Their Turn to Run.

A bear hunt which terminated in a manner at once disappointing and surprising, is described by the Portland Oregonian. It occurred in the mountains of Oregon, whither two gentlemen had betaken themselves for a vacation trip.

Several days were spent in trout fishing. Then one of the men expressed a strong desire for a day's shooting, for large game. They set out the next morning bright and early, and after hours of fruitless tramping, were about returning to camp, when suddenly they saw straight before them a brown bear sitting on his haunches under a blueberry bush, and gorging himself with the berries.

Both hunters fired, and the bear, with an ugly growl, disappeared. The men hastened after him, but were unable to overtake him. For half an hour or more they followed the trail. Then all at once they came to a clearing. In the clearing was a cabin, and on the porch of the cabin sat the brown bear with one of its forelegs in a sling.

The hunters were greatly taken aback, as may well be supposed, but were still more surprised when they saw a man hastening toward them with a gun. They turned and ran, the man after them. They got away in safety, and learned afterward that the bear was a family pet, the owner of which was naturally angry at finding it ill-treated.

A Tenacious Clutch

is that of dyspepsia. Few remedies do more than palliate this obstinate complaint. Try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, however, and you will find that it is conquerable, along with its symptoms, heartburn, flatulence, nervousness, and loss of flesh and vigor. Biliousness and constipation frequently accompany it. These, besides malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, are also subduable with the Bitters.

Why He Whistled.

He was whistling, and she didn't like it. "I wish," she said, "when you are walking with me you wouldn't whistle. It is extremely rude." "I am whistling for the want of thought," he replied, with evident intent to be very crushing. "If that is what it's for," she remarked, "I think I may say, without fear of successful contradiction by anyone who knows you, that you don't have to."

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

To Use Cold Potatoes.

Cold boiled potatoes are a nuisance in a family that doesn't like them fried or in salad. One woman of economical turn puts them into boiling water and lets them bubble for about ten minutes, then she peels them and mashes in a kettle over the heat, puts in butter and cream, and beats them for five minutes, and you wouldn't know them from perfectly fresh mashed potatoes.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

Rats the Cause of It.

The much dreaded bubonic epidemic has spread from Hong Kong into Bombay, and the situation in the latter country is serious. The spread of the disease has been caused by rats, which became inoculated with the disease and found their way from Hong Kong in freight ships.

I know that my life was saved by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Mich., April 21, 1895.

The Sultan's Busy Life.

The Sultan of Turkey is a busy man. His working day is from 6 in the morning until noon. After lunch and a stroll he gives audience until 8 o'clock. In the evening he plays with his children, and takes a turn at the piano.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

The Malay language, spoken in the South Seas, is softer than the Italian, and is said to be totally unlike any other known language.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D.C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty. since.

GOLDEN-ROD.

When the frost of the autumn was white
on the grass
And the leaves of the forest were red,
A lover went wooing a sweet little lass
Whose father forbade her to wed.
But he wrapped her about in the cloak
that he wore
And bore her away on his steed
From the cabin of logs with its ivy-hung
door
And its marigolds going to seed.

The branches were low in the path that
they went;
Through the heart of the wood it was
worn;
And though down to the horn of the saddle she bent
The plume from her bonnet was torn.
The brightest of yellow, behind them
'twas blown,
And fluttered a clew on the trail,
For the father who followed o'er stubble
and stone
In his eagerness, breathless and pale.

But whether the thrush was a wizard in
brown
Or the squirrel a fairy in fur,
When he came to the path turning into
the town
There was only a cricket astir.
Where the feather had fallen a blossom
arose
Like gold from the bushes and briers,
And still in the haunts of the aster it
blows
When the sumac has kindled its fires.
—Munsey's Magazine.

WITCH AND I.

Witch and I had a quarrel! Who is it that says it takes two to make a quarrel? Whoever it is makes a mistake. It took only one to make our quarrel, and that was my precious Aunt Betsy Jane. Witch has a temper; so have I. She wasn't christened Witch. God fathers and mothers have much to answer for, still I never heard of their giving Witch as a baptismal name to a Christian child. No, her name is Julia Felicia, which is simply absurd. Fancy a little dark-eyed, bewitching five feet nothing having a name like that.

My name is John, and John I'm always called. Had I been christened Robert or Thomas I should have been called either of those plain, sensible names. There is nothing for the imagination to catch hold of in my face or figure. I'm not six feet in my stockings; I'm only five feet ten. I haven't "crisp, golden hair" and a "tawny beard." No; my eyes, hair and beard are brown, and for the rest I have nondescript features and good teeth. Moreover, as I said before, I have a temper, a vile one, and in all things, apart from my profession, am a born fool.

