BUTTERWICK'S BEAR

By Max Adeler

Butterwick was out in Colorado last spring for a month or two, and just before he started for the journey home he wrote to his wife concerning the probable time of his arrival. As a postscript to the letter he added the following message to his son, a boy about eight years old:

"Tell Charley I am going to bring with me a dear little baby bear that I bought from an Indian."

On the night which had been fixed by Butterwick for his arrival, he he did not come, and the family were very much disappointed. Charley, particularly, was cut up because he couldn't get the bear.

On the next evening, while Mrs. Butterwick and the children were sitting in the front room, with the door open into the hall, they heard somebody running through the front yard. Then the front door was suddenly burst open, and a man dashed into the hall and upstairs at frightful speed.

Mrs. Butterwick was just about to go up after him to ascertain who it was, when a large, dark animal of some kind darted in through the door, and with an awful growl went bowling upstairs after the man. It suddenly flashed upon the mind of Mrs. Butterwick that the man was her husband, and that that was the little baby bear.

Just then the voice of Butterwick was heard calling from the top landing:

"Maria! for Heaven's sake get out of the house as quick as you can, and shut all the doors and window-shutters."

Then Mrs. Butterwick sent the boys into Partridge's, next door, and she closed the shutters, locked all the doors, and went into the yard to await further developments. When she got outside she saw Butterwick on the roof, kneeling on the trap-door, which he kept down only by the most tremendous exertions. Then he screamed for somebody to come up and help him, and Mr. Partridge got a ladder and a hatchet, and some nails, and ascended. Then they nailed down the trap-door, and Butterwick and Partridge came down the ladder together. After he had greeted his family, Mrs. Butterwick asked him what was the matter, and he said:

"Why, you know that little baby bear I said I'd bring Charley? Well, I had him in a box until I got off the train up here at the depot. And then I thought I'd take him out and lead him around by the chain. But the first thing he did was to fly at my leg, and when I jumped back I ran, and he after me. He would've eaten me up in about a minute. That infernal Indian must have fooled me. He said it was a cub only two months old, and it had no teeth. I believe it's a full-grown bear."

It then became a very interesting question how they should get that bear out of the house. Butterwick thought they had better try to shoot him, and he asked a lot of the neighbors to come around to help with their shotguns. When they would hear the bear scratching at one of the windows they would pour in a volley at him, but after riddling every shutter on the first floor, they could still hear the bear tearing around in there and growling.

Then Partridge said maybe a couple of good dogs might whip him, and he borrowed a bulldog and a setter from Barney Maginn and pushed them through the front door. They listened, and for half an hour they could hear a most terrific contest raging.

Then everything became still, and a few moments later they could hear the bear eating something and cracking bones with his teeth.

At last Butterwick thought he would try strategy. He procured a huge iron hook with a sharp point to it, tied it to a rope, and put three or four pounds of fresh beef on the hook. Then he went up the ladder, opened the trap-door in the roof, and dropped in the bait. In a few moments he got a bite, and all hands manned the rope and pulled, when out came Partridge's bulldog, which had been hiding in the garret. Butterwick was disgusted, but he put on fresh bait and threw in again, and in about an hour the bear took hold and they hauled him out and knocked him on the head.

Then they entered the house. In the hall the carpet was covered with particles of dead setter, and in the parlor the carpet and the windows had been shot to pieces, while the furniture was full of bullet-holes. The bear had smashed the mirror, torn up six or seven chairs, knocked over the lamp, and demolished all the crockery in the pantry. Butterwick gritted his teeth as he surveyed the ruin, and Mrs. Butterwick said she wished to patience he had stayed in Colorado. However, they fixed things up as well as they could, and then Mrs. Butterwick sent into Partridge's for Charley and the youngest girl. When Charley came he rushed up to Butterwick, and said:

"Oh, pap! where's my little baby bear?"

Then Butterwick gazed at him severely for a moment, looked around to see if Mrs. Butterwick had left the room, and then gave Charley the most terrific spanking that he ever received.

The Butterwick children have no pets, at present, but a Poland rooster which has moulted his tail.

CITY WITHOUT PEER

ADMIRERS GIVE WASHINGTON PRECEDENCE OVER ALL.

Certainly None Other in the United States Is as Beautiful—Points of Superiority Over Paris.

