Historical Society

The Worthington Advance.

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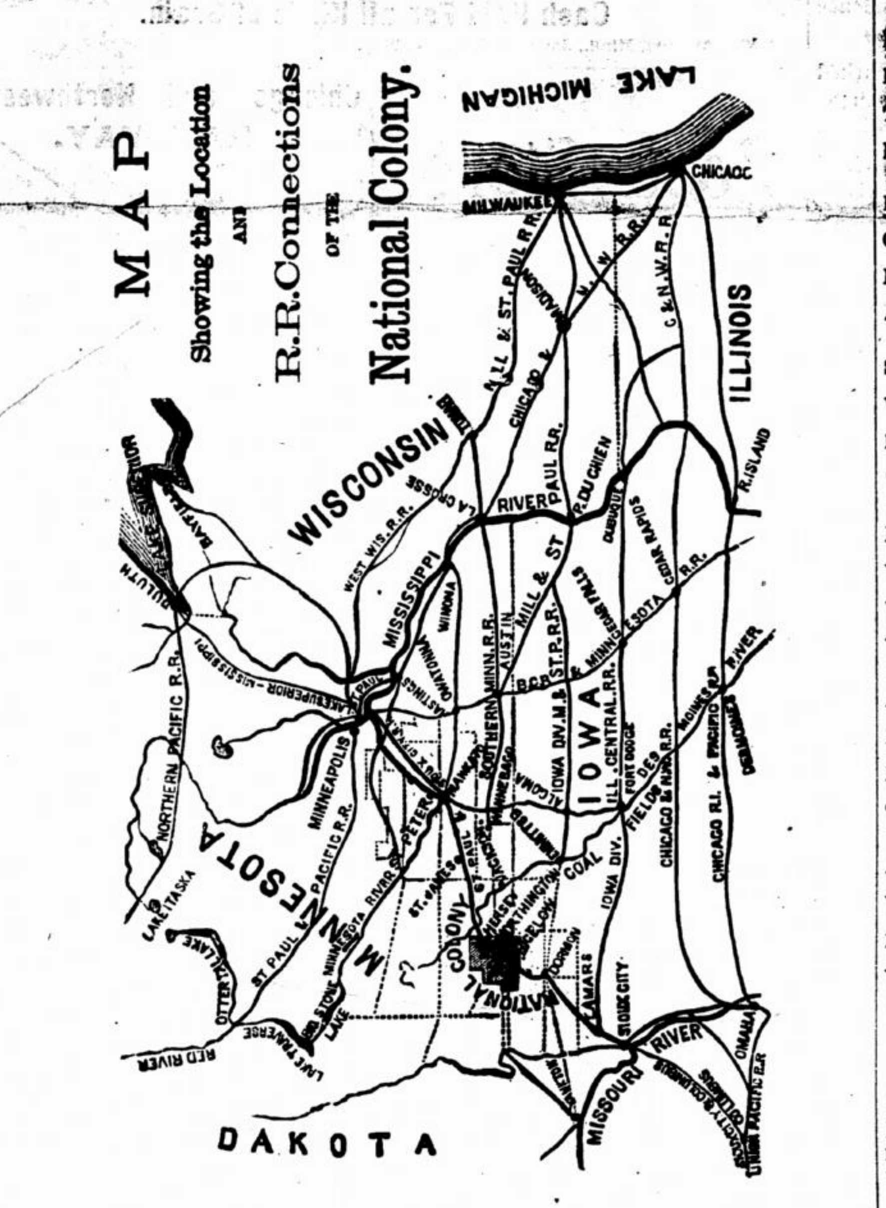
150,000 Acres of Land for Sale on Long Time and Small Payments, by the

NATIONAL COLONY



The National Colony.

The nationa, colony is located in Southwestern Minnesota and Northwestern Iowa. It comprises twelve townships of land in Nobles county, Minnesota, and three and one half townships in Osceola county, Iowa, the land being undulating prairie, watered by streams and lakes, and having a soil of sandy loam from two to four feet in depth. There are twenty townships of land in Nobles county, and it is admitted on all hands that this county lies in the very heart of what is called the "CREAM OF THE PRAIRIES." Southwestern Minnesota, by general consent, long since took the name of the "GARDEN OF THE STATE."

