FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

A Thrilling Story of a Battle in the Big Horn Mountains.

The Participants Were Grizzly Bears and a Pack of Wild Dogs.

The Scene Was In Wyoming and Gen. Brisbin Graphically Describes It.

Few Hunters Have Ever Witnessed Anything So Novel and Remarkable.

"CAN I borrer a gun and some ammunition, sir?"

The speaker was a rusty-looking old farmer with a sorry pair of old horses and dilapidated wagon. He had come thirty miles to get the gun and a few cartridges with which to defend his home.

"I can't loan you a gun or any ammunition," I replied. "Our Washington will not allow me to do so."

"The former commanding officer here," he said, "let my neighbor have a gun for a year."

"That was all right, but the government has shut down on it and I can't let any more guns go out."

"Dear, oh, dear," he said, "I don't know what I shall do."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Well, you see," he began, "I live far up in the mountains, and the bears have got so bad they are killing all our hogs and cattle. We didn't mind it so much about the hogs, but only the night before I left a big cinnamon came right into my barnyard and killed the best cow I had."

"Did you kill him?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I had nothing to kill him with, but I took the ax and went out and drove him off. He will be back, and that's why I want the gun."

"Well, old man," I replied, "I can't give you a gun, but I have got some of the best bear hunters here you ever saw, and I will send them up to kill off all your bears."

My young son, who was home from college, had been thirsting for a bear fight, and I called him and made the old fellow relate to him all about the bears.

"Now, young man," I said, "you have been wanting a bear fight, and here it is. Get your horses and wagon and some fellows to go with you, and go up and kill off the bears that are troubling this old man and his neighbors," writes Gen. James S. Brisbin to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch from Fort McKinney, Wyo.

The old farmer looked rather contemptuously at the slender youth, but was pleased to get any assistance he could.

A HALF-BREED SCOUT,

Caldwell, a noted bear hunter, and the boy were ready in half an hour, and with all sorts of guns, ammunition and five dogs set off, piloted by the old man. It was ten days before I heard from them again, and when I did they had one of the strangest stories I ever heard to relate.

"After leaving you," said Caldwell, "we went straight to the old farmer's place. It was late the next day when we got there, and his old wife and the two boys said the bears had been there all the night before eating at the cow. We went out and examined the carcass and found it about half consumed. The farmer's wife said the bears came about 10 o'clock, and as we had plenty of time we sat down to supper and then smoked. When we first came the dogs were just crazy and wanted to start right off on the trail, but I called them back. Old Tom and Buck ahd Tiff just cried with vexation, but we shut them up in a room, and I had to flog Tom to make him behave himself and keep quiet. At 9 o'clock the moon came up, and we all got ready. It was to be a square stand-up fight and no quarter. If we got the worst of it we were to retreat to the house and bar the door. The farmer and his old wife and boys were much excited, and the boys undertook to watch for the bears and let us know when they came. They kept running in and out all evening, and it was nearly 11 o'clock before one of them said the bears were coming, and he thought he could see them in the clearing beyond the fence. We loaded our guns and the farmer went out, cautioning us to wait and he would let us know when the bears were well at the cow. He stayed so long we thought the bears had got him, but at last he came in and said three bears were eating at the carcass of the cow. We at once started out, agreeing to stand together and fight as long as we could, and then if charged retreat to the house.

TWO BEARS KILLED OUTRIGHT.

"The bears were so busy snarling and fighting over the beef they did not notice us at all. There was good moonlight and we could see distinctly. They were the largest kind of grizzlies, and one fellow was a monster. Creeping up behind a fence, I said, 'Now, boys, take them in order from right to left.' Frank had the right, the boy the center and I the lett, so I got the big bear. 'Ready,' I whispered, 'Aim! Fire.' There was a crash of the three guns all together, a yell of pain at the carcass, and then we just poured it into the bears, each one loading and firing as fast as he could. At first they were confused and did not know where the bullets came from, but pretty soon the old fellow located us and made right for the fence. One of the bears fell by the cow and another made off, but that old fellow just came for us. We ran for the house and got in and closed the door. I could see the old bear was lame and acted as if one of his forelegs was broken. He charged around the house three or four times and then made off for the mountain. I thought it was now time to let the dogs in, and I turned them all loose but old Tom and opened the door. You should have heard old Tom cry when he found he was to have no hand in that bear fight. He tried to break his chain and then his neck and to hang himself, but at last he just sat down and looked sick at his stomach.

