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N° 1

Paris, 30 septembre 1911

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Quart de page,	6
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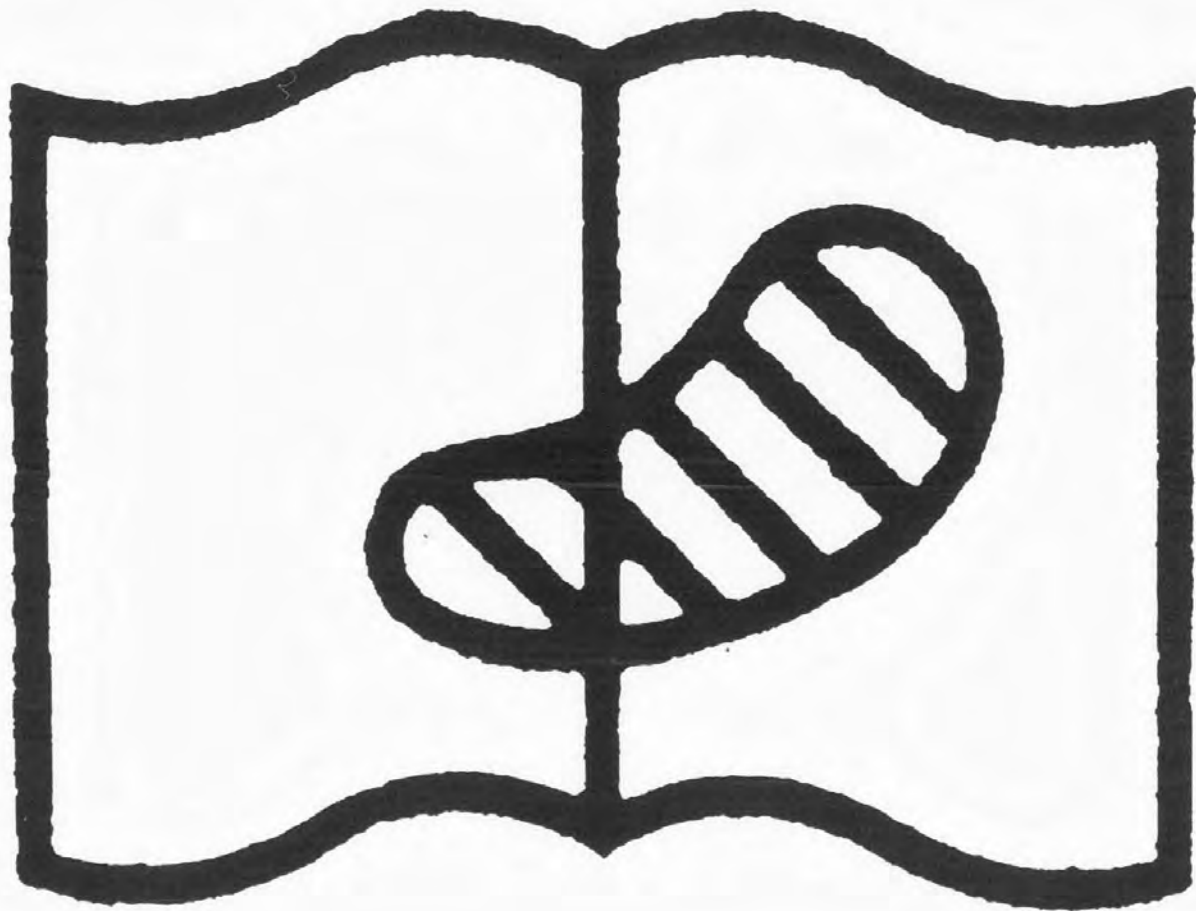
THE COLUMBIAN ERA PUBLISHING CO.,

HINSDALE, ILL.,

Inclosed please find

\$..... for which send the COLUMBIAN ERA to my address for years.

Yours Truly



THE COLUMBIAN ERA.

Vol. I.

HINSDALE, ILL., MAY, 1894.

No. 7.

A GHOST OF A PENSION.

BY A. NON.

We were on our way from northern Germany to Paris, my wife and I.

The day's journey had proved so fatiguing that the thought of its continuance through the night was unbearable to us both, so we decided to stop at the next town, seek better conveniences for repose than the railway coach afforded and again pursue our journey in the morning.

"But where shall we stop?" asked my wife, for our traveled friends in bequeathing us the legacy of their European experience had left us the address of no lodging in this little town.

"Perhaps the guide-book will help us out," I suggested.

Somewhat to my surprise, the guide-book mentioned this little out-of-the-way town and named its dozen hotels and pensions. We chose one of the latter.

It was still light when we reached the border of France and drew into our station.

Here there were several liveried men, with the names of their respective hotels lettered across the fronts of their caps and throwing open the doors of their conveyances with a great flourish of hospitality.

There were, also, unliveried men who thronged about us, each manifesting the utmost eagerness to relieve us of our luggage.

To one of these I surrendered our bags and gave the address to which he should take them.

We had not far to follow him. He took us through a turn in the road and soon deposited our bags upon the threshold of our lodging.

Here we were beamingly received by the proprietors of the pension, much, indeed, as if we were long-looked-for guests.

Madame wore an old black silk dress, which still bore the stamp of its Parisian origin. She carried a bunch of keys which she jingled as she talked.

Yes, madame had rooms — two of them — there was a large one with a smaller one adjoining. She would show them to us.

Very modest appearing apartments were they into which we were shown, yet upon the subject of their faded upholstery madame was eloquent. I managed to understand the drift of her discourse, madame's expressive gestures explaining much of her fluent French, but what was this about "*les cheveux blancs* le

NEW GOODS!

We have the *best assortment* of wash goods we ever have had.