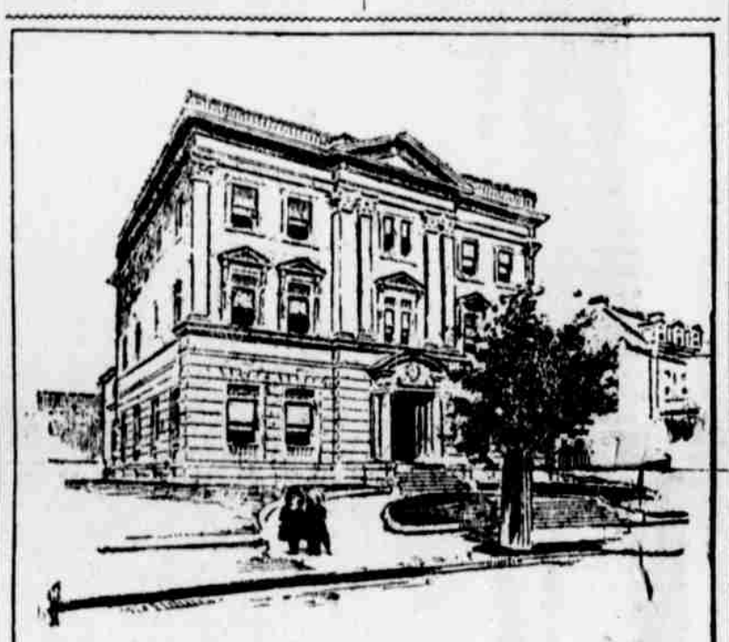
Washington is absolutely unique among the cities of the United States. It is the most American because its population is made up of people from all the states, and yet it is not American at all, for the reason that its residents cannot vote. It is the most cosmopolitan because representatives of all other nations dwell in it, yet it has no foreign quarter. Washington's greatest industry is government, and its greatest product is politics, but the issues are all national. It is the only American city where there is no local party politics; in fact, it is the only city of the civilized world which cannot choose any of its local officers by vote. The president appoints the executive and judicial officers, and congress, sitting as a city council, "exercises exclusive legislation." Despite the anomalous spectacle presented by the capital city of a democratic country being governed in theory by an autocracy, the people are content, public opinion rules and the city itself is a masterful argument for the continuation of the present plan.

Washington is the most beautiful city in the United States, and is claimed by many authorities to have no peer in the world. Paris has more magnificent vistas, but there are quarters of the French capital with never a claim to beauty. There are more shade trees in Washington than in any city in the world. It has 92,000 trees, while Paris, the next in the list, has only 85,000. It must be remembered in this connection that Paris has nearly 3,000,000 population, while Washington has but 330,000.

The national capital is the only city in the United States which had an artificial origin. All the other places "jes' growed," Topsy-fashion, but it was a city complete in the mind of George Washington before it was traced on paper by Maj. L'Enfant and Maj. Ellicott. The plan made for the capital where there was naught but "squares in morasses and obelisks in trees" has been sufficient for the needs of the great city of to-day, and extensions of the system as indicated by the original plan will open the whole territory of the District and eventually accommodate ten times as many people as live there now.

Washington streets are wider than those of other cities, being originally from 80 to 100 feet wide. Many of these were too wide for the demands of traffic, and when the improvement of the city began in the seventies the thoroughfares were narrowed and portions next to the buildings were reserved as parking spaces. The pretty strip of green along both sides of Washington thoroughfares is really a part of the street. It is the property of the United States, and is not under the control of the owner of the abutting property, although he must keep up the lawn. The real estate is always sold by the square foot, instead of by the clumsy front foot method. There is no law to compel the people to sweep the snow off the sidewalks in winter, because they are the property of Uncle Sam, and a private citizen cannot be compelled to care for government property.

More than half of the property in the District of Columbia is owned by the United States, which pays half the total expenses, while the property owners of the district pay the other half. Until 1878 the general government paid nothing at all toward the maintenance of the District. Even now the great undertakings for the permanent improvement of the capital, outside of the public buildings, of course, are half paid for by the residents of the District of Columbia, although the whole people are interested in the completion of the plans which will make Washington the envy of the nations.



Home of the Papal Delegate in Washington, One of the City's Show Places.

They Appreciate It.

"I tell you there are a lot of men who appreciate single-blessedness."

"Who are they?"

"The married ones."—Detroit Free Press.

BOY SAW HIS CHANCE.

May Truthfully Be Said to Have "Bunkoed" the President.

I can't forbid mentioning Mr. Roosevelt's souvenirs. They represent his democracy far better than reams of reminiscences could. Mr. McKinley once had three carloads of such tokens hitched onto his special train, but Mr. Roosevelt must altogether have at least three train loads. He cannot stop to pat a dog on the head without that animal being immediately crated up and shipped to "T. R.—Washington, D. C." Horses and saddles enough to fit out a brigade, chairs, badges, turkeys, guinea pigs, snakes from a traveling side-show, canes, vases, everything that the generosity of the American nation can conceive has been given to him at one time or another.

