A POLAR BEAR HUNT

Adventure In the Frozen Wastes of the Arctic.

RACE TO SAVE A MAN'S LIFE

A Mile Run For a Rifle That at First Refused to Do Its Work—A Shot That Brought the Great Brute to the Camp as Food For Men and Dogs.

The long arctic night was breaking. Like hibernating polar bears, we had lived the winter through under cover of a great drift of snow. This served as a thick blanket for our little hut and helped to keep warm the thirty-nine shipwrecked men who had been marooned on the desert island of Rudolph, in the frozen wastes of the polar sea.

One day, after a flurry of storm, I took a walk to Cape Saulen. On my way back to camp I stopped on the highest rocks of the moraine to look out toward the ice covered sea. Northward and westward great black steaming streaks in the white revealed the open water, and overhead hung dark clouds of vapor, another indication of a "lead," or open water, underneath.

Turning my eyes southward toward Teplitz bay, I beheld the panorama of the camp spread out before me, the hut and stable tent, the two little observatories and the numerous caches of food stores giving the appearance of an arctic village. Down in the tide crack where the ice of the bay met the fast frozen land sheet I could distinguish the silhouette of one of my men taking a tide observation. Behind him rose a bristling ridge of ice pinnacles, which effectually blocked his view toward the sea.

From my greater elevation I made out the form of a great polar bear crossing the rough ice toward the land. As I watched he reached a high cake of ice and, climbing upon it, raised himself up on his hind quarters and looked over toward the spot where Mr. Long, the observer, was at work. Then I realized his object. There was no one else in sight, and Long was unarmed. Could I reach camp, seize a rifle and make my way out on the bay before the bear began his attack?

In the cold, crisp air I ran the mile or so toward the hut, a race that fortunately was down grade. I rushed into the house, secured my rifle and set off as fast as my legs would carry me toward where I had last seen the bear. Usually the dogs at camp thought it great sport to join in such a chase, but this time they crouched around the hut, whining and whimpering and refusing to follow as I ran past them with my rifle. I soon came up to Long and, warning him to look out for the approaching bear, of which he was still all unconscious, proceeded at reduced speed, as the ice was now very rough, in the direction of the advancing beast. As I w crossing the top of the first pressur ridge I saw the bear coming my way. He caught sight of me at the same moment, raised himself on his haunches to get a better view, and then started in a lope over the ice cakes in my direction.

I raised my carbine, took a quick sight and pulled the trigger. Instead of the usual quick snap and explosion I felt the slow, gummy motion of the bolt that told me that the lock was frozen. In cleaning the gun a few days before I must have left some oil in the lock.

I worked the bolt back and forth, trying to warm up the mechanism by friction, the great bear climbing rapidly and surely over the broken ice cakes toward me all the while. Once more I pulled the trigger. The unexpected happened, and the cartridge exploded, but in my haste, although so close, I made a clear miss.

However, the flash and the report must have frightened the beast, for he made off. I climbed in pursuit, but on account of the heavy ice did not see him again until he had placed about 200 yards between us and was still going with great leaps in the direction of the open sea.

I aimed and fired just as he leaped between two great ridges. This time he fell in a heap. With the bear's fall the dogs set us such a howling, barking and yelping as I had seldom heard, even from that noisy pack. Every dog in camp now started for the fallen king.

The bullet had gone through his back, paralyzing his hind quarters, but he was able to swing around on the flat floe and deal fearful blows with his great fore paws. But the combat was too unequal. One more bullet and the great bear was beyond all further pain.

The men from camp had now arrived, and the dogs were caught and harnessed to a sledge. Upon it we lashed the carcass of the bear and then, cutting a trail back to land, hauled our load to the hut, a welcome addition to the larder for men and dogs.—Anthony Frala in Youth's Companion.

An Interesting Animal.

Higgins — My "vet" was greatly pleased with that horse you sold me. Wiggins—What pleased him about the animal? Higgins—Why, he discovered twelve new diseases he never suspected before.—Illustrated Bits.

The Easy Part.

He—This shopping business is an awful nuisance! She—Why, Henry, you have no reason to complain e done all the shopping. All you d to carry the parcels!

He is wise to no purpose who is not wise to himself.—Latin Proverb.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Chas. H. Fletcher

A Merry Christmas to All!

XMAS STOCKS AT THE HEIGHT — DON'T WAIT — DO IT NOW

"Hello, Santa Claus!"