Lakes.

There are some fifty lakes, great and small, in Nobles county. The principal ones are Lakes Okabena, Ocheeda, Indian Lake, and Graham Lakes. Within a radius of eight miles of Worthington there are over twenty-four miles of lake front.

Stock Growing.

The numerous lakes and the luxuriant grasses of this region adapt it to stock-growing in an eminent degree, and a number of settlers are arranging to engage in stock-growing, dairying and cheese-making. The dry winters and fine climate are exceedingly favorable to the health of all kinds of stock. Beef cattle grown here can be delivered in Chicago for less money than by stock-growers living within twenty miles of that city. Two cheese factories now in operation in the county.

Railroads.

Two railroads now in operation to Worthington. The Sioux City & St. Paul Railroad runs in a southwesterly direction across Nobles county, keeping the people in daily communication with both St. Paul, distant 177 miles, and Sioux City, distant 92 miles. The Worthington and Sioux Falls Railroad extends westward to Lu Verne and will soon be completed to Sioux Falls. Preparations are now making to extend the Southern Minnesota to Worthington within the next year. Another proposed road is a narrow-gauge coal road to the Iowa coal fields, which will, in due time, no doubt be built. Another road is projected from Sioux City to Worthington by way of the Rock River Valley. The Southern Minnesota Company contemplates building a branch northwest from Worthington to Pipestone county.

Towns and Villages.

There are three villages in the county, all of which are railroad stations, viz: Worthington, Bigelow and Hersey.

Worthington

Is the county seat, and is a thriving town, drawing trade from nine of the surrounding counties. It is situated on West Okabena Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, having a circumference of about six miles, and presenting upon its shores many elevated sites for residences. It furnishes sand, gravel, boulders, ice and water in abundance for the town, to say nothing of boating, fishing, gunning, etc. The business of the town is represented by over twenty stores, five hotels, several lumber yards, fuel yards, meat markets, livery stables, etc., and one large steam flouring mill and two weekly newspapers. The professions are represented by three physicians, two dentists, and four lawyers. There are five church organizations in the place, viz.: Union Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Disciples. The Congregationalists and Presbyterians both have neat church edifices, and the Methodists own the large building known as Methodist Block, containing Miller Hall, in which they hold services. The various societies are represented by a Masonic Lodge, a Good Templar Lodge, and a Post of the Grand Army.

Worthington has a good graded school, with three departments, on the Independent District plan. A fine School Building has been erected.

In culture and character, the people of Worthington are admitted to be far superior to those of frontier towns generally. The temperance feature of the Colony, which excludes the liquor traffic, has attracted the better class and excluded the more vicious class of settlers. We know of no place in the west where an investment in town lots will pay better

BIGELOW is a thriving village located some ten miles south-west of Worthington near the Iowa line. It is a railroad station and contains several stores, shops, warehouses, etc, and a cheese factory in successful operation.

HERSEY is another railroad station and village located about eight miles north-east of Worthington. It contains a postoffice, hardware store, lumber yard, hotel, etc, and is located in a beautiful and fertile region, and has a promising future before it.

Temperance and Education.

The National Colony is founded upon a temperance and educational basis. These features entered into the original plan of Dr. A. P. Miller and Professor R. F. Humiston, the founders, and were among the chief inducements which brought to this locality the intelligent class of people, who have located here. No intoxicating beverages are sold in the county. The town charter of Worthington prohibits the liquor traffic. The educational interests of the town and county are in the hands of advanced men, who appreciate the importance of superior educational facilities and who will have them whatever they may cost. A few years hence will witness the establishment of the Worthington Seminary upon a permanent basis. There are now about fifty school districts organized in the county.

Climate.

