

## WILDERNESS. Experience Maine Trapper.

Bangor, Me., correspondent of New York Tribune says: From the wilderness beyond Catecomogone Lake comes the story of how John McEachern rode a bear two miles and came back with bruin's skin and twelve pounds of his rump sliced into steaks. Had the story been told of any other man it might not be believed, but as McEachern once fought a moose with a fence rail and followed a wildcat into a barn chamber, where he killed it with a pitchfork, the people up north see nothing surprising in the announcement that he rode the biggest bear ever killed at Catecomogone and came home unharmed and victorious.

McEachern has a line of traps around the head of the lake, and the other day went out with a companion, Neil Russell, to see what he had caught. McEachern took along his rifle, but when miles from camp he recalled that it was loaded with duckshot—nine to the shell—which would not bother a bear much in case he should meet such game. However, he decided to take his chances rather than walk back to camp, and kept on being a half mile ahead of Russell, who is a slow traveller and also as deaf as a post.

When McEachern came in sight of the first trap he saw a big bear nit, and ran up to flush the animal, but just as he was to fire another bear, bigger than the one in trap, bounced out of the bushes and made straight for him. There was no time to think it over—whether the shot intended for ducks would stop the bear or only make him madder—and McEachern let drive. There was a double charge of powder behind those duck shot, and the old rifle kicked McEachern head over heels, while the butt scraped all the skin off one side of his face and made him bleed like a struck pig.

If the bear was mad at first he was madder when the shot dug into him, and after a moment's hesitation he renewed his rush upon the trapper, while the bear in the trap growled encouragement. McEachern was also mad, but he was in no trim just then to fight ugly bears, and he yelled to Russell to come along and help. He might just as well have yelled to the side of Boar Mountain, for Russell, who could not have heard at ten yards, was half a mile back on the path.

Realizing that he would get no help from his companion, McEachern did the only thing he could do—ran for it. The bear followed, and showed much the greater speed, so that escape in flight was out of the question. Then, for

about ten minutes, man and bear played tag among the trees, with no advantage on either side until McEachern tripped on a root and fell sprawling. The bear, close up, stumbled on the same root, and went half down, digging his nose into the dead leaves. McEachern in his excitement, lost his feet again as quickly as he had risen, and fell plump across the bear. Before he had time to jump up, the bear was up and away, with snarls of rage and surprise. McEachern was dazed by his predicament, but mechanically held on tight, with both hands gripped firmly into the thick fur of the bear.

The bear tried to turn his head, and McEachern took a fresh hold by the stubby ears to prevent this. He was afraid that the bear would roll over, in which event it would be all over in a minute, but brain seemed to have business straight ahead, and lumbered through the woods at an alarming rate. Over ridges and down hollows they went, occasionally stumbling over stumps and fallen trees, and then they came to a deserted 'bam-down'—the steep decline of a hill, where loggers had cut away the growth and slid it down to the bottom by means of 'moose' sleds, which are the toboggans of the wood. Here was a logging road as steep as the roof of a house, and down it the bear plunged, while McEachern thought of all his sins, and gave up all hope of any more spring celebrations in Bangor. It looked like sure death, for the bear would certainly take a tumble somewhere between the top and the bottom, and then McEachern, if not killed in the crash, would be torn to bits.

Suddenly it occurred to McEachern that he had in his pocket a long hunting knife, presented to him a few weeks ago by a city sport, and quickly he fished it out opening the blade with his teeth. They were now half way down the slope, and there was no time to lose. Raising the knife at arm's length, McEachern plunged it into the bear's neck to the handle. A fierce snarl, a gushing of hot blood and a slight slackening of speed were the immediate results. Another stab, and another, and the mad race was over. The bear, his black fur crimsoned with the stream of blood, stumbled, halted, and with muffled growls, went headlong into the ditch at the roadside. McEachern rolled off on the safe side and got behind a tree. The bear, although mortally hurt, was still full of fight, and presently came on to renew the battle. It was not safe to get near enough to use the knife again, for, weak as he was, the bear could with one sweep of his paw, have knocked any fighter so far out that he would never come back. McEachern looked around, thinking that a blow with a good-sized stone might do for the finishing touch, for the bear was getting weaker all the time, and could not hold up for long. A big birch sled stake lay near by, and McEachern grabbed it. When he came within range a crack on the nose would lay him out. McEachern waited for a good chance, and then put all his strength into the swing of the stake. The birch landed on the bear's nose with a crack like the snapping of a broomstick, and that ended the fight for down went the big fellow, groggy, and another slash with the knife settled him.

