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KING OF THE SKY.

An Eagle's Desperate Fight for Liberty.

If any person who doubted that a wounded eagle was a desperate customer for a man to tackle," said Lewis Williams of Berks County, Pa., to a New York Sun reporter, "could have witnessed an encounter that I had with one once on the Blue Mountain, in Tulpehocken Township, he would have had his doubts removed in short order. I had been losing a good many chickens one fall, and supposing that they were being carried off by foxes I set a trap for Reynard. The morning after setting the trap I went out to look for it, and it was nowhere to be seen. It had been chained to a small stake in the ground, and the stake was also missing.

"Believing that the fox, although its cunning had not saved it from the trap, had been smart enough to pull up the stake in some way, and then make off with trap, chain, stake and all, I made a pretty thorough search in the woods around about there, but could not find any trace of fox or missing property.

"As I was returning home I heard a great commotion among a big flock of crows in the woods a quarter of a mile up the mountain. The crows were cawing in such curious chorus that their cries could have been heard for a mile. The birds were circling around the tree tops in one particular spot, and frequently a number of them would dart viciously down through the trees toward the ground. I was curious to know what could be causing this unusual proceeding among the crows, for they are birds that do not fool their time away for nothing. I walked up the mountain, and as I approached the spot where the crow circus was going on, the tumult among the crows increased. When I arrived within easy gunshot of the spot the flock withdrew to a more distant part of the woods and chattered in a way that left no doubt of their having been intensely disturbed by some unpleasant experience.

"I walked on, and had taken but a few steps when I heard a sound as of a chain being dragged along on the ground, and instantly concluded that it was the chain of my missing trap. I momentarily expected to see the fox, hampered by the trap on his leg, come into sight, believing that he had been attacked by the crows, who had discovered him in his crippled condition. Imagine my surprise, then, when, instead of the fox making his appearance, an enormous bald eagle strutted out from behind a big tree, dragging the trap, chain and stake. The jaws of the trap were fastened on one leg of the great bird.

"I had with me an ordinary shot-gun, with which I had expected to kill the fox if I found it in my trap. When the eagle saw me it rose with great difficulty from the ground, owing to the leg, and flew toward the top of a tall, dead tree. I fired at it. The charge hit the eagle in one of its wings and brought the bird to the ground. The eagle was such a splendid specimen that I resolved to capture it alive. I approached it with no thought of having any difficulty in accomplishing my purpose in the handicapped and crippled condition of the bird, but I found that I didn't know as much about bald eagles as I thought I did, for in spite of the crippled wing and the burden of the trap and chain, the eagle rushed upon me and attacked me with such fury that I turned and fled from the woods.

"At the edge of the woods I stopped, and at first thought I would go back and shoot the eagle, but my desire to have it alive was so strong that I determined to make every effort to capture it. I hurried home and got a stout rope and an empty feed-bag. On my way back to the woods I noticed that the crows which had first attracted my attention to the spot were hovering over the place where I had fled from the maddened eagle, and from their peculiar cries and frantic actions I inferred that something of moment to them had occurred. I found that such was indeed the case. The crows knowing, by the wonderful instinct they possess, that the eagle was wounded and crippled and, hating as they do all large birds, had swooped down on the eagle and attacked it in its disabled condition. The attack had been disastrous to the crows, for when I reached the spot five of the sable assailants lay dead near their enraged foe, and several others were dragging themselves away to escape further damage from his terrible beak, and one free talon, uttering the harsh cry which they only utter when wounded or in trouble.

THE ATTACK HAD BEEN DISASTROUS TO THE CROWS.

"The eagle no sooner saw me again than he rushed toward me with all the force at his command, hampered and crippled as he was, and forced the fighting at once. I had made a noose in one end of my rope. As the eagle came tearing toward me, his sound wing raised several inches from his side, the wounded one dragging helpless and bleeding on the ground, his powerful hooked beak thrown open, the feathers on his neck bristling like the hair of an angry bull, and the chain clanking as he dragged the heavy trap on his leg, he was a startling picture of intense hate and unbounded fury. I had never faced so fierce a presence, nor could I have imagined one. I knew that by the plan I had formed for capturing the eagle I could quickly overpower him if I could manage it successfully; so I stood my ground, and when the immense bird was almost near enough to strike me with his beak I quickly tossed the noose over his head. It slipped down over his wing, and I drew it close by a sudden and strong jerk. I then ran to one side and tied the other end of the rope to a sapling. The eagle was now shorn of the great help of its once powerful wing, as it had been of the use of one of its enormous talons by the trap. Yet he pulled the rope taut and shook the sapling from root to top in his efforts to get at me. As he thus strained at the rope I succeeded in slipping the feed-bag down over his head, and then clasped the eagle around the body, supposing that he was now at my mercy.