The dogs caught the bear before he had got 300 yards from the house, and we could hear them fighting. We followed up and came as near as possible, thinking to get in some shots and help the dogs out. It was as pretty a fight as you ever saw, and over and over they went. Sometimes the dogs were on top and sometimes the bear. Pretty soon I heard one of the dogs yelp, and I knew from the way he cried out he had got his death. It was Tip, the big yellow dog, and he just rolled over and died right there, his whole side being torn out and his entrails falling on the ground. The other dogs stuck to it and held on until the bear got Buck, the black dog, in his well paw. Buck cried out, but it was too late, for the bear crushed him like an egg-shell. The other dogs then let go, but kept so close they made the bear sit up to defend himself. This was our chance, and cautioning the boys to fire high and not hit the dogs, we let into his majesty with three guns. He started for us, but those two dogs were as true as steel, and grabbed him by both hams as soon as he came down on all fours. They raised him again, and, seeing he was weakening, we went a little closer and aimed at his heart. It was soon over, and as he went down on his side the old farmer just yelled for joy. The dogs wooled him, but he was dead, and when the old farmer came up he kicked and kicked him, saying 'Take that, and that, and that, for coming and killing my best cow, you big rascal!"

A THIRD BAGGED.

"It was all over now, and we went up to the cow's carcass to see the other bear. It was a she grizzly and lay dead about forty yards from the cow. This was the boy's bear, and he had shot her in the heart, head and through the fore-shoulder—breaking it. He had done the best shooting of any of us and was very proud of his marksmanship, as he certainly had a right to be. Next morning we skinned the bears and buried the dogs. The old he fellow dressed about 1,000 pounds and the female bear 800. We gave the meat of both bears to the old farmer and the skin of the female bear, but we have brought you the hide of the old monster."

Here he unrolled a pelt that would easily have inclosed a good-sized horse and something to spare.

"The meat of the bears will keep the old farmer and his family all winter, and the hide will bring him easily $24, while the bounty is $8, which the boy will draw from the county and send to him. So the old farmer does not regret the loss of his cow, especially as he says he got vengeance on the old scoundrel that killed her.

"After that," said Caldwell, "we went out to trail the wounded bear, taking old Tom, the other dogs being too much used up to go. The trail was plain enough, being marked by blood all the way. Old Tom pitched along, straining his rope, and I had to kick the old fellow once or twice to make him behave himself. He was kind of disappointed with the proceedings of the night before, and seemed to say by his actions: 'I will show you fellows how to hunt bear.'

"After following the trail for about four miles we came on the bear, or rather on his carcass, for it had been killed and eaten up all but its bones and hide. Even the bones were licked clean, and the tracks showed an immense pack of wolved had attacked, killed and eaten the wounded bear. So we thought at the time and went back to the old farmer's house.

COMPLAINING OF WILD DOGS.

"Just as we had packed up and were about ready to start home, two other old farmers came up on horseback and informed us that the night before an immense pack of wild dogs had attacked their sheep herds and destroyed over forty sheep for them.

"They had heard of us and begged us to come over to their place and destroy the wild dogs. They lived only five miles from the old farmer, and so we went.

"We got the men to gather up all the dead carcasses of the sheep and bring them into the corral. Then we divided the live sheep off from the carcasses of the dead ones by building a stone fence through the middle of the inclosure. Next we opened the gates of the corral, the sheep being prevented from going out by the fence, and then we barricaded a small shed in the corner and got into it. We did not occupy the shed until long after dark, as we knew the dogs would not come until near midnight. We could get into the shed from the outside of the corral, and so took it easy at the house. The moon came up at 9:30 o'clock and made everything almost as plain as daylight. Every once in a while some one would go out to reconnoiter, but all continued quiet. Twelve, 1 and 2 o'clock came, and still no wild dogs. We were getting awfully tired and sleepy and began to give up hope of seeing the wild dogs that night, when all at once we heard the sheep bleating and a great racket in the corral where the live sheep were cornered. 'They have got among the sheep,' cried the farmer, and grasping our guns we all ran as fast as our legs would carry us to the corral. The sheep were huddled together at one end of the corral and piled on top of each other in their terror to get away from something that had frightened them. We were about to climb over the fence and get into the corral, when the old farmer called out:

"'Look out! there's a bear.'

"Sure enough, a bear had a sheep down by the fence and was killing it.

"Bang! bang! bang! went the guns, and there was a big roar of pain. Then the farmers called out: 'Here are two more bears,' and moving around to the shed I saw two bears in where the carcasses of the dead sheep had been left. The boy was right behind me, and we opened on them mighty lively. All three bears were badly wounded, but they all got away. Not a wild dog was seen, and when we went back to the house we began to chaff the old farmers on their wild dog story.

BUT IT WAS BEARS AFTER ALL.

