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KOKOMO AND OTHERS.

We should have stopped off in Chicago, only I had to go down to Kokomo—funny name. I wouldn't have believed there was such a place.—Extract from an interview with Earl Russell.

O when you're through with Kokomo,
Most noble earl, perchance
You'd like to fare to Kickapoo,
Or go and have a glance
At Ogemaw or Hackensack,
And pass through Chickopee,
And then from there you might come back
By way of Kankakee
To Oshkosh and Menominee
And Keokuk and Oskaloosa,
Muscatine and Tallapoosa,
Chickasaw,
And Haverstraw
And thence to Walla Walla,
And pass along to Shakopee,
And stop for lunch at Albert Lea,
And dine at Pumpkin Hollow.
Moreover, there is Waukesha
And fair Oconomowoc,
Winnebago, Wichita,
Red Dog and Manitowoc,
Sheboygan, Sauk and Baraboo,
Pensaukee, Peshtigo,
Oconto, Ox Bow, Kalamazoo,
Bad Axe and Romeo,
Where man and beast
May rest and feast,
So promise, Earl, old chap,
That when you go back home, you know,
You'll not tell people Kokomo
Is the only town that shows up so
Blamed funny on the map.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Bill Blake and the Bear

Also Two Girls Who Seemed to Need No Protection.

A QUARTER of a century ago, when the valleys and bottom-lands of Pennsylvania were decked in the abundant growth of timber which was nature's heritage, any self-respecting log jobber, if his attention had been directed to the desolate Kettle Creek region, would have turned up his nose disdainfully and passed on to greener fields, says a Williamsport (Pa.) correspondent of the N. Y. Sun. But the days when a contractor could choose his place of residence are practically past, and so it was that "Hank" Bellman was reduced to the extremity last fall of erecting his shanty and starting operations in the heart of the jungle-like forest overlooking Kettle Creek. The camp is fitted into a little patch of clearing ground far over the mountain top. A narrow turnpike winds up to it from the highway hundreds of feet below, and beyond it, extending into the wilderness, great [illegible] of fallen [illegible] and [illegible] hemlock bark show what the woodsman's ax has been doing all winter. Directly surrounding the shanty the trees have not all been removed, and on the frosty winter nights, when the snow hangs in great layers upon the heavy branches and the air is so crisp and keen that sound travels through it with as much precision as though shot from a megaphone, the panthers and catamounts climb up into the tall timber and wake the slumbering echoes of the forest, as well as the boys in the camp, with their wild and dismal howlings.

One of those nights came about a month ago. The panthers and wildcats yelled more furiously, it seemed, than they had done before during the winter, and added to their woeful wailings was the voice of the north wind as it tossed the snow against the weather-beaten sides of the shanty. For that night the shanty was good enough for the boys. When supper was over and the storm showed no signs of abating they all gathered together in the big "lobby," which is home, club, society and Sunday school to them, and prepared to make the best of a night indoors. Now these woodsmen are not the sort of men who can spend an evening over a book or enjoy themselves at any tame diversion, and on this night even jack poker had no charm for them. The fact is that they were just in the mood to listen to one of Bill Blake's stories.

It was Blake who, on a cold winter's night ten years ago, entered a "dive" in the "Pig's Ear" district of Potter county and, with a revolver in each hand, forced the landlord and guests out into the street, after which he filled up on the best whisky in the house. Then, when the proprietor returned with a posse of armed help, Blake barricaded himself in the cellar and would neither emerge nor allow anyone to enter until entire immunity was promised by the Blowville constable.

"Say, Bill," said one of the woodsmen, "what 'tarnal cussedness ever possessed you to leave the good job you had in the Slate Run camp last fall and come up to this pesky hole?"

Bill Blake puffed contemplatively at his pipe for a moment, after which he said:

"Well, mebby I had a purty good reason, if I wanted to tell."

Then he laughed quietly. Nobody spoke, and when Bill had finally gone over the details in his own mind, he continued:

"You see I'd never have gone to the Slate Run job in the first place but for one thing. Down at the city, where I had a lovely suit as coachman for a rich lady, I got knocked out in a love affair. You needn't grin, Shorty. I kept myself purty spick-an'-span on that job, an', if I do say it, they wa'n't many han'somer ribbon slingers drivin' down the pike. Wall, who the gal was don't matter, an' it hain't no one's business who the dude was 'at cut me out. I only mention the incident for the sake of explainin' why it was 'at I ever went back to the lumber business at all.