It was over a game of tennis that Aunt Besty Jane made us quarrel. Witch didn't play up and I "slated" her. I've "slated" Witch ever since I've known her, and I've known her since she was 10, so she ought to have got used to it. For the matter of that, she wouldn't have bothered her head about it if it hadn't been for my beloved aunt. Witch slates me ferociously sometimes, but it never makes any difference.

Well, it was at one of Mrs. Dougal's "at homes" that the row began. Witch, Miss White, Dougal and I were playing tennis. Dougal and Miss White were against us. As a rule Witch licks the other girl into fits, but on this occasion, for some reason or other, she missed nearly every ball. I was annoyed, and I expressed myself perhaps a little more strongly than I ought to have done, but I'm sure I said nothing one whit stronger than I've said scores of times without any offense being taken. Be that as it may, Witch refused to play any more and went and sat down by Aunt Betsy Jane.

I am a doctor, and soon after that someone fetched me away. It was a bad case, and I didn't get home till midnight. In the dining-room some cold meat and beer were waiting for me; so was a note from Witch. I ate a mouthful and drank a glass of beer, then I opened the note. For a moment I felt as if I had a knife in my heart. It was such a cruel stab. Witch—my little Witch—would have nothing more to do with me. My conduct at Mrs. Dougal's had proved to her that she no longer possessed my respect, and without respect love was not likely to last long, etc. She ended by saying that she would have returned my ring, but could not remove it from her finger, but that she would get the jeweler to cut it off to-morrow. I smiled a grim smile at the last sentence. I had no intention of allowing that ring to be cut off.

The lovely effusion puzzled me altogether. It wasn't in Witch's usual style. Naturally, a note of that kind coming from her would have run in this way: "John, I hate and detest you, and hope you'll keep out of my sight forever," or something like it. Well, I went to bed. I was such an ass that I never slept a wink all night, but I made up my mind what I would do. I got up early and made a good breakfast; then I went into the surgery, saw my assisant, talked over the cases and told him I should be away all day. After that I went to town, straight to Witch's father's office. He hadn't arrived, but his people knew me and showed me into his private room. He and I are great friends—always have been. So it was quite natural for me to go to him for advice, or, rather, to talk over things. When he came in he seemed rather surprised at seeing me, but after he had shaken hands he looked over his letters, gave some directions and then, looking calmly at me, said:

"Now, John."

"Can you spare me half an hour, sir?"

"So far as I know. Go ahead."

"Well, I'm making £5,000 a year and my practice is increasing."

"That's good."

"Don't you think Witch and I might marry on that?"

"Certainly."

"You have no objections to our marrying next month, if she consents?"

"None. I have no wish that she should marry at all, but if she must marry, I'd rather she married you than anyone else."

"Thank you, sir, for saying that. Thank you very much," said I, gratefully, seizing his hand and wringing it hard.

"Just so," said he, removing it from my grasp and looking anxiously at it. "But why this fervor?"

I put Witch's precious epistle in front of him. He read it twice through attentively, put it down, and looking calmly at me said:

"Very interesting! But scarcely to be regarded as a prelude to very speedy matrimony, I should think."

"Ah, but it is, sir. A girl doesn't write a note like that and have done with it. No, she continues to write them. I shall probably get a similar note once a month now and that will be very tiring. I give you my word that I did not sleep a wink last night. The practice won't stand that sort of thing long, you know," said I earnestly.

"You seem to have an accurate knowledge of women and their ways," he remarked dryly.

I allowed that speech to pass without comment. Comment seemed superfluous.

"If I might ask, I should like to know whom you would consider in fault in this little misunderstanding?" he asked.

"I am, sir. It stands to reason; I should not be so anxious if she were in fault," and then I explained the whole matter, finishing up with, "I can't remember exactly what I called her, but whatever it was I didn't mean it."

"I am not able to refresh your memory to what you said on that occasion, but I can tell you what I have heard you call her myself," said Mr. Druitt, quietly. And then he told me.

His tone was a revelation to me. Not that I'd call Witch anything worse than a "little fool." But I realize what it must have sounded like to the heavens, and to him, her father! I don't know how I looked, but I felt mean, cheap, worthless. Utterly so, I began to stumble out apologies. He waved his hand.

"All right," said he, "but you see your language is at all times forcible."