He used to get flowers and bouquets by the bushel, generally presented by some of the young ladies of the town, and these offerings would pile up to such an extent that the porter would be compelled to open the car window and throw them out to make way for those of the next town. An amusing incident in this connection occurred at a little Kansas town.

The president's train was just pulling out of the depot when through the crowd came a barefooted boy, running with all his might and carrying a bouquet in his hand. He yelled. Roosevelt saw him; so did the whole populace. "Well," said the president, "I can't run away like this and insult the boy, "so he pulled the bell rope and brought the train to a stop.

The youngster came up breathlessly, and delivered the roses. Roosevelt smiled and handed him a dollar, and the incident was closed. Later, as the train was speeding on its way, his "dee-lighted" smile was a bit troubled, and he called to the porter.

"Jerry," he said, "It seems to me these flowers are rather withered, aren't they. The boy must have had a hard time getting through the crowd."

"Well, they ought to be withered," was the answer. "That there bouquet has been on the train for three days, and I just threw it out of the window back at that town."

There is a boy somewhere in Kansas who will be a captain of industry one of these days."—Success Magazine.

Has Gone Hatless Three Years.

There is in Washington a man who for three years and a half has not worn a hat. The name of this citizen with an antipathy for headgear and a disregard for conventionality is G. L. Shorey, an employe of the department of commerce and labor.

"Wearing a hat is more a habit than anything else and probably descended to us from our feudal ancestors, who wore steel helmets to prevent being knocked in the head by their warring neighbors," said Mr. Shorey. "I reached the conclusion some time ago that a hat was burdensome and have not worn one summer or winter for over three years. I find that my health is improved and that my hair, which was inclined to fall out, is now as thick as in my younger days. I am not endeavoring to pose as an arbiter of fashion nor am I the leader of a new cult, but so far as I am personally concerned, no hat for mine."

Capital Is Clean City.

Washington is the cleanest city in the United States. It has few factories and is strictly a residential city. A rigidly enforced anti-smoke law has been operative for seven years, and practically no smoke is made in the city now except by locomotives. There are 200 of these, and, when threatened with legislation, the railroads volunteered to reduce the amount of smoke by burning hard coal or oil. It is possible to wear a collar all day on the streets of Washington without getting a sign of smudge on it. Soot does not fly in at the windows and smoke does not choke the early morning air.

Ungallant Silence.

Towne—"She says you're an impertinent cad. What have you said or done?"

Browne—"Nothing; that's the trouble. When we were out walking yesterday the wind blew her hair about her face most becomingly, and she said, 'I know I'm a perfect fright.' I didn't say a word."

PROPRIETARY REMEDIES VS. PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

Statistics Show, of the Deaths from Misuse of Drugs in Two Years, Only Three Per Cent. Were Due to Patent Medicines, According to Figures Based on Medical Certificates.

The press committee of the Proprietary Association of America will present at the next meeting of that body a report showing the number of accidental deaths caused by patent medicines in the two years ending June 30, 1907, as compared with deaths from other causes.

Almost immediately after the beginning of the latest crusade against proprietary medicines this committee was instructed to collect data. This work was done through the clipping bureaus, which furnished accounts of all deaths, exclusive of suicide, due to the misuse of medicines, drugs or poisons. The result showed that only three per cent. could be traced directly to the products made by the members of the association.

The greatest care is said to have been exercised in tabulating the figures received. Whenever the cause of death was doubtful, special investigation was made, no matter where the case might have occurred. The work of assorting and preparing the record was done in Chicago, and the original clippings and correspondence are in the possession of Ervin F. Kemp, 184 La Salle street, that city, the association's publicity agent. The report says, in part:

"A large number of accidents, resulting fatally or otherwise, were caused by the carelessness of persons who left drugs, medicines or poisons within the reach of children. A large number, also, were caused by persons going to medicine cabinets in the dark and taking down the wrong bottle. In no case reported was any medicine, 'patent' or otherwise, held responsible for injury or death except when left within the reach of children or taken or administered in gross overdose."

The committee says that it is unlikely that any cases of death from the use of patent medicine escaped the newspapers, but that it is probable that death from the causes tabulated did occur without receiving publicity. Physicians, of course, report the causes of death. The committee says that they would be the last to suppress the cause if due to the use of medicine not regularly prescribed.

