

# THE EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, May 14, 1870.

## BETSEY'S NIGHT WITH THE BEAR.

What a dark wood, and what a brown little house right under the shadow of the tall Minnesota pine! Coming upon it, though, after long miles of silent forests, it seemed quite gray and lively, and if you went in, and saw the bright-faced mother and three wild children, and, after a while, the tall, sun-burnt father, you would say your mind that this was almost a village. Then a few rods on, and the wood opened out of the clearing, where, day after day, the father worked in his great field of corn and potatoes, which hardly needed scarecrows, because the blackened stumps, still standing, each seemed to be one. Then the lake, and the lake which emptied into it, and on the other side, the maple wood, where sugar was made in the Spring, when the Indians came down from the upper lakes.

In the Winter, the woods were filled with lumbermen, who camped only a mile or two from them, and through the summer they amused themselves in a way you never would dream of. And so the years went on, and little Betty, the youngest, came to be four years old.

It was August, a hot, bright day, and the very height of the huckleberry season.

"Now, children, I want you to do your prettiest to-day," Mrs. Brewer said early in the morning. "If you want your fill of huckleberry pie this Winter, you've got to get me a bushel more before they're gone."

"I found a place yesterday," said Jack; "I bet there's half a bushel anywhere. Put Betty down in the middle, and she might fill a two quart pail without getting up."

"Well, bring home all you can," said the mother; and here's your dinner in this little pail. Look up for Betty."

"She'll look out for herself; she's as smart as a fox," said the father, and he picked up his basket and started on, followed by Sarah and Betty in Indian file.

Five or six miles to the best huckleberry field would seem a long way to you, but the children's brown bare feet never tired.

Before long they passed a little lake, stopped there to drink, and soon reached the opening where the berries grew thickest.

What with finding better and better places, and stopping sometimes to watch the scolding squirrels, and then to eat dinner, the day went swiftly by, and it was almost sunset when they turned home with heavy pails and baskets. Betty lagged behind, for she ached with long stepping, and Jack and Sarah grew more and more impatient.

"Now, Betty, we'll just leave you if you don't hurry. You've got the lightest pail. Come along quick!" said Jack.

"I can't. I won't go quick if I don't want to," and Betty half cried.

"Come along, Sam," cried Jack, hurrying on; and Betty, indignant, sat down on a log, and waited till they were almost out of sight.

"I know the way just as well as they do," she thought, and walked on leisurely.

Jack turned once or twice, and seeing her following slowly, concluded she would soon overtake them, and went on.

Now and then Betty stopped, the last time till they were entirely out of sight, determined to show she did not depend on them at all.

The shadows lengthened, the wood had never seemed so dark, and at last, a little frightened, Betty called loudly: "Jack! O Jack!"

No answer save the echo, and now Betty ran on, hoping every moment to see the two before her. She did not notice that she had taken a trail leading off from the one they had gone over in the morning, and only stopped on coming to a swampy spot she did not remember. "O Jack!" she sobbed, turning once more, but now darkness was closing in upon her. The forest was thick and close, and try as she would there was no finding the other trail. Over head an owl hooted. She stumbled on, started at the sudden sound, then tripped over a root in the way, spilling the berries all about; picked herself up, only to fall again; caught at the air as she felt herself going; rolled down a steep decline, and lay at the bottom in a little heap.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Jack and Sarah walked into the little house and sat their pails on the table.

"Where's Betty?" said the mother.

"Just behind; she wouldn't come along with us."

And Mrs. Brewer, satisfied, told them to sit down and eat their supper.

"Where's Betty?" said the father, presently coming in.

"She's coming; she wouldn't keep up with us," said Jack, privately a little uneasy in his mind at the long delay.

"Then go out and help her along in," said Mr. Brewer. "It's a poor way for a boy to do, to leave a little girl alone in the woods, even if she does know the way."

"Jack, with a slice of bread in his hand, went out a little suiky, and Mr. Brewer stood in the door looking down the trail. Half an hour went by.

"I don't see what's the matter," said Mrs. Brewer. "I'm sort of worried, John. A'n't you a mind to go out?"

"For answer, Mr. Brewer took down his gun and started. For an hour or more Mrs. Brewer waited, growing more and more anxious. Then she walked down the trail, calling now and then, coming suddenly at last upon her husband and Jack.

