

## TOBY AND THE BEAR.

A MANEUVER OVER WHICH THE WISE OLD NATIVES DIFFERED.

Toby Was the Smartest Bear Dog In All the Woods, and His Owner Wouldn't Have Sold Him For \$100, but He Wasn't Cut Out For an Acrobat.

"I had a dog named Toby when I was living up in the Pennsylvania lumber woods," said George W. Reynolds of the National Lumber company. "He was a bear dog. Bears, as every one knows who ever lived among them, hate dogs beyond everything else, two legged or four legged, and will frequently give up a good chance to escape from a pursuing hunter just for the satisfaction of waiting for the dog that is yelping behind him and taking a fall out of him when he comes up, a fall that usually ends the dog's career, especially if it is a dog not especially trained to hunt the bear.

"This dog Toby of mine was famous all through these woods. He was acknowledged to be the most accomplished dog when it came to getting the best of bear that had ever been in that country, and if any hunter didn't catch a bear when Toby was along it wasn't the dog's fault. Once Toby was borrowed by a man named Crowley, who knew where a couple of bears were hanging out. The dog routed them out and drove them plumb to Crowley, who could easily have shot them both, but instead, when he saw them coming, he cut and ran. Tim Bull, who had gone along with Crowley on the hunt, said that Toby just stood still and paced in amazement after the flying hunter. Crowley, seeing that the bears had got away, soon came back. The dog showed his opinion of Crowley by bristling up and growling savagely and threateningly at him for a few seconds. Then he quit and went home. Ever after that Toby would snap and growl at Crowley whenever he saw him.

"One day I was looking over a logging job I had contracted for and discovered signs of bear along the creek. Next day Toby and I went out to see what we could do with the bear. We soon struck the trail, and Toby located the bear in a small patch of laurels, from which he soon ratched brain. He brought the bear to bay in a little open space in a piece of chestnut timber. There was no necessity of the bear turning at bay, but he evidently wanted to get a whack at Toby. I could have easily sent a bullet through the bear, but having the utmost confidence in Toby's smartness, and seeing that the bear was anxious to put his smartness against the dog's, I concluded to let him have the chance and to enjoy the sport of a few minutes' maneuvering between the two.

"It was fun. Toby worried the already ugly old chap with tricks and quick movements until the bear was wild with rage. Do what he might, he couldn't get a blow or a bite in on Toby, while Toby got a nip at the bear at almost every turn. This amusing dance lasted for ten minutes, and I felt so proud of my dog that I declared there and then that it would take a good deal more than a \$100 bill to buy him.

"Some wise old natives of those woods assured me afterward that what this bear finally did was a premeditated act, deliberately and successfully carried out as planned. Others declared that it was an afterthought of the bear's. I myself held and hold yet that it was entirely an accident, because I will not admit that there ever was a bear smart enough to get the better of Toby by design.

"After sparring and rushing fruitlessly at the dog for ten minutes the bear put his back against a tree and breathed hard for at least a minute. Then it suddenly dropped to all fours and hurried toward another tree a rod or so away. Toby followed, and as the bear started to climb the tree seized it by one of its hams. Although the dog must have set his teeth deep in the flesh, the bear did not stop on his way, but climbed on as if nothing was worrying him. The dog held on and was lifted from the ground as the bear climbed. The higher the bear went the tighter Toby appeared to hang on to its rear, and presently he was swinging in the air 15 feet from the ground.

"The sight was so funny that I just tumbled on the ground and roared. The bear stopped when about 15 feet up the trunk of the tree, clinging there for a moment, and then let loose. He came down like a pile driver. When he struck at the bottom of the tree, Toby was between him and the ground. There was a faint yelp, and that was all. Three hundred pounds of bear had flattened 40 pounds of dog out of all kind of shape. The catastrophe was so sudden and unexpected that before I could recover from the painful surprise it gave me the bear had disappeared in the laurels. There never was a smarter bear dog than Toby, but he wasn't cut out for an acrobat. There is where he made his mistake. There never was a smarter dog than Toby, nor was there ever a deader one when that bear got off of him."—New York Sun

Mrs. Huntington's Baths.