"'You will see,' said one of the farmers. 'It was bears to-night, but it was wild dogs last night, and it will be wild dogs again before we get through with this job.' The old farmers agreed to watch and call us up if needed, and thoroughly tired out with our two nights of adventure we laid down to sleep.

"'It was nearly 8 o'clock next day when the farmers shook us awake and told us to get up. They said they had let us sleep as long as possible, knowing how tired we were and hoping we would arouse ourselves, but seeing we were going to sleep all day, they would call us. We were soon up and dressed, and all felt thoroughly refreshed by our sound sleep.

"No dogs had come to disturb the sheep, and the farmers had gone out at daylight and followed the trail of the bears. There was lots of blood, and the trail led straight to the canyon. All three bears were evidently badly wounded, as the trail was plainly marked by their blood.

"After a hearty breakfast it was proposed we should follow the bears. The farmers said they could not have gone far, as there was so much blood; even if they had succeeded in reaching the canyon they would lie down as soon as they got into it, and would be easily found. Old Tom was put on the trail, and all we had to do was to lope along behind him. He led straight to the canyon, which was about four miles distant. Just as we entered the mouth of the canyon old Tom began to give tongue, as he always does when nearing his game. We whipped up and were soon going over logs and rocks at a fearful rate. Pretty soon the canyon became so rough we had to dismount and tie our horses; then we kept on on foot. We had gone about two miles up the canyon, when we heard a great noise ahead, and on rounding the bend and coming out from behind some big rocks we saw a sight the like of which we had neuer seen before and no doubt never will again.

AT LAST THE DOGS.

"The bears had run into the lair of the wild dogs, and a dreadful battle was going on. Not only the three bears, as we supposed we were following, but five huge grizzlies were in the fight. There were about twenty dogs and the battle was at its height when we came in sight. We paused, for the scene was so novel and unexpected we at first were struck dumb with astonishment. Old Tom dashed forward and plunged into the thickest of the fight. The bears were evidently getting the worst of it, and the wounded ones were literally covered with dogs.

"We looked on for some time and listened to the yells, howls, shrieks and growls of the combatants and then began firing. Almost at the sound of the first shot the dogs took to their heels, and all that were not disabled were soon out of sight up the canyon. The two bears that had not been wounded also ran up the canyon, but only one of the three wounded bears made any attempt to get away, and he soon fell from a shot sent by the boy. It took but a few minutes to finish the bears up, and then we looked over the battlefield.

"Five dogs had been killed outright, three by the bears and two by our rifles. Unfortunately one of the dogs killed by bullets was poor old Tom. He was shot through the body, and, although still alive, was mortally wounded. So we had killed our own dog, but Tom died as he would have wished to die could he have spoken—in a big bear fight."

So ended Caldwell's strange tale of a hunting adventure in the Big Horn mountains, and it was perhaps as remarkable as ever befell any hunter in this country.

Wild dogs of late years have become quite numerous in the Big Horn and Wind River mountains. They are mostly found in the Wind river country, but occasionally a gang of them is met with in the Big Horn. These are not the wolf dog so common in earlier times on the plains, bred from she wolves crossing with native dogs, but they are regular wild American dogs, very large and ferocious. Little is known of them, but it is supposed they are the descendants of native dogs lost by hunters and trappers or dogs that ran away into the mountains when Indians killed their masters. Many of them came, too, from the forts, being left behind when the troops marched and forced them to find their living like wild animals. A few years ago when Forts Reno, Phil Kearny and C. F. Smith, in the Powder river country, were abandoned, many dogs were left behind and went wild, and some of them are occasionally yet met with in the Powder River mountains. Some years ago a large Scotch staghound and a bulldog bitch ran away from Fort Washakie and took to the mountains and never came back. They were both yellow, and now there is a large pack of ferocious wild yellow dogs in the Wind River mountains. They are, no doubt, the descendants of the staghound and bulldog bitch, and are most troublesome in killing sheep, hogs and sometimes attacking the cattle and horses or farmers and herdsmen.

STILLWATER'S RECORD.

The Minnesota Lumber company was organized here on yesterday and is composed of the following: David Bronson, president; J. G. Nelson, vice president; E. A. Folson, secretary and treasurer; Robert Slaughter, general manager, and Alex Johnson, the five gentlemen being the owners. The saw mill and property adjoining opposite this city known as the Nelson & Johnson mill have been purchased by the company who will hereafter operate it and also log extensively. It is a strong company financially, and is composed of men who have had large experience in practical lumbering operations.