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. . . SEERSUCKERS, . . .



. . . . SATTEENS,



. . . . ETC., ETC. . . .



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clair de la lune" and "*le parfum des fleurs*"?

"What does she say?" asked my wife.

Oh, something about yellow hair, and moonlight and flowers," I somewhat confusedly interpreted.

What could madame mean? But that lady was now bowing herself away before her admiring audience; and a small boy bearing our baggage entered and left it on the floor.

I looked at my wife.

"Evidently they mean us to have these rooms," I said.

My wife did not answer. Suddenly she began:

"Long ago, a beautiful maiden occupied this chamber; and here her lover was in the habit of visiting her, bringing with him bouquets of heliotrope, the maiden's favorite flower. One day, as she rested upon a couch, awaiting his arrival, her lover stole in and presented her with a bouquet. As the maiden bent her head to inhale the fragrance, her false lover thrust a dagger into her neck and fled, pulling down her long hair over the wound.

"The room is said to be still the scene of the maiden's visitation."

In the course of our travels I had become used to my wife's random readings from the guide-book.

She now looked up from the book.

"This room!" she exclaimed, with enthusiasm.

"She must have been a young woman of uncommonly bad taste to have occupied this room," I remarked. "I should judge it to have been the cause of her death, but for the contrary evidence of history."

But the romantic tale in connection with our chamber must have excited my wife's imagination, for she sat upon the little lounge and gazed out on the gathering dusk, until the moonlight began to cast faint shadows upon the lawn below.

"How delightful it would be to meet a ghost," mused my wife.

I did not want to seem unsympathetic, so I stifled a yawn and with all the interest I could summon, responded:

"Yes."

"If you should display such animation on meeting one, I'm sure he would cut you immediately after the introduction."

With this rejoinder, my wife took one of the candles I had lighted and carried it to her room.

I soon fell asleep.

In the night I woke and found my room flooded with moonlight. A ray from the moon had probably fallen upon my face and awakened me; that, or something else.

What?

I turned uneasily in my bed. My mind seemed possessed with a strange idea; some one was in the room.

I was conscious of a subtle fragrance permeating the air; it was the odor of heliotrope. I recalled the story in the guide-book and I instinctively turned my eyes to the couch by the window.

It was a woman!

A woman resting on the couch, the moonlight falling upon her white dress and upon her long light hair that hung to the floor.

I tried to take my eyes from the strange sight, half-believing that it

did so it would fade away, and by an effort I managed to turn from it to the wall.

But I could not remain so. My eyes again sought the sight that had startled them; yes—still that moonlit mass of hair, still the white drapery trailing on the floor.

I had just nerved myself to rise when I sank back again upon my bed; for there was a movement upon the couch. The figure stood for a moment, as if in hesitancy, and then softly and rapidly moved toward my wife's room.

I sprang up, though without a thought as to my proceedings.

With a curious revulsion of feeling, I realized that I was not afraid.

I gazed in passive confusion at the figure entering my wife's room.

I seemed to be waiting some climax. My mind struggled with an indefinable plea which I had conceived. I waited in expectancy.

I had kept my eyes upon the phantom all the time; it had now reached my wife's bed.

But my wife did not lie there.

The idea that had so feebly chained my thought, now seized me with conviction; my eyes at once traveled from the empty bed to the figure beside the bed (none other than my wife!

As she turned to take her place among the covers, her eyes gazed straight ahead, but seemed to see nothing.

The truth flashed upon me, my wife was asleep. Leaving her quietly, I went back to my bed.

The next morning I stood beside the little couch, the sun's rays mercilessly

exposing every rip and thread-bare spot.

How different do things appear in the day-light of common sense than in the moon-light of imagination.

My wife came in and I told her the story of what had occurred on the previous night.

"I am certain though," I said, when I had finished, "that I distinctly smelled heliotrope in the room."

"So you did undoubtedly, and shall again," said my wife, meaningly, as we left our rooms, followed by the man with our bags.

In the garden below was madame watering her flowers. I smiled at my wife's knowingness, as my eye fell upon the bed of heliotrope, flourishing near the window of the room I had occupied.

The night dews had made their odor stronger and it was the flower I had smelled.

Half an hour later we had resumed our journey, my wife with a bit of heliotrope between the leaves of her guide-book.

SELECT GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A friend is easier lost than found.

Character is the criterion of destiny.

Conceit and deceit are bad seats to occupy.

Our acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

Owe no man more than you are able to pay, and permit no man to owe you more than you are able to lose.

The Columbian Era.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Entered at the Hinsdale postoffice as
second-class matter.

Published monthly by

THE COLUMBIAN ERA PUB., CO.

HINSDALE, ILL.

D. H. MERRILL, (- - - Editors,
W. H. LINSLEY, (- - -
L. C. DANFORTH, - Business Manager.

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We will be glad to furnish our advertising rates upon application.



A Red Mark in this square indicates that your subscription expires with this number. You are requested to renew.

HINSDALE, MAY 1894.

Many young people are availing themselves of our offer, by which they receive their own subscription free for one year. Those who noticed our advertisement in the April number of the Era, will remember that we offered a free subscription for one year, to all who would send us one dollar and the names of five new subscribers. Gracie Clark of Hinsdale secured the first club of five. This offer is still good, try it.

We call the attention of our readers to our advertising pages. We believe that money can be saved by patronizing our advertisers.