Mrs. C. P. Huntington's baths got a new maid. She instructed her about the arrangement of her bath. "You will prepare my bath every morning and every night," she began. "Mon Dieu!"

exclaimed the new maid, "two baths a day! Why, my last lady took one in a week, and the little children only took one a week too." "Poor little wretches!" exclaimed the new mistress. And she told the story in the same spirit, but she does not tell whom her maid lived with before she got her. The two baths a day are supposed to have an effect in keeping down her flesh.—Philadelphia Press.

To the Manner Born.

Grubber—What a well bred man Mixer is!  
Dumley (who doesn't like him)—He ought to be. His father is a baker.—Quips.

LABRADOR'S COAST.

Barren Shores, Rolling Surge and Many Icebergs Make It Dangerous.

The most northerly lighthouse on the coast of this continent stands on Belle Isle, at the head of the straits of that name, a little northeast of Newfoundland. By what freak of taste it was called Belle Isle I cannot say, for even the old navigators had such a horror of it that on their charts they marked it with the figure of a demon.

The morning the little mail steamer on which I cruised "down on the Labrador," as the Newfoundlanders say, plunged and rolled past it through the surge the rugged mass of rock crouched there as if ready to seize its prey of ships and human lives. The surf, unheeded at our distance, flashed around its base like a long row of glistening teeth. A huge iceberg had drifted in and lay stranded at one end of the island; far up on the rocks was the lighthouse; on a shelf below stood a little hut, with provisions, for shipwrecked sailors; and the gray morning mists made these look heavy and sodden, and altogether this glimpse of Belle Isle was the most desolate scene I had ever beheld. Over our bow the barren coast of Labrador was faintly outlined, and as the last lighthouse on the continent dropped astern I felt that we were indeed drawing away from civilization, and this feeling was strengthened when, as we turned our prow northward, we sighted the vanguard of the seemingly endless procession of huge icebergs drifting slowly down in single file from the mysterious regions of the north.

We had met with single bergs along the Newfoundland coast, but off Labrador they became a constant and unspeakably grand feature in the seaward view. I doubt if they can be seen anywhere else except in arctic and antarctic waters in such numbers, variety and grandeur. The branch of the gulf stream which pushes its way into the Arctic ocean has sufficient force left when it is reflected by the frozen northern boundary of that sea to send an icy current down along the Labrador coast. Practically all the bergs that break loose from the ice-sheathed shores of Greenland are borne southward by this current. One morning, when I went upon deck, I counted no less than 135 huge ones. Some of these were great solid blocks of ice; others were arched with numerous Gothic passageways; some reached with spiridlike grace high up into the air. All reflected with prismatic glory the rays of the sun.—Gustav Kobbe in St. Nicholas.

Hard and Bitter Wills.

It was remarked by a writer long ago that "there is no revenge so hard and bitter as that of an old man," and it is one of the astonishing perversities of many natures that the longer they live the harder they hug their possessions. The most disinterested affection is passed over, the most faithful and most valuable services are slightly and grudgingly rewarded. This mental and moral disease notably afflicts the richest. The Marquis d'Aligre was a singular example. His will was concocted with a special desire to disappoint and insult his relatives, friends and servants. To the first it said: "As for you, my relatives who have been so long spilling upon this fortune on which 'I had concentrated all my affections, you are not going to touch a penny of it, and not one of you will be able to boast that you have squandered the millions which the old Marquis d'Aligre had taken so many years to hoard up."

Sir Robert Bevil, one of James I's officials, did not even spare his wife. "I give unto my wife tenne shillings in respect she took her sonnes part against me and did anymate and comfort him afterwards. These will not be forgotten." And the Earl of Stafford, who married the daughter of the Duc de Grammont, wrote: "To the worst of women, Claude Charlotte de Grammont, unfortunately my wife, guilty as she is of all crimes, I leave five and forty brass halfpence, which will buy a pullet for her supper. A better gift than her father can make her."—Westminster Review.

Ohio has a record to be really proud of this year. The report of her railway commissioner says that not a single passenger has been killed on Ohio railroads during the present year through accident. Two men were killed in the state by jumping off trains in motion, but this was the result of their own recklessness. A small per cent of passengers is killed by railway accidents in any case. It is the trainmen who suffer.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grace Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

THE LISTENER.

