GRATEFUL BEAR CUBS.

Tale of a Potato Field by a Man from Sinnemahoning Way.

His Uncle's Power of Remembering, His Father's Business Idea, and His Own Willingness to Take Homer's Place.

"Honestly," said the man from Sinnemahoning way, "I feel sorry for this side of the mountain every time I come over from old Sinnemahone! I do, really! Honest, I do! Why? Because, in the first place, this side of the mountain seems to feel its littleness, and its away-down-in-the-depthsness, as it were, and I can see it wondering what it's on earth for, knowing that Sinnemahone is just over beyond, kicking its heels in the air, so to speak, like a lamb on the hillside and swelling up, and looking sassy, as if it might be a steer in the oats! And, in the second place, because I have noticed a preponderance of yaller dog on this side of the mountain, and then this side of the mountain's bears ain't up to snuff. 'Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where yaller dogs accumulate and bears ain't gay.' Sorry? Why, I'm so sorry for this side of the mountain that if I had a besom of destruction with me I'd sweep every one of your yaller dogs into the Allegheny river yander, and then go and drive a herd of Sinnemahoning bears over here and give you a new start in life! Sinnemahoning bears! Why, say, Homer made the mistake of his life in not waiting a few thousand years and being born on the old Sinnemahone! Then he'd have had something to twang his lyre about! He wouldn't have had to tramp barefoot over the hills of Greece and adjacent bailiwicks, making heroes and heroines out of more or less disreputable folks, but he could have stamped and sloshed along the storied Sinnemahoning, in a pair of cowhide boots, and sung of bear till the cows come home! I often lie awake nights regretting that Homer made that mistake. Those Sinnemahoning bears ought to have a Homer to put 'em on record as they should be put. But all is not lost. Homer gave old Sinnemahoning the go-by, and preferred ancient Greece to bear's grease, but all is not lost. Old Sinnemahone may not have a Homer, but she has Me! And if her bears don't go down to posterity with bells on my name ain't Praxiteles Pettibone!

"The trouble with me is, my memory isn't long enough to do the Sinnemahone bear full justice. I have to deal with him as a contemporary, and contemporaneous history is a trifle dangerous to handle, for there are other people who are contemporaneous, and they may insist on proofs. It is much nicer to deal with history that was contemporaneous with your grandfather, for then the burden of proof is on him, and all you have to do is to cite authorities. Now, if I had a memory like an uncle of mine once had, I could go way back beyond this question with ease, and show up the Sinnemahone bear in a shape that would be much more amusing than any he has put on within my recollection, amazing as that shape has frequently been. That uncle of mine quit working his memory, though, quite suddenly, and the reaction hastened his death. He was letting it have full sway once, and after he had at last called it in, the new school-teacher, who had never heard my uncle remember before, said to him:

"'If I had your memory and fearlessness in exercising it, I would write a book and call it "Recollections of the Deluge, by a Survivor."'

"Somehow after that my uncle quit remembering and went into a decline, and never stopped this side of Jordan.

"When I was a boy, ten years or so old, my father, Reuben Pettibone, said to me one day:

"'Praxiteles,' said he, 'I s'pose you know them 'taters is to be planted to-day. I guess we'd better get at 'em.'

"I knew it well enough, but I had just dug a lot of worms and had everything ready to go down to the creek and try for trout. So I said:

"'Yes, father. But the trout are biting tremendous, so they say.'

"'Is that so?' said father. 'Well, my son, I s'pose, then, you've been digging fishworms?'

"'Yes, father,' said I, feeling good, for father was an indulgent parent.

"'And got your pole and line all fixed ready, too, I s'pose?' said he.

"'Yes, father,' I said, and felt just as if I was as good as on the creek.

"'Well,' said he, 'I s'pose it wouldn't make much difference if only one of us planted 'taters to-day?'

"'Not a bit,' said I, 'if it don't make any difference to you.'

"'No, it don't,' says he. 'You're sure you got fishworms enough?

"'Plenty,' I said, starting to get my pole.

"'And you're sure the trout are biting good?' said he.

"'They were never biting better,' said I.