Girls do not always know their power. It is far greater than they think; and, were they true and brave enough to exert it, they might almost, in a generation, revolutionize society about them. Exert your power for good upon the young men who are privileged to enjoy your society. Gentle and good, be also brave and true. Try to exhibit the ideal of a woman—a pure and good woman—whose life is mighty as well as beautiful in its maidenly dignity and attractive loveliness. Do not let it even seem that dress and frivolity constitute your only thoughts; but let the elevation of your character and the usefulness of your life lift up the man that walks by your side. Some of you are in intimate associations, which, under exchanged promises, look forward to a nearer and more enduring relation. In these hours do nothing to lower, but everything to refine and ennoble the other.

Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer whenever there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2,320; dividing the same number by 2, and you will have 232, and as there is no remainder you add a cipher. Now take 357, and multiply by 5; there is 1785. Divide the same number by 2, and you have 178 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1785.

Written for the Columbian Era.

TAKEN BY THE INDIANS.

BY A DESCENDANT OF CALEB HOWE.

In the early summer of 1755 there stood on the edge of a clearing, in the woods of Vermont, a little log cabin or blockhouse, known as Bridgman's Fort. It was not a regular blockhouse with a garrison, but simply a fortified house, in which three families made their home. It was about twenty-five feet square and had two stories, the upper of which projected slightly over the lower. There were loop holes in both stories, for the country was the home of the Indians, who were ever ready to dispute the progress of the whites.

In this place dwelt Caleb Howe, Hiliah Grant, and Benjamin Gaffield with their families. France and England were at war and a bounty for scalps had been offered by both sides. On the morning of June 27, the three men set out for the cornfield accompanied by two little boys, sons of Mr. Howe.

Indians were suspected to be in the vicinity; but the work must be done no matter what the danger was. All day long the men worked in the field, keeping a close watch for the red men: all day the women worked at their household duties, the merry laughter of the children ringing out among the trees of the forest.

Just before sunset the men started for the blockhouse. Suddenly, as they were walking along, a murderous volley of bullets came sweeping across the road, and a party of savages sprang out from the bushes. Howe fell wounded and was

quickly killed and scalped, Grant and Gaffield took to the woods. The former escaped but the latter was chased into the river and drowned. The frightened little boys were bound by the Indians, put upon a horse and taken along with them.

During this time, the women left at the fort, were wondering at the long absence of their husbands.

Apprehension changed to fear; but after long waiting, they heard familiar steps outside and then the prearranged signal at the door.

It was quickly opened, and in a few moments the room was filled with Indians. They had lain hidden in the bushes day after day, until they were able to imitate not only the knock but also the steps of the men. Resistance was worse than useless. The women were speedily bound and the children scared into submission by threats. The treatment which the Indians at this time administered to their captives was very cruel. Their appearance was as fiendish as can be imagined. Their faces were daubed with flaring colors, their hair being gathered and tied in a single lock. Their blankets and moccasins were adorned with many colored beads and ribbons.

However, these captives seemed to have fallen into comparatively good hands. The band had the usual appearance of the Huron tribe except that their hair was allowed to flow freely over their shoulders. On the whole the captives

were treated better than might be expected. They were conveyed to Canada by a round-about route and had to bear many hardships, but no unnecessary suffering was inflicted upon them. They were compelled to march as far as they could each day, with no protection but their blankets to keep them from rain, frost, and wind. Sometimes, when one of the boys would become tired while marching, a brawny Indian would lift him upon his shoulder and save him many a weary mile of travel. At last they arrived at Montreal. The entire party, including Mrs. Howe and her seven children, Mrs. Grant with two sons and a daughter, and Mrs. Gaffield and her daughter, Eunice, had survived the terrible journey.

Mrs. Howe was soon released through the influence of Philip Schuyler and Israel Putnam, who were soon to become better known in history. She was accompanied by her three sons, (one having died); her daughters found shelter in a convent and her baby was placed in the care of a friend.

Mrs. Gaffield was ransomed in 1758, and she went back to England. The fate of her daughter is unknown.

Mrs. Grant remained in Canada until the close of the war, when she returned to her old home in Vermont.

Mr. Grant, upon returning to the fort, found his home burned and family gone.

He wandered away and nothing was heard of him afterward.

Thus in a short time, three happy families were broken up and the survivors scattered; some in England, some in France, and some in Canada and the Colonies.

Although not as cruel as some, their fate is typical of that of many of the brave pioneers who extended the bounds of our vast country, until now the historic red man is confined to a small tract of western land, it being only a question of time as to when the famous race shall become extinct.

A SUMMER'S OUTING.

Nestled among the hills in the northern part of the old state of New York, surrounded by dense woods, lies a little sheet of water called Star Lake. You will not find it on your map, but if you take the train at Watertown and go up the mountains, until you reach a small town laboring under the name of Oswegatchie, you will reach it.

When we left the train one bright morning, we found the stage waiting for us and after stowing away our baggage, we were soon on the road to the lake.

Perhaps the reader can imagine how lovely it seemed to us, dusty and travel-worn as we were. The stage used was an open spring wagon. The road led through the woods, full of beautiful ferns, mosses, vines, and flowers. Every step of the way became more beautiful as we went on up the mountain, and suddenly at a turn in the road, the lake spread out before us.

It is a beautiful little sheet of water, clear and cold, and fed by mountain streams. Many hours during our stay were spent upon its surface in rowing and fishing; or in exploring its numerous islands and bays in search of the best berries and flowers. Or, we were content to float idly along, watching the reflection

of the sky and woods in the water.

We had never before experienced anything so lovely.

On the shores of the lake are twelve cottages and three hotels. Back on the main road is a school-house which is used for divine services on Sunday. The number of scholars which attend the school is small, at one time there being only three.

Occasionally a farmhouse may be seen, but they are so few in number, that they seem isolated from the world and its noise.

You may be sure that we were reluctant to leave Star Lake and the little cottage where we had so happily spent two weeks, but we came home rested and strong; having had a delightful glimpse of Nature and a breath of sweet mountain air.