The Marquis of Downshire has an income of \$186,000 a year.

Fred M. Stanwood, the new editor of the Boston Journal, is a nephew of James G. Blaine.

Lord Russell was a member of the reporters' gallery before he had a seat in the house of commons.

It is rumored that John Jacob Astor, who has made a beginning as an author, is ambitious to become a playwright.

Prince Bismarck has a very loud, harsh voice, and generally speaks in a dogmatic dictatorial way that admits of no contradiction.

Duncan McGregor, owner and builder of the Drexel cottage, on Mount McGregor, where General Grant died, is dead. He was 82 years of age.

Paul J. Surg of the Third Ohio district is about 55 years old and has a compact form, smooth face and hard head. His parents were Austrians, and he was formerly a mechanic.

David M. Stone, the venerable ex-editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, told a reporter the other day that he had been out of his pew at church Sunday only three times in 22 years.

Andrew J. Houston of Dallas, a son of General Sam Houston, has presented to the city of Cincinnati the dagger which Santa Anna surrendered to General Houston at the battle of San Jacinto.

Captain Crossman of the Alliance has made his home when ashore in Jersey City. He is very much liked by those who know him. Captain Crossman has a great reputation among his friends for personal bravery.

Mayor Strong of New York is 68 years of age. The years have treated him well, for he looks younger by several years than he really is. Excepting for a tendency to gout he is in good health and can stand a vast amount of work and worry.

General Neal Dow, "the Father of Prohibition," on March 20 celebrated his ninety-first birthday at Portland, Me. He had many gallies and received telegrams and congratulations from friends all over the country. He is in excellent health.

The last hereditary champion of England, Dymoke Tyrulitt, is dead. It was his duty to ride in full armor into Westminster hall and challenge any one who refused to take the oath of office. In business he was assistant manager of a railroad.

Edward A. Moseley, the secretary of the interstate commerce commission, is one of the best liked men in Washington. He is a Massachusetts man and was an intimate friend of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, with whom he once explored the Dismal swamp.

M. Henri Rochefort, who has often settled his man on the field of honor, has come around to the view that the days of duelling are about over in France. He believes that the whole practice is ridiculous, and he knows that nothing Parisian has ever survived that accusation.

Ex-Congressman Joe Sibley of Pennsylvania, the presidential candidate of the Bimetallie league, is a millionaire banker who made his fortune in oil wells. He has an attractive personality and makes friends wherever he goes. He gave the whole of his salary as congressman to the various agricultural societies in his district.

CRACKS AT CHICAGO.

Thieves in Chicago carried off a two story house the other night. They would have taken the lot as well if it had not been weighted down with a heavy mortgage.—St. Paul Call.

Bernard's big pig succumbed to its feelings and died almost before it got out of sight of Chicago. It couldn't stand being torn away from such congenial surroundings.—St. Paul Globe.

In six days the people of Chicago labor and do all their work. On the seventh they take a day off and spend it mainly in cursing their aldermen for giving away blanket gas franchises.—Nebraska State Journal

An Englishman committed suicide in Chicago on account of "a most complete tiredness." Chicago does make people tired, but we never knew anybody to have the feeling to a fatal degree before.—New York World

Chicago is already boldly announcing that "only the city of Chicago is suitable for the great national conventions to be held next year. Chicago is a staunch convert to the practice of blowing her own horn.—Omaha Bee.

Chicago is still at it. She has just annexed a mile of the town of Calumet, which makes her municipal area 187.45 square miles. As there are still a number of desirable prairies near at hand, there is no telling to what extent the city will yet expand.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

THE CRESCENT SALOON . . . . .

The best of Imported and Domestic Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Only hard and pool tables in Virginia City.

J. H. VANDERBECK, Proprietor.

FARRELL & VARNEY

Range from Meadow Creek to Henry's lake on both sides of Madison river. Brand as shown in cut. Cattle branded on left ribs, same brand. Downcut diplop. Post office address, Virginia City, Montana.



Alex. Metzler.