"But," although blinded, pinioned and doubly crippled, the eagle was still unconquered. As I stood clasping the great bird, endeavoring to secure the mouth of the bag about his legs, he suddenly threw himself against me. He sprang clear off the ground and striking me in the breast with his one free talon, with one fierce downward stroke ripped my clothing from me and made two deep furrows in my flesh clear to the waist. The blood streamed from the wound, and, supposing that I was badly hurt, I hurried home as fast as I could go. The eagle was trapped, shot, bound and incased in a bag, and still he held the field.

"On reaching home I found that my wound was bad enough, but nothing to be frightened about, but it put me out of the notion of farther contest with the eagle. I sent my

I STOOD MY GROUND.

boy to where a couple of men were threshing buckwheat for me in a distant field to tell them to go and finish the capture. They went and succeeded in overpowering the ugly bird, and brought him triumphantly in, followed nearly all the way by the flock of crows, whose cries were easily interpreted into shouts of rejoicing over the downfall of the terrible foe that had played such havoc with their over-confident companions. The eagle was released from the trap and his sweep of wing measured. It was nearly eleven feet from tip to tip. He was tied to a strong stake in the yard, but his terrible temper forbade all attempt to care for the frightful wound the trap had inflicted on his leg and for the broken wing. He refused to eat and died in three days. His stuffed figure is now in a Philadelphia museum."

A "PIZENOUS" EDITOR.

How He Abused a Disappointed Native of the Blue Grass State.

ONE day on old fellow from Cedar Bluff neighborhood came into the office of the Franklin (Ky.) Patriot and said that he wanted to see the editor on mighty important business.

"I am the editor," said a man, stepping forward.

"My name is Allbright," the visitor remarked, "Luke P. Allbright."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Allbright. What can I do for you?"

"Wall, I sent here the other day and had some funeral tickets struck off fur my wife."

"I hope the job suited you, sir."

"Wall, yes, the job was all right, but it turned out that my wife wa'n't dead."

"Ah!"

"Yes, ah. I had dun paid for the tickets and was about to send them out when the old lady come to. So, you see, I ain't got no use for the tickets."

"Of course not."

"And I 'lowed that I mout git you to take 'em back."

"Why, my dear sir, I can't do that."

"Wall, but you see they ain't no use to me. Wouldn't like to send out a lot of funeral tickets for my wife when she's in fa'r health with an average appetite. It wouldn't look exactly right, you know."

"That's all very well, but I don't want them."

"Wall, send me yo' paper one year fur them, any way."

"No, sir, I won't do that."

"Wall, then, say six months."

"No, I won't—won't send it to you ten minutes."

"Now here, mister, I'm out a dollar and forty cents on you. I tell you what, take me to dinner with you and we'll call it square."

"It's square already so far as I am concerned."

"I have seed a good many men, Mister Editor, but you air the most pizenous fellow I ever struck. Good day. If I ever ketch you out in my neighborhood I'll waller you."—Arkansaw Traveler.

She Didn't Want an Angel.

"I promise you one thing," said the beautiful maiden as she hung to his coat lapel, "I promise you this, that when I am your wife I shall study your comfort."

"You will, my darling!"

"Ah! won't I!"

"And in what way, my sweetheart!"

"Well, I'll never bake bread myself, but always get it from the bake-house."

"Glorious!"

"But in return for that—"

"Yes!"

"And for all my wifely love—"

"Yes!"

"And that I shall seek to promote your comfort in every thing—"

"Yes!"

"You will give up your clubs and your associates who keep you out late at night, and devote all your attention to me, cherish me, love me as you love me now, think me as sweet and as beautiful as you think me now—you will do all that!"

"By Jove, I will!"

"Then, George, I reject you."

"What!"

"Yes, I reject you. I want to marry a man, not an angel."—Boston Courier.

Both Liberal Men.

Parsimony was written all over his face. He entered the store, walked up to the proprietor and said:

"Mister, I've two yearlin' calves out yander. I want to sell 'em, an' you can name yer price, too. I'm a liberal man, I am."

Liberality was written all over the face of the country store-keeper. It is talismanic with country store-keepers. He looked at the merchandise and said:

"I don't want no calves; but I'll take them on the hoof for ten dollars apiece. Are you willin'?"

"Oh yes, perfick, perfick willin'. That's a good price, I s'pose. I'm a liberal man, I am."

He had just bought them for four dollars from the wayward son of the storekeeper. They had not been branded. This transaction shows the origin of branding calves in Arkansas.