THE LARGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD.

One of the safes in the Bank of England holds within its iron bounds the largest diamond in the world, the "Excelsior." It was found by Edward Jorganson, the inspector in one of the mines of Jagersfontein, Cape Colony. In his opinion, which is corroborated by that of the director, Mr. Gifford, the "Excelsior" is a stone of the purest water, and worth a million sterling, or nearly \$5,000,000.

Exceptional precautions were taken to have it conveyed from the mines to the coast. A squadron from the Sixteenth Lancers guarded the carriage to Cape Town, from whence it was brought to London in the gunboat, Antelope.

The diamond is fully three inches in height and nearly three inches in breadth, weighing 971 carats, or about seven ounces troy. In color, the Jagersfontein diamond is white, with a very slight bluish tint, and its luster is matchless. At the center is a very small black spot, which experts say can be easily removed in the cutting.

On the authority of M. X. West, the British Government has offered £500,000 or about \$2,500,000 for this diamond, to the proprietors, Messrs. Breitmeyer and Bernheimer, but the offer was rejected.

It is also said that the directors of the World's Columbian Exposition were willing to insure the diamond for \$750,000, in order to show the eighth wonder of the world, as one might call it.

It is reported that the German Emperor is a probable purchaser of the "Excelsior."

OUR MERRY SIDE.

THE end of everything,—the letter g.

CAN you spell consent in three letters?
Y-e-s.

How much does a fool weigh generally?
A simple-ton.

What will you probably do if you fall down a well? Kick the bucket.

"I SEE the villain in your face," said a lawyer to an unmanageable witness.
"That's a *personal reflection!*" retorted the witness.

THE difference between honor and discretion is, honor tells you not to hit a man when he is down; and discretion warns you to be careful about hitting a man when he isn't down.

STAMP CORNER.



Many of the readers of this column are, no doubt, beginners in stamp collecting and know but little about the various issues of the lands that border

upon the Indian Ocean and the other side of the Pacific.

We present herewith an illustration of the half-penny stamp issued by the government of Victoria, Australia in 1886.

It was at that time printed in lilac color, but in the following year the color was changed to rose, making a much prettier stamp. The unused stamp, printed in lilac, is worth 25 cents; but if used, 10 cts.

The total number of varieties issued by the government of Victoria, according to Scott's 53rd catalogue, is 650, including postage stamps, provisionals, revenue stamps used for postage, stamped envelopes, stamped newspaper wrappers etc.

Many persons who start to collect stamps have their enthusiasm dampened through being swindled by unscrupulous dealers who advertise great bargains. Attracted by these offers, the beginner bites at the tempting bait and loses his money.

This experience causes many, who might otherwise become ardent philatelists, to lose all interest in the pastime and to abandon his or her collection.

For your own good and the good of others you cannot afford to patronize these fraudulent dealers. If you do not know a reliable firm with whom to deal,

send us a letter requesting the name of one, inclosing a two cent stamp for reply, and we will send the names of several.

Since the Columbians are no longer issued, we the papers, that once made so much merriment over the size of the stamps and the amount of mucilage that required licking, now express their praise of the departed stamps and a desire that the next stamps may resemble them in size and artistic appearance.

Many persons of noble birth are Stamp Collectors and some possess some of the finest collections in the world.

The "Prince of Stamp Collectors," as he is called, is Monsieur L. R. von Ferray. He is a man of enormous wealth, and as a result of being an earnest collector and possessing great wealth, he has amassed the largest collection in the world. The value of it is estimated by different judges to be worth from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000.

The collection is arranged in many fine volumes and is kept in a room made of steel which is fire and burglar proof. He also employs two secretaries to aid him in his extensive stamp correspondence.

Monsieur Ferray is the son of the late Duchess of Galeria.

It may seem strange to some that our government should ever have issued a five dollar postage stamp; but if our country, with a population of over twice that of Great Britain, cannot find use for a \$5 stamp, what can Great Britain do with a £5 stamp?

The Third Assistant Postmaster General states that we will have a new set of stamps this year. May they be like the Columbian stamps.

C. G. ANDERSON

— WILL MOVE HIS —

MARKET

to the store now occupied by

CHAS. BOLNOW.



Prompt attention given all orders.

SEND US

3 approval sheets, (no common stamps wanted) and let us select \$1.00 worth and we will give you a 2 inch advertisement in the Reporter for 2 months.

THE REPORTER,
NORWICH, CONN.

First Class Meats

At the lowest possible prices

—AT—

TONY CLAUS'S

Meat Market.

First Street, Hinsdale, Illinois.

TRY IT! OUR POPULAR weekly story paper one year on trial, your name and address printed in 2000 copies of the STAR NAME DIRECTORY which we send to publishers all over the U. S. and they, seeing your name, will send you samples of their magazine, story paper, cards, etc., also send you a copy of the Directory with your name in, all for 10 cents if you send to-day.

ADDRESS LEO BRACE, PUB.,
NUNDA, N. Y.

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One Year for only

THIRTY CENTS.

Yes, we will do still better.

If you send **40 cents** instead of 30 cents, we will have this excellent paper, (established in 1877) sent you for

TWO YEARS.

"HELLO, CENTRAL !

Give me 2972, please."

"Hello! Is this **"SLACK THE GROCER?"**

"It is, madam, what can I do for you?"

"This is Mrs. Blank — I find it so inconvenient to run down town every time I want anything in the Grocery line, that I think of trying your store — if the prices are right."

"Well Madam, I will call off a list of articles with prices and you can compare them with others. What is the address, please?"

"Oh, Hinsdale! that is where

BAILEY, HANNAHS & CO.,

are located,

isn't it?"