XMAS STOCKS AT THE HEIGHT — DON'T WAIT — DO IT NOW

DO YOUR SHOPPING now and avoid the rush of the last few minutes, when all stock will be entirely exhausted. Our stock is now fresh in every particular, as we have spared no labor or expense and have done everything in our power to complete our stock in every particular for the wants of our many customers and patrons, and accord them that satisfaction and treatment always shown th m here.

The idea of laying your shopping over f r the last few minutes adds confusion and trouble to your self and in their confusion may just overlook someone, that you may have cause to regret later on Therefore, start in now, come in and examine our stock, convince your elf that what we say is true, let us make you suggestions, as we will do all to help you make this one a happy and merry Christmas for all That's Kramer's method for doing business.

Cloaks and Skirts

In the general wail of bad business throughout the country you will not hear one word from me, as by so doing I would do this department a great injustice. This department is my youngest one, yet I am proud to say has forged to the front so rapidly that I have had to make several extra trips to my manufacturers and hurry them along with my orders, which they could not fill quick enough for me. I attribute this to the satisfaction given to my customers by following my simple business rules.

Not merely how cheap, nor solely how good; but how *positively satisfactory* in every point—fit, style, serviceability and *price*.

$15.00 Coat for	$10.00
12.50 Coat for	8.00
10.00 Coat for	7.00
6.50 Coat for	4.50
5.00 Child's Coat for	3.00
4.00 Child's Bearskin Coat for	2.50
5.00 Crushed Plush Coat for	3.00
7.50 Panama Skirt for	5.00
5.00 All-Wool Serge	3.50
3.50 Brilliantine	2.50

Boots and Shoes

It is needless to go into discussion as to this department. You are all acquainted with the leading and best brands of Boots and Shoes that I carry in stock for Boys, Men, Ladies, Misses and Children. If you have never purchased any boots or shoes of me and wish to satisfy yourself that what I say is true, consult your neighbors who have purchased here and you will be convinced. It has been through such advertisement that I have become firmly established and gaining trade daily and seeing new faces coming in my store. Why not you? Come here and inspect my stock. Accept this invitation, as I consider it a pleasure to be of service to you.

W. L. Douglass Shoes, Men and Boys,	$1.50 to $4.00
Dolly Madison for Ladies	3.00
Populanis for Ladies	2.00
Dixie Girl	1.50
Velvet Line	1.35

Rice & Hutchins' Leading Brands for Men, Boys, Ladies and Children, $1.00 to $4.00.

Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing

In this department I can assure you frankly that never have I had or seen a more complete, nobby, up-to-date line of Suits and Overcoats in the newest fashions, fabrics and styles of this season's product. You will find a great many people paying more for Clothing than we ask that are ill fitting and in general present a soggy, rough appearance, when they can come here and be well fitted with clothes that fit and are stylish for less money than elsewhere. Below you have a few quotations:

$16.00 Suits for	$12.00
12.50 Suits for	10.00
10.00 Suits for	7.50
7.50 Suits for	6.00
All-Wool Dickey Kersey Suits	5.00
15.00 Cravenette Overcoat	10.00
10.00 Cravenette Overcoat	8.00
9.00 Cravenette Overcoat	7.00
7.00 Cravenette Overcoat	5.50
Boys' Mits	$1.25 to 5.00
Separate Trousers	$1.00 to 4.00

Dry Goods Values

I have yet a sufficient quantity of Dry Goods on hand that I have had laid aside for me before the recent great rise in price, and of course I am going to give you the advantage of same.

My stock of Dress and Apron Ginghams, Calicoes, Muslins, bleached and unbleached, Outing Flannels, Canton Flannels and Table Linens is complete, and we offer same at lower prices than can be bought at wholesale.

Bargains in Floor Coverings

75c Ingrain Carpet	48c
60c Ingrain Carpet	38c
35c Ingrain Carpet	25c
30c Rag Carpet	22½c
60c Linoleum	45c
50c Linoleum	35c
25c Floor Oil Cloth	20c
30c Floor Oil Cloth	25c

A handsome line of Rugs to choice from.

A host of other splendid presents—a nice Hat, pretty Handkerchiefs, both linen and silk; Neckwear, for men and ladies; Gloves and Mittens, all kinds of Hosiery, Sweaters for men, ladies and children; Comforts and Blankets, and one hundred other useful articles appropriate for holiday gifts. For the useful presents visit

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KEPT HER PROMISE.

She Wasn't Much of a Politician, but She Was Truthful.