The climate of Southwestern Minnesota is probably its chief attraction. The atmosphere is dry and is almost a specific for all pulmonary and bronchial affections. Consumption and ague are unknown here, and the exhilerating air gives energy to constitutions which would succumb in a more humid climate. The abounding good health and energy of the people are a source of constant remark and congratulation.

Advantages.

The advantages of this region are briefly summarized as follows: Fertile soil, convenient markets, and healthful climate; superior mail, railroad, school, church and other privileges; and no ague, no consumption, no liquor traffic, no [illegible], no Indians.

The National Colony is a community founded, like any other community, upon legitimate and recognized business and social principles, without any communism or any peculiar feature other than the exclusion of the liquor traffic.

In addition to the advantages above named, every settler upon these lands has all the benefits arising from the location here of the NATIONAL COLONY and of the constant active and efficient work of that organization, of which Miller, Humiston & Co. are the proprietors and managers.

Settlers upon these lands will be transported from Chicago, and intermediate stations, at greatly reduced rates

Descriptive Pamphlets, containing full information in regard to the Colony lands, will be sent free to any one applying personally or by letter to

MILLER, HUMISTON & CO., Worthington, Minn.

ALLEN GIBSON, National Colony Agent, 106 Fifth Av., Chicago, Ill.

Or F. C. TAYLOR, 184 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

LE ROI EST MORT.

We knew that the Year was dying
When the midnight chimes began;
Low on his death-bed lying,
Like a worn-out, aged man.
The King, who ruled for a twelvemonth,
With a proud and royal sway,
Must give up his crown and scepter
When the New Year cries, "Make way!"

His earthly journey was finished,
And so we watched him go;
Old Time came in with his hour-glass,
And finished him with a blow.
He was old and wretched and broken;
We hurried him off at last,
And a glad good-by was spoken;
We pushed him into the past.

So long as the Year was with us,
To use him well we tried;
We gave him a Christmas dinner
The week before he died.
But his guilty conscience was weighted
With many a dreadful crime;
We looked at his corpse, and hated
To think how he spent his time.

No chance for shrift we allowed him,
But buried him in his sin;
With the soft white snow we shroud him,
And carefully wrap him in.
We dug him a grave with laughter,
And smiled as we laid him there;
We shoveled the earth in after,
And packed it down with care.

And back to the earth he never
Can make his way again;
He has finished his work forever
Among the sons of men;
He'll never unlock that portal
So long as the ages roll:
There was nothing about him immortal;
The gray-beard had no soul.

And the sorrow that he brought with him,
The care, the shame, the sin,
We'll try to bury them with him—
His grave shall lock them in.
No mourners are bending o'er him;
No hand a watch-fire keeps:
With those who have gone before him
The uncrowned monarch sleeps.

AN OLD SOLDIFR.

How He Ended the Year.

On a December evening in the year 1870 a train, entering the depot with much noise and bustle, ejected Gottlieb Braun into the city streets.

There was nothing remarkable in the circumstance. He was still and insignificant in appearance, with an expression of patient suffering, and one arm gone. Such was Gottlieb Braun, one of those quiet natures capable of bravery, also capable of fighting in the last trench, as he had done in the war, which had mained, crippled, and left him a pensioner. Had you asked him where the arm was lost, he would have replied with military brevity, "Gettysburg." Or did you inquire as to the cause of an ugly sabre cut across his brow, and a wound in the thigh rendering quick movement painful, he would have added, "Seven Oaks" and "Shenandoah." Despair had rendered him a hero for a brief moment; he had sought death in the ranks and had not found it, but hope had died within long before, when his little daughter Gretchen was swept away by the fever; a lonely, quiet man, of whom war had made a cruel sport, and left alive. Humble as he was, Gottlieb still cherished ambition; in summer he was a peddler back among the hills; in winter he mended shoes. The ruin of large business houses cast a shadow abroad; the ruin of Gottlieb Braun, soldier-peddler, occasioned no comment in the mercantile world, and brought grief only to his own heart. The autumn mists of mountain lakes had claimed him as a victim of ague, and while he was ill, strong men robbed him of his little stock. Surely, among the crimes on earth that cry to Heaven, this robbery must be heard! Did Gottlieb weep and repine? Not at all. He was now coming to draw his pension of one hundred dollars, and in the spring would start life again.