"I believe there is such a firm here."

"Well, Madam, I am sorry to inform you that we cannot beat that firm either in prices or quality. Their **Teas, Coffees, Etc.**, as well as everything else in Groceries, are hard to approach; and we have often tried to equal them, but we cannot."

"Well, I'll try them with an order. I have often passed their store, but have never been inside."

"They keep a very nice store, Madam, and it will probably save you money to trade there."

"Good Bye."

DON'T FORGET

— TO —

REMEMBER

that you can get

FIFTEEN

strictly first class cabinet

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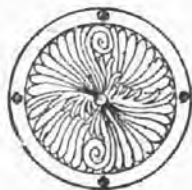
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THE COLUMBIAN ERA

Vol. 1.



No. 10.

A Monthly Magazine for Young People.



AUGUST, 1894.

PUBLISHED BY
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HINSDALE, ILLINOIS.

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HINSDALE ILLINOIS

THE COLUMBIAN ERA.

Vol. I.

HINSDALE, ILL., AUGUST, 1894.

No. 10.

HOW PERFORMING ANIMALS ARE TRAINED.

BY EDWARD EFFINGHAM.

PEOPLE who go to circuses and see horses, elephants, and dogs perform wonderful tricks, must often ask themselves how the animals are taught to do them. A leading ringmaster has said concerning the horse, that contrary to general belief, it is the most stupid animal on earth. He also says, "he has only one faculty—memory. Having forced tricks into his head, you must use the short whip when he resists and give him a carrot when he obeys. Whips and carrots form the secret of the trainer. The horse must be from 5 to 7 years old. Before that age he is too spirited, after it his muscles are not elastic enough.

"The first thing to do is to accustom your horse to the ring, to make him run around regularly, and then to stop at a given signal. To accomplish this the animal is brought into the ring. The trainer holds in his left hand a tether, which is passed into the cavesson, a kind of iron crescent armed with sharp points fixed on the nose of the horse. In his right hand he holds his long whip. Behind the animal an assistant with a stout, short whip is posted. The trainer calls on the horse to start, and pulling his

tether and smacking his long whip forces him to gallop round. If he refuses, the assistant uses his whip also. If he is obedient he is rewarded with a carrot. To make him stop short the trainer cracks his long whip again, while the assistant with his short whip throws himself suddenly in front of the animal, and the result is obtained.

"The horse has a great objection to kneeling or lying down at any moment. This feat is taught by means of iron bracelets placed on his ankles, and attached to the tether held by the trainer, who, by sudden jerks or pulls as he is moving, makes him fall or kneel. The animal remembers the lessons, and, by dint of whip and carrot, ultimately performs them at the mere command of the trainer. The horse is taught to dance to music in the same way with foot-bracelets."

As regards the learned horse, who opens boxes and takes articles out of them, here is how the animal is trained to do it. "I first get a carrot," says the ringmaster. "I place it in a box. I then lead the horse to the box. He smells the carrot, lifts up the lid of the box with his nose and takes out the vegetable, which

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he is allowed to eat. The next day, before letting the horse free, I show him a handkerchief full of bran; he takes it and tries to eat it. I then let him loose. He runs to the box, but—bitter deception—it is empty. The day after I resume the exercise, but this time the horse finds the handkerchief in the box. The horse brings it to me and gets his carrot. I then reduce the size of the carrot every day until at last I give him nothing. The horse continues to perform with the handkerchief in the hope of getting the carrot."

With respect to dogs, a celebrated trainer said their education is a work of time and patience. Sometimes it takes two years. "I use neither sugar nor whip," he informs us. "I take my dog in my hands, talk to him, and try to make him understand what he is to do. I perform the tricks myself, and the dogs follow and imitate me. I once trained a carriage dog to perform on a single wire. The way I taught him to become an equilibrist is this: I made him first of all walk on a plank which balanced to and fro. The plank was gradually reduced in width every day and the movement accelerated. At length the plank dwindled down to a narrow slip; this was replaced by a long, round stick, and ultimately the dog found himself on a single wire." Strange to say this dog is blind. Scent is the great quality which enables dogs to perform some tricks. For example, the poodles are taught by their scent. The trainer touches the dominoes which the dog has to play and the animal, smelling them, picks them out from the rest and plays them.

The pig is said to be the most difficult animal to train. A clown who has exhibited a troupe of performing porkers does not believe in learned pigs. They are to be taught only by their weak point, their gluttony. "When I have got my young pig," he says, "I begin on the principle that I shall obtain nothing from him without satisfying his appetite. I feed him myself, and during a few days I vary his food in order to find out what he likes best. As soon as I have discovered his favorite dish I deprive him of it completely. This dish is my talisman. The chief pig I am now performing with prefers beef fat. I put a piece in my pocket. I jump over hurdles and the pig follows me, doing likewise. In this way he learns his exercise and gets his fat. I decrease the piece of fat every day, and at last I give him nothing. Should he refuse to work, I thrash him till he does, and having completed his performances, I recompense him with his favorite meal."

The elephant, on the contrary, is extremely intelligent, and his education would be easy but for his cumbersome weight, which forces the trainer to have recourse to cruel means. For instance, to make him raise and hold out his foot an iron ring with sharp points is placed on it, and being drawn by a rope the point enters the flesh. The elephant, feeling the pain, lifts up his foot and keeps it in the air till the pain ceases. After a few repetitions he remembers the pain, and at the sight of the irons, raises his foot. His instruction, thanks to his intelligence, is soon completed. Some elephants are taught in less than a fort-

might to play on a drum, work a tricycle, and beg on their hind legs.