"'All right,' said he. 'I guess I'll take the pole, then, and go down to the creek and see what luck I'll have. You go on planting 'taters as if I wasn't here, and get in as many as you can, for it's a good day for planting. If you get that field all in to-day you can go fishing yourself all next week.'

"I was a trifle set back, but I couldn't help admire the preponderance of the business idea in my father. It wasn't fishing that he cared so much about. It was the getting in of the 'taters, and you'll notice that he didn't make up his mind to go a fishing until he found I could get along with the planting all right. My father was a remarkable man in a good many respects, and it is with feelings of great thankfulness that I look back now and know that he let business overpower indulgence that day.

"Along back in March that year I was out trying the maple trees, with an eye to see how sap was running, when out of the brush, off to one side of me, an old she bear came rushing. She hugged a cub to her breast in each arm, and terror actually rolled out of her eyes. She saw me and came almost to my feet, where she crouched down and turned her eyes up at me with an appealing look that almost made me sob. I soon knew what was the matter with her, for out of the brush sprang a tremendous big panther. He stopped when he saw me, and glared at me and the bear family. The old bear trembled and moaned, and the baby bears cried painfully human-like. I grasped the situation at once. There was nothing in the woods that panthers doted on as they did on fat, juicy spring bear cubs, and they never hesitated to snatch 'em right out of their mother's arms, if they couldn't get 'em any other way. This panther had got on the train of this particular bear mother and her little ones, and had made up his mind to have a meal or two on the cubs. She had fled from him, and seeing me, had thrown herself and family on my mercy, and was there appealing to me to save her children, just as plain as plain could be.

"I don't suppose it is necessary for me to tell you that she brought her cubs to the right market for safety. I stepped between that glaring panther and that trembling, wailing family of bears. I had my ax with me. The bears crouched at my heels and moaned and whined. The panther lashed his tail and glared. He knew what I was there for, and made up his mind to show me how little he thought I knew about it. He lifted up his voice and yelled. Then he lifted up himself and leaped straight at me. I swung my ax. The ax and the panther met in midair. The panther's blood flew around and mussed me up considerably, but I couldn't help but feel pleased over the way that ax had slid through him, from his nose clear to the very tip of his tail. One-half of the panther fell on one side of me and the other half on the opposite side. A butcher with his knife and cleaver couldn't have carved him in two any prettier. I was pleased. I was, indeed. And the old bear tried to lick my hands and feet, she was so grateful; but I stood her away, and she took herself off with her young ones, her eyes beaming with gratitude as far as I could see her.

"'That's all right,' I said to myself. 'I've saved them cubs, now, but they'll grow up. I'll have some fun with 'em one o' these days.'

"So I went home and thought no more about it.

"The field we were planting to 'taters had three acres in it.

"'If I get it all planted to-day I can go fishing myself, all next week, can I?' I said to myself after father had gone. 'It'll take two men two days to plant this field, so I guess I won't go fishing next week.'

"Wonderful head for business my father had! Wonderful! I went to dropping and covering 'taters and had planted about half of one row, when a bear about as big as a shepherd dog appeared suddenly before me. It scooped out a hole in the ground with its paws, then went on three feet and scooped out another one, straight ahead, and right in the 'tater row. While I was wondering yet what the sassy young cub was trying to get through him, I felt myself pushed from behind. The push sent me pretty near stumbling to the ground and past the first hole the cub had dug. I had some seed 'taters in my hand and some of it dropped out and fell in the hole. I looked behind me to see who was pushing me, and there I saw another bear, the same size of the first one. This one had come forward and was covering dirt over the 'tater seed I had dropped in the hole. I looked ahead at the other bear, and he was working away, digging holes, regular and straight along that row. Well, I wasn't quite a fool, and so I said:

"'Ho, ho! I see! These are the two cubs I saved from the panther when they were babes in arms, so to speak. And they have come to give me a lift in my 'tater planting, to show their gratitude.'