"Here's Jack, done beat out," he said. "Take him home, wife. I'm going for old Pierre Beauchamp. He knows every turn and crook of the woods. Keep the fire going for a few nights, and the child'll be cold when we bring her in; and don't fret; when Mr. Brewer turned down the old trail to Betty's cabin."

I can hardly tell you how the night went by to the poor mother, waiting and watching, or to the father, who, with old Pierre, secured every part of the woods, and the light of the fire, thinking the child might possibly have crawled into one for shelter. They shouted and called; but morning dawned at last without sign of Betty, and the father exclaimed and almost despairing, sank down under one of the tall pines, and hid his face in his hands. Suddenly he lifted his head.

"Dat vay," old Pierre said, as his quick ear caught a slight sound, and Mr. Brewer darted off to the left, but stopped short, and stood with such a ghastly face that old Pierre too passed a moment. Not a stone's throw from them flowed a wide, deep creek, one of the tributaries of Gull Lake, and crossed here by an old log throw over the edge by the Indians. A white birch grew by its side, and under it lay Betty, resting partly against a huge brown bear, apparently asleep. At the sight crackling in the brush it raised its head, and growled low, put one paw on the child's dress, then as if scenting danger, turned about, saw the two faces looking toward it, and with a fierce, loud growl, caught Betty in its mouth and darted toward the log.

"Vat you do? Vat you do?" said old Pierre as Mr. Brewer leveled his gun. "You shoots now and made dat bear, den de chile all gone; vat a one minute. Hold you still—not cry; keep moech quiet!" he called to Betty. "Not to be feared if you falls in de vater."

As he spoke the bear had reached the middle of the log, and turned now to see if he were followed. The small, fierce eyes rested a second on the pair, and in that second, old Pierre, the best shot in Minnesota, fired. Without struggle or sound, the bear reeled from the log to the dark water below, and in one minute Mr. Brewer had dashed in and seized the screaming child.

"De prettiest shot dis bon gun did ever fire," old Pierre shouted, hugging his gun and dancing wildly about, while Mr. Brewer hugged Pierre, the gun, and Betty all at once, and then ran toward home, forgetting all weariness in this great joy.

They were a happy family that day, as sitting about the bed where Betty lay in state, they tried to make her tell when the bear came to her, and how she felt.

"I rolled way down somewhere," said Betty, "and sort of went to sleep, and then I cried when I woke up because I was all scratched an' smarty. Then I heard somefin comin' and didn't cry any more, an' it came an' snuffed all round me. I thought maybe it would eat me up, but I couldn't cry, only I sort of whispered, 'Now I lay me, an' it kep' smellin' me. Then it lay down an' licked me. Its tongue was all rough an' scratchy; it hurt me. But when I tried to get away it growled. Then I kept still, an' it was so tired, an' we went to sleep, an' I didn't remember till it poked me up an' made me cry, coz the teeth pinched me, an' then I heard Pierre holler, and you got me out of the water."

Do you think this can't be true, boys and girls? I know it is, for Betty herself told me the story. She is living still and if you are anxious to find out her real name, write to me and I will tell you.—Hearth and Home.

**California Trade.**

**G. VENARD,**

625 & 627 Front Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Manufacturer of the Celebrated

**CHARTRES COFFEE!**

First and originally manufactured and introduced by G. Venard in 1851.

Also manufacturer of all kinds of

**SPICES,**

**CALIFORNIA MUSTARD**

and **PURE CREAM STARTER**

The name of G. Venard's Chartres Coffee has spread all over the Pacific Coast; there is not a town or village where his Chartres Coffee is not known and used.

Orders for his Coffee, Spices, Mustard and Cream of Tartar will be promptly attended to at prices which defy Chicago or any other eastern competition.

**LOCKE & MONTAGUE!**

IMPORTERS OF

**METALS, STOVES and RANGES,**

Hollow Ware, Tin Ware, &c.