Here he was in the city streets, gazing about him blankly, without a friend, and, still worse dilemma, with no money in his pocket. It would make no difference to any one how he went or came, he thought; and yet at that very moment Christine Carlen, terror in her wide blue eyes, was saying to the shop-man, "I never did it!"

The chance of being left supperless and without shelter had a still worse aspect when it is remembered that it was Saturday night, with Sunday coming, and Gottlieb would not receive his pension untill the following Wednesday.

Up among the mountains the Sabbath meant nature-worship to Gottlieb; skies were then brighter, and sunshine rippled the silvery waters of cascades; the breeze played among the leaves; and in all the voices of woods and air he heard only the laughter of his child Gretchen. Often at such times he took his pen and endeavored to write his thoughts of her on the day of days, when Heaven kissed earth; but his great need would not flow in words on paper; he remained dumb, the purple mountains raising a prayer all about him.

In the town all was different. He paused on the curb-stone irresolutely, pierced by the miserable conviction that he was weary, hungry, and cold. A carriage drove up, and a gentleman whose bearing betrayed fussy importance alighted.

"Bless my soul! I am late, actually late for a dinner party in my own house!" he exclaimed, testily, his glance falling on Gottlieb Braun.

The gentleman whose middle age was smooth, rosy, and rotund, even as that of Gottlieb was sharp and meagre, ascended the broad steps of the house, and was met on the threshold by a trim servant.

"Have not arrived, eh?" he said, rubbing his hands. "Very good. Still the fish may be spoiled, Maria." Again his pre-occupied gaze fell on Gottlieb, who, victim of circumstance, advanced and begged for assistance.

Mr. Gildwell listened with a certain exasperated composure. He was a person of weight in the world, wealthy, and noted for being connected with many branches of charity; still he never gave at the door. A safe member of society, this, not liable to be carried away by impulse whose very heart must be divided into sections for distinct emotions; whose principles, measured by rule and compass, did not permit Gottlieb Braun to gather crumbs which fell from the table spread for a foreign attache and Mr. Thorn the millionaire.

The trim servant still stood at the open door, permitting a glimpse of marble vestibule, a rim of crimson rug, the sweep of a velvet curtain, and a group of lovely children playing with a poodle.

"It is against my rules to give money. I dare say your story is true. Served in the war, eh? And did not run away?"

"No," said Gottlieb, simply.

Mr. Gildwell pursed up his lips sourly, and did not spare himself. At the risk of having his guests discover him without a dress-coat, he searched in a corpulent pocket-book for a small red ticket.

"Take that to the Poor Bureau. A police-man will direct you. Now be off."

Gottlieb turued away. Curious freak of destiny! As Gottlieb, a poor German, was thus dismissed, the attache, also a German, was received with excessive urbanity in the house he condescended to honor. The trim servant, Maria, ran out on the step after admitting the visitors, fumbling in her pocket for pennies. Gottlieb had disappeared.

Half an hour later he found the bureau, having twice blundered and missed his way. The place was closed fer the night. He wandered on without purpose to the corner. The bitter wind had lulled; the sombre clouds, gathering in denser masses overhead, promised the first snow of the year.

Mr. Gildwell, adjusting his napkin and presiding over a table glittering with silver and gorgeous with flowers and light, was observing:

"If truffles are not indigenous in the country, count, they may be cultivated."

Gottlieb observed a church, massive and dark, with a slender shaft towering above the surrounding roofs. The church meant cool darkness, silence, purity, after the reeking streets, if one could gain entrance. He tried the door mechanically; it was locked. What would you have? We can not keep our churches always open, even should a fainting soul perish by the way.