"And I went to dropping 'taters in the hole the one bear dug, and the other bear came along after me and covered 'em as slick and proper as I would have done it with a hoe! There wasn't a word said. I followed the hole-digging bear right on his heels and dropped 'taters, and the other bear followed close on my heels and covered 'em, and the combination worked so amazing well that by three o'clock in the afternoon that whole field was planted, and planted better than it had ever been planted before! When the last hole was dug and the last 'tater dropped and covered, the two bears trotted back to the woods, and I don't know that I ever saw them again. I hadn't been home long when father came in from fishing. His luck had been poor and he felt a little testy.

"'Never mind, father,' said I. 'I'm going fishing for a week, and I'll fetch in some.'

"'Fishing for a week!' said father.

"'Yes,' said I. 'I finished planting the three-acre 'tater field to-day.'

"Father looked so scared that I told him the whole story. After he heard it he said:

"'Praxiteles, they may tie the old Sinnemahone one of these days, but they'll never beat her!'

"And so I say, honestly, that I feel sorry for this side of the mountain every time I come over from Sinnemahoning way! I do, really! I do, indeed!"

"Sinnemahone!" said the man in the red, blue, green, pink, purple and yellow Mackinaw jacket, "if you felt half as sorry as this side o' the mountain does you'd go and shed tears with more salt in 'em than there is in a bar'l o' brine!"—Ed Mott, in N. Y. Sun.

—Every real master of speaking or writing uses his personality as he would any other serviceable material; the very moment a speaker or writer begins to use it, not for his main purpose, but for vanity's sake, as all weak people are sure to do, hearers and readers feel the difference in a moment.—Holmes.

—New York, the greatest of our commercial cities and the leading seaport, is also the greatest manufacturing state.

A GLANCE BACKWARD.

Cleveland's Interference Alone Saved the Wilson Bill.

In the Bulletin, organ of the American Iron and Steel association, Mr. James M. Swank makes an interesting review of tariff legislation from 1870 to 1894. It is an unavoidable conclusion of the facts presented by Mr. Swank, though he does not dwell upon nor even mention it, that the passage of the Wilson-Gorman bill with the consequent demoralization of trade is not so much the work of the democratic party as of Grover Cleveland. The majority of men to-day, and at any time since 1832, active in the democratic party, are free traders at heart, but there always has been and, except under such a dictatorship as that of Cleveland, always will be a minority of protectionist democrats in congress. And it always has been, except under the Cleveland absolutism, strong enough to prevent radical changes of tariff by acting with the republican minority.

The tariff of 1870, passed by a congress that was overwhelmingly republican, was strongly protective. To the twenty-eight dollars per ton duty imposed by it the country owes the creation, growth and firm establishment of its steel rail industry; and, indeed, all the magnificent iron and steel works of the United States were built up or confirmed by the operation of the tariff of 1870. It endured until 1883. But in the meantime it had been subjected to three attacks, the most serious of which was in 1878, when the Wood tariff bill was framed and debated. It was a free trade measure, or, at any rate, a measure tending toward free trade. The house was democratic, and it was believed that the bill would pass that body. Randall was speaker of the house. But on motion of Gen. Butler to strike out the enacting clause it was defeated, nineteen democrats voting with Butler. Again in 1880 a strong effort was made to reduce the duty on steel rails to ten dollars per ton. This was defeated in the ways and means committee.

The tariff of 1883 succeeded that of 1870. It also was protective in character, though less symmetrical in proportions than its predecessor. Hardly had it passed into law before the democrats organized for its repeal. In 1884 Mr. Morrison introduced his first "horizontal" bill. It was slain by a motion of Mr. Converse, democrat, to strike out the enacting clause, thirty-nine democrats, with Randall among them, voting aye on the motion of Mr. Converse. In November of 1884, Mr. Cleveland was elected to his first presidential term, and in March, 1885, he recommended reduction of tariff duties to congress. The house again was strongly democratic. In 1886 Mr. Morrison introduced a second "horizontal" bill. The house refused to consider it seriously, thirty-five democrats, with Randall in the lead, voting against it. "For this vote," says Mr. Swank, "Mr. Cleveland never forgave Mr. Randall." In his next annual message, that of December, 1886, Mr. Cleveland again urged tariff reduction on congress, and again Mr. Morrison introduced a "horizontal" measure. Again the house, through democrats, with Randall again in the lead, voted against it. A new congress was elected in the autumn of 1886, and President Cleveland addressed himself to it in his next annual message, December, 1887, and in this message he came nearer a plain advocacy of free trade. The Mills bill followed. The presidential power was brought to bear upon democrats known to be opposed to it, and but four dared to brave his wrath. Randall was too ill to be in his seat on the occasion of the final vote, or there would have been five. How the Mills bill passed the house and was rejected by the senate, and how the country rejected the bill and the president who framed it and most of the democratic congressmen who had voted for it, are matters of recent history. At this point the history of tariff legislation is completed to the end of Cleveland's first term. It is plain that there always was a considerable minority of protectionist democrats elected to congress.