No. 112 & 114 BATTERY ST.,

**SAN FRANCISCO.**

**LAZARD FRERES,**

Importers of

**DRY GOODS,**

Hosiery, Furnishing Goods,

**CARPETS, Etc.**

Depot of Goods Manufactured by "MISSION & PACIFIC WOOLLEN MILLS CONSOLIDATED"

No. 205 and 207 MARKET STREET, **SAN FRANCISCO.**

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & Co.,**

Importers of

**CHINESE, EAST INDIA, JAPANESE & GENERAL MERCHANDISE;**

Have constantly on hand the following:

**CHINA TEA, JAPANESE TEA, CENTRAL AMERICAN COFFEE, CHINA MATTEES, JAVA COFFEE, SPICES, Etc.**

**DEVOE'S BRILLIANT EXCELSIOR OIL**

(In patent cans, Lubricating Oil, LAMP AND KEROSENE OIL.)

Agents of Pacific Power Mill, Portland, Ore., and of the

**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**

# ESTABLISHED IN 1867!

INTENSE EXCITEMENT!  
INTENSE EXCITEMENT!  
INTENSE EXCITEMENT!

ON MAIN STREET.  
ON MAIN STREET.  
ON MAIN STREET.

THE "MORMON" PUNCH OUT!  
THE "MORMON" PUNCH OUT!  
THE "MORMON" PUNCH OUT!

The Neatest, Nicest, Richest, Rarest, Choicest, Cheapest Paper in the Rocky Mountains!!!

THE ONLY COMIC PAPER  
THE ONLY COMIC PAPER  
THE ONLY COMIC PAPER

IN UTAH!  
IN UTAH!  
IN UTAH!

"The Keepapitchinin"  
"The Keepapitchinin"  
"The Keepapitchinin"

Issued Semi-Monthly.

If there's anybody doleful,  
Just grab him by the fin,  
And lead him to the office  
Of the KEEPAPITCHININ.

EVERYBODY WANTS IT!  
EVERYBODY WANTS IT!  
EVERYBODY WANTS IT!

People pawn their goods for it!

CHILDREN CRY FOR IT!  
MEN ALMOST KNOCKED DOWN IN THE STREET FOR IT!

General Grant he saved the Union.  
Though it cost a heap of tin—  
And how d'ye 'spose he don't it,  
Why he kept a "pitchinin'."

BUY IT!  
BUY IT!  
BUY IT!

Read it!  
Read it!  
Read it!

EVERYBODY!

See the Cuts!  
See the Cuts!  
See the Cuts!

SEND IT TO YOUR FRIENDS!  
SEND IT TO YOUR FRIENDS!  
SEND IT TO YOUR FRIENDS!

EVERYWHERE

First Edition Sold!  
First Edition Sold!  
First Edition Sold!

Second Edition Sold!  
Second Edition Sold!  
Second Edition Sold!

People Crazy!  
People Crazy!  
People Crazy!

THE SIMON PURE!  
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

DEMAND INCREASING!

"Keep a pitchinin"  
"Keep a pitchinin"  
"Keep a pitchinin"

SINGLE COPIES

Only TEN Cents!  
Only TEN Cents!

AT DWYER'S!  
AT CALDER'S!  
AT McGRIGOR'S!

And at all Intellectual and Respectable Newsdealers everywhere!

ONE YEAR.....\$1.50  
ONE YEAR.....\$1.50  
ONE YEAR.....\$1.50

25 TEN COPIES to one address only TEN DOLLARS, CASH invariably in Advance.

SINGLE COPIES MAILED FOR TEN CENTS.

If it don't fill the bill the money will be refunded.

It is an original LIVE paper with some vim and snap about it, and

**SELLS AT SIGHT!**

Gray-haired veterans with tears in their eyes

**SPLITTING THEIR SIDES!**

All about the NEW MOVIE, and CULLUM'S KILL; and that BEGGAR-WANDED OUTRAGE in the 8th Ward.

Full Particulars in the Keepapitchinin.

ADDRESS:

UNO HOO & Co., BOX D,

SALT LAKE CITY.

Reference, by permission, as to responsible Editor.

Ask the NEWS-CARRIERS for the KEEPAPITCHININ.

500-11

1850. 1870.

# THE DESERET NEWS.

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

PIONEER PAPER OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY.

THE DESERET EVENING NEWS

Has

An Extensive and Increasing Circulation,

AND AS A NEWSPAPER

AND ADVERTISING MEDIUM

Has already gained great popularity.