Next he was caught in an eddy of desperats humanity—the abject poor, the sodden, brutal, poor, all seeking the station-house, eager to receive that last stamp of degeneration on the coinage of their own abasement, if sleep might only bring forgetfulness of misery. Gottlieb shuddered and drew back from the crowded entrance of a building which seemed to exhale a painful familiarity with crime from every stone. He could not throw himself into that stream of pollution

Afterward he wandered on, without purpose, past rows of fine dwellings, past hurrying people all intent on reaching home. Sometimes he held out his hand for alms, but it was done so awkwardly and hesitatingly that few noticed the movement. The way grew narrow and crooked; he had quitted the spacious thoroughfare unconsciously, and now tall houses, time-stained and dilapidated, lined the street. Gottlieb sat down on a wooden door-step to rest. Nobody disputed his right of possession. Laborers came and went; work-women trudged along; children played in the gutter.

Suddenly a light form darted around the corner, tripped, and fell almost at Gottlieb's feet. Was it the gleam of golden hair escaping from a little scarlet hood, that made Gottlieb start with the exclamation, "Gretchen!" Color had dawned in his pale face; he knew his mistake even before the young girl rose, nursing a bruised wrist; Gretchen was in her grave. The girl regarded him sullenly, almost wildly, and when he laid a hand on her arm she darted away again as if fearing capture. Her rapid flight was impeded by an old woman carrying a basket of apples and oranges, which were spilled by the shock of contact.

"Ain't yer ashamed now, an' for an old body too?" said the woman, whose name was Mother Bates. The girl hesitated, then stopped to gather up the fruit.

"Don't let her go," implored Gottlieb.

The girl looked from one to the other suspiciously.

"He wants me to be taken," she cried, with a sob.

"You are like my Gretchen, and I wish to help you," he replied, quietly.

Mother Bates planted her cane before her energetically.

"Where are you going?" to Gottlieb.

"I don't know," wearily.

"Where are you going?" to the girl.

"Away from the police," with a shudder and fearful glance around.

"Come along, then."

They followed the old woman, these two waifs, scarcely knowing why, and the young girl whispered to Gottlieb, "I am Christine Carlen; I don't know Gretchen. And what makes you so pale?"

Mother Bates lived at the top of a tenement-house, and she conducted her guests into a small room with cheerful hospitality. Already were five children gathered here, sharp-featured, shrill-voiced, and bearing that aspect of precocity peculiar to boys and girls of the city streets. They might have been trained in a worse school, certainly, and the little room made a sort of democracy, of which Mother Bates was ruler, with limited authority. The addition of two strangers to their circle was taken as a matter of course by these small citizens of the world; only the baby stared at Christine Carlen, attracted by the beauty of gold hair, blue eyes, and red lips. With a tact Mr. Gildwell could have imitated, this ignorant old woman, taught by the goodness of her own heart—the only instructor, indeed, in politeness—asked no questions while serving the frugal supper. Few manifestations of affection were exchanged in the househeld, although shrewd Mother Bates cherished a dry pride in the success of some of her charges.

"I used to live here alone, but I picked 'em up one by one a-starving. I taught them their trades, too. Billy sells newspapers; Molly sweeps crossings; and Mike gets cinders from the barrels for our fire. They save my old bones lots of work."

Christine Carlen had grown quiet; she was ready to tell her story. Two years ago she had come from Sweden with her mother. They were to join their family in the West. Instead, the foreigners stranded in the city; the mother had sickened, been taken away to a hospital, and, alive or dead, Christine could never find her again. They told her the mother had gone to one of the islands, and there she had been put in a pauper's grave. That was all. Afterward a woman took the child, and placed her as cash-girl in the house of Dibbler & Co. What heaps of glittering finery, festoons of ribbon and lace, crowds of beautiful ladies, did Christine daily behold! What longing filled her young heart to be free like those fortunate ones! Sometimes she touched furtively delicate fabrics, wondering how it would seem to own such splendor.

When Gottlieb Braun emerged from the depot the usual throng surged through the premises of Dibbler & Co., and the shop-man had pulled a bundle of lace from Christine's pocket. Yes, there was conviction of robbery, although Christine had not stolen the lace. She affirmed, hotly, "I never did it!"

The shop-man merely said, "Come to the desk."

