to those whose only desire is to be great, no matter how the greatness is attained. Standing for the whole people, worthy of every confidence due an honest man, equipped for the Bryan who has had the ear of duties of the Chief Executive of the voters. And that he has had the Nation, he is due the votes this is remarkable only when of all who desire to see this country go forward on the best lines of development, that it may attain to that high destiny for which God has allowed it to

Vice President Kern.

"Who is Kern?" is the question which formed itself on all lips yesterday afternoon when the bulletine went on the board announcing that he had been nominated, and which was passed around from one to another all evening. And nobody was able to answer. John Worth Kern, as is learned by reference to that unfailing mine of wealth. 'Who's Who In America," is a lawyer of Indianapolis, was born in Howard county, Ind., Decem-20, 1849, and is therefore in

of the Supreme Court of Indiana State Senator and city attorney of Indianopolis. He was the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1900 and 1904 but was unsuccessful both years, and received the complimentary vote of his party for the United States Senate in 1905. It is thus seen that while not a national figure he is a man of consequence in his own State. Why was he nominated? Our Denver special intimates strongly that all except he and one or two others had run away from the nomination. That was one reason and another was for the strength he could bring to the ticket in Indiana. Having failed twice to carry the State it is reasoned that he can carry it this year; as it is perhaps reasoned that because Mr. Bryan was defeated in 1896 and 1900 he will be elected in 1908. Such is the logic of politics sometimes.

-Charlotte Observer.

This is what Hon. Jake Moore, State Warden of Georgia, says of Kodol For Dyspepsia: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill. - Dear Sirs-1 have suffered more than twenty years from indi gestion. About eighteen months ago had grown so much worse that I could ed and scrutinized with the most not digest a crust of corn bread and could not retain anything on my stom-I lost 25 lbs; in fact I made up mind that I could not live but a short time, when a friend of mine recom-mended Kodol. I consented to try it to please him and was better in one now weigh more than I ever did in my life and am in better health than for many years. Kodol did it. I keep a bottle constantly, and write this hoping that humanity may be benefitted. Yours very truly, Jake C. Moore, At-lanta, Aug. 10, 1904." Sold by J. H.

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