ITS COLUMNS CONTAIN

Full Telegraph Reports, Reliable Local Items, Home Correspondence, Foreign Correspondence, Educational, Agricultural, Railway and Domestic News

And, once a week, Discourses of the First Presidency and of the Twelve Apostles.

THE DESERET NEWS,

SEMI-WEEKLY,

PUBLISHED

EVERY TUESDAY AND SATURDAY,

IS WIDELY CIRCULATED THROUGHOUT THE CITY AND ALL PARTS OF THE TERRITORY.

And has advantages which commend it to all who desire to get the news oftener than once a week.

THE DESERET NEWS

WEEKLY,

Established June 15, 1850.

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY,

AND HAS THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY PAPER IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGION.

IT CONTAINS A SUMMARY OF THE News of the Week, Telegraphic, Local, Miscellaneous, Domestic and Foreign News, Editorial Articles upon transpiring events, And is, in every particular,

A Standard Household Journal.

Terms for the Daily:

One copy, one year.....\$10 00  
" six months.....5 00  
" three months.....2 50

Terms for the Semi-Weekly:

One copy, one year.....4 00  
" six months.....2 00  
" three months.....1 00

Terms for the Weekly:

One copy, one year.....\$5 00  
" six months.....2 50  
" three months.....1 25

THE NEWS

**Job Printing Office**

Having received late EXTENSIVE ADDITIONS to our previously large stock, in the shape of TWO first-class GORDON FRAMES, great variety of

**PLAIN AND FANCY TYPE,**

ETC., ETC.

Our Office is now one of the

**MOST COMPLETE IN THE WEST.**

We are prepared to do

**All kinds of Job Printing**

in the Best Style,

WITH PROMPTNESS AND DISPATCH, AND AT REASONABLE RATES.

POSTERS of all sizes, from the smallest HAND BILL, to the largest MAMMOTH, we are prepared to print.

**THE BINDERY**

Is also well supplied with all necessary facilities for the execution of

Every kind of Work in the Department.

We have lately received one of

THE NEWEST IMPROVED ROLLING MACHINES,

FOR PRESSING BOOKS,

AND ALL KINDS OF PAPER,

AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF RULING

According to (Pattern) or Order.

# CHICAGO TRADE.

Founded over a Quarter of a Century.

## EAGLE WORKS

Manufacturing Co.

P. W. GATES, President.

OFFICE, No. 48 CANAL STREET,

Manufacture Portable and Stationary

Steam Engines and Boilers,

SUGAR CANE MILLS.

Evaporators, Rock Breakers, Stamp Mills, Mining Machinery, Gard's Patent Brick Machine, Lathes, Planers, Drills, Screw Cutters, Hay & Cotton Presses, Saw Mills, Flour Mills, Mill Furnishing.

CHICAGO, ILL.

THOS. CHAMBERS, Superintendent.

D. R. FRISER, Assistant Supt. and Draughtsman.

RALPH GATES, Secretary and Treasurer.

W. L. CHASE, Gen. Agent, New York City.

MARSH & BROS., Agents, Lake Superior.

PHILIP WADSWORTH & CO

JOBBERS OF

**CLOTHING,**

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

34 & 36 LAKE ST.

CHICAGO, ILL.

CHICAGO

AND

**NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY!**

Shortest Line Between Omaha and Chicago.

The Old Established Line.

Fast Trains and Sure Connections.

The only Line running the celebrated

**PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS**

BETWEEN OMAHA & CHICAGO.

**TWO DAILY TRAINS**

In connection with Trains on

**UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.**

And make sure connections at Chicago with all the

**EASTERN AND SOUTHERN ROADS.**

For Through Tickets and all information in regard to FREIGHT obtained of David G. Calder & Co., Agents, Salt Lake City, or of Agents of Union Pacific Road.

W. K. STROUD, Ticket Agent, Council Bluffs & Omaha.

H. P. STANWOOD, Gen'l Tkt. Agent, Chicago.

G. L. DUNLAP, Gen'l Supt., Chicago.

HARRY ROGERS, Western Passenger and Freight Agent.

**A PAMPHLET**

CONTAINING

Three Discourses

BY

PRESIDENT GEORGE A. SMITH,

AND

ELDERS ORSON PRATT and GEORGE Q. CANNON