## The Hamilton County Mint.

Romantic Beginning and Disastrous Close.

up in the Adirondack wilderness lies the county of Hamilton. Greater in area than the state of Delaware, less in population than the state of Nevada, It is a nmunity peculiar in the eastern United With 3,000 square miles and 4,000 Inhabitants, it has not a bank, a lawyer nor Two considerable settlements are found in the southern part of the county, at Wells and Indian Lake, but the farms and logging camps throughout the wilderness. The chief, indeed almost the only, permanent industries are lumbering, farming, "guiding" and the vending of in-

toxicating liquors at retail. As Hamilton county is today, so it has been for nearly 100 years. Long before the days when Andrew Jackson was president and going further back we find its settlements as early as almost any in the history of New York. The pleasure seeker among its lakes and mountains is hourly reminded

the British from the Massachusetts men at

Once upon a time it was a pleasant Once upon a time it was a pleasant spring afternoon, and in the shadows of the great forest Davy Dunlap was picking up logs with a chain, a large iron hook, and a pair of horses. The hook caught on something solid, heavy, well sunk into the ground, brought up the team with a jerk, and broke loose again. The yellow gleam where it had struck caught Davy's eye. In an instant he was down on his knees prodding every with his poety, until he had them minted on his way, and went back with a wagonload of tubs of butter and instant he was down on his knees prodding every with his poety, until he had busy at the skidway not far off.

In response to Davy's somewhat inco-herent narrative, Andy Dunlap came slowly, looked at the mysterious find, and then peered around him through the dim aisles of the forest. With a crowbar he sounded

for the muscum at Albany. If it had come to the small boys of a large town, If it had just before the Fourth of July, the guns would soon have shouted for the independence of the rebels that they had marched ital." from Canada to subjugate; but before either antiquarian or celebrating boys had heard the story, Davy's find came to the knowl-edge of a political economist—to the knowledge of Jimmy Tryon, the boy orator of

Pumpkin Hollow lies in a small clearing by a beautiful wooded bend of the Sacandaga river in the town of Hope, and there Jimmy had grown up, watching the wagons come up the road and the logs go down the river until he was 16. Then he had wandered down to Gloversville in Fulton county, where there were a railroad and a bank. Jimmy learned that no one could ride on a railroad without paying his fare, and no one could get money out of a bank unless he had put some in, and he became a populist and wandered on to Albany, where there are a seum and a legislature. But Jimmy soon learned that there are greater curiosities to be seen than the Albany ones, and wandered further until he came to a city with a big white obelisk et one end and a big white dome at the other. In this city there were a great many men, each of whom could talk more than any of the rest, and what they did not talk they printed in the

From these men Jimmy learned a great

many things which he had not learned in the red school house. He learned that the number of cows' tails required to reach to the moon did not at all depend on the length of the tails. He learned that Shakespeare was wrong in saying that "the thing we other name would smell but that Mr. Ignatius Donnelly had proved that the bard of Avon ought to that they should have \$40 by and by. have said: "Call anything a rose; when There were a few difficulties, of course marked with such a name 'twill smell as sweet." He learned that in measuring things it was better to have two or three yardsticks of different lengths, and that the best material for making yardsticks was law. The county allowed India rubber. He learned that twice two week for Peter's board. his brain, went back to Pumpkin Hollow, watching 'till the opportunity should come when he might invent a way for everybody to get rich without working, just as the wise men at Weshington had devised. When the supervisors of the county met at

When the supervisors of the county met at Lake Pleasant on the first of September everybody had heard and talked more or less about the old cannon that had been found, but nobody thought that here was a source of wealth to the country that might make the farmers and lumbermen of the wilderness the most prosperous community on the face of the earth, until Jimmy arose and addressed the board.