A recapitulation of the committee's findings show 4,295 cases of poisoning, of which 1,753 were fatal. The greatest number of cases, 1,636, with 803 deaths, is attributed to medicines other than proprietary remedies. There are on the list 90 cases of sickness and 43 deaths due to patent medicines.

Analyzing its statistics, the committee finds 201 cases of sickness, with 143 deaths, due to strychnine tablets, which are among physicians' favorite remedies and are often left within the reach of children.

Under the head of miscellaneous prescriptions are grouped 44 cases where, the report says, it has been impossible after diligent inquiry to ascertain the name or the character of the drug or medicine which caused injury or death, beyond the fact that the medicine or drug was prescribed by a physician. Of these cases 18 were fatal. The committee says:

"Under the head of 'All Patent Medicines' are grouped all those remedies which are recognized as patent medicines and which are advertised direct to the public for internal use. Competent authorities say that at least one-half of the medicines taken in the United States are of the kind known as 'patent medicine,' and yet in two years among 80,000,000 people there have been but ninety cases (forty-three fatal) that have been reported in the newspapers from the use or misuse of these remedies."

Not in a single fully substantiated case is it ever charged that any patent medicine in recommended doses was injurious. In this connection it should be understood that in making death certificates and in reporting cases of injury to the newspapers from which these cases were secured, a physician had the final word, and in this connection is there any probability that the doctor will hide his own carelessness or neglect or that of a fellow practitioner whose support he may want at some time, and is there even a possibility that he might hide any responsibility that could be thrown at a patent medicine? Ask yourself these questions. Then when you have found the answer, consider that during all this most thorough and careful investigation covering a period of two years, in not a single established case was it shown that patent medicine in recommended doses was injurious.

The most remarkable case reported was that of an Italian laborer in New York who suffered from pains in the chest. A physician ordered a porous plaster which the patient ate, with fatal results.

Would Run No Risk.

"Darling," said the young man as he bent fondly over her chair, "I would die for you."

"Well," rejoined the practical but otherwise fair maid, "the rates of insurance are pretty low. Suppose you get your life insured in my favor for $10,000 and then die for me?"

"And let some other fellow luxuriate on the insurance?" exclaimed the wise young man. "Well, I guess not."

A woman, 71 years old, accused at Feltham, England, of intoxication and disorderly conduct, said she had been "keeping up" her mother's birthday. Her mother was 98.

MINES AND MINING

Over $40,000 worth of crude ore and concentrates from the Columbus Consolidated company's Alta mines has been sold the first three weeks of the present month.

At Sydenham, Ontario, 16 miles from Kingston, is located the largest mica mine in the world. The product is mostly amber mica with some silver amber, the highest quality mined.

The annual report of the Consolidated Mercur Gold Mines company does not make the showing that previous reports have done, though it holds out a good deal of promise for the year to come.

It is reported that some of the rock now being encountered in the Catlin mines at Silver Bow, Nevada, is literally plastered with leaf silver and the rock is all being broken and sacked for shipment just as it comes.

The sudden drop in the price of copper, and the present uncertain level of the red metal, have undoubtedly had a depressing effect upon many producers of the metal whose properties are still in the development stage.

J. H. Barker, of Bancroft, Idaho, has closed a deal by which his splendid lead-silver-gold property, the Lead Center, located in the Caribou forest reserve, six miles south of Soda Springs, will pass into the hands of a $100,000 close corporation.

The most sensational strike of copper ore ever made in the camp of Yerington, Nevada, has just been recorded in the property of the Mason Valley company. A winze is now being sunk on a body of black oxide ore that averages 55 per cent copper.

Another oil strike has been made in the Utah fields, this time at Fillmore. In the Fillmore field the oil is largely mixed with gas. At Cedar City, wells are being bored, but only gas has been obtained, although there are large quantities of it and strong pressure.

While prospecting in the wilds of the Panamint, near Windy Gap, Nevada, ("Scotty's" country), Ralph Beamo, a half-brother of the poet-prospector, Eddy, recently found a blowout which proves to be probably one of the richest strikes made this past summer.

During the recent strike of machinists in Butte every man employed by the Butte & New York remained at his post. This was due to the fact that all the men employed are stockholders in the company, having made their purchases with parts of their wages.

An Amalgamated director says: "Practically no copper is being sold and if the first reduction to about half our normal capacity is not enough we will order a further reduction. We are hopeful of a change in the suitation. The case of Utah, Colorado mines curtailment has been forced for lack of fuel."

The Fundicion smelter, in Sonora, Mexico, will be ready for business by October 1. With the first unit of this smelter in operation the company will treat 250 tons of ore a day at the maximum cost of $12 a ton, or $900,000 for 75,000 tons a year. The ore is valued at $37.40 per ton in copper, gold and silver.