A Light-Weight Champion.

A coal office. "Good morning, sir. I've applied for the place which you advertise in the papers."

Coal man—What have you been doing heretofore?

"I've had a little something to do with pugilism. I'm the champion light-wight of the country, but I want to get out of the business, and thought I might be fitted for a coal-office."

"Light weight! Why, yes! I'll hire you to weigh our coal."—Chicago Herald.

—A woman up in Maine got the best of the prohibitory liquor law and officials who try to enforce it, by dressing in an army suit and peddling whisky in bottles from a basket. "When a woman will, she will, you may depend on't."

—There is a great increase in the consumption of African teakwood, on account of its property of preserving from rust iron or steel that is in contact with it.

—The Shah of Persia was the first royal ruler to send his congratulations to President Harrison.

ONE OPIUM-FIEND CURED.

But It Took a Term in Prison and Endless Agony to Do It.

A confirmed opium smoker was recently asked whether he ever knew a person who had been cured of the habit.

"Only once," he replied, "and then it wasn't a voluntary cure by any means. He was a man about thirty-five years old, who had been a slave to the habit for fifteen years. He was so given up to it that his business went to smash, and he used to resort to all manner of things in order to get money to purchase a 'shell.' He used to crave eight shells or two dollars' worth of opium a day, and I have frequently met him in a joint that was run by two tough Chinamen in Marion street, offering to roll for smokers in order to share their opium. One day he had been without a smoke for about seven hours, and he became so desperate that he tried to rob the till in a grocery store. He was detected and arrested. He got word down to the joint telling of his misfortune, and begging for God's sake that somebody would send him some opium. I bought some dry opium pills, and got them in to him after a deal of trouble. The next day I called on him, and a more miserable wretch I never saw. He was suffering the tortures of hell. He was doubled up with cramps in his stomach, and the inevitable pain between the shoulders, which feels as though somebody was driving spikes into your flesh, was racking him. These tortures were joined to severe pains in all the joints, as though the limbs were decaying and would soon drop off. He had been without opium so long that he was fairly famishing, and the small quantity of the drug I had been able to send was disposed of in short order.

"There isn't a taste of it left," he yelled to me, as I entered his cell in the Tombs. Then he rolled his tongue around as though searching for any small particles that might be hidden away in a tooth. I gave him the pills I had brought. He seized them like a starving man would seize a crust of bread. He placed two of them in his mouth and rolled them around until they had dissolved, and then washed them down with a mouthful of water. In a few minutes he was lying on his cot as placid and happy as a healthy baby. I kept him supplied with opium until he was tried and sentenced. I managed to slip a few of them into his hand as he was on his way to Sing-Sing. I heard no more of him and forgot all about him until one day, on Broadway, several years later, a stalwart, rosy-cheeked fellow slapped me on the shoulder and heartily shook me by the hand. I was nearly surprised into a fit when he explained that he was the opium fiend of a few years ago. He said that when he got to Sing Sing the habit was on him very strong. The pills I had given him had crumbled to dust in his pocket and had become so mixed up with a lot of other stuff that he could not use them. He was in a raging torment that night, and cried for the drug. The keepers found him, and the prison physician, who was called, fortunately diagnosed the case correctly. It wasn't much credit to him, however, for every feature of the man's face and every motion of his body almost proclaimed him an opium fiend. He was removed to the hospital, and the physician was kind enough to get interested in the case. He braced him up with hypodermic injections of morphine every time the craving came on, and by a liberal use of this drug finally wore away the desire for the other. Of course this treatment created the morphine habit, but this was more readily cured, and my friend soon lost all desire for drugs of any kind, and is a prosperous, happy man to-day. If he had not been arrested he would certainly have gone the way of all the fiends, and have ended his life himself, or died miserable in some hole. He tried to reason the case with me in hopes that I would surrender the drug and endure the agonies that such a privation would produce for the pleasures attending the feeling that I was no longer a slave to it. I have heard all those arguments a thousand times, and frequently I have lain in a joint with another smoker, and we have both sworn off, and the very next day we would both be in the same place again. I am getting worse every year. The habit is growing more expensive, and the longer I am at it the less disposed do I feel for work of any kind. My memory is failing me now, and I am already pretty well along on the downward road. I'll go a little further down, and then good-bye to every thing."

The Twelve Greatest Poets.