His plan was this:

The seventeen guns weighed, as nearly as could be figured, about 600 pounds apiece. Now, if the supervisors would agree and order that an ounce of brass marked by somebody whom they should appoint should be called a dollar every gun would be be called a dollar, every gun would be worth \$10,000, so that the whole of Butler's battery would increase the wealth of Hamilton county by \$170,000, or \$42 per capita. "It is true." said Jimmy, "that the guns don't belong to the county, but to Andy Dunlap and his boy and the Sacandaga River Lumber company of Fort Edward, who have claimed half the brass because the guns were found on their land, but will spend the money, and there will lenty of work for everybody. Thus shall the infinite resources of our glotious county be developed. Thus shall we cease to be ground beneath the iron heel of the op-pressor. Today if we borrow a dollar of a man we have to pay him a dollar back. If we hire a man to work for us at \$20 a month there is no way to get out of it but by paying him, paying him dollars which by paying him, paying him dollars which have cost us something. We are tired of submitting to these burders which oppress us; we beg no more; we petition no more; we defy them; we are hardy pioneers who brave all the dangers of the wilderness and make the desert blossom as the rose, can mingle their voices with the voices of the birds, out here where they can mingle their voices with the voices of the birds, out here where we have erected send compared with home prices that and cometerizes where sleep the ashes of our solutions. It is a the common chairs of the dollar from and unce to half an ounce everybody would strike the game and things. The furniture man was so reasonable compared with home prices that another wave of prosperity would strike the game and cometerizes where sleep the ashes of our submitting to these burders which oppress tasted for make any pay, and a steady job of guiding all flye'll come back next week I'll give ye and july for the Black River Lumber company, and a steady job of guiding all a job to draw bark that'll help ye to pay for contents that help ye to pay for the things. I don't calc'late to make any money on this bust up, and what you get from me will cost you just what they cost half his house, so Henry got some clapboards and patched to get married. His father had never finished off but half his house, so Henry got some clapboards and patched up the unfinished end and plastered it himself, and got married and went down to Johnstowa to buy some furnities and the constitute and things. The furniture man was so reasonable compared with home prices that a job to draw bark that'll help ye to pay for content the things. I don't calc'late to make any money on this bust up, and what you get from me will cost you just what they cost of his very best feathered warriors against birds of the things. The next week the supervisors met again. The Boy Orator explained that if they went down to Johnstowa to buy some furnity went down to Johnstowa to buy some furnities. The next week the supervi

dead, we deserve to have as cheap and abundant money as any people in this state." Some of the supervisors thought it might be well to consult with Fulton county, where sold its venison, but the Boy Orator scorned him. "Is not," said Jimmy in a loud and impressive tone, "is not this the greatest ounty, but one or two, in the state of New of Broadalbin and Batchellerville? I would be presumptuous indeed to present myself against the distinguished gentlemen to bulk of the population is scattered in whom you have listened if this were but a farms and lossing caraps throughout the measuring of ability, but this is not a con-The humblest citizen a righteous cause, is stronger than all the whole bosts of error that they can bring. I come to speak to you in defense of a cause as boly as the cause of liberty, the cause of the Sacandaga River Lumber company. From Indian Lake to Morehouseville let there rise the glorious response. To this mountain community was in numbers, such dastards as dare to lay a limit to the character and occupation what it now is, power of the Hamiltonian people to do what they please independently of all other peopies, I hurl their cowardice and lack of patriotism back in their faces. You shall not sacrifice Audy Dunlap and the Sacan-

its lakes and mountains is hourly reminded that here Iroquois and Algonquin, and after them patriot and tory, fought for these miles of rugged forests and blooming meadow.

Here it was that young Sam Butler, with a party of torics and Canada Indians, came in the early summer of 1777, crossing the wilderness with soldiers and artillery by incredible effort, to strike the Tryon county patriots in the flank while St. Lexer took waiting for the consent of any other patriots in the flank while St. Leger took them in the front, hoping to break down that rear guard of the revolution which at Criskany foiled the British plan and made possible the crowning victory of Saratoga. It was on the shore of Lake Pisco that Sam Butler and the British Major Sinclair.

The wave of prosperity came with a The wave of prosperity came with a Criskang for the country indeed to help anybody whose contract called for other dollars, they would fire him out and elect a new county judge. The

son of Indian Lake.