As she prepared to obey, trembling, confused, and astonished, the pretty girl in the corner, who wore pink bows in her hair, and who had grown deadly pale, grasped her arm.

"Get your things and run away, Christine, before the police catch you. Quick!"

Christine had snatched her little red hood, and fled in blind panic and fear, until she fell at Gottlieb,s feet.

The old soldier now listened attentively to the story.

"She came to me like Gretchen," he said, with a smile Mother Bates could not understand.

In the night the snow fell. The geranium in the the window, pride of all the children, shrank from the frosty pane; the meagre fire died to a single coal. The old woman had insisted upon giving Gottlieb a spare pallet in the corner; the children were huddled together on her side of the room; Christine sat before the fire regarding her bruised wrist piteously. At midnight Gottlieb rose, and silently motioned the girl to take his place. She obeyed wonderingly, and sank into dreamless sleep. In the cold dawn Mother Bates discovered that the man had fainted on the hearth.

Life may become infused with unexpected interest, which stimulates fresh exertion rather than hope. All through the night Gottlieb Braun, thinking of the lost Gretchen, gazed at the sleeping child; and when darkness screened a soft cheek, rose-flushed, swept by silky lashes, he listened to her quiet breathing, forming a new resolution, until exhaustion overpowered him in the patient vigil. The advent of Christine Carlen in his life was not such a great event, only Gottlieb's portion was such a very little one. God sent this humble man for Christine, slumbering among the shadows, within reach of the talons of that great bird of prey—want.

Gottlieb counted the days with haggard restlessness, a slow fever consuming his veins, pain gnawing at the very sources of life. While daylight lasted he dragged himself about the streets in search of food, at least, for mother Bates's little brood. When he returned at night Christine was romping with the children. The old woman, whose wrinkled brown face, framed in a black hood, was a landmark on the thoroughfare where she vended fruit, recklessly dispensed apples at the evening meal, observing Gottlieb sharply the while. Little Molly, bright-eyed and saucy, with a ragged shawl pinned over her head, was making money in the slush and mire. Fear of the police kept Christine from joining her in street-sweeping. Sleep refused to visit Gottlieb's weary senses. What visions came to him in the night? On Tuesday morning Mother Bates said.

"You come to the dispensary, my man."

"What's the use? It's the old wounds and the fever." Then he added, with sudden tears in his eyes, "God bless you, good woman, for taking us in! To-morrow I draw my pension." Thus did he identify himself already with the Swedish maiden.

Mother Bates scoffed loudly at sentiment, then paused at the foot of the staircase to wipe her eyes on her gingham apron. Gottlieb was out all day. When he came back he gave his hostess a fifty-cent bill, with no other explanation than that he had obtained a "job" in a warehouse despite his one arm. Excitement robbed him of all appetite for food. He spent a second night with his wide eyes fixed on the ceiling, counting the hours, delirium creeping over his senses. If he could only last until to-morrow? He would last, even if he crept to the goal on his hands and knees. Desperate resolution made him face the day; desperate energy took him, pallid and trembling, to his post, and brought him back at dusk to sink down speechless on Mother Bates's pallet. The fire of life only burning in the sunken eyes. When Christine sat beside the bed, he was quiet; when she moved away, a spasm of anxiety distorted his features. Billy ran for a doctor; Molly hushed the other children; the baby hid his head in Mother Bates's lap. The doctor was out.

"So I went for him," said Billy, glancing curiously and half nervously at the sick man.

The noise of the street reached this quiet room only in a distant murmur. A step was heard on the stair. Mother Bates moved uneasily. Billy, failing to find one kind of doctor, had chosen another, and the difference was not clear to his own eyes. Mother Bates had never received city missionaries with favor, and now one was at the door. Her creed was a crooked yet self-helpful one. "Every one must get along the best they can," she said.

He was on the threshold—a grave, slender man, with dark, calm eyes. Terrible indeed if he proved a broken reed! How did he divine the very depths of human need at a glance. With unerring tenderness he sought in Gottlieb's pocket for a package of money, guided by a book, and gave a ten-dollar bill to the old woman. Then he bent his ear to the faltering lips.