The human voice has great power over the fiercest animals. Mr. Gordon Cunningham relates as a proof of this that having spent his last bullet upon a wounded lioness he stopped the advance of the enraged beast by calling to her in a clear, commanding voice: "Hulloa, old girl! What's the hurry? Take it easy! Hulloa! Hulloa!" Whereupon the lioness halted, perplexed and undecided, giving him time to retreat to a place of safety. An officer of the British army once put a tiger which was about to attack him to flight, by taking off his big bearskin blunderbuss cap and putting it before his feet and roaring into it as loudly as he could. The noise and action so surprised the tiger that he turned tail and slunk away.

A BEAR STORY.

BY WALTER G. PICKENS.

Hudson's Bay is not, perhaps, the pleasantest of places in the depth of winter. This is however the time when it presents most attractions to those who visit it, for the snow drives the animals from their hunting places, and the difficulty of finding something to eat makes them bold in the pursuit of food, even to the extent of rushing into the jaws of a trap.

A small party of trappers were seated around a camp-fire one night, a few years ago. They had a blaze big enough to keep all the animals of the forest, for the snow was bitterly cold, and fuel cost nothing.

"I saw bear tracks today," remarked Coppee, a French Canadian; "I shall hunt him tomorrow."

"You're always seeing tracks," said Martin, a burly Englishman, "but you never seem to come up with the bear. Foxes are more in your line."

Coppee looked as if he would like to have retorted with more than words. But he was a good natured little fellow, and could make allowance for Martin's want of amiability.

"I shall try to find this one," was his reply. His eyes twinkled with joyful anticipation, for he had discovered the home of the bear, a discovery which he meant to keep secret.

"You can't go tomorrow, Coppee," put in Hopkins, a Yankee. "You're to go to the cache; the agent will be along soon."

"Ah, so I have," exclaimed Coppee, dolorously. "Never mind; the bear will keep for a day or two."

"Where is his hole?" asked Martin carelessly.

"Ah wouldn't you like to know?" was Coppee's evasive answer. "No, my friend, I mean to pay my morning call by myself."

"That bear will live a lonely life then, that's all I can say," retorted Martin, rising to throw some more pine knots on the fire.

"We shall see," said Coppee; "only don't expect a paw all to yourself when I bring the skin home."

"I'll eat the skin when you bring it," responded Martin, laughing.

Coppee made no reply, but his face showed the determination to carry out

his intention of killing Bruin. Soon after, all the trappers rolled themselves in their blankets and dropped off to sleep.

They woke early; the fire still smoldered. They made a hunter's breakfast, and each prepared to go his own direction.

"Where are you off, Martin?" asked Hopkins.

"Up by the ravine. I shall be back early today. Look out for the bear, Coppee."

"I shall not call on him to lay; I'm off for the cache."

"Well, its all the same for the bear," was Martin's remark, as he shouldered his gun and strode off.

Coppee gave one of his light hearted laughs and started off in the opposite direction.

"He is angry that he did not find the tracks himself," he thought. "Poor Martin! he has had bad luck this season. So have I, though, till now; but when I've shot this bear I shan't be able to complain."

He walked rapidly along, for he had a long journey before him. The "cache" he was about to visit was a hole beside a tree, carefully boarded up and covered over. In this were hidden the skins of the animals they had captured. At stated times the company's agent came round and took them away. One of his visits was nearly due, and Coppee had to make a preliminary inspection of the cache.

He was about four miles from the camp, swinging along with a hunter's stride, when he stopped as if he had

been shot.

A minute after, he was retracing his steps at a long trot. An unwelcome thought had struck him.

Martin had said that he was going to the ravine. Coppee knew that "the ravine" meant a certain gorge between some rocky hills, a part of the district which Martin rarely visited. It was to this very ravine that he had tracked the bear on the previous day.

By this time it was quite possible Martin had come across the tracks, and, forsaking his gins and traps, had set off to trace where they led. If so, he would never rest content until he had killed the bear. And that bear fairly belonged to him, Coppee.

That would never do. How could he endure the chaff of the camp after his tirade of the previous evening? No; he was resolved that, come what might, he would be first on the spot, and not leave to Martin the chance of killing the largest bear he had seen signs of during the whole season.

So the little Frenchman plowed his way along, taking a short cut through the woods. What was it that made him pause for a moment, and then redouble his speed?

It was this. He remembered suddenly that all the tracks leading to the bear-cave were on the side of the ravine furthest from the camp. He had come across them on his way home; but Martin, entering the cave from the other end, would see nothing to raise his suspicions till he reached the cave. The bear would have scented him long before, and the terrible fear which crossed

Coppee's mind was that Martin would be attacked unawares. Such an unequal contest could have but one result.

Coppee forgot all about his own desire to kill the bear; his one hope now was that Martin might have succeeded in doing so. Never had he run so fast in his life. He pelted over the snow, choosing, where possible, the ground sheltered from drift.

It seemed an age before the ravine was reached. He leaped from rock to rock with more agility than prudence. One more turn and he would be in sight of the cave.

He was at the very corner when a terrible cry reached his ear. He leaped forward to see his worst fears realized. An enormous bear had rushed on Martin, who had not even time to fire; his weapon was dashed from his hand, and he was thrown violently to the ground.

Coppee raised a shout, hoping to turn the beast's attention. His idea bore fruit—the bear turned in his direction for a moment, giving Martin time to draw his long hunter's knife; but before he could use it, the bear, with an angry growl, sprang on him again.

Another moment, and it would have been all over, for the animal's enormous weight prevented Martin from even turning. But Coppee had made the most of the few seconds, and was now but half a dozen yards off. He took a wobbly aim, all trembling as he was with his tremendous exertions. The ball hit the bear under the shoulder. With a fearful growl he sprang off Martin's body and began biting the wounded part.