P. O. address, Puller Springs, Montana. Cattle and horse brand circle A on left shoulder. Thoroughbred cattle and American horses are branded J on left jaw vent, same brand on left thigh.

Cattle mark, down-cut dewlap on brisket. Range, upper Ruby valley, from lower to upper canyon, including all tributaries.

\$200 Reward

For the apprehension of and sufficient evidence to convict any person or persons guilty of stealing one or more cattle or horses belonging to me.

ALEX. METZLER.

Metzel Live-Stock Co.

President and Manager.....ALEX. METZLER. Secretary and Treasurer.....F. S. METZLER. Foreman.....W. O. METZLER.

P. O. address, Puller Springs, Montana.

Cattle brand as shown in cut; horses same brand on left thigh. Vent for cattle same on left thigh; for horses, same under mane. Cattle cropped on right ear, and with down-cut dewlap on brisket.

Range, upper Ruby valley, from lower to upper canyon, including all tributaries.

Jack Taylor.

P. O. address, Virginia City, Montana.

Horse brand, circle T on left shoulder. Cattle brand as shown in cut. Range, Madison divide.

JACK TAYLOR.

NORTHERN PACIFIC R.R.

Puller Trough Cars to

ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, DULUTH, FARGO, GRAND FORKS, and WINNIPEG

—AND— HELENA, BUTTE, SPOKANE, TACOMA, SEATTLE, PORTLAND.

Pullman Sleeping Cars  
Elegant Dining Cars  
Tourist Sleeping Cars

TRAINS ARRIVE:  
No. 7. From St. Paul, Chicago, and all Eastern points, arrive Sappington daily at..... 6:36 a. m.  
Whitehall daily at..... 7:15 a. m.  
M. U. No. 2. From Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle, Portland, and all coast points, arrives Montana Union Depot, daily at..... 10:45 p. m.

TRAINS DEPART:  
M. U. No. 1. For Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle, Portland, and all coast and California points, leaves Montana Union Depot daily at..... 8:40 a. m.  
No. 8. For St. Paul, Chicago, and all Eastern, Southern and Canadian points, leaves Whitehall..... 12:03 a. m.  
Sappington..... 12:50 a. m.

Through sleeping cars from Butte. Upholstered Tourist Sleepers; elegant day coaches and dining car services on all through trains. For information, time cards, maps and tickets call on or write W. M. TROUT, Gen. Agt., 28 East Broadway, Butte, Mont., or CHARLES S. FEE, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

AMOS C. HALL ALDEN J. BENNETT.

HALL & BENNETT, BANKERS,

Virginia City, Montana.

Do a general banking business. Draw exchange on all the principal cities of the world. The highest rates paid for Gold Dust, Gold and Silver Bullion, and County and Territorial securities. Collections carefully and promptly attended to.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELED CALF. \$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50 EXTRA WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE. \$2.175 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES. \$3.25 \$2.175 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. Because, we are the largest manufacturers of advertised shoes in the world, and guarantee the value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can. So by "Name" whose name will shortly appear here. Agent wanted. Apply at once.

EASTON HOUSE. VIRGINIA CITY, MONT.

The Best Hotel in Southern Montana. First-class Accommodation for Traveling Men. JOHN H. DAVIS, Prop.

Term of Court. The regular term of the District Court of the Fifth Judicial District, of Montana, in and for the County of Montana, is fixed as follows: Third Monday of February, May, August and November. FRANK SHOWERS, Judge.

THE MADISON, VIRGINIA CITY, MONT. Reopened December 15, '93. First-class in all its appointments. T. F. POLLARD, Proprietor

METROPOLITAN MEAT MARKET. Handles nothing but the best—everything usually kept in a first class market. FRESH OYSTERS AND SPRING CHICKEN. NOW IN STOCK—supply constantly being renewed. BEEF BY THE QUARTER cheap for cash—come to me and get prices before buying elsewhere. GEO. COHN, Prop.

ANDERSON BROS., At Marlow's old stand Livery, Feed and Sale Stable The Finest Rigs in the City. Good Outfits for Commercial Men and Tourists a Specialty. Proprietors of the Dillon and Bannack Express Line. Dillon, Twin Bridges, Sheridan, and Virginia Mail and Express Line.