Frank L. Grace, of F. L. Grace & Co., this city, was married at Afton on Sunday at 3 p. m. to Miss Gussie L. Schuttinger, also of Stillwater, Rev. W. H. Allbright officiating. Albert Dellinger and sister, Miss Josie Dellinger, of St. Paul, were bridesmaid and groomsman. About fifty invited guests witnessed the ceremony.

John Mealey, the fourteen-year-old son of Police Officer Mealey, died at his father's residence at 12:30 a. m. yesterday of rheumatic fever, after an illness of only six days. He was an unusually bright and promising young man, a good scholar and a general favorite. Funeral at St. Michael's church Wednesday at 9 a. m.

The statement recently published in this column regarding the receipts of the Stillwater postoffice for the past year was incorrect in this particular. The gross receipts were $1,000 more than in 1886. This, in spite of the fact that the free delivery system had reduced the box rents greatly.

Maj. Fishblatt and Capt. Blazier, of the Salvation Army corps, are in the city arranging for a campaign which they propose to open here without delay. They expect to secure quarters in one of the city halls.

W. H. Hurd, the well-known hotel manager, assumed charge of the Sawyer, this city, Saturday morning. Elmore Lowell, the former manager and proprietor, retires after twenty years of active service.

A young man by the name of Nelson was taken violently insane at his boarding house yesterday and was taken to the county jail for safe-keeping. He will be examined by a commission to-day.

The city schools resumed operations yesterday morning, after a vacation of two weeks. This week and next are to be spent in review, when the usual quarterly examination will follow.

Miss Sarah Smith, city school teacher, spent her holiday vacation with Mrs. George M. Brush, of Winona.

Mrs. C. D. Gish returned last evening from a three weeks' visit to her parents in Iowa.

The Home club will dance at the Sawyer to-night.

KISSING UPON THE STAGE.

It is a Most Hideous Parody on the Genuine Article.

New York World.

"Such kisses," said the little actress scornfully, shaking her golden curls and arranging her rosy lips into a delightful pout, "are not worth having. In fact, they are nothing more nor less than a hideous parody on the genuine article."

Now, to anybody who did not know the subject of our conversation, such a remark as that just made would have been startling. I should really be seriously embarrased if I were not permitted to explain matters, because, as I was the only person present at the time my little sunny-haired friend gave vent to this sentiment, you will readily see that I might subject myself to unworthy suspicions.

The fact is that we were merely discussing the stage kiss, in which susceptible theater-goers are deeply interested, and I was endeavoring to extract a little information about it from the dainty little lady, who was only too willing to give it.

"The audience imagines," she said, "when they see a handsomely-dressed young man, good-looking, well-mustached, and altogether stylish—I hate that word, don't you?—fervently embrace the leading lady of the company, that the kiss—even though it may not be given with genuine feeling, must, nevertheless, be agreeable. O, my dear boy, do, if you can, contradict this for my sake. Never was there so fatal an error or a supposition so stupidly unwarranted by the real facts of the case."

She was evidently deeply in earnest, and earnest people are always entitled to profound attention, so I became profoundly attentive.

"I must make a confession," she said, in more subdued tones, "and tell you everything. The first time I knew I had to be kissed on the stage by the good-looking leading man—ah! you would be surprised if I told you his name—I admit that I was delighted. Yes, I was by no means averse to it. I knew that the role called for the kiss and I was satisfied. Shall I ever forget that kiss! I think not. I found a face beside my own, so besmeared with rouge, so incrusted with powder, so moist with cosmetic, that I assure yon it didn't look like a face. As I said, this was really my first stage kiss. I don't say it was my first kiss, mark you well, because—well, I have three brothers. Ha! ha!"

She laughed provokingly, and I felt vexed without knowing why.

"His awful face," she went on, "was pressed close to mine, and it positively sickened me. The leading man was French, and he had dined elaborately on food exceedingly flavored with garlic. I remember I had to spring back after the embrace and exclaim, "How dare you insult me with your kisses. Give them to her who will appreciate them.'

"I made that speech from my heart. I thoroughly meant what I said, and the effect on the audience was excellent. Only, for the life of me. I couldn't think of any one who would appreciate such kisses. I wouldn't have offered them to my bitterest foe."

She laughed at the recollection and then went on: "Stage kisses are generally disgusting. Of course, sometimes they are merely make-believe kisses, but when you are right in front of the audience that is impossible. The audience may sometimes be shocked at the apparent warmth of a stage kiss, but they would be more shocked if it were not given. A man so enveloped in paint isn't a man. You are merely kissing a painted doll with a mustache so colored by cosmetics that you are in mortal agony lest it leave some trace on your lily-white skin. Oh, yes!" she added smiling, "many are the 'property' mustaches I have loathed for that reason."