The wave of prosperity came with a a few hours' march ahead of their men.
were met by Indian canoe men, who told
them of tough old Herkimer's stout fight at
Oriskany, and so alarmed their followers,
both white and red, that the whole troop

Dunlap and all his friends had a perpetubully splendid time at Jake Jones' betel. both white and red, that the whole troop fled precipitately to Canada, saving only one, and that the lightest, of the eighteen brass cannon which were to have garrisoned the projected tory fort on the Maharak one, and that the lightest, of the eighteen brass cannon which were to have garrisoned though it hadn't found any guns, bought the projected tory fort on the Mohawk; the projected tory fort on the Mohawk; that one gun, taken two years before by that one gun, taken two years before by cutlet of South Canada lake. It took twenty men a month to build the dam, and Bunker Hill, was saved at all cost, perhaps as a trophy, perhaps because the lightest in weight, and now stands in the citadel at Quebec. Its seventeen companions rusted in the damps of the forest for nearly 100 years, and then discharged their volley upon the peaceful Sacandaga settlements in less fierce but perhaps as dangerous a guise as Butler had planned in the days of King George. week. The countrymen who brought ber-ries and trout and venison to the hotels

ding away with his peevy, until he had a cow and two or three horses towing be-brought to light a long, round object which. hind. The Sacandaga River Lumber comthrough its coating of dust and dirt, showed the bright yellow color wherever struck by the metal. All the mountain stories of two guns in wages if it should be neces buried treasure and fabulous gold mines sary, so that everybody had lots of work came to Davy's recollection. He sprang to And real estate began to boom just as the came to Davy's recollection. He sprang to And real estate began to boom just as the his feet and ran for his father, who was Boy Orator had promised. There was a fine site for a tannery on Coleman's creek in Gilmantown, but the year before Sam Coleman had asked \$500 for the water power and twenty acres, and the Gloversville tan-ner who wanted the place had stuck at \$250. But now, when the tanner heard of one object and another half hidden under moss and rotting logs, and found here a brass cannon, and there the form of a gone wheel or wood-sled. Something queer had beeneved there and something queer had beeneved there and something queer was on from the railroad, and told the boys to bring in all the bark they could get-he'd

> Prosperity-A Great Influx of Foreign Cap-And what lots of engagements the guides had that fall! How the deer had to scamper! In St. Lawrence and in Franklin counties there were few parties in the woods, but the stage companies had to put on extra teams to haul the hunters who poured by the trainload into Northville and Prospect and Remsen and North Creek bound for the Hamilton hunting grounds, every man with a rifle in his hand and a goodly supply of cartridges in his trunk. stayed in the woods till they had fired off their cartridges, stopped at the mint their way home and had the empty shells coined into good brass dollars, paid their guides and their board bills, and went with a load of birds and their cheeks glowing with health and their pockets no lighter than when they came

take it all, and was written up in the Adirondack Populist as "Hamilton County's

It was not long before prices began to ise. A horse that it would have been hard to sell at \$30 now brought \$100 and next week would bring \$250—in brass. Yet take that horse to Fulton county and you could get only \$30 for him. Everybody was sorry for the poor people down in Fulton county. Yet somehow the Fulton county people were foolish as well as poor. They sent all the brass they had up the river and imported everything that was for sale

even though they lost so heavily by doing it. And other things became more valuable as well as horses. Flour went to \$20 a barrel, then \$50, then \$100. It was spiendid. Even wages rose a little. The men who worked for the lumber companies at \$30 a month last year were now promised

No great reform was ever accomplished without difficulties. The man who comwithout difficulties. The man w plained first was Peter Tulliver. was in jail that year for breaking the game law. The county allowed the sheriff \$3 a India rubber. He learned that twice two does not only make four, but also five, six or seven, and that congress might enforce this principle by appropriate leg s'ation. And Jimmy learned a great many other things that are not so, and, with them buzzing in this brain, went back to Pumpkin Hollow, watching 'till the opportunity should come watching 'till the opportunity should come. his gun and fishpole and the key to the jail and tell him that if he would sleep

there nights it would be all right.

Mrs. Wilks was the next to complain.

When old man Wilks died, she had sold her rights in the property to her stepson for \$15 a month. for \$15 a month as long as she lived. Now her allowance would not keep her in to-bacco, and when she applied for admission to the poorhouse she found that the poor tax would only support one pauper.

Willie Davis and Sam Smith caught a

Willie Davis and Sam Smith caught willie Dayls and Sam Smith caught a wolf in a trap over west of Long Lake and had to go to Wells to draw the bounty—\$30; but although they walked both ways they spent \$48 along the road, and yet had only one square meal and one good drink apiece.