"You see, everything went sort o' contrary with me in town after that. I got sick of the whole business, an' all the time while I was drivin' them spankin' hosses through the streets my mind would keep a-runnin' back to the old camp life, where I knowed they wa'n't like to be no dudes nor no gals to play hide-an'-seek with a feller's heart. So back I goes to the old Slate Run job, where I was well known an' only had to whistle to get work.

"Wall, the very first night I spent in the camp I made up my mind it wa'n't no use for me to try to get away from the gals. Right in that camp they was two as purty gals as you'd care to see—nieces of the boss' wife, I guess, a-visitin' thar, they told me, for their health. I found out afore I was in the camp very long 'at they was a little too healthy for that place as it was, an' you'll see purty soon what made me think so.

"The damsels started right in by flirtin' with me, an' they was so winsome 'at I forgot all about the city gal right away. I met 'em half way in the flirtin' game an' it seemed to me 'at was in clover. The other fellows was all gettin' jealous of the way the gals was shinin' 'round me; but it wa'n't exactly my fault if they wa'n't in it, so I didn't bother about that. Wall, things went on lovely for about a week, an' one night the gals says to me, they says: 'Let's go along down an' get some apples.'

"Now the o'chard was quite a ways below the camp an' it was closed in by a big board fence about six feet high. Of course, I went. We had a jolly time goin' toward the o'chard an' the gals seemed more lovin' to me than ever. When we got thar an' I seed the high fence I wanted to help the gals over, but they says: 'No, you go fust, an' then we'll foller.' So of course I went. I put a board up to the fence an' clumb over an' then waited to ketch the gals. Wall, it must have been a minute I waited thar an' I didn't hear a sound from the other side.

"'Yes,' says I to myself, 'I see what they're at; they don't want me to help 'em over after all.' Then I says out loud, sort o' pleasant like: 'Oh, I thought you'd change your minds, purty dearies!' But they wa'n't no answer, an' I begins to get kinder mad. I was jest [illegible] over the fence an' see what was the matter when I heard a growl behind me an' turned 'round quick. Lands o' rattlesnakes, boys, what a sight met my eyes! That was a big, ugly-lookin' cinnamon b'ar standin' under an apple tree an' a-lookin' right at me. Wall, I'll bet those beautiful locks of mine stood on end like porc'pine quills. They wa'n't no use feelin' for a gun, 'cause I knowed I didn't have any, not even a jackknife or weapon of no kind. It was a leetle hotter proposition than I wanted to tackle jest then, so I bade Mr. Bruin a hasty farewell an' made for the fence.

"But now, boys, come the trouble in earnest. It was an easy enough matter to get over that fence, but when it come to gettin' back, why, that was a different thing. I seen I couldn't do it nohow, an' so I jest stood an' turned my back to the fence an' waited. Bruin was within three feet of me then, an' he riz up onto his hind feet an' stood thar movin' his head about in a threatenin' manner an' motionin' at me with his big, ugly paws. The moon was shinin' out bright an' clear above us, an' as he stood thar between me an' it he was one of the most skeery-lookin' sights I ever seen. He didn't appear to be narvous or discontented in the least, an' I made up my mind I wouldn't be narvous either. So, lookin' straight into his face an' reckonin' the distance, I picked out a spot on the big feller's under jaw an' give him such a kick with my big cowhide boot 'at he yelled with pain.

"You can bet I didn't wait to see the result, but I jest took it across that o'chard as if the devil was at my heels. Lordy, how my feet did welt the ground! At last I seen a hole in the fence whar a board was gone, and at it I went; I reached it all right, an' was jest about half way through when I heard a shufflin' an' pantin' behind me 'at made my blood freeze up in knotty leetle lumps. Boys, did you ever know a b'ar could bunt? Well, I have had the fact drilled into me in a purty forcible way; for what knocked me through the fence at such a lively gait that night was nothin' more nor less than that b'ar's head! I was knocked into a heap on the outside of the fence, an' thar I laid, huggin' the ground an' shiverin' an' expectin' every second to find Bruin on top of me.