Mrs. Eliot sighed so deeply as she took out her hatpins that her husband looked up from the evening paper. "I don't believe I've any bent for politics," she said in response to his inquiring glance. "Every time there's an election of officers of the club I get into some kind of mess, try as I may to avoid it.

"You see, Harry," she continued confidingly, "I don't really care a fig who is in office so long as I'm not. I like all the members very well, and I'd as lief have one as another president or secretary or on committees.

"I have no favorites. I'm truly impartial. But that won't work. If you belong to a woman's club you are forced to sweat and agonize over candidates. You must be partisan or be out with both sides.

"You know Mrs. George has been president for four years, and every year Mrs. Tufts has tried to get Mrs. George out and herself in. About a week ago she came to me and said she was sure of the nomination if I would vote for her. Would I? I thought it over and said I would, for I admire Mrs. Tufts immensely, she is so lovely and charitable.

"Today, just before balloting, Edith Reynolds came to me and said I must vote for Mrs. George. Edith said I owed it to her—you know she helped me make over my blue foulard and canned all those peaches for me when cook burned her hand.

"Everybody wanted Mrs. George, Edith said, and if I voted for her she would get the nomination. I thought it over and said I would vote for her. I admire and respect her very much. She is so witty and forcible when she presides, and she speaks French beautifully, and I thought if everybody wanted her it was only proper that"—

"Do you mean that you promised to vote for both?" interrupted Mr. Eliot.

"Yes; I promised Mrs. Tufts, as I have just said, and I promised Edith because"—

"But you didn't actually vote for both."

"Why, of course I did, Harry. I may not be much of a politician, but I was brought up to keep my word," said Mrs. Eliot, with dignity.—Youth's Companion.

QUEER BEQUESTS.

Odd Notions That Are Aired In Last Wills and Testaments.

Duchess Dudley, dying in 1655, left $500 per annum for the redemption of poor English Christian slaves from the hands of "the barbarous Turk," and in the year 1725 Thomas Belton of Hoxton proved his enmity toward his own kith and kin by cutting off his three sons and his brother Timothy with a shilling apiece, while he showed his sympathy for his distressed countrymen by leaving the bulk of his property, about $125,000, in trust to the Ironmongers' company. One-half of the interest of this large amount he directed should be expended in ransoming British subjects from slavery in Turkey or Barbary.

An old lady of Barton, Lincolnshire, being once benighted on the Lincolnshire wolds, was able to direct her steps by the sound of the curfew bell from St. Peter's church. In grateful remembrance she conveyed a piece of land of thirteen acres to the parish clerk and his successors on condition that they and he ring the bell from 7 to 8 p. m. daily, Sunday excepted, from the carrying of the first load of barley until Shrove Tuesday. The curfew bell is still rung in England in some places in accordance with old bequests.

Some persons had a curious predilection for their own names—a predilection which found vent occasionally in a puerile manner. Thus one Henry Green left his estates to his sister, with the proviso that she should give four green vests lined with green galloon to four poor men every Christmas, and his fellow townsman Gray directed that six "nobles" should be spent annually in providing six old women with vests of gray cloth and 40 shillings in providing three old men with coats of the same material.—London Globe.

Something More Interesting.

The old darky was having his eyes tested for glasses. After the oculist had put up several cards of Roman letters, which the negro vainly endeavored to call off correctly, he looked over at the oculist and asked, with some disgust:

"Whar's de use in lookin' at dem fings?"

"With them I'm trying to find out how far you can see distinctly," returned the eye specialist.

"Waal," declared the old darky, unsatisfied, "dey ain't wuth tryin' t' make out. Put up er watermillion!"—Bohemian.

The Origin of the Holy Stone.

At the reformation, when the Church of St. Nicholas at Yarmouth was despoiled, the carved stones of many of the monuments, both in the church and outside in the graveyard, were shipped off, some to Newcastle to be turned into grindstones and some on board the ships of the royal navy of the day to be used in scouring the decks, whence, it is interesting to know, the seamen's term "holystoning the deck" takes its origin.—London Standard.

Moles as Mesmerists.

Like the squirrel and some other animals, the mole lays up a store of food during the autumn months. A curious and interesting feature in relation to this storage is that the mole does not kill the worms it collects, but stupefies them in such a manner that they do not attempt to escape.—Country Life.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
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Over-Work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes.

The kidneys are your blood purifiers, they filter out the waste or impurities in the blood.

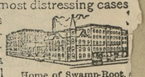
If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work.

Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney trouble.

Kidney trouble causes quick or unsteady heart beats, and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is over-working in pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood through veins and arteries.

It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root**, the great kidney remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.



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