At four o'clock the next morning McEachern reached camp and gave the door a kick fit to take it of the hinges. He was tired, mad and hungry. Tired and hungry natural enough, and mad because

Russell had not come in search of him.

Who's there—and is it you, John? came sleepily from within.

Yes, it's me, and no thanks to ye, replied the bear rider. Let down the bar and build up a fire, or ye'll be having a corpse on yer hands from the want of grub.

The bar was let down, and in strode John McEachern, with the glistening black bearskin, all stained with red, on his shoulder. He threw a red bundle at Russell. Cook a bit of that, commanded he, and tell me what came of ye, and didn't ye mind losing yer pardner?

I walked me off home lookin' for ye, said Russell. I thought ye skipped.

John McEachern only grunted. Then he ate two pounds of ven'stack, smoked his pipe and told his story.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Uncle—How do you like your Sunday school teacher?

Tommy—Oh, she's got good sense. She's smarter than mom is.

Uncle—Indeed? So you believe in her, eh?

Tommy—Shure! Her an me thinks alike. She says Sunday school don't do me no good.

Strength and vigor come of good food daily digested. "Bore" is a ready-to-serve wheat and barley food, with no barfen, oil, sustains, nourishes, invigorates.

Young Bride (looking over the new house)—Why, Herbert, do you call this little pigeonhole a shoe closet?

Young Husband—My love, that will hold a hundred pair of shoes of the size you wear.

Young bride—Well, perhaps you are right. It's neat and cozy anyway.

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We the undersigned Druggists, are fully prepared to give the following guarantee with every 50 cent bottle of Dr. Pettigill's Kidney-Wort Tablets, the only remedy in the world that positively cures all troubles arising from weak or diseased kidneys:

"Money cheerfully returned if the sufferer is not relieved and improved after use of one bottle. Three or six bottles effect action—bring and permanent cures. If not relieved and cured, you waste no money."—F. R. Dalton, Newcastle, N. B.

Ethel—Isn't Judy newsy? Mayme—Isn't she though? She tells so much I don't see how she gets time to hear anything.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Yes, remarked the sa, looking stranger, I have seen the last of many a good man.

Doctor or undertaker? queried the man behind the white apron.

Neither, replied he of the sad looks. I'm a shoemaker.

Get the reliable KENDRICK'S.

See here, young man! said the minister. You never paid me that fee for marrying you.

You're mighty lucky I haven't sued you for damages.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Who lives in that big house on the corner, Dennis?

The Widdy O'Malley, sor, who is dead.

Indeed! When did she die? If she had lived till next Sunday she would have been dead a year.



Mrs. Tupman, a prominent lady of Richmond, Va., a great sufferer with woman's troubles, tells how she was cured.

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"I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in June, 1901. When I had taken the first half bottle, I felt a vast improvement, and have now taken ten bottles with the result that I feel like a new woman. When I commenced taking the Vegetable Compound I felt all worn out and was fast approaching complete nervous collapse. I weighed only 98 pounds. Now I weigh 109½ pounds and am improving every day. I gladly testify to the benefits received."

Mrs. R. C. Terman, 423 West 20th St., Richmond, Va.,—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

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Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women. Perhaps she has just the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—it costs nothing.

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Mrs. Kidder—How would you go about it?

Mr. Kidder—Walk across the stick in my stacking feet.

For Pains and Lameness use KENDRICK'S LINIMENT.

Uncle Joe—This is a queer world.

City Man—What makes you think so?

Uncle Joe—Well, a painter feller came down to my place last summer and while he was loading about painted a picture of my dog. I heard afterward that he sold it for \$50, so I brought up the dog, thinking I could get at least a cool \$100 for him; but, by jingo, I can't even give him away!

Under a sketchy little thing exhibited by Jones there hangs a printed card which bears the words: "Do not touch with canes or umbrellas."

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