"I don't know how long it was 'fore I dared raise my head an' look 'round, but when I did they wa'n't no b'ar in sight. I made up my mind afterwards 'at Bruin was jest as anxious to get out o' that fence as I was. He must have gone in through that very hole in the fence an' was probably puttin' in his best licks to get out again 'fore I could give him another kick. When I got to the hole ahead of him, of course he couldn't very well do anything else than knock me out o' the way.

"Wall, I was purty sore when I got back to the camp, but I didn't say nothin' 'bout that an' the gals put up a nice leetle story, tellin' me how when they saw the b'ar they was so skeert they couldn't say nothin' an' jest ran back to the house. I took in everything they said, an' the next night when they asked me if I wanted to go 'long down with 'em an' explore the old mine, I was jest tickled to death to get the chance. We took an old minin' lamp with us, an' when we got thar I started in ahead, carryin' the light. The old drift hadn't been worked for years, an' dirty water was drippin' from the roof an' coverin' my best coat as I groped my way in, never doubtin' 'at the gals would foller. I had only got a dozen feet or so, an' was jest turnin' 'round to see if the damsels was gettin' on all right when I stumbled over somethin' an' went sprawlin'. The light went out in the flurry an' the fust thing I knowed they was a deep growl 'at echoed through the mine an' somethin' had hold of me by the bootleg.

"It was pitch dark in the hole, but a flood of moonlight to one side told me whar the openin' was. With an awful effort I jerked my leg free an' scrambled to my feet with the intention of makin' a dash towards that flood of moonlight. Wal, I had only jest nicely got onto my feet an' turned around when I felt somethin' shoot between my legs an' tip me back. I clutched wildly in front of me an' got my both hands imbedded in the shaggy hair of Bruin—for I knowed right well by this time what it was. The b'ar shot out of that drift at an almighty rapid gait, an' I didn't dare drop off for fear of buttin' my brains out against the sides, so I jest laid flat an' hugged tight, watchin' for a good chance to make a leap.

"Wal, I kin sit here now an' laugh with the rest of you, when I look back at it; but you kin bet they wa'n't no fun in it fer me jest then.

"Right outside the mouth of the drift was a little decline, an' at the bottom of it was a pool of water that was made by the leetle stream flowin' out of the mine. I was all ready, an' as soon as I seen 'at I was out in the open air an' I jest slid off, easy as you please, from the b'ar's back an' struck right in that pool of water. Wow! But I did get a nice duckin' an' no mistake.

"The first thing I done was to cuss myself for bein' such a blamed fool as to drop in that water, an' then I pulled myself up onto my feet an' proceeded to look myself over. Never lettin' up on my cussin' for a minute, I meandered back to the camp an' jest sneaked in an' went to bed without [illegible] to nobody. It was a little late when I got around the next mornin', an' judge my su'prise, fellers, when I went behind the fence an' seen one of them blamed gals feedin' an old b'ar outen a tin pan!

"I seen how the whole thing was in a second. Them gals had been makin' game of me all the time, an' the b'ar 'at had been makin' me so much trouble was nothin' but a tame one 'at wouldn't hurt nobody. Fust I had a notion to go in an' get my shooter an' put an end to the 'tarnal thing for spite, but I concluded it was best to curb my temper an' let it go. The fellers had all gone to work, an' I knowed if I waited until they got back they'd be onto the thing an' have an awful leg on me, so I jest got my togs together an' scratched out as quietly as I could.

"Yes, this is a lonesome, pesky hole, an' no mistake, but they ain't no dudes here nor gals to play hide-an'-go-seek with a feller's heart an' he payin'. I'm durn glad of it."

A Thrifty Habit.