As a sequence of the elections of 1888 the McKinley tariff was passed. The country now is convinced of its merits. It remained in force for but a brief time, but it brought unexampled prosperity to the country, and unexampled adversity succeeded thereto as soon as it became apparent that the president and congress were bent upon its repeal. The intrigues, the threats, the promotions and the displacements that the president brought to bear upon protectionist democrats form a scandalous chapter in political history. Yet he was not able to carry the Wilson bill in its original form. Amended and altered and patched out of all semblance to its original design, a tariff law that has all the faults of an ill-considered measure of protection and all the vices of radical free trade was passed through house and senate, and was approved unwillingly by Mr. Cleveland. But he is to blame for the hybrid measure. No congress, not even a democratic congress, could be expected to approve the monstrosity of the Wilson bill. But for presidential interference the Wilson bill would have been killed, as the Morrison bills were, by concerted action of conservative democrats and republicans. It is to be noted that few of the democrats who were known as Cleveland's cuckoos were returned to the present congress.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

☞"Boss" Gorman, whose revised version of the Wilson tariff bill was called, by the president, a piece of "party perfidy and dishonor," seems to have ruled in Maryland, and to have given a gratuitous, though hypocritical, indorsement to the administration.—Iowa State Register.

☞Secretary Carlisle says the present administration has had more trying times than any other except those involved in a war. This is probably true, and the people never want to see another like it. One deficit of war size during a time of peace is enough.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

EFFECT OF FREE WOOL.

The Democratic Tariff Cripples Important Industries.

Some interesting figures in regard to wool are given by the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press. Democratic papers have pointed with pride to increased importations of wool under the new tariff, but they have failed to note the decline in the home wool-growing industry. The low price of wool is forcing the sheep raisers out of business. With the home supply cut off prices will advance again, but the foreigner will reap the harvest. Foreign wool is low priced only when it comes in competition with the home article. Every time we have had to have the foreign product we have been forced to pay well for it, and that will be the experience as soon as the democratic free trade programme has had time to kill off the American sheep. The correspondent gives a table showing the home wool clip and the consumption during each of the last five years. The figures show that with steadily increasing consumption there has been a decline in the clip since the democratic tariff went into force. The table follows:

Clip of 1890, 309,000,000 pounds used up in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1891.
Clip of 1891, 307,000,000 pounds used up in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1892.
Clip of 1892, 330,000,000 pounds used up in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1893.
Clip of 1893, 304,000,000 pounds used up in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1894.
Clip of 1894, 328,000,000 pounds used up in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1895.
Clip of 1895, 264,000,000 pounds available for use for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896.

During the last fiscal year under the McKinley tariff the home wool producers furnished all but 55,000,000 pounds of the wool used in the United States. Last year the imports increased to 203,000,000 pounds, and, with a consumption equal to that of last year, the imports for the fiscal year 1896 will aggregate 268,000,000 pounds. It is estimated that the loss to the wool growers amounts to $40,000,000 a year. The only excuse for this given by the tariff reformers was that free wool would decrease the use of shoddy and enable American woolen goods to meet those of other countries in competition for the trade of the world. The promises have not been fulfilled. Never has there been so much shoddy used as now, the export of American woolens has declined instead of increased, and foreign competition at home has become serious. The Press correspondent writes:

"The free trade price of wool was anticipated, and wool dropped from March, 1893, to March, 1895, measured by the standard grade of XX Ohio, from a little over thirty cents to about fifteen cents, and the wool growers, believing that there was no future use for the wool industry, sold their flocks in countless numbers to the butchers, so that the clip of 1894 fell off to 328,000,000 pounds, and that of 1895, just clipped, to only 264,000,000 pounds—a decrease, therefore, in the two years since Cleveland's inauguration of 100,000,000 pounds. To make up for this deficit in the American clip we are compelled to import wool to take the place of the American wool destroyed to the great extent already noted. For the fiscal year of 1896 we will probably have to go to foreign nations for 268,000,000 pounds of raw wool. This takes no account of the imports of shoddy, rags, waste, etc., which are entered as manufactures of wool, for in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1894, which was the last fiscal year under the McKinley law, we imported only 131,774 pounds of shoddy, rags, waste, etc., but during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1895, and almost all of it in ten months after the passage of the Wilson law, we imported 14,772,090 pounds of shoddy, waste, etc.—an increase of over 1,000 per cent. This was made necessary, first, by the destruction of the American clip, and, second, by the low duties upon manufactures of wool and the ad valorem feature of the latter, which permits undervaluation and compels American manufacturers to increase their use of shoddy. Never in the history of the wool business in America has it been necessary to use so many cheap adulterants in order to prevent our manufacturers from being driven out of their home market by the shoddy goods admitted under the ad valorem rates of the new tariff law."

This is a fair statement of the way free trade affects the industries of wool raising and the manufacture of woolens. Not a particle of gain has come to the American people through the placing of wool on the free list. On the contrary, one great industry has received a death blow, and the only one to gain has been the manufacturer of shoddy goods. We are buying abroad an article which we should produce at home, depriving the sheep raisers of $40,000,000 yearly and turning it over to the foreign wool interests. It is a costly sacrifice we have been compelled to make upon the altar of democratic free trade.—Troy Times.

The Object of Free Trade.

'Rah for free trade and "the markets of the world!" Dun's Review states that the exports of wheat from American Atlantic ports during July, 1895, have "been only 3,495,064 bushels, flour included, against 9,665,633 bushels last year!" Dun's Review represents one of Blunder Boies' "great commercial agencies," therefore its statement that the exports of American breadstuffs for July, 1895, were only a little more than one-third of like exports during July, 1894, under the McKinley tariff, may be accepted as conclusive proof that "the markets of the world" want free trade with the United States in order that they may sell their pauper-made goods in the United States in competition with the goods made by the laborers of the United States. That is the whole and exact object of free trade. What do the American laboring and business men think of their own situation under the Wilson-Gorman tariff? Let them answer in the ballot boxes of 1895 and 1896.—Iowa State Register.

☞Officeholders under the present administration are in favor of a third term for President Cleveland. And of course they would not object to a fourth, fifth, tenth or twentieth term, for that would probably assure their retention in office, and establish an officeholding class which would be very influential under the alleged republic that Grover Cleveland would govern in his consecrated way. Many people ridicule the suggestion that Mr. Cleveland contemplates the possibility of securing another nomination, but at the same time it is observed that persons close to the president are careful not to disavow he entertains this idea. —Albany Journal.

CANVAS BACKS

COUNTRY HOUSEWIFE (to husband about to start for town with farm products)—Joshua, the ducks are all dressed and ready for market.

JOSHUA—Tie a bit of canvas to each of their backs, Marier; everybody is shoutin' for canvas-backs nowadays.

A Gentle Revenge.

Old Bachelor—Remember that girl I nearly went crazy over?

Friend—Yes; her refusal of you nearly ruined you.

"That's the one. Well, she married my rival, and he's committed suicide; and now I'll have my revenge."

"Eh?"

"I'll will her all my money and everybody will say it was out of gratitude to her for not marrying me."—N. Y. Weekly.

In Arctic Circles.

That they have buds in Boston
One scarcely dares to doubt;
But, still in such an atmosphere,
How can they bring them out?
—Truth.

ALIVE AND KICKING.

Jonesey—By the way, Smithers, how is that Spicer girl you were gone on?

