

#### WHAT BEAUTY IS.

What constitutes beauty? It isn't the face that would be an asset even perfect with grace.  
Or might it be good true divines?  
It isn't the down for white campers may pine.  
It isn't a voice, no matter how fair;  
It isn't an adobe, no matter how rare,  
That makes us see beauty—the kind that keeps  
Forever a joy to our minds and our hearts.

What, then, makes beauty? A rose may be  
pink.  
Or even a lily, yet may it contain  
A something that makes us, without knowing  
soo.

See beauty continuing and unto it love.

What is it makes beauty? The eyes do that.

With love or affection or friendship divine,  
The eyes do that exotic from a gladness inside,  
The look that shows manly or womanly pride.

What constitutes beauty? The grasp of the hand.  
That tells you are welcome wherever you stand;

The ears do that Notes with sympathy true,

The words that give comfort, that courage renew.

What constitutes beauty? Good actions do all;  
The hands that will help you to rise if you fall,  
The voice that is honest and cheery and sweet—  
These only make beauty—forever—complete.

—H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

#### HUNTING A GRIZZLY.

A Number of Would-Be Hunters Indulge in Perilous Sport.

They Meant Well, But Before the Fox Was Over They Needed Some Cue to Help Them Let Go—The Boston Journalist.

Governor Waterman, of California, owns a gold mine in Cuyamico valley called the Stonewall. It is a handsome piece of property and its operations have brought a number of small industries into the valley, such as ranching, bee-keeping, gardening, etc.

The Cuyamico valley and the mountains surrounding it are infested with bears, both grizzlies and cinnamon, and their ravages on the small herds of cattle and swine in the region are by no means the least of the small rancher's troubles.

In a little canyon branching off from the trail which leads up to Governor Waterman's mine lives a little rancher named Greenwood. He has a vegetable patch and raises a lot of things for use at the mine boarding-house. In the woods adjoining the little ranch runs a large herd of hogs. Greenwood lives with his wife and two children in the little "shack" cabin. The hogs at night occupy a big corral built of logs and brushwood. One night in August Greenwood was awakened by a tremendous commotion in the pig-corral. The rancher arose and got down his rifle. His wife got up and peered out of the one window of the little cabin. Then she lighted a lamp, and the two, opening the door, held the lamp out and peered from behind it. To their horror there stood, not more than fifty feet away, an enormous grizzly. He had a squeaking porteur under his left arm, and in anticipation of the coming found his face was a joyous expression. The sudden glare of the lamp and the appearance of the rancher and his wife astonished him, but he did not let go of the pig nor did he run. He simply stood up on his hind legs and seemed to say: "Well, who are you?" Greenwood brought up his rifle, but did not dare fire lest the bear might tear down the cabin.

The two hastily retired indoors and the huge bear leisurely walked off with his prize. It was a monster grizzly and Greenwood thought it would weigh twelve or fourteen hundred pounds.

A few days later Governor Waterman visited his mine and was told about Rancher Greenwood's uninvited guest. The Governor is something of a wag, and resolved to have some fun. He wrote to State Fish Commissioner Joe Rodding, Dr. J. de Harth Short, of Los Angeles, and his private secretary, Marcus D. Horner, telling them of the find in the mountains, and asking them to get up a hunting party. Governor Waterman's secretary had not lost any grizzlies and did not care to go in pursuit of one. He declined to join the party and turned over his invitation to Charley Yale, secretary of the San Francisco Yacht Club. Mr. Yale accepted it with eagerness. Another gentleman invited to join the party was Allen Keely, a Boston journalist sojourning in Los Angeles. He had conceived the purpose of capturing a grizzly bear alive and sending it as a sensational gift to the Boston ecological collection. Mr. Keely believed it to be perfectly feasible to lasso one of these bears, and with that idea in view he had taken several courses of instruction in the use of the lariat from an accomplished Mexican vaquero.

The party thus organized set out for Governor Waterman's mine early in September. The bear had not been visible for several days and Rancher Greenwood reported that he had not lost a hog in a week. It was therefore agreed that there should be a reconnaissance of the neighborhood by daylight. As a guide and one posted in woodcraft the party had engaged along, tank Texas named Tip Ferguson. Tip knew all about bears and their habits, and he was therefore the leader of the reconnaissance. The party walked several miles up the canyon from the Greenwood cabin, and were about to return when their ears caught the sound of squealing as from a litter of very young pigs. They followed the sound and soon came upon a mound of leaves and dried brush. They examined and found the carcass of a sow freshly killed, with eight little hungry pigs not over two days old tugging at her in vain for sustenance.

"Look sharp, boys," exclaimed Tip Ferguson. "There's a grizzly not far off. This is a bear's cache. He killed that sow not more than an hour ago, and has gone after his mate. Let us traps it up, pigs and all, just as we left here, and kill right. Mountain we will have to the cabin for supper."

Tip Ferguson had the name of the hog under a convenient scrub oak—a very appropriate, by the way, but the Negroes don't call that. Thus Tip Ferguson took his traps and set away the

smaller branches so as to leave room for either ride practice or the swing of Mr. Keely's lasso, as might be required.

By this time the evening shadows were falling and the party started for the cabin. About one hundred yards from the cache was a marshy saddle several rods wide which it was necessary to cross to get to the cabin. It was in fact a mudhole, very wet, but dotted with stumps of log which would support a man if the clumps were carefully picked out. The party crossed this in single file, led by Tip Ferguson, and were soon at the cabin. While supper was preparing the arms were got out and examined.