"Stinginess is one thing and an observance of excessive nicety in financial details is another," said a western man who, according to the Washington Star, is worth a good deal of money. "As an example I will cite a rich old uncle I once had. He was a millionaire and not stingy, but he watched the pennies like a hawk, and he was so exacting that everybody said he was the meanest man in the country; but he wasn't, for he gave away $10,000 a year in various charities that he would not let the recipients mention. But to the case in point. One day I asked him for a nickel for car fare, telling him I would return it when I got some change, but I forgot all about it. Three months after that it occurred to the old gentleman to be very nice to his five nephews and nieces, and at Christmas four of them received checks for $5,000 each, while mine was for $4,999.95. It was just his way, don't you see? I owed him that nickel and he wanted it."

"Bull Run" Russell.

Sir William Howard Russell has become an octogenarian, the oldest of the British war correspondents, having been born on March 28, 1820. Half a century has passed since he first represented the London Times on the field of battle, his best work having been done in connection with the Crimean war, when his letters from the front created a sensation at home.

Two of a Kind.

A big ape that died at Atlantic City, N. J., the other day was laid out in evening clothes and buried in a silver-mounted casket. The man who footed the bills, says the Chicago Times-Herald, must have regarded the simian as a near relative.

Pilgrimage on Bicycles.

Padua's pilgrims to Rome for the jubilee will make the journey on bicycles.

BUYING OUR HORSES.

English Officers Expected to Purchase Thousands in This Country.

A large dealer in horses in this city said recently that the arrival of a number of English army officers in this country, who are sent over by their government to buy horses for service in South Africa, is expected to give a distinct impetus to the trade in the principal horse markets of the country, reports the New York Post. Not only will the prices of horses be affected in the west, he said, where most of the purchasing will be done, but a noticeable increase in prices will be noted here. "Not all of the enlivenment in the horse market, however, will be due to prospective British buying, for just now the United States is also a brisk buyer of horses.

"We shall feel the effect of the buying in the west," said this authority, "very soon after it begins. In my opinion our prices will advance 48 hours after the selling begins at Chicago and Louisville. Nearly all the horses we get come from the west, and are largely of the class the British government is buying.

"Not all of the buying is done in the United States, however. One of the English agents is to meet here today the postmaster from Toronto, who is to go through Canada with the agent, and try to buy at least 5,000 in the dominion. All the horses bought in the west and Canada are to be sent to Buffalo for final inspection before they are shipped to South Africa. That will probably cause a more vigorous movement in the New York state markets, because of the convenience in getting horses to the point of inspection."

A Louisville dispatch states that Kentucky has been sending horses to that point in anticipation of the visit of the Englishmen. The dispatch states further concerning the briskness of the demand: "Besides the prospective trade with England's representatives, Louisville is now enjoying a brisk trade with the United States government. Artillery and cavalry horses are being bought by the hundred and sent to the western army posts. Good cavalry horses are easily bringing [illegible] according to size and [illegible] and artillery horses [illegible] higher prices. The local horse and mule market has not for years enjoyed such prosperity as it now shows."

The number to be purchased from this country has been estimated at from 10,000 to 35,000, and Chicago expects to furnish the majority. If possible the English government [illegible] wish to buy at the rate of 5,000 a week, and obtain the required number within a few weeks. Only sound and reasonably young horses will be accepted, and the prices quoted by the Louisville dispatch are expected to rule.

Whistle Sixty-Five Miles Long.

An odd incident occurred lately on the Chicago & Northwestern railway at Highland Park, Ill., reports the Milwaukee Sentinel. As the engineer of the train which reaches Milwaukee at 11 o'clock blew the whistle the valve broke and he was unable to shut off the steam from the noisemaker. From Highland Park to Milwaukee, a distance of about 65 miles, there was not a moment when the whistle was not sounding full strength. It could be heard for miles away as the train came on in a long, continuous, shrill sound, and at every city and village people ran to their doors to learn what was happening. While the whistle was blowing the fireman was straining every nerve to keep the steam up to the running point, and succeeded in bringing the train into the station on time.

For Dowerless Maidens.

The bequest with a medieval flavor about it is that given by the marquis of Bute to the township of Cardiff, Wales, for the benefit of deserving but dowerless maidens. The interest on £1,000 is annually awarded to some girl of the working classes on her marriage. The candidate has to be nominated by a member of the corporation and has also to prove her right to the dower by means of good conduct. Applications have to be sent in by March 31, but up to ten days ago not a solitary candidate had presented her credentials. Last year a domestic servant was the fortunate recipient of the money. The question is now asked: "Can the war, and the consequent dearth of eligible males, have anything to do with the lack of even a solitary applicant?"