Then the county judge resigned, for his salary would no longer supply him with postage stamps. postage stamps. The women who did washing for the lumbermen and the boarders at the hotels at 75 cents z dozen were the next to suffer, and the families of the men who worked for day's wages found that however fast wages might go up, they could never get in sight of the price of clothing and provisions. The schools were closed because the school tax would not buy pencils and stove wood, which was lucky for the teachers, who would otherwise have had to fulfil their contracts and work for salaries that would not pay a quarter of their board. It seemed strange that when their board. It seemed strange that when the county was so prosperous and every-body had plenty of work so many people were hungry and ragged. Yet there was always a chance for a smart man. For example, there was Hen Cole. Hen had a steady job of chopping all through June and July for the Black River Lumber com-

and some carpet and a nice But when he offered a handful of Hamilton county dollars in payment

e shopman's face changed.
"If I'd known you were from up the river. ouldn't have spent so much time on he said. "We can't take those

good money as ever was," ne said. "You fellows must be a lot of goldbugs."
"Now, look here, my young friend," said the furniture man, "where did this money

"I earned it," said Hen, "by guidin' at \$3 a day, and I worked hard for it, too."
"All right," said the man. "Where did
the man get it that you guided?"
"Well, he was a feller from Amsterdam,
and he brought up an old brass tea kettle
and had it coined."

And you worked for him how long?"

Three weeks. "Well," said the furniture man, "if you'd worked three weeks for good money you could have paid me easy, but I'm not going throw in a bed and a stove and a lot of hairs. If I wanted an old kettle there's no out in the back yard." Hen was astonished as he had never been astonished before.

"You see," said the Johnstown man, "you can't make a thing what it isn't by putting a label on it. There wasn't any more property in the world after your blacksmith chopped that kettle into pieces and marked the pieces than while it remained a kettle You can't get milk from a hedgehog by calling it a cow.

Hen went out in front of the store and sat on the stone horse-block for half an the furniture man's back yard, picked up the old kettle that lay there, and sterred for the mint. The next week he was back with a sheep which he had bought from a man in Morehouse. He sold the sheep and bought all the brass hinges he could carry. A fortnight later he was in Johnstown again. He had a nice pair of horses and a big wagon this time, and the wagon was full of counnutton, and rolls of butter, and fresh killed partridges, and all the nice things that the up-river country sends down to market. Hen took back a load of pig brass and bought a roadside hotel with a flourishing trade in its bar. But he displayed in his sales of drinks a preference for foreign money, and every week his wagon went down to the railroad, and when it came back Hen bought a few cows or somebody's or hired a gang of men to put up a iew barn.

Everybody else had experienced the same lifficulty in paying for things outside of the ounty, so that they used their United States noney for their foreign trade and the brass noney for domestic transactions. As the Boy Orator explained to some puzzled citi zens, "Even if the gold and silver and

greenbacks do go away, is there not brass enough to give everybody plenty of money?" It was noticeable, too, that the greatest prosperity came to the poor men. The few rich men of the county did not seem to take about their business, took no more of the brass money than they could help, and paid that little very promptly to their hired men, or in buying the farms and live stock of their poorer neighbors. Lije Benson was the only one of the well-to-do men who traded extensively in Hamilton dollars. Soon after the free coinage act became a law took a three days' trip to Glens Falls and had a long conference with the officers of a bank. After this Lije's operations attracted much attention. He had a good many thousand dollars of brass coined, and of course became at once a wealthy and prosperous citizen. Then he went about calling on every man in the county, and of each man he bought one suit of old working clothes and hired the man's wife to put them in order. Also he purchased pork and potatoes of everybody who raised them, and laid in great stocks of hay and oats, and bought nearly a hundred horses. of his mind and ought to resign as super

"I tell ye," said old Bill Burton to his wife, Sar' Ann, early one morning as by candle light he pulled on his boots to drive happened there, and something queer was on the ground, but it wasn't gold.