He is a wise man, so he said no more. He showed his wisdom therein, for I went at once to see Witch in a very contrite frame of mind. I was ready to make a mat of myself and let my darling trample on me if it should so please her, or to do any other extravagant thing, such was the depth of my humility. Still, as I journeyed Putneyward I wondered as to who could have stirred up the strife between us. Suddenly it flashed across my mind that Witch had seated herself beside Aunt Betsy Jane, and that Aunt Betsy Jane was her godmother and therefore licensed to interfere. I am not going to explain how Aunt Betsy Jane came to be Witch's godmother. I am not a lady novelist and therefore don't think it necessary to explain everything. It has nothing to do with this story; besides, I was only 6 years old when she was christened and wasn't consulted as to her sponsors. To be sure, it must have been Aunt Betsy Jane who suggested the letter.

When I arrived at the Cedars it was about 12 o'clock. If all went well peace would reign between Witch and myself in an hour. And if so I would take her off to Richmond, get a boat from Messum's, row up the river, come to anchor in a backwater I knew of between Richmond and Hampton and then make her name the day. But things didn't go well; they went exceedingly badly instead. When Amelia (Amelia is the Druitt's housemaid) opened the door and I inquired for Witch she said,

"Miss Druitt is not well, sir, but I'll tell her you're here."

Then she showed me into the dining-room. This was ominous! In the Druitts' menage it is customary to see people who come on business—dressmakers, laundresses, servants seeking places—in the dining-room before lunch. Amelia left me and went upstairs. I rapidly diagnosed the situation. I took out my pocketbook and wrote: "My darling, I shall wait in the old boat at the end of the lawn till you can see me," and then I signed it "John."

Amelia came back. "If you please, sir, Miss Druitt does not feel equal to seeing you to-day, but will write to you to-night."

"Exactly," said I, quietly. "Can you give me an envelope? Thanks. Give that to Miss Druitt, please."

The maid left the room and I went into the garden. At the bottom of the garden ran the river; chained to a post was an old boat. It was seldom used, as the spot was not picturesque, but it was secluded, hidden both from the house and from passing boats by thick, drooping willows. It was here that Witch and I had come to the conclusion that we could not live without each other. I sat down in the boat feeling very wroth with Witch and bitter against Aunt Betsy Jane. I would have given much to know if she were in the house at that moment. I thought out all I had heard of the days of her youth. I felt mean and spiteful. I bethought me of an old incident in her life wherein Aunt Betsy Jane had sailed very near the wind and had a narrow escape of social wreck.

I ought to have forgotten it, but I am not heroic. Both morally and physically I am commonplace. That is to say, if I'm struck I hit back, or try to. Would you believe it? I sat in that boat, except when I got up and stretched myself, until 8 o'clock! It was nearly dark, and when I heard the clock strike I swore to myself that if Witch did not appear before the chiming of the chiming of the quarter I would row the old boat down to the bridge, give a boy sixpence to bring it back, and—well, when Witch wanted me she might send for me. That was all!

It must have been very near the quarter when I saw stealing down the garden, her head and shoulders wrapped up in a white cloud, my Witch. At least I thought so at first. But I soon saw it wasn't. It was someone more kin and less kind. Nevertheless, as the form drew near, peering about in the dusk, I sprang forward, caught her in my arms and kissed her. She had no breath with which to utter a sound. She could only listen to my ardent—far more ardent than I ever bestowed on Witch—expressions of affection.

"My darling!" I went on. "I know you would never have made such a little fool of yourself if it hadn't been for that malicious catamaran, Aunt Betsey Jane." The form within my arms struggled. I was holding her tightly or my face might have suffered. "But I'll tell you a tale, dear, about her. I'm the only living soul that knows, now old nurse is dead." You couldn't hear the form breathe, so still it was. I went on: "Aunt Betsey Jane is 45 now"—the form wriggled—"about twenty-five years ago"—I could hear her heart beat. I relented—"No, Witch, I will not tell you that story! You have come to me and I can afford to pity Aunt Betsey Jane. She was badly used when she was young and she can't bear to see people happy now she is old."

The form muttered. I opened my arms. "Want to fetch something, dear. You shall. Only come back at once, or I shall feel like telling that old tale about Aunt Betsy Jane."

She scuttled off to the house and in a minute or two Witch came down the garden in a very dignified manner. I let her come right to the edge of the water and peer about. I knew she couldn't see me. Presently she said, anxiously: "John!"

My heart jumped, but I didn't intend to give myself away, so I simply said, "Well!" But she didn't intend to give herself away, either. She turned. Then I saw that I had my work cut out for me.