"Use the—money—to send—the child—to her friends—in the West. She knows—the--town."

Thus tho old soldier made his last bequest, and so, utterly spent in the battle, died. Evening merged into night, and darkness again yielded to the morning, when Christine Carlen was led away by the missionary. Mr. Gildwell knew nothing of the event, and Mother Bates said, grimly, to the good missionary:

"If ye take the baby, Sir, we'll just stay as we are."

Gottlieb Braun, soldier, laid away in a nameless grave, had done what he could in saving the bloom of a young life.

Sensations When Dying.

The popular ideas relative to the sufferings of persons on the point of death are eroneous. The appearance of extremer agony which is often presented under these circumstances is due to mere muscular agitation, independent of any extraordinary sensibility of the nerves of feeling. Those who die a natural death in the very last stages of existence are scarcely conscious of bodily suffering—not more than they are frequently to the attentions and solicitude of friends.

Those who die by violence or accident undoubtedly experience a degree of pain proportionate to the extent of the bodily mutilation. Hanging is undoubtedly an unpleasant mode of death; but few, after all, "shufle off this mortal coil" more easily than those who are suspended by the neck. It is akin to drowning in this respect. The blood immediately rushes to the head and soon deprives it of all consciousness. The efforts to inhale the air, which are kept up for some time after the cord is attatched, and causes such violent movements of the chest and extremities, arise from the influence of the spinal marrow, whose sensibility is not so soon destroyed by the congestion of blood as that of the brain.

Persons who die by decapitation most probably suffer more, though their pain is only momentary; this is the case with those who blow out their brains. The sensation produced by a ball passing though the body would be difficult to describe by one who has never experienced it, but it is something singular in this case that those who are shot, althrough the "leaden messenger of death" may not have penetrated any essentilly vital organ, immediately fall to the earth, apparently under an irresistible feeling of their approaching return to dust, exclaiming, as it were, involuntarily, "I am a dead man!"

A dagger wound in the heart, for the few moments which are consummated in the ebbing of life, must occasion unutterable feelings of agony, independent of the mere sensations of pain in the parts studered by the entrance of the blade. The rushing out of the blood, at each convulisve pulsation of the heart, must seem like the actual spectacles of the flow of life.

Those who are crushed to death may not expire instantly, unless the cranium happens to be involved in the casualty. where the skull is not fractured there is probably an inconceivable agony for a few seconds—a flashing thought of home, friends and family, and all is over. Those who are cut into by a heavily-burdened railroad carriage, must experience some similar sensation.

If the neck is broken low down the person does not necessarily die on the instant. His situation is the most distressing of any which can be imagined. He may live and have a being for days; but he cannot move. His face may express all the passions, feelings and emotions; but beyond the motions of his breast and countenance his energies do not go. His arms are pinoned at his side; his legs
he essentially beholds his body is in the grave, while he is yet in full possession of his faculties. The least disturbance of his position is liable to launch him at once into eternity.

In taking laudanum a person exists in a state of insensibility for a length of time, a melancholy spectacle to his friends. In poisoning from arsenic a great amount of suffering is undergone. The sensibility of the stomach is exceedingly acute when inflamed, and the effect of arsenic is to produce a fatal inflamation of the viscus. Prussic acid is rapid, and acts by paralyzing the brain.

In reflecting on the horrors which death presents under these different aspects of violence the mind becomes overcome with disgust. We cannot do better than turn to the contemplation of its features in the middle course of disease, where, if the mind be at ease, the final exit is made without any of those revolting exhibitions of bodily suffering.

NO MORE SNEEZING or bad smells in your nose. Catarrh is cured by Dr. J. H. McLean's Catarrh Snuff. It soothes and relieves irritation, Trial boxes 50c, by mail. D. J. H. McLean, 314 Chestnut, St. Louis.

The Cincinnati Bears.