If the news of Davy's find as it spread through the woods had come to an antiquarian, he would have secured the guns from the railroad, and told the boys to families could eat in a winter, and I believe

he's spent every cent he had."
"Then he ain't the only old fool in town,"
responded Sar' Ann. "I know one that ain't and winter comin' right on

"Well, nin't I goin' to Northville now?"
said the old man in disgust. "I'd gone last
week if I hadn't been kep' so in the woods." It was past noon when Bill pulled up his borrowed team in front of Hank Meadows' general store in Northville Main street. Bill was hungry, but he decided to attend to ousiness first. Entering the store he sought

Well, Hank, I want a big bill of goods his time Hank looked troubled. "Bill," said he, "I'd like to sell you, but unless you've got good money I can't."

said Bill in much indignation. "If it's your country brass money, it ain't," said Hank, "and you know it ain't," "I know," said Bill deprecatingly, "that

folks do like the old kind of money a little better, but last I knew you could pass it; you could always pass a dollar for 50 cents up our way. But I've been in the woods the last month and things may have changed a little. But now, Hank," he said, his choler "I've traded with you twenty year, and if you go back on me now I'll do all my trading in Wells. The storekeepers have got to take the country money whether they like it or not."

"Yes, but you got to pay their price whether you like it or not;" said Hank. "They have to send down river for their goods and they can't pay for them in country money. Sile Donohoe was here yesterday, money. Sile Donohoe was nere year, 300, and he said to Wells they wanted \$10, county money, for a clothes line and \$10 county money, for a clothes line and the county was a sell for nothing for a drink, and they won't sell for nothing but cash neither, for they can't collect nothing but brass money if they have to sue the bills they trust out, and it's worth less and less every day."
The old man's hand shook. "Hank," said

he, ''if my money ain't good, you know my name is good. Won't ye trust me for a suit of clothes and my winter provisions; Hank hesitated a moment. "No, Bill," ie answered, "I can't. I know you're honest but what property have you got? I've got every cent trusted out that I can stand in that county of yours, where a man can pay his debts with an old lamp.

The old woodsman sat down on a washtub and his face quivered. "Hank," said

tub and his face quivered. "Hank," said be, "this morning I thought I was rich. I owed no man a cent and had 10,000 county dollars hid in my potato cellar, but if what you say is true I haven't got a cent. I've got no provisions in the house. I sold my team last month to Hen Cole, and my very house and farm are sold, and I've got

to give them up the lat of March."

Meadows took a quick stride up and down
the store. "Bill," said he, "it's a hard
case, a darned hard case, but you're no worse off than half the people up your way. 'em here every day this week. 'em all if I could, but I can't. what will keep you a week or two in the wagon and pay me when you can."

Burton drove home very slowly, very thoughtfully, and although Lije Begson lived a dozen miles from the Burton farm Lije was disturbed at breakfast the next morning. Bill went straight to the point. "Lije," said he, "I thought I was rich, but I'm ruined; I want you should help me. I've got nothin' in the world but a wagon-load of old brass. My farm is gone, I've load of old brass. My farm is gone, I've got no team to work with and nothin' to eat. But you're rich. You've got a farm. you've got horses, you've got provisions, and I've only got the clothes I stand in. "I won't go back on ye, Bill," answered je Benson. "I've seen this comin' and Lije Benson.

Life Benson. "I've seen this comin' and I've got ready so far as I could to help my friends. Come up in the garret and I guess we can find a suit of good warm clothes that'll about fit ye, and there's a wagon and a pair of horses in the barn that you can take home with a load of stuff, and if ye'll come back next week I'il give ye

and a patent rocking chair and a bedstead who now wore a big diamond in his shirt-and a stove and some carpet and a nice front, and the agents of the lumber companies, and the agents of the lumber com-panies, also expressed themselves as think-ing that the reduction in wages and the rise in prices was a good thing and would enable them to compete with Japan. Yet the repeal of the free coinage act passed the supervisors unanimously.

the supervisors unanimously.

Of course they could not put things quite back where they were. Most of the property in the county had passed into the hands of speculators or had gone out of its borders to pay for the brass that had come in. But Andy Dunlap was the richest man in the county, though he hadn't done a stroke of work in years; the Sacandaga River Lumber company had never paid such big dividends, and the Black River Lumber company had a very fine dam. Lumber company had a very fine dam.