Now came Martin's turn. With a te-

merity born of a hunter's life he raised himself on his hand, and plunged his knife into its heart.

Martin rose to his feet, and for the first time saw Coppee.

"I killed that bear," he said.

Coppee looked at him in astonishment for a moment, and then burst into one of his merry laughs.

"You are right," he said; "you killed the bear. I came too late."

"No you didn't," replied Martin, "you came at just about the nick of time. If it hadn't been for your shot it would have been a case of 'killed by a bear' for my gravestone. I'll do as much for you, if ever I get a chance."

Coppee saw that he had conquered his rival's enmity forever. When, in the evening, they were once more seated around the campfire, Martin told the story of his rescue, and told it in terms which showed he deeply felt Coppee's conduct. However, none the less could he resist ending his story with: "But I killed that bear after all."

SELECT GEMS OF THOUGHT.

DEATH is the only master who takes his servant without a character.

THE great difference between men—the great and the insignificant—is energy.

SOME men are like flowers—pink early in the morning, and getting blue before evening.

THE mind wears the colors of the soul, as the valet does those of his master.

The * Columbian * Era.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Entered at the Hinsdale postoffice as
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HINSDALE, AUGUST 1894.

EDITORIALS.

The *Young American* of Portland, Oregon, has a number for July worthy of great praise.

The editors of this patriotic paper are very energetic.

They show good common sense in their ideas of patriotism and if half the American people were as true to the Stars and Stripes, the other half would soon fall into line and this country would enjoy peace and harmony forever.

This paper is published monthly and we sincerely hope that it will be a success.

A question which will probably be one of the deciding points in the history of

this nation is the result of the present labor trouble.

For the past century, this question of labor has been brought up many times, and emphasized by the numerous strikes throughout the country, in each of which, the laboring man has gained a little.

Greed and selfishness have been fostered by both the laboring man and the capitalist until both parties have now become so antagonistic to each other, that decisive action needs to be taken, for the preservation of our republican institutions, as well as for the safety and prosperity of every individual in our land.

While the present struggle originated with the railroads, yet it is only one of the many cases where labor and capital come in conflict with each other. In every branch of industry one is organized against the other.

The organizations on both sides have been growing stronger and more extensive. They have apparently forgotten that each class is dependent upon the other and that their real interests are the same. "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

The question should not be which shall predominate, but, how can matters be so adjusted that each shall be protected in their rights, and work in harmony with each other.

It is true that laboring people suffer many wrongs at the hands of organized capital, but it is a question whether they do not suffer greater wrongs, by putting themselves in the power of Anarchistic leaders,—foreigners who are here not for the purpose of keeping law and order, but to incite riots and to lead in committing acts of violence. The laborer who interferes with the rights of another laborer to earn an honest living, is himself an oppressor.

It is hoped that Congress will pass laws placing wholesome restraints upon greedy capital and that it will put a strong hand upon all anarchists and put them beyond the power of working mischief.

SUPPRESSING THE STRIKE.

BY QUEEN BETH.

PART III.

AS the troops charged, the mob remained for a moment in a state of indecision. The troops were approaching in double-quicktime. They almost touched the mob with their bayonets, when—lo,—the mob had melted away. Where it had gone no one could tell. Numbers were seen running here and there, stumbling over each other in their haste to get beyond the range of the despised militia. At that moment it seemed as though the mob was dispersed and law and order restored. The troops were ordered back to the armory, leaving the police on duty.

The Guards proceeded down Grove street and were within a block of the armory, when they came upon an immense barricade of paving stones, large timbers, logs, overturned wagons, etc. Similar barricades were erected across the two side streets. The mob had gathered there in a body and were behind the barricades.

The troops had been caught in a trap. There was no apparent avenue of retreat. The outcome must be a terrible battle, in which both sides would lose heavily. The officers held a council together and decided to take the works by a grand charge.

In the meanwhile the mob erected another breast-work in the rear of the militia. When this was completed, they began to throw rocks and clubs at the troops. Not only were stones and clubs used as weapons of attack but also re-

volvers and shotguns.

Several of the soldiers were wounded before the officers gave the order to charge. The barricade proved no easy matter for the inexperienced soldiers to scale. Sharpened irons and sticks protruded here and there from the pile of stones, wagons etc. More than one soldier was forced to the rear by wounds caused by the sharp points piercing the flesh.

Not a sign came from behind the barricade to show that the mob still held it. The troops advanced, confident that mere martial array would put the civilians to flight.

Some of the soldiers succeeded in reaching the top but no sooner did they make their appearance than a shower of stones and bullets fell about them. Almost all of those who succeeded in scaling it were wounded and forced to retreat.

Again and again the troops charged up the hill only to be driven back a gain by the angered mob.

Fully twenty men lay wounded in front of the barricade and it looked as though the rest would meet the same fate.

But assistance was at hand. The attention of the police was attracted by the firing and without drawing the attention of the mob, surrounded it in the rear. They then waited for the militia to make another attack.

That attack was the last, deter-

mined effort of the now thoroughly exhausted men. They fought like tigers and resolved to die fighting.

They were being slowly but surely driven back, when the attack from the rear was commenced.

In a moment all was confusion in the mob.

The attack from both the front and rear completely demoralized the mob. Again it was forced to scatter.

The troops then proceeded peacefully to the armory, where they awaited further orders.

A short time after this event, notices were posted up calling a meeting of the strikers at the Union rooms over the bank. The time announced was 6 o'clock but the meeting did not begin until almost seven. Only strikers were allowed admittance, but in some way a sweet faced, black-eyed girl of fifteen years found her way, unnoticed into the room.

Taking a seat in a dark corner of the room, she sat unobserved for almost an hour listening to the discussions of those present. Some were strongly in favor of calling off the strike, while others advocated its continuation.