Then she uttered the remark which embarrassed me at the beginning.

"Do you know," she said, beaming seraphically, "that at one time I was so utterly sick of stage kissing, and it became so revolting to me, that I really thought—yes. I did, honor bright!—that I should never again be able to tolerate kissing off the stage."

GHOSTS ON SHIPBOARD.

A Weird Yarn of the Sea Detailed by the Spook Himself.

HE HAD A SOCIABLE TIME.

The Whole Crew Was Badly Scared, Including a Gruesome Mate Whom He Hated Intensely.

SEVERAL sea captains sat in the counting room of a South street chandler's shop in New York recently and discussed ghosts, sea serpents and marine spooks generally. A Times reporter also was present. One captain said that he once had a mate who had seen a ghost in the mizzentop one dark night. Another of the skippers said that he had known a captain who had had a steward who had once been shipmate with a spook.

"I can tell you a better story than that," remarked a third shipmaster. "I was once on a haunted vessel myself. This vessel was really haunted by a ghost—I am telling you the truth. And what is more, I was the ghost that haunted the vessel." This announcement gave rise to some expressions of incredulity, which the captain who claimed to be an ex-ghost proceeded to answer by spinning his yarn.

"I was a tough youngster about thirty years ago," he continued, "so tough that my parents sent me to sea. I didn't particularly fancy life on shipboard at first, because they gave me lots of work, and because they didn't give me good victuals, and I was frighlful fond of good victuals. The bark I had shipped on went to Bordeaux. The third night in that port I asked for permission to go ashore, but was told that I would have to remain on board. That made me mad. I saw the captain's small boat alongside the gangway with the oars in it. I crawled down into the boat, unfastened the painter, and shoved off from the bark. Then I rowed, as I thought, toward the shore, but it soon came on to be thick. As I couldn't see but a few yards from the boat, I had nothing to do but sit quietly in the boat and let her drift. And she drifted all night. Soon after daylight I heard the swash of a vessel coming toward me. I jumped up and hailed her. She was a small, outward-bound bark, sailing slowly, with the wind on her beam. There were people on her deck, and just as they passed one of them hove me a line, which I caught. In a minute I was on board the vessel, surrounded by several rough-looking Spanish sailors, who examined me from head to foot as if I were a curiosity. While they were still watching me the captain came up, and, in broken English, told me that his vessel had just left Bordeaux for Buenos Ayres. He could not put back to land me, and it would be unsafe for me to leave the bark in the fog. He had a spare berth and I could work my passage, he said. He then ordered the little boat in which I had been found to be hauled on board.

"I was placed in the mate's watch. The mate was a wicked-looking fellow, who at once took a strong dislike to me. One morning I began to whistle while at my work. The mate heard me and gave me a sound thrashing. I took it from that that the mate was very superstitious, like the majority of Spanish sailors then, and fancied that my whistling would bring the vessel ill-luck. After that he always thrashed me on the slightest provocation. We had unfavorable winds and calms nearly the whole time. The mate and sailors all seemed to regard me as

THE CAUSE OF THE UNFAVORABLE WINDS,

for I often caught them looking at me in a distrustful way, as if they thought I was a Jonah.

"The food was very poor and there was little of it. I slept in a little room in the deck house, where some of the stores were kept. There was a small trap-door in the deck in this room. One night when we had the first watch on deck I saw, as I passed the galley door, that there was something that looked like a can of preserved meat on a shelf inside the door. I watched my chance and seized the can and took it to my bunk, where I hid it. At midnight, when I turned in, I found that the can contained pickled lobsters. I eat the whole contents of the can, and then slid out on deck and threw the can overboard. I slept heavily after turning in, and later on I had an uneasy feeling, as if my stomach wasn't working rightly. It seemed to me as if I were climbing up and down precipices and groping along narrow ledges, and now and then crawling along in dark caves. Suddenly the scene seemed to change. I thought myself in a small boat alone on the ocean. A vessel came rapidly in sight and hurried past me. 'Help! help!' I cried, 'don't leave me to perish!' Then I heard an answering cry in Spanish. I replied with another cry for help. Then I awoke and found myself in the lazaretto of the bark, with my head sticking out of a small porthole. In my nightmare I had got out of my bunk, opened the trap door in the deck, gone down into the hold, climbed aft along the cargo, entered the lazaretto through a small trap door, opened the port and stuck my head out into the open air and yelled for help. It took me a moment or so to realize this. I then heard cries on deck, and I concluded that I had really yelled out and that the people on deck thought that the yells came from some one who had fallen overboard or from some shipwrecked person in a boat or clinging to a raft.