In His Case.

"W-w-w-what w-w-w-will it c-c-c-cost mum-mum-me t-t-t-to t-t-t-t-tel-telephone f-fuf-fuf-from here t-to B-B-B-Bub-Boston?" he asked.

The operator looked at him pityingly.

"If you really mean it," she replied, "I should say it would cost you about $350.75. The rate is $2.50 per five minutes!"—N. Y. World.

Looking Forward.

Little Sister (angrily)—Now, you do what I say.

Little Brother—I won't.

"You won't, eh? Oh, don't I wish we was grown up, and you was my husband!"—St. Louis Republic.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Bee Taken from a Chicago Man's Ear, Where It Had Been for Twenty-Eight Years.

Many a man has a bee in his bonnet, but John Geisler, a Chicago hog broker, is probably the only man in the world who ever let a real live bee get in actual touch with the inside of his head. Until a few days ago a bee had been imbedded in his left ear for over 28 years, and when it was removed by Dr. C. Hubart Lovewell last week the highly colored insect was found to be perfectly preserved and Mr. Geisler, when he saw it, vividly recalled the day of his youth out on a Kansas farm when the bee flew in to entomb itself in the recesses of his auricular organ, there to become embalmed, says the Chicago Chronicle.

While Mr. Geisler was a young man working on a farm near Baldwin City, Kan., this strange story began. He was laboring in a cornfield one blistering hot morning in August with the sun pouring down at a temperature of 110 degrees, when he accidentally disturbed a nest of bees. Maddened at the invasion of their home the busy insects swarmed around the intruder, who ran for his life across the field. He thought he had escaped from the danger when he heard one huge bee buzzing revengefully near him. He pounded and sawed the air with his hands, but the bee continued to follow in dangerous proximity to his ear.

Suddenly the buzzing was followed by a tickling sensation, and then when Mr. Geisler's head began to ring like a chime of church bells he realized that the insect had entered his ear. He could feel it wriggling through the channel that leads to the drum and in a few minutes he was in agony. Hurrying to a doctor's office he briefly explained what had happened, and after a pain restorative had been administered he was able to explain the nature of his case more clearly. The doctor worked at the organ for some time, washing it out with oil, and after several days the pain left him and he reached the conclusion that the bee must have worked out his head while he was busy, or, perhaps, during the night as he [illegible] his sleep.

[illegible] Weeks passed and Mr. Geisler experienced no further trouble and was forced to the conclusion that he and the bee had parted company forever. Years went by and Mr. Geisler prospered. He came to Chicago some time ago and established himself in the hog business, and he is now a well-known broker at the stock yards.

Several weeks ago he began to have trouble with his left ear again, but the bee incident had happened so long ago that he never once thought of it. But the ear grew worse. There was a slight pain near the drum and Mr. Geisler began to realize that his hearing was beginning to be affected.

Finally he decided to consult a doctor, and last week he called on Dr. C. Hubart Lovewell at his office in Garfield boulevard, near Halsted street. The doctor made an examination. He washed the ear and probed it for an hour or more, when suddenly he pulled out a shining thing that had for all the world the appearance of an insect.

"What's this?" said the operator in astonishment.

Mr. Geisler looked and shook his head in wonder.

The physician looked more closely at his find.

"Why, it's a bee," he said. "Where in the world did you get that in your ear?"

Then the whole story, as related already, came out.

Mr. Geisler can hear perfectly now. Noises that before seemed barely perceptible now sound like the clashing of cymbals. The mummified bee will be treasured in a glass case by the broker.

Evils of Good Advice.

"Say," said the man with the worried look, "do you remember giving me a lot of advice on how to conduct my love affairs about two months ago?"

"Yes," replied the man with the wise expression.

"Told me if I wanted to win the girl I should make love to her mother!"

"Uh—huh."

"Said if I could get the old lady on my side all I had to do was to toddle around with a ring and say 'When?' to the girl."

The wise man nodded.