At last one man arose and addressing the chairman said, "Mr. Chairman, I desire to know if Mr. Dewey has expressed any willingness to arbitrate? If not, I would move that the strike be continued.

The chairman, Mr. Chamberlain, answered that he had received a letter that morning stating that Mr. Dewey would be willing to meet a

committee for the purpose of arbitrating. Mr. Dewey also wrote that he had the greatest sympathy for laboring men and that he did not want to trample on their rights nor would he permit anyone else to do so, if he could help it.

This with other things which he said in his letter gave the men confidence in him. The chairman produced the letter and read it to all who were present. The reading was followed by cheers. A vote was taken, whether to call the strike off or not. The result showed 376 in favor of doing so, against 420 who were not.

After the result was announced, a girl glided up one of the aisles to the platform and asked permission to say a few words. Permission was reluctantly granted and bravely swallowing the big lump in her throat the new speaker began in a girlish way to tell the men what she knew to be true.

"That I am in a position to speak knowingly upon this subject, you will see when I tell you that I am the cousin of Mr. Dewey's assistant cashier." The reader will know by these words that the speaker was pretty Mae Bradford. Unbeknown to her parents she had stolen away to Jamesville to find Harry and aid him if possible. When she arrived at Jamesville she found the depot closed, the stores shut and the streets deserted.

She found her way to State Street, the principal street of the city, and seeing some well dressed men standing in front of the bank reading several notices which had been posted up

on the bulletin board, she hurried forward to speak to them concerning her cousin Harry. But by the time she came up to the place, they had gone up to the rooms of the labor Union.

Her curiosity led her to read the notices, and thinking that she might obtain some information that would prove of use to her in helping Harry, she passed inside when the guard's lock was turned. For a long time she sat in silence but at last she determined to tell in the best way she knew how, what Mr. Dewey's intentions were, in regard to the elevators should he fail to come to a satisfactory understanding.

As she went down the aisle to the platform, her head swam, she reeled as if drunken but after a great effort she regained her self-composure and walked steadily to the front.

After her little introductory speech, she continued, saying "Mr. Dewey told a reporter that if the strikers could not come to terms that he would rebuild the elevators at Clifton. He also stated that he was losing money employing so many men here, when by using superior water power afforded by Clifton river, he could run them at half the expense. I am only a girl but you men know that what I say is true and that it is for your good to call the strike off."

As she sat down one of the men rose and cried, "Three cheers for the girl. Hip,—hip, hurrah." The men joined in and a rousing cheer was the result.

A second vote was taken and it was found that all were in favor of calling off the strike.

Miss Mae then made her way to the Goodman House where upon inquiring for Harry, she was directed to the house of Doctor Andrews where he was being cared for. She had not known that Harry had been injured, so she hurried to the doctor's house, where she found him sitting up, looking somewhat worse for his stay in Jamesville.

The next morning the strike was officially declared off and Harry with his cousin returned to Rock Glen where Harry received the hearty thanks and congratulations of Mr. Dewey. But he hastily informed him that it was Mae who had succeeded in quelling the strike. It is needless to say that Mr. Dewey was surprised when Harry recited to him the part Mae had taken at Jamesville.

None of the residents of Jamesville will ever forget the memorable strike of the summer of 1894 and how it was suppressed by a girl. In the city of Rock Glen, Harry and Mae received warm words of welcome by their anxious friends.

[THE END.]

"The world is a looking glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it, and with it, and it is a jolly kind companion; and so let all young persons take their choice."

—*Every Month.*

He who has lost his honor can lose nothing more.

STAMP CORNER.

BY S. OF P. NO. 559.

THE annual convention of the American Philatelic Association will be held at Niagara Falls, opening August 21st.

The first proofs of the new set of U. S. postage stamps have been approved by the Postmaster-General. There are enough stamps remaining under the old contract to supply all demands until October first, when the new stamps will be placed on sale. The new stamps differ, in design from the present issue in only one particular, but the general effect is more pleasing. In the old stamps, the corners above the medallion are plain, while in the new stamps these corners will contain a little triangular decoration, intended as a means of identifying them from the issue of the American Bank Note Co.

One of the principal topics of discussion among the stamp papers at present is the advisability of changing the design of our postage stamps. Instead of having the profiles of Franklin, Washington, Lincoln, Grant and other prominent men of American history, adorn our stamps, we should place thereupon the American flag. While many favor the above suggestion, we do not. In the first place, it would be hard to secure a design that would be as popular as the head designs which have adorned all the stamp issues of our government, with two exceptions.

Obock has just issued a set of stamps that will find great favor among the younger collectors, on account of their triangular shape. Obock is one of the French possessions in Africa and derives a large revenue from the sale of its stamps to collectors. The design of the new stamps differs from the 5 fr. issued last year, in that the camel faces to the left instead of to the right.

The colors and values are as follows: 5 fr., rose and blue; 10 fr., red and lilac; 25 fr., brown and blue; 50 fr., lilac and green.

In one of our philatelic exchanges we read that a new variety of the first issue of Baden has been discovered. It states that the 9kr. has been found printed in green instead of rose. The issue of the old German States has always been a favorite field for the counterfeiter and all collectors can well afford to look with suspicion on any new varieties.

The *Philatelic Era* is contemplating a change from a semi-monthly to a weekly. This will make three weekly stamp papers published in the United States. The increase in the number of weekly papers devoted to the cause of Philately, brings to our minds an article we once read, written by a prominent stamp collector, in which he imagined himself a collector in 1994. He stated that monthly stamp papers were in size like unto the *Century*, while there were hundreds of weeklies and scores of dailies. Events begin to point that way.

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