"I shuddered when I thought of the thrashing that I was sure to receive from the mate if he discovered that I had been responsible for the alarm. I closed the port and started to retrace my steps. I had got through the trap door of the lazaretto when I stumbled and fell over a basket. As I did so I heard the clinking of bottles. I tore open the basket and found that it was filled with bottles of wine. I broke off the neck of one of the bottles, which I proceeded to empty. I felt very comfortable after it, and I lay down upon some matting which had been placed over a portion of the cargo. I began to feel drowsy and the next thing I remember was waking up. I must have been asleep for a number of hours. It occurred to me that I had already been missed, and that the crew probably thought that I had fallen overboard, and had mistaken my nightmare yells for drowning cries.

"I knew that, when I appeared on deck there would be trouble, so I took another bottle of wine to brace up with. While I was drinking this it struck me that it would be a good idea for me to see if there were not some eatables at hand. I found near me a number of hams, several cases of fine biscuit, some boxes of rasins and a quantity of fancy groceries packed in light boxes and easy to get at. I also found a few cases of champagne and a number of cases of light wines. After making a hearty meal I concluded that, with such ample resources at hand, it would be foolish for me to go up on deck and get thrashed. I opened the trap door of the lazaretto, and, going to the port, I fastened this open. The open port and trap door admitted a little light and air into the after-part of the hold, where my wines and provisions were stored.

I TOOK A SPARE SAIL FROM THE LAZARETTO

and made myself a comfortable sleeping place among the cargo. When the absence of light showed me that evening had set in I ate a hearty meal, which I washed down with a couple of bottles of wine.

"I then concluded that it would do me no harm if I gave the Spaniards a little scare. I climbed up into the lazaretto and, going to the port, stuck my head out and yelled: 'Ship ahoy—help!' several times. I could hear people talking and running about on deck, and I had no doubt that the superstitious Spaniards thought that my ghost was after them. Next morning, when I awoke with a headache, I blamed himself for having alarmed the crew needlessly, but when I had braced up with a little wine I felt that by keeping the Spaniards under the impression that the vessel was haunted they would be very chary about venturing down in the hold, and that consequently the danger of my being discovered would be lessened. Every night, therefore, I went up to the port and, sticking my head out, yelled a few times for help. My cries were no longer followed by noises on deck, and I concluded that when the poor Spaniards heard my ghostly cries they remained still and trembled.

"Late one afternoon I lay with my head out of the port getting some fresh air and watching the water, which seemed strangely calm. I had been having altogether too much wine and I was now feeling the bad effects of it. I felt regularly melancholy, somehow, as I watched the smooth waves. I happened to look out to leeward and I saw a boat. In it were the captain and about half the crew. They were rowing away from the bark. They soon drifted a little forward of the line that I could see from the port and I lost sight of them. Then it flashed over me that they had deserted the bark because they thought that she was haunted. Probably the mate and the rest of the crew had gone away in the other boat. I crawled through the lazaretto and over the cargo to the trap door in the little room in which I slept. I tried the door, but it would not move. Some barrels of stores had evidently been placed over the trap door. I cried out several times, but received no answer. I had no doubt that every one had deserted the vessel. I felt that I was doomed to sink with the abandoned vessel. I crawled back to my resting place and took a bottle of wine, but instead of cheering mt up it depressed me. I went back to the port and found that the sun had set. My thoughts became so gloomy that I could not bear them. A feeling of terror took possession of me, and I deliberately crawled through the port and dropped head foremost into the sea.

"When I came to the surface I heard cries, and saw a boat dashing up to me. I was seized by the hair and dragged into the boat. Here I saw the captain and several of his crew. The captain had merely been to visit the master of another Spanish vessel which lay becalmed a short distance from the bark, and on his way back he had seen me plunge out of the porthole. I was hoisted on board. The captain and the mate had an animated discussion in Spanish, which was followed by the mate's hurrying down into the hold. I awaited his return with trembling. I felt sure that, after discovering the hole I had made in the cargo, the mate would thrash me within an inch of my life. He came up on deck. I expected to be knocked down. But instead of that the mate ran to me in a delighted manner. It took me a moment or two to realize that the mate was delighted to find that his superstitious fears were groundless, and that the bark, after all, had not been haunted."

Duel of the Rams.

Two farmers in Hunterdon county, N. J., who had been engaged in almost constant quarrels as to the merits of their live stock for several years, recently decided to settle disputes in a very strange way. Their last controversy was as to which had the best ram. A New York lawyer, who had frequently been asked to arbitrate their differences, proposed that the rams be pitted one against the other and the one that outbutted his rival should be considered the winner and its owner and his possessions be deemed the superior for a year to come. This was agreed to, together with a condition proposed by one of the disputants, that each farmer should ride his ram during the fray. During the second round the men, as well as the sheep, commenced butting each other, and kept up the strange contest until the spectators separated them to avoid serious consequences. One of the rams died from injuries received in the fight, and the farmers were so used up that they did not venture from their homes for several days.