Work was started recently on the new building of the Hanson Consolidated Silver mines at Port Arthur, Canada, which is to contain 30 additional stamps, bringing the total of the mill up to 50 stamps. It is the announced purpose of the management to keep adding stamps until 150 are in operation.

In the property of the Utah-Yerington company, which is located east of the Mason Valley mines, the workmen are now opening up a five-foot ledge that is different from those being developed by most of the Yerington companies in the character of its ore, as it carries well in lead and silver, in addition to copper and gold.

Official reports filed in the office of Nixon & Wingfield, at Goldfield, fully substantiate, it is claimed, the importance of the silver-gold strike on the Eagle at Fairview. George Wingfield says permanency with depth is proved by the fact that the ore is straight sulphide with no symptoms of oxidation, not to mention other signs.

Beyond all doubt the Yerington Copper shaft has penetrated into the real sulphide zone, thus demonstrating the extence of the same at somewhat more shallow depth than was anticipated by the management. The working first struck ore on the 15th, and now at a vertical depth of 250 feet the entire bottom is in the sulphides of the red metal.

The ore production of Butte has been cut from 2,600 tons to 850 tons. The Berkeley, Diamond, Bell, Belmont and Clear Grit of the Amalgamated are down. Superintendent Gillies states that the Boston and Montana may be further reduced. The amount of tonnage under the reduced force has not been estimated. The falling off will be large.

The Copper Mountain mine, owned by the Guggenheims, and located six miles south of Tecoma station on the Southern Pacific, and in Nevada, is connected with the main line with a road four and a half miles long and of standard gauge, and producing five cars of copper ore a day.

A quartz mine claim in the Transvaal is 150 feet long on the line of strike of the ledge and 400 feet wide. The government claim license, to be paid continuously, is $1 per claim per month. In addition to this the government takes 10 per cent of the net profit on the gold produced.

A fifty-foot business location in the town of Yerington, Nevada, that could have been purchased a few months ago for $500 is now worth $1,500. Before another year is over the camp will have its railroad and a smelter will have to be constructed to meet the demands of the mines.

62,000 TONS OF CURRANTS.

Britons Seem to Be Exceptionally Fond of This Fruit.

Our great-grandmothers, although they had to pay a very high price for dried currants, considered them quite indispensable to the compounding of those pies, furmities and florentines which were the pride of every housewife. Domestic catering must have been an arduous undertaking in those days, for currants and other dried fruits were not to be procured out of London except once a year, at the annual fair of the local market town. The royal dish of plum porridge, which it was the privilege of the archbishop of Canterbury to serve to a newly crowned sovereign, was composed largely of currants, the fruit being stewed in strong beef soup enriched with red wine and red sack. Now that the order has changed and simplicity is the keynote of the highest class cookery, we Britons have trebled our appreciation of the homely and wholesome currant; and although florentines and plum porridge are dishes of the past, no less than 62,000 tons of currants go every year to the making of bread cakes, pastries and puddings to tempt the British appetite.—Ladies' Pictorial.

Dream That Came True.

During a dinner to welcome his fiancee a young man at Hostivar, near Prague, told of a dream he had that a shot was fired in the house. His father rose, as a precaution, to remove a pistol from the wall, but as he touched it it went off and killed the girl.

On the Death of Balzac.

There can be but austere and serious thoughts in all hearts when a sublime spirit makes its majestic entrance into another life, when one of those beings who have long soared above the crowd on the visible wings of genius, spreading all at once other wings which we did not see, plunges swiftly into the unknown. No, it is not the unknown; no, it is not night, it is light. It is not the end, it is the beginning! It is not extinction, it is eternity. Is it not true, such tombs as this demonstrate immortality? In the presence of the illustrious dead we feel more distinctly the divine destiny of that intelligence which traverses the earth to suffer and to purify itself—which we call man.—Victor Hugo.

Want Motor-Transport Wagons.

The Indian government is, it is said, considering the desirability of using motor transport wagons for freight in moving produce of out-of-the-way districts to market. This is quite practicable, considering the good roads of the plains in India, and it would solve a problem that has perplexed the government.

In Doubt.

In Egyptian hyeroglyphics a physician is represented by a picture of a duck. Philologists are not agreed whether this means that the physician in question was looked upon as a quack or that he was considered a favorite among the fair sex.

Chinaman of Promise.

Seid Back, Jr., son of the wealthiest Chinese merchant in Portland, Ore., has been admitted to practice at the bar of the feedral district and circuit courts.