Lumber company had a very fine dam.

The years have rolled by in Hamilton county on the same standard on which they roll by elsewhere. Many years of hard work have effaced the scars of that brief fever of prosperity. But the aged men still remember, and when boy orators invent new means of sudden wealth to be gained by calling 50 cents at dollar, some venerable woodsman will take his plus from his woodsman will take his pipe from his mouth and tell the events of the summer of 18—, and especially and many times over will he and his hearers who remember those days mentions with great fervency the dam which cost the Black River Lumber company sixty pounds weight of old brass. Indeed, the word is frequently spoken throughout Hamilton county.

Long has Lije Benson silent slept,
And Jimmy Tryon silent sleeps;
And time the rained dam has swept
Down the clear stream that seaward
leaps.

But in the forest's shadow cool Still warms the old abutment stone; No more the trick the sons shall fool Which fooled the sires in years agone.

THE ANIMAL WORLD. Conduct of Birds and Beasts Toward

Their Fellows in Distress.
Adirondack boy of 13 set out last week to hunt four young crows that he heard down on the flats of the West Canada creek, near Northwood, relates the New York Eun. It happened that the boy got a bunch shot at the young birds, and two fell dead, while a third clutched at the branch on which it was standing, pitched forward, and was soon hanging head downward, crying pitifully. The fourth young crow flew away. The wounded crow's cries attracted not only its parents, but five other full-grown crows besides. All seven circulated about encouraging the wounded bird as best they could. One of them ventured in too close, and another shot killed

t. The young bird soon fell fluttering to the ground, when the boy killed it. Sympathy had brought one bird to its leath. But the crows were not the only sympathizers with the wounded young crow A flock of bluejays from over in Park's balsam swamp came across the creek and hopped about in the branches of the birch protesting in bluejay talk against the killing of the crows. The little birds-the woodpeckers and the warblers, the sparrows and the sapsuckers—peeped louder and more frequently than before, showing agita-tion over the young crow's cries.

Once a young woodsman who wanted ven-ison more than he feared the game constable went deer crusting in a yard away back in the woods, where the snow was five feet deep. He found the deer, a fair-sized buck, whose horns had been dropped some time previously, and he and his companions, with the dog leading, started on the jump after the animal. The dog got ther grabbed the deer by the hams. The dog got there first and The deer cried out and did its best to get away. When at last one of the men got a knife into its throat the woodsman observed that as many as fifteen or twenty bluejays had gathered about in the trees overhead, and were protesting in loud, angry voices at the killing of their woods brother.

The Sun told recently about a wildcat that visited her sweetheart that had been trapped by a cracker down in the Okefenokee swamp in Georgia, and there is scarcely a trapper of fur but could tell of some story or other of how a beast in a trap had been visited times kills the vixen when she is so unfortunate as to get into a trap, and some-woodsmen believe that it is a heroic method

of trying to release her. The question has been asked why it was that when a cow bellowed out in distress all the others of the herd promptly rushed at her and gored her to death. often been described how wolves set upon injured companions and tear them to pieces. Dogs have been known to do the same thing, while other dogs have been ob served to run up to an injured comrade whinning and fawning around as if to conjure away the pain.

A Dog's Queer Occupation. Keys, canine employe of the Union Iron works, recently met with an accident by which his right front leg was broken, says the San Francisco Examiner. Keys has been looked upon by the officers of the iron works as one of their regular workmen for about four years. He is a dog of no par-ticular beauty and his pedigree would not be considered by dog fanciers, but he possesses wonderful intelligence. He makes the Potrero police station his home, and he is the pet of Lieutenant Bennett, but nearly every workman in the shipbuilding concern claims the friendship of the dog. At the first tap of the gong every morning Keys has reported for duty at the Union Iron works, and he has never left until a full day's work had been accomplished. was particularly useful in the ship yard and in the boiler shop, and the foremen of these departments say he was more valuable than a man for doing certain kinds of work. He ould crawl through small holes in boilers and about ships, and his particular work was to carry tools, bolts, nuts, rivets and small articles needed by workmen who had crawled into such places, and to have them creep back and forth for such articles would cause considerable loss, of Keys thoroughly understood his and he was always on hand when needed. Yesterday a steamer was placed on the dry dock for repairs, and the dog, realizing that his services might be needed by the workmen, was climbing a ladder to the deck, when he slipped and fell about twenty feet. The men picked him up, and, making a stretcher of some pieces of canvas, carried him to the police station and sent