"Said for me to compliment the mother on her youthful appearance," continued the worried man, "and give her a jolly about how sad it was that the young ladies of the present day were not to be compared with those of the past?"

"Yes, yes. You won the girl, I suppose?"

"Yes, I did—not. The old lady has sued her husband for divorce and me for breach of promise."—Baltimore American.

Good as Far as It Went.

Uncle Bob (who has just treated his nephew in a Parisian restaurant)—Not a bad dinner for three francs, eh?

Nephew (who is still growing)—First rate. Let's have another!—St. Louis Republic.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Jones—"I hear he got all the negro vote." Johnston—"Yes, instead of running for office he cakewalked."—Kansas City Independent.

When a man is a chronic sufferer from indigestion he ought never to eat any part of a doughnut but the hole in the middle of it.—Somerville Journal.

"I understand that he was under a cloud because he stole an umbrella." "Yes; and he stole the umbrella because he was under a cloud."—Harvard Lampoon.

"I can't imagine a woman marrying a prize-fighter." "Too brutal?" "I should say. Why, he would never give her a chance to talk!"—Philadelphia North American.

Wunder—"Do you and your wife ever have an argument?" Hen Peck—"Oh, no. When she gets through talking I have forgotten what we were discussing."—Baltimore American.

"This," said the sergeant of marines who was showing her over the battleship: "this is the quarter-deck." "Oh!" she exclaimed, feeling for her purse, "I thought it was all free."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Greene—"Sometimes, don't you know, I begin to think that Thomas married me for my money." Mrs. Gray—"Oh, well, you know there is always a reason for every marriage."—Boston Transcript.

Unspeakable terror was written upon every lineament of the murdered woman's face. "Ha! A clew!" exclaimed the yellow reporters, as with one voice. Writing experts were summoned at once. These unhesitatingly declared that the terror had been written by one John Smith, Esq., an obscure lawyer, and he was accordingly electrocuted.—Detroit Journal.

MANY YEARS IN PRISON.

An Iowa German Freed from Penitentiary, [illegible]

[illegible] Chronicle.

In the year [illegible] arrived in America from Germany and came directly to Dubuque county, in that state, where he took up his residence with an only relative, an uncle, John Moolchen, who was supposed to be possessed of more than an average share of this world's goods. The older Moolchen was a bachelor and young Cornelius was his heir at law. Shortly after the arrival of Cornelius at the home of his uncle the latter was found with his skull crushed and life extinct, the body being suspended from the stirrup of the saddle girthed to a horse which he had ridden away from home only a short time previous.

The first impression was that the man had lost his life through a runaway accident, but the coroner's investigation revealed the strange fact that the dead man when found had his left foot in the right stirrup. Other circumstances gradually developed which led to the conclusion that a murder had been committed, and suspicion was directed to the young German, who had only recently appeared in the community and who alone could profit by the death.

A stranger in a strange community, without money, unable to converse in or even understand the prevailing language of the court and the people, with strong circumstantial evidence against him, Cornelius Moolchen was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and in the spring of the year 1878 was duly committed to the Anamosa penitentiary for the remainder of his natural life. As a prisoner his conduct was most exemplary, and each successive administration during the almost quarter of a century of his incarceration was impressed with his honesty and good intention.

Finally during the session of the last general assembly his case was brought to the attention of the committee on pardons. Inquiry and investigation thoroughly convinced that body that a great injustice had been done the young German and a bill passed both branches of the assembly requesting the governor to grant Moolchen executive clemency. And now, finally, after 23 years of servitude, in the evening of his life, with his hair silvered, a stranger to the ways of the world and prematurely old, Moolchen has laid aside the garb of infamy and is rehabilitated in civilian raiment.

The Rotunda.

The rotunda of the capitol at Washington is 96 feet in diameter and 180 feet high. It is a circular hall in the center of the building, and contains eight large historical paintings. The great dome overarches it. The rotunda is also a name applied to a public inclosure and favorite resort in Dublin, Ireland.

A Heartfelt Definition.

"Say, pa, what is an adult?"

"An adult, Jimmy, is a person who doesn't kick out a good pair of shoes every two weeks."—Detroit Free Press.