"Stay, Witch; I'm in the boat," I exclaimed in a tone of deepest entreaty, so I scrambled on shore. She paused. I caught hold of her hand. "Witch," I cried, reproachfully, "I've been waiting here for nearly eight hours and I'm so faint I can hardly speak."

That fetched her! A woman will go cheerfully for hours without a crumb, do yards and yards of shopping on a halfpenny bun and think nothing of it, but let a man only say he missed his lunch and they make as much fuss over him as if he had suffered the martyrdom of St. Lawrence!

"You poor thing!" exclaimed my darling. "Come in at once and have something to eat."

"No, Witch," I said, faintly, but firmly; "you must forgive me."

"Forgive you! Of course I forgive you. I didn't know you had been here all that time. Do come in at once or you'll die, I know you will."

But I stuck to my guns and I didn't go indoors until I had made Witch promise that we should be married that day month. Then I consented to go in and work mighty havoc among the eatables.

Aunt Betsy Jane came to our wedding and made us a handsome present. Then she went to live with some friends in the North. I think the poor old soul had had some suspicion I knew her story, and so had tried to part us. She took my note from Amelia in the morning and kept it for that reason. My darling did not know I was in the boat until Aunt Betsy came in from the garden and told her.

But I have never told my wife a word. It isn't wise to tell your wife all the little peccadilloes of your friends and relatives.—St. Paul's.

Bachelor Ignorance About Children.

Bachelors who have lived long alone, or in hotels and clubs, acquire strange ignorance about children. One of these was telling a friend how his little nephew enjoyed "The Jungle Book."

"How old is he?" was asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Seven or eight. Maybe ten."

"Then he can read stories by himself?"

"Let me see. No, he can't. He's too young. He has the book read to him."

"Then he must be less than ten years old."

The uncle was puzzled.

"That's so," he said reflectively. "My brother hasn't been married nearly so long as that. I don't believe it's more than six years. No, the boy can't be over four or five. I think he's just four."

"Can't you tell his age by looking at him?" asked the friend.

"Why, no," answered the uncle, hopelessly. "All children look the same age to me except infants and those that are about ready for college.

It was another bachelor who was visiting friends when a caller came with his young son. The boy was four or five years old, and a manly little chap. The bachelor was attracted by his appearance, and, patting his cheek, said to the father:

"He's a sturdy boy, isn't he? He'll be ready to go out and play ball in a few years."

"I can play ball already!" exclaimed the child, proudly.

"Why, he can talk, can't he!" exclaimed the astonished bachelor. "I didn't know children could talk at his age."

The company would have doubted the sincerity of his ignorance had he not been too evidently in earnest.

Not Extended.

"Sir!" said an irate little gentleman of about four feet eleven inches to a six-foot man, "I would have you know, sir, that I have been well brought up." "Possibly," was the answer, "but you have not been brought up far."—Tid-Bits.

Many a boy passes through life without hearing a kind word until some woman starts out to capture him for a husband.

New York's School Children.

There are 75,000 children attending private schools, and 160,000 attending public schools in New York city. There will soon be room for 13,000 more in the public schools. This will make a total of 248,000 attending the schools, but there are 50,000 more who are of school age, but not going to school.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Nothing is more disheartening to a man than the discovery that he has married a woman who loves to keep his writing table in order.—Albany Telegram.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10, 25c.

When a man starts out for blood he generally has to furnish it.—Milwaukee Journal.

Those who use Dobbins' Electric Soap each week (*and their name is legion*) save their clothes and strength, and let the *soap* do the work. Did you ever try it? If not, *do so next Monday sure*. Ask your grocer for it.

Many a blessing in disguise effectually eludes detection.—Puck.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

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Catarrh cannot be cured by local applications. It is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, eradicates the impurity which causes and promotes the disease, and soon effects a permanent cure. At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in strength.

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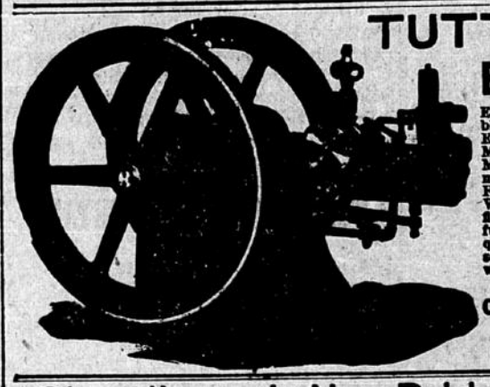

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