THE SAVANT.

You read the stars beyond the shores of space;
You read the tides that ever come and go;
You know from what to where the wild winds blow;
You know mankind from mother earth to face;
You know the joys, ills of the human race,
Since Babylon the mighty's day of woe;
You know how hates, loves, passions, all things, grow—
And the first cause you one day hope to trace,
You know as much as any man alive,
By laboring from morn to noon of night,
And loving nature, science, books and art,
You have been loved, and you have loved; out strive
Howe're you may, you cannot read aright
The text within a woman's wond'rous heart!

—John Ernest McCann in New York World.

LOCAL MENTION.

All Kinds of Nut Candy,
Fresh, at Mack's Candy kitchen, 100 East Seventh street.

Only Four Days Left
In which to get a gold watch or a diamond ring or a diamond pin at your own price, at Strouse. Bros.' auction, 61 East Third street.

20 Per Cent Discount
On gold, gilt, bronze and hardwood picture frames, for thirty days only. Muchmore Publishing company, 307 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis; Bridge Square, St. Paul.

French Gowns and Wraps for Ladies.
Mme. Ashe, of 99 Boylston street, Boston, will be at Hotel Ryan with choice selection Jan. 6 for three days.

Don't Fail
To attend the sale of boots and shoes at 29 East Seventh street, at 10 a. m. today.

First Semi-Annual Clearance Sale.
In order to reduce stock and make room for our immense spring stock we will offer our entire line of clothing at actual cost for thirty days. Come and see and be convinced of the fact that we are offering greater bargains than have ever been offered to the citizens of St. Paul. Remember the place of T. L. Thompson & Co., 429 East Seventh street.

Live Well!
Dine at the Delicatessen. Dinner 11:45 a. m. to 2:30 p. m.

Don't Fail
To attend the sale of boots and shoes at 29 East Seventh street, at 10 a. m. today.

FINE VIRGINIA FARM FOR SALE.

This farm contains 1,875 acres, of which 400 acres are fine Roanoke river bottom land, well drained and under cultivation, 700 acres of original forest, and 775 acres open upland, highly improved and under cultivation. There are eight dist nct settlements on this farm, with good houses and plenty of barns and corn-cribs, an old family mansion of ten rooms, good well in yard, ice-house and a plenty of all necessary out houses. Also, grist-mill and saw-mill and cotton-gin, and new brick store. Convenient to schools, churches and railroads. Rents for $1,800 a year, besides mill and store. Fine stock farm, well watered, good neighborhood, good labor for eight dollars a month. This farm is in Mecklenburg county, Virginia, and is for sale at a great sacrifice. Climate delightful. Price $15,000. Terms---$5,000 cash, rest any reasonable time. For sale by

ODIN G. CLAY & CO.,
Globe Building, St. Paul, Minn.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

NOTICE—THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of the St. Paul Investment company will be held at the company's office, 103 East Fourth st., Tuesday, the 10th day of January, 1888, at 7:30 p. m. George C. Futvoye, Secretary.

THE BUSINESS HERETOFORE CONducted by J. B. Tarbox under the firm name of J. B. Tarbox & Co. has been sold to and succeeded by the undersigned, who have this day formed a copartnership under the firm name of Tarbox, Schliek & Co., who will continue the wholesale boot and shoe business as jobbers and manufacturers and who will pay and discharge all liabilities of and receive all moneys due to the said J. B. Tarbox & Co. J. B. Tarbox, C. H. Schliek. Dated St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 3, 1888.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE Great Northern Elevator Company—Notice is hereby given that a special meeting of the stockholders of the Great Northern Elevator company has been called by the board of directors of said company, to be held at the office of the company in St. Paul Minn., on Tuesday, the 10th day of January, 1888, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon; the object of this meeting is to consider the question of changing the date of holding the annual meeting for the election of the board of directors of said company. W. C. Farrington, Secretary. 364-10

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
L. N. SCOTT, Manager.

TO-NIGHT—AT 8—TO-NIGHT,
Special Matinee Wednesday
THE GORMANS'
SPECTACULAR MINSTRELS.
Under the Management of
FRED E. WRIGHT,
(Seven years manager for Haverly's,)
Comprising ALL the OLD members who for years constituted Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels, presenting a programme of New and Novel features never before attempted by any rival company.
Secure seats early to-day.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
L. N. SCOTT, Manager.