A Dog and Monkey Fight. score and more of people at Muncie the involuntary witnesses of one of the funniest fights to a finish imaginable, relates the Cincinnati Enquirer. A monkey belonging to an Italian escaped from its confinement and was ambling along the street when it was attacked by a large yellow dog of mongrel breed. For several seconds there was such a blinding rush of dust that the speciators could scarcely see which was ahead, but finally the monkey broke away and served up a pole close at hand, while the dog established himself at the foot and bayed loud and angrily. hand, The monkey chattered in several dialects, running up and down, and all the time keeping a wary eye on its enemy. Finally it began to slowly slide down the pole, and, coming within range, it bounded plump on the dog's back, and, with teeth and claw, made the hair fly. The dog jumped and howled and shook himself, the crowd yellhowled and shook himself, the crowd yelling itself hoarse shouting "Go it, Tige," "Hold to him, Monk." The dog finally flooped over on its back, disiodging the monkey which again bounded up the pole. By this time the dog was crazed with rage and pain, and it made herculean efforts to reach its chattering enemy, who again brought into play the same tactics as before. A second time it landed squarely on the dog's back, and there was a repetition in which teeth and claws played a leading role. This round resulted in a complete victory for the "monk," the dog eventually unhorsing his enemy by rolling over, and then bounded to his feet and running away as fast as his legs could carry him. The monkey chased him for a few yards and then returned to the pole satisfied with results. satisfied with results

Tony Bloxsom and the Hornets. As long as Tony Bloxsom of Huntington,

to investigate their nest. Two or three of them came out and gave Tony a pointer that he might better move along. It was a very pointed pointer, and Tony raised his voice in lamentation. His pet game rooster came over to see what was going on and a couple of yellow jackets took a shot at him. The bird squawked with amazed distress and threw several agile handsprings. which, to paraphrase Mr. Lewis Carroll, was odd because he hadn't any hands. To his own everlasting disgrace Tony Bloxsom fled from the field of battle into the house and immersed his head in a pail of water. thereby drowning several hornets that had staked out claims upon his countenance and were boring for oil. When he emerged from the house three minutes later he was swathed in protective towels. The game rooster was getting very tired of the fight. All around him on the ground lay jackets in sections as evidence of structive powers of his beak, but all around him in the air flew more yellow jackets in battallons, and his feathers were insufficient protection. Grabbing his rooster, Tony rushed back into the house, and such of the enemy as were able to get in followed him. Having got them inside, Tony slew them; but not without suffering further

Today Tony is wearing his face in severa Justed collarette of wet mud, renewable every hour. He may recover. Teny will recover. The hornets are carrying on the business of storing honey at the old stand.

Tom Cat, Mouse and Molasses, A midsummer quiet rested upon Mr. Ger-er's dry goods emporium in Sayville recently, relates the New York Sun. Mr. Gerber and his half dozen cierks were frowsily waiting for the arrival of closing ime. Two young women were pawing entatively an assortment of silks. Mr. Gerer's big cat sat in the doorway feeling for t breeze with her whiskers. It was a calm and peaceful scene.

Enter, a small mouse upon the peaceful cene, a mouse with a sad lack of judgment. It scurried across the floor in full view of the head clerk. Exit the two customers with whoops of chagrin "Hey, Tom, sic 'em!" cried the head clerk to the big cat, not meaning the customers,

but the mouse Tom, the big cat, doesn't understand dog language, but the squeak of alarm which the mouse emitted woke him up. By this time the mouse had boltel into a melasses barrel and stuck fast in a moress of molesses. In went Tom also. When he emerged it was with laggard feet trailing thick sweetness. The movse, covered with molasses, was in his mouth. His fur was shiny with molasses and his whiskers recked of it. Mr Gerber and all his clerks said "Scat!" simul taneously. Tom misunderstood. He suspected they wanted that mouse for themselves. So be bolted, but not out of the door. Instead he went straight down the aisle. The entire store force turned out in pursuit. Dodging a basket which was hurled at his head with evil intent, the cat as cended the counter in one leap and pro ceeded to pranee disastrously upon the out spread silks. Thence he departed hastily through an open window, leaving wrath and profanity behind him. Mr. Gerber has on hand a stock of watered