Sooner or later, the party started, Tip Ferguson leading. They crossed the saddle in safety, and then, being near the cache, moved with the utmost caution and in breathless silence. Their hearts beat violently, and for the first time little Mr. Keely began to wish he had a gun. It was this time nearly nine o'clock, and in the first darkness of a September night. While Tip Ferguson slowly reconnoitered and peered into the darkness the procession haltered and the doctor lighted the kerosene torch. Under its light the party found the tree which in the afternoon they had prepared as a blind. And in a few moments all were in its branches. The cache beneath it had not been disturbed. "He'll come soon if we keep quiet," they said. But he didn't come for a long time. The party "doused" the burning kerosene and sat in darkness for two hours or more. The hard seats in the branches, the long, tedious vigil, the quiet of the night, and natural drowsiness soon relieved the party of its spirits, and the proportion then was made to go home. Just then, however, a commotion in the bushes was heard. It grew louder and louder. Then there was a roar, and pretty soon a rustle in another direction. It was evident that there was not only one bear approaching, but two. This discovery was quite enough to keep every hunter in his porch. But the grizzlies did not come near the tree. They seemed to meet in the bushes, about twenty yards away, and to be bent on having a good time until the breakfast hour. They growled and yowled and skylarked about and played for nearly two hours. The half-frozen hunters in the trees could see as the early dawn approached the chaperone move like waves in the sea, but they could see nothing to shoot at. An hour later daylight came and the bears began to think of breakfast. Slowly one of the monsters emerged from the brush. He was a tremendous animal, weighing a good deal more than half a ton. He came along with that lazy and peculiar shuffle so characteristic of the grizzly. His companion, evidently a female, was smaller but none the less formidable looking. The hunters proposed to open fire, but Mr. Keely pleaded for just one more chance with his lariat. This was reluctantly granted, for all were in great haste to end the business.

This story might have had a very different ending had Mr. Keely been refused permission to try his lariat. It was due to a most untoward circumstance connected with the lassoing of grizzlies, with which Mr. Keely was unfamiliar, that the tale ends as it does. In order to facilitate his use of the lariat Mr. Keely was given the topmost perch in the somewhat fragile tree, and to better secure the grip when caught he had made the "home end" of the rope securely fast about his trunk.

The big bear approached the cache, unconscious of danger. When within a few yards of the tree and just within hallow Mr. Keely let fly his lariat. Alas! he had learned his vaquero lesson too well. The rope went out with a fierce twist, it gracefully unwound its coils in the air, and in a second its loop was around the bear's neck. Unfortunately it caught him with one forefoot out, so when it taut it came around his breast and shoulders. The bear was greatly astonished, and gave forth a roar which sent his mate flying to the brush to protect her cub. Then he picked off the entangling rope, but Mr. Keely, with true vaquero skill, tightened the loop, and he could not shake it off. Disgusted and now thoroughly alarmed, the huge grizzly made a plunge for the brush. Mr. Keely paid out his rope with the skill of a whaleman till it brought up with a snap and a whirl which made the very air echo. Fortunately the tree-top gave, and the sudden check and spring landed the bear on his back. Now began a struggle between rope, bear and tree, which promised startling results to the hunters. They foresaw this, for Tip yelled "Cut the rope; he'll have us up by the roots!" "Fire at him!" screamed the doctor, but who could fire and hold on for dear life at the same time? The bear was furious. And struggled with all his strength. The rope was now and of the toughest hide. "He's got us like a trout on the end of a rod," gasped Commissioner Rodding as he grasped the slender tree and held on. Meantime the bear's efforts redoubled. He pulled and tugged at the awning tree till it almost became double. At last with a mighty roar he gave one plunge. Down came the tree-top to the ground, and up came his roots. The hunters jumped for their lives. Relieved of the spring on the lariat, the latter snapped like a cord, and the bear, finding himself free, doubled on himself and made for his encampment. Then came a race for life. Fortunately, the monster was impeded by the trailing lariat and the swamp was near. Into it gall-mell plunged the fleeing nimrod. All were unarmed—their guns were shaken out of the tree early in the scene. The doctor went into the water up to his chin and the men, floundered through up to their waists. Of course the bear would not follow them in the mud, and so ended the contest.

A resourceful party never was seen than that which, still, more and half-drowned, found its way an hour later to Greenwood's cabin. Mr. Greenwood did not chide them. He simply wiped his cabin and laughed for a good laugh. The hunters themselves had no spirit for joking, and not one of them would under any circumstance speak to the boy. Their disgust with him was complete.

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PRICE BAKING POWDER  
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NOTICE OF SALE.

In the District Court of Webster County, Nebraska.

In the matter of the estate of Edward Demars.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue and in pursuance of an order of the court house at Alma, Harlan county, Nebraska, on the 2nd day of January, 1890, by the Hon. William Galvin, Judge of the Eighth Judicial District of Nebraska, Edward Demars, deceased, died testate, and that the estate of Edward Demars, will on the 20th day of February, 1890 at 1 o'clock p. m. at the east door of the court house in Alma, the county of Webster, Nebraska, be sold for the sum of \$1,000.00, or as much thereof as may be realized by the sale, to the highest bidder for cash or on credit for one year, to wit: South half of the northwest quarter of section thirty-five (35) town two (2) range ten (10) of the 4th district, in the state of Nebraska, that being the building wherein the last term of record was held; at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. on the 20th day of February, when and where attendance will be given by the undersigned.

Dated January 22, 1890.

CHARLES T. SHIRLEY,  
By C. T. SHIRLEY, Deputy.

CASE & MCNEELY, Attys for Plaintiff.

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