Perhaps I may be permitted to recapitulate the list of a dozen English poets whom I ventured to quote as the manifest immortals of our British Parnassus. They are Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Burns, Wadsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats. It will be noticed that there are thirteen names here, and my reviewers have not failed to remind me that it is notoriously difficult to count the stars. The fact is that Gray, the real thirteenth, was an afterthought, and I will admit that though Gray is the author of what is perhaps the most imposing single short poem in the language, and although he has charm, skill and distinction to a marvelous degree, his originality, his force of production was so rigidly limited that he may scarcely be admitted to the first rank. No doubt the explosive force which eggs a very great writer on to constant expression was lacking in the case of Gray, and I yield him—a tender babe, and the only one of my interesting family which I will consent to throw to the wolves. The rest are inviolable, and I will defend them to the last.—Edmund Gosse, in Forum.

—A Brooklyn woman was so pleased at the suicide of a despised acquaintance, that she celebrated the event by hanging an American flag out of the window of her residence. Indignant neighbors asked the police to haul down the flag, but they decided not to interfere, on the ground that their authority did not extend so far.

OUR ANSWER.

We are often asked how we are at times able to sell certain articles for less than the cost of manufacture. We answer that for various reasons there is continually being thrown on the market, goods, which though they may be first-class are broken in sizes, sometimes the remnants of a factory's output for the season which they wish to dispose of before commencing the next season's work, and in order to make a clean sweep, sell the lot at a big loss—sometimes goods are slightly soiled, but not damaged—sometimes miscuts occur and for these and many other reasons goods are continually being thrown on the market and sold to the first bidder, and shrewd merchants who are always on the lookout for bargains and have the SPOT CASH to lay down, pick them up and offer them to their customers for a small advance upon cost in order to win the favor and good will of the trade and make their business boom. We have been been asked why we do not sell these goods for a price something near their value and thus increase the profits of our business and yet satisfy our customers. We answer, because when we started in business we laid down a rule which was, to give our trade the full advantage of every DRIVE we could get, believing that in time the consumer would come to see and appreciate it—and we have never had cause to change our mind or abandon the course, for nothing has so contributed to build up our large and growing trade or taken so strong a hold on the confidence of the people as this plan of giving them the full benefit of every bargain we can secure. When we bought the stock of A. C. Shyer & Co., at 50 cents on the dollar, you will remember we gave to our customers the same discount (an unparalled proceeding in the history of business) freely. Last winter we bought 50 dozen Bull Dog Jeans Britches at ½ their value and sold them accordingly at 50 and 75 cents per pair—their real value being $1 75 and $2 00. This Spring we got hold of 100 doz. men's pure linen 4 ply collars for almost nothing and gave them away for 5cts. per doz. We bought 800 pairs of childs knee pants made of merchant tailor's remnants, all the very finest all wool worsteds and cassimeres worth $1 25 to $2 per pair, we are selling them at 75 cents. We struck at an assignment sale in New York this Spring, the finest and nobbiest line of custom tailor made suits you ever laid your eyes on and bought them for not a cent over half value and are selling them the same way. Last week we bought 25 dozen best Blue Cottonade pants at 29c less than cost of manufacturing because of a slight miscut, they are worth 75 cts. we sell them for 50 cts., less than you can buy the goods. We struck 50 dozen of the very nicest quality of British Socks, Summer weight at half price and we are offering them at 12½ cts. usual price being 25 cts.

From the same Importer we cleaned up 20 doz of the very finest French Imperial Lisle Socks that we are selling at 25c., usual price 50c. These goods we can sell at twice our price and still be cheap, but it is not in accordance with our scheme of doing business. We are constantly on the lookout for bargains, and propose to give our customers the benefit of them We have an abiding faith in the appreciation of the people and believe that upon the plan laid down by us, we will soon build up a business that will surpass anything ever seen in this county, indeed it has already set in and we propose to keep it booming by selling the most goods for the least money. With "UNDERBUY and UNDERSELL" for our watchword, we propose to bring the clothing trade of this whole country to Hopkinsville. If we could buy a suit for 7½ cents we would put them to our customers for 10 cents a suit. Any merchant, aye, any child almost can buy goods at REGULAR prices, but what the people want is a merchant who knows the ins and outs and intricacies in trade, who knows how to discriminate as to what to buy and what not to buy—who always has the spot cash to plank down—who is shrewd enough to know how, when and where to find bargains, who has the most bargains at all times. Besides all this, the customer wants to go where he will find the largest and best assorted stock of standard goods, such as Strouse Bros. Tailor-Made Clothing. John B. Stetson's Hats. Earl & Wilson's Collars and Cuffs. Wright & Richard's Fine Shoes. Cutter & Crossett's Men's Neckwear. The Wonderful Bull Dog Britches. N. J. Schloss & Co's. Beautiful Fitting Children's Clothing.

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