silks of unique pattern. Pigeons Outwit a Hawk. The Southern Sportsman told recently about a flock of pigeons that measured brains with a hawk and came out on top in the contest. H. S. Edwards owned a flock of pigeons which one day were cut off from their cote by a large hawk. The pigeons knew that if the hawk once got above them, one at least of their number would go to make the hawk a meal, and so up they flew in circles, perhaps hoping to go higher than the hawk. In the rising game they were no match for the hawk. The letter kept under the pigeons, and leisurely

followed their laborious movements.

Then came a curious and unexpected sight to Mr. Edwards. Every pigeon closed its wings, when they appeared to be the size of sparrows, and down they came past the hawk at a terrific rate. That aston-ished the hawk. It actually dodged the dropping birds, and missed half a dozen wing strokes before it got in full chase of them. When it got down to the barnyard not a pigeon was in sight—some were in the cote, some in the porch, two in the well house and one was in the kitcher The hawk had been outwitted completely it is a question how the pigeons manage to check their fall, as they did not slacker up till they were about sixteen or twent; feet above the ground, when they seat tered in all directions to escape the hawk.

Monguito and Rattlesnake. "I have read accounts of fights between turtles, between snakes and between tur-tles and snakes," said a hunter to a Wash-ington Star reporter, "but the hardest fight I ever saw was in New Jersey. I heard a rattling and a buzzing just ahead of me and knew something unusual was happen-Soon I came across the scene trouble. A large rattlesnake and a full grown mosquito, such as they raise on the Jersey coast, were engaged in a deadly conflict. The snake kept up a constant rat tle, and would strike at the mommoth in sect, which, realizing the danger, would with an angry buzz, get out of the way and strike for the reptiles' eyes. I watched the fight for an hour, when the mosquite got a firm hold in the eye of the snake, and in a few minutes the rattler stretched out straight, and the mosquito made a bee line for me, evidently not having had fighting enough. I shot the insect and had both it and the rattler stuffed." This good parrot story is told by an Eng-

lish showman who possessed a beautiful parrot which excited the admiration of the crowd by its capital imitation of the showman's voice and tones when inviting the public to step into the booth. One day the creature escaped. Soon a number of men and boys were on its track, but before they had gone far they heard a loud noise caused by the screeching of birds in the wood. On arriving at the spot where the sounds proceeded, they found poor poll perched on the withered branch of a tree, bereft of most of her feathers and surrounded by a lessly pecking at her with their beaks. perfect imitation of the showman's voice, however, the poor bird kept saying: "One at a time, gentlemen; Take your time! There's plenty

With Bad Drinking Water Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Dr. E. G. Davies, De Smet, South Dakota, says: "It is one of the best agents we have to rectify the bad effects of the drinking water upon the kidneys and bowels. The Literary Talent.

"Have you always written or is your talent a development of later years?" was asked of Mrs. Cragie (John Oliver Hobbes) recently by a London correspondent.
"I loved it better than anything else, when I was a child," she confessed, "Before I could write (or spell for that matter) I used to print novels with pencil. Once when I was beginning to sit up after a long illness—I think I was not more than 6— my greatest foy was to dictate long stories to my faithful nurse. I was extremely fond of the theater, too, when I was small, though I did not often go. But I had a little toy theater of my own, quite an elaborate affair, with plenty of paper actors and actresses. I wrote all the plays and acted them out, in different voices, for my dolls. Some of them were of the most sensational character and I was fond of making my puppets ite in

Were you brought up in England Both in France and England, though am, you know, an American. I paid a visit to my own country when I was a child, but to my own country when I was a child, but my late trip there was the only one I have made since. Oh, yes, once I went back besides, but I did not stop. It was only a sea voyage for my health. I love America, but I feel naturally that my home is Eng-land, for the future, as it has mostly been in the past. I did want to go to Girton, you in the past. I did want to go to Girton, you know, but then I married at 18, so all my studious plans went by the board. However, I have been very diligent at the London

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