3 NIGHTS
The Talented Comedian, JAN.
EZRA F. KENDALL, 12
In the compound of Oddity, Frolic and Fun, 13
A PAIR OF KIDS, 14
And an excellent Company of Comedians, including the diminutive "Pair," ARTHUR AND JENNIE DUNN.
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT—At the matinee Saturday, Jan. 14, every lady occupying a reserved seat on lower floor will be presented with a "Pair of Kid Gloves" as a souvenir of the 100th performance of
A PAIR OF KIDS.
Sale of seats opens this morning.

JACKSON STREET RINK.
Under Cover, 10,780 Square Feet of Ice.
Fancy Ice Skating by CHIP SHERWOOD, champion of America, on Monday, Jan. 2, afternoon and evening. Admission 25c.

THE GETTYSBURG
WAR PANORAMA!
Cor. Sixth and St. Peter Sts., St. Paul.

BUY THE Goodyear Rubber Co.'s RUBBER GOODS.
GOODYEAR RUBBER CO. GOLD SEAL 1872 TRADE MARK
THEY ARE THE BEST MADE.
131 EAST THIRD STREET, ST. PAUL.
210 NICOLLET AVENUE, MINNEAPOILS.

E. T. SUMWALT,
Lumber Dealer.
Dry Dimension, Boards, Etc.
SPECIAL LOT SHINGLES.
Call or Send for Prices.
Room 13, Gilfillan Block.
HALL'S SHEATHING LATH.

SIMON
THE PAWNBROKER
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL JEWELER,
314 Jackson Street, Merchants Hotel Block, St. Paul, Minn.
The Leading House in the Jewelry Line in the Northwest. More and Finer
DIAMONDS!
Can be seen on exhibition in this stock daily than in any other establishment in the Twin Cities, and at the lowest prices.
Great Reductions in Prices
Have been made on all kinds of Fine Jewelry, now that the Holidays are over.
WATCHES. WATCHES. WATCHES.
If you want a Watch, of American or imported make, and desire a reliable timekeeper, that is as represented, but do not wish to pay a high price for it, here is the place to make a selection. We lead in the Watch trade, as in everything else in our line.
FACTS TO REMEMBER!
We have the largest stock and the greatest variety of Diamonds, Watches, and all kinds of Jewelry, give best value for money, and give mail orders prompt and careful attention.
SIMON
Pawnbroker, Wholesale and Retail Jeweler
314 JACKSON STREET, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Models of Correct Styles!
Sattler Bros.' Fine Ready-Made Clothing of the finest and richest of Foreign and Domestic Fabrics, characterized by the very height of excellence and perfection in fit and finish
OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!
Every style and grade of Overcoats that are manufactured. Our exhibit the finest possible. In numbers remarkable. The very best made. Elegant Overcoats in Black, Brown and Blue, at $15. Magnificent Heavy-Weight Overcoats, all prices, from $10 to $45.
SATTLER BROS.,
Popular Clothiers,
91 EAST THIRD STREET, ST. PAUL

CANADIAN MOCCASINS

The only Genuine in the city, IMPORTED FROM CANADA; all sizes in Children's, Ladies' and Gents', $1.25 to $2.50 for Best Mooseskin.
Also, Great Bargains in Boots and Shoes for the next 30 days.
SCHLIEK & CO., 89 E. Third St.,
Leading Shoe House of St. Paul for Fine Goods.

FURS! FURS!
We will Close Out what Seal Garments we have left in stock at cost.
R. A. LANPHER & CO.,
153 E. THIRD STREET, FOUR DOORS ABOVE MERCHANTS HOTEL.
ST. PAUL.

Henry E. Wedelstaedt,
STATIONER,
Engraves Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Visiting Cards, Monograms Crests, Seals, Dies, etc. Stationery Stamped and Illuminated. Call and see the novelties in Staple and Fancy Stationery. Seaside Libraries.
113 EAST THIRD STREET ST. PAUL, MINN.

OUR FACILITIES FOR DOING A FIRST-CLASS
INSTALLMENT
BUSINESS are largely increased in our new store, 339 and 341 East Seventh street. We have added Hat Trees, Bookcases, Sideboards and Desks to our old lines of general House Furnishing Goods, and invite a visit from all.
SMITH & FARWELL.

STAINED GLASS CO
All Stained Glass
In the Globe Building Put in by
St. Paul Stained Glass Company!
E. F. UPTON, Manager.
Workers in Mosaic Stained Glass and Fancy Beveled Polished Plate. Dealers in Plate Window Glass and Mirrors.
Office, 358; Studio and Workrooms, 380 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.