Smithers—She's all right.

Jonesey—And that crusty old cuss, her father, is he alive and kicking?

Smithers—You'd a-thought so if you had seen him hist me out last night.—Texas Siftings.

Entirely Too Fresh.

Mr. Scoffleigh—I don't see why you people should be making such a fuss over the new woman. You don't hear us talking about the need of a new man.

Miss Fin de Siecle—No. As a rule, men are new enough.—Judge.

A Dreadful Thought.

Guide—A few miles from here is a place in the mountains where there is a wonderful echo. Every word you say is repeated ten times.

Tourist—Great Scott! What a fearful place that would be to have to listen to a curtain lecture!—Texas Siftings.

No Inducement.

First Bunco Man—Couldn't get Farmer Squashly to go into the green goods business, eh?

Second Bunco Man—No; he couldn't see enough money in it. Said he'd stick to summer boarders.—Brooklyn Life.

The Opportunity Seized.

She (in the art gallery)—I wonder if my hat is on straight; everybody stares at me so.

He—Naturally they do. You're the most perfect picture here.

And now the cards are out.—Philadelphia Record.

HE WOULDN'T PROMISE.

She—Can you keep a secret?

He—Well, it depends a good deal on how rough the weather's going to be. It's hard to tell what a fellow can keep on board ship.—Truth.

Had Expressed His Regret.

"You ought to have apologized to the lady for stepping on her foot," said his mother, after the caller had gone.

"I did," answered Willie. "I told her I was sorry she couldn't keep her feet out of my way."—Chicago Tribune.

He Was Robbed.

Brown—You look as if you had the blues.

Robinson—So I have. I've lost my beautiful new silk umbrella.

"Where did you leave it?"

"I didn't leave it anywhere. The owner met me on the street and took it away from me."—Texas Siftings.

A Clear Coast.

Catterson—We are going to have a big revival at my church next week. Come up and spend some evening with me.

Hatterson—Great Scott! I don't go to revivals.

Catterson—Neither do I, but my wife does.—N. Y. Herald.

Almost Incredible.

A Houston (Tex.) gentleman is too modest to use the word garter. A friend asked him:

"What kind of a present are you going to buy your wife?"

"I think I'll get her a 'honi soit qui mal y pense,'" was the reply.—Texas Siftings.

Not in the Market.

Plugwinch—I understand that Lameduck has several marriageable daughters.

Samjones—U'm—he had till lately.

Plugwinch—Oh! then they are married.

Samjones—No; he failed last year.—Puck.

Her Clever Scheme.

Binks—Jinks, is your wife highly intellectual?

Jinks—Well, she asked for five dollars to buy me a birthday present, and then got me a sixty-nine cent lawn mower.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Going Away for the Summer.

Mother looks over the wardrobe neat,
With its various fluffs and frills;
The girls look over the list of ads—
And father looks over the bills.
—Washington Star.

PRETTY HARD TO TELL.

The Speaker—And now look at the horrible example upon the platform.

A Voice—Which one is the example?—Life.

A Practical Suggestion.

Senior—True, this is not one of the great universities, being only a commercial college, but, really, I think we should have a characteristic cry.

Freshman—What's the matter with "C-a-a-sh!"—Puck.

Done by a Blind Painter.

"A most wonderful bit of work. Those things were painted by a blind painter."

"What were?"

"Those blinds."—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Charm Wouldn't Work.

He—There's the new moon—look at it over your left shoulder.

She—I can't.

He—Why?

And she pointed mutely to her balloon sleeves.—Chicago Record.

New Light on an Old Story.

Sunday School Teacher—Why did the naughty children mock the Prophet Elisha when he went up the hill?

Little Johnny—Because he had to get off his wheel and walk.—Chicago Record.

They Smile.

Jimley—The Japanese make it a habit to smile even when suffering the most poignant anguish.

Bimley—Well, sufferings drive people to drink in this country, too.—N. Y. Herald.

Would Be a Loving Daughter.

Mr. Oldboy—Say that you will be mine!

She—I cannot marry you, but I tell you what I will do, I'll let you be a father to me.—Life.