In the Zoological Gardens at Cincinnati is a bear-pit which has for months been peacibly inhabited by a cinnamon bear and four black bears. The cinnamon is much larger than his companions, and fiercer, but he took offense not long since at something done by the most active of the blacks, and the encounter which followed is thus described by the Cincinnati Enquirer:

"Two of the four bears climbed the snag of a tree set up in a pit, a third clambered up the iron gate, and the fourth paced around the pit in terror. The noise of the conflict drew a crowd to the scene.

The cinnamon's style of fighting was to seize his adversary by the throat, just back of the ear, and, quartering under the jaw close upon him like a steel-trap, and hold him down shaking him occasionally with short shakes, but always bearing down and holding fast.

The little one, which was only half or two-thirds the weight of his assailant shrieked most human like. At first his cries were appalling, but they soon faded into hoarse gurgling sounds, half sigh and half shriek.

At first the keeper, Mr. John Nordheim, as brave as an old tiger-hunter, tried the effect of punching a hole to make bruin quit his hold, but it was not noticed. He next threw a lot of fresh fish iu right under his nose, but the bait did not take; then water was thrown on him—a big stream from a hose. This made him let go.

The little lacerated blacky got up and made circles around the cage, shrieking and crying at a terrible rate, while the bear on the grate bars and the two perched in the tree shook like blown leaves, as if fearing their turn would come next. The little one, though, that had stood on the floor a looker-on all the while, crouched in a corner, half in defiance and half in fear.

Old Cinnamon ate his fish and then returned to his mutton, the little bear. The little fellow jumped into the pool, and old Cinnamon pounced on him to drown him. Again the hose was applied. Old Cinnamon did not seem to mind it. He tugged little blacky out of the pool and commenced chewing him up.

At this moment John Nordheim bolted right into the den, armed with a long-handled, heavy spade.

"Oh, don't go in, shouted men and shrieked women, but he had passed the portals, and walked right face to face with death.

Thud, thud, thud—three thuds of the shovel on bruin's head released little blacky, but turned Cinnamon on brave John Nordheim, who had nothing but a spade and John Nordheim's muscle and brain with which to make the fight.

Thud, thud—down went Cinnamon, and up he got again, and staggered close to little blacky and opened the fight again.

Thud, thud, thud, thud, thud—thick and heavy fell the blows on old Cinnamon's skull. The old beast loosened his hold and ran in the dungeon next the pit.

'Unlock that gate,' shouted Nordheim to Mr. Tenner, 'and I'll lock him up for good, now.'

Mr. Tenner obeyed, and Nordheim shut the door.

When the door was securely shut, it was amusing to see the three frightened, but unhurt bears leave their posts and strut up to that door, then stride around the cage as much as to say, 'Won't somebody please knock a chip off my shoulder.'

Around and around they marched, returning to the door, smelling it, feeling it cautiously, and rearing up against it, as if to make sure that all was safe, then strutting off, Falstaff-like, when the danger was gone.

4 Months For a Dollar.

St. Nicholas for January, with its cheery greeting on the cover, its exquisitely beautiful frontispiece, the wonderful variety in its pages, and its

FUN FOR THE NEW YEAR,

Will charm everybody both old and young.

Among the more notable papers will be found a "Letter to a Young Naturalist," by William Howitt, the poet, and "The Stars for January," by Prof. Proctor, the astonomer.

ST. NICHOLAJ FOR JANUARY

will also contain a paper by Horace E. Scudder, "Great Grandfather's Books and Pictures," with fac-simile reproductions from the New England Primmer" and Webster's old "Spelling-Book." "Budge's Visit to the Centennial," by the author of "Helen's Babies," and "The Modern and Mediæval Ballad of Mary Jane," with silhouette drawings by Hopkins, will be found amusing and entertaining. Besides

"HIS OWN MASTER," by Trowbridge,

There are shorter Stories and Poems, Rhymes and Nonsense Verses, Historical Sketches, a Fairy Tale, Comical Pictures, Pages for Very Little Folks, &c., &c. In short this is the New Year's Number of that magizine of which "The London Daily News" said, "We wish we could point to its equal in our own Periodical Literature."

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