

apology necessary, added, "of course, present company excepted."

A Bangor gentleman contributes to the *Whig* of that town a little story of one of his children, whom they had sought to teach to be polite. "We had," he writes, "porksteaks for dinner the other day, when an old friend, whom the little folks had never seen, dropped in. Of this our little six-year old is very fond, and as we helped our friend the little fellow spoke up, 'It's very hard to zit here and see the largest piece of lean go into a stranger's plate.'"

A GOOD REASON.—At the renting of the pews in a Chicago church, the other evening, there was a hot competition for No. 78, and bids ran up to a large sum. It was finally knocked down to Brother B. "Why were you so anxious to get that particular seat?" he was asked by Brother C. "Why, because it's just next to Brother M's," he replied. "Well, what of that?" returned the other. "Why," replied Brother B, "M's as bald as a jug, and he draws flies from everybody around him. I made up my mind to get a pew near him this year, for if there's anything I hate it's to be pestered with flies when I'm—when I'm—listening to a good sermon."

Playing Horse with a Bear.

[From the Golden Rule.]

Once there was a man whose life had been spent in "going west." His father and mother moved from New England to Michigan when he was a baby, and settled six miles from any neighbor. But before the farm was all cleared other settlers came, and the family moved on. "Don't want to be crowded," the old man said, "I heard a rifle and an axe that wasn't mine yesterday." And he went farther and farther west every year, till by the time the boy I'm telling you of was a grown up man they had got clear to the west part of Oregon, on the Pacific coast. And as the old man couldn't move west any farther without getting into the ocean, and neighbors had moved within two miles of him, he gave it up, went to bed sick, and died. "Tain't no use," he said, "they're bound to crowd an old man out the world. I can't a-bear to tech elbows with folks, nohow." And so he died, with his nearest neighbor two miles away.

But I was going to tell you of his son's scrape with a bear. They built their first log house at the foot of a hill; but it was so low and damp that James—for that was his name—started to build a bigger one higher up, half a mile off, near a mountain brook, with grand old trees around the spot, and a fine view of the country. He took off the two front wheels of the old emigrant wagon that they had crossed the great plains in, and made him a good strong two wheeled cart, with a box on it. And in this he drew back and forth his carpenter tools, and his dinner, and chips for the fire over a rough road that he had cut through the woods.

He used to take a little nap after his noonday meal; and one day when he was sleeping, on a splendid bed of evergreen boughs that he had fixed near the timbers he was at work on, he was awakened by the loud rattling of the tin dishes in his cart. He looked around quickly, and what do you suppose he saw? A big black bear, pawing over the luncheon he had left, and smacking his chops over a piece of wild honey and some corn cakes that James hadn't eaten up.

"This is a pretty fix," said James to himself, quick as a flash. "My rifle and ax are both in the cart, and that ugly beast would claw me to pieces before I could get 'em out." He was afraid the bear would chase him if he ran and corner him if he stayed, and so he set his wits at work to find a way out of the scrape. Good bright wits are too much for a bear, or a hard lesson; or a tough job of any sort, if they are only kept at work, with no "I can't," or "I don't want to," or "Oh, dear!" to hinder them. It didn't take James' wits so long as I have been telling it to you to make a plan for him.

He jumped to his feet quick as a flash, grabbed the tongue of the cart before the bear could say "Jack Robinson," if he had known how, and started on a keen run down hill, drawing the cart and the bear in it after him.

Well, I s'pose there never was a bear so astonished since the pair saved from the flood stepped out of Noah's ark and found the whole world drowned. He had never had a ride before and didn't want one now; but the cart was going so fast that he daren't jump out, and so he just clung on, and looked from one side to the other, and fairly howled as the cart bumped over the roots and stones. James had been to city once and seen the street cars, and when he found he had the bear caught, the fan of the thing made him laugh.

When the bear roared once he hallooed back; "All full inside!—take the next car!" And when the bear gave a terrific growl, he said: "Move up in front please—and don't grumble. This is a through car. Git up, there!"—and he buckled down to it and ran just the way the car drivers make the horses do, when they are late, and pretend they don't see a little boy crooking his finger for 'em to stop on the crossing. The tin dishes in the bottom part of the cart rattled like a peddler's wagon on the pavement; the ax and the gun bounced on to the bear's toes, and he looked as if he didn't know which was the worst—his mad or his scare.

Down the steep hill James ran, straight for the corner of his log house. He had his plans all made, and as he turned the corner he ran the cart against a log and tipped it right over, bottom side up, with Master Bear on the under side. His other rifle hung over the door, in the house, and he grabbed it down in a hurry, and as the bear stuck his head from under the cart he shot him right between the eyes, saying; "There, that settles the question."

"What question?" asked his wife, who came running out to see what the noise meant.

"Why, the question whether I had caught a bear or he had caught me."

"Mercy sakes?" she said as she saw the dead bear. Then he told her the story, and she kissed him, and laughed and cried at the same time. And he had an overcoat made of the skin, to remember the time when he "gave a bear a free ride."

RAILROAD FREIGHT REPORT.

FOR THE MONTH ENDING JAN. 31, 1878.

UTAH CENTRAL.

RECEIVED.	Lbs.
Merchandise.....	1,772,153
Coal.....	11,071,960
Coke.....	3,302,500
Charcoal.....	586,000
Lumber.....	137,000
Produce.....	305,725
.....	36,315
Lime Rock.....	478,250
Salt.....	24,000
Wagons.....	108,750
Building Material.....	64,510
R. R. Material.....	22,100
Sundries.....	224,790
Total.....	18,129,953

FORWARDED.

Merchandise.....	1,77,834
Bullion.....	3,463,961
Ore.....	1,205,889
Wool and Hides.....	116,103
Salt.....	194,000
Dried Fruit.....	23,011
Produce.....	373,070
Wagons.....	6,000
Fire Clay and Brick.....	21,000
Total.....	5,649,683

UTAH SOUTHERN.

RECEIVED.	Lbs.
Merchandise.....	99,065
Bullion.....	3,303,354
Ore.....	6,097,284
Rock.....	923,876
Lumber.....	100,000
Iron Ore.....	1,142,878
Coke.....	117,800
Live Stock.....	2,300
Machinery.....	440
Wool and Hides.....	46,974
Fire Clay.....	20,000
Produce.....	543,756
Charcoal.....	300,000
Hay.....	74,078
Dried Fruit.....	3,412
Building Material.....	81,125
Ice.....	300,000
Sundries.....	17,765
Total.....	13,234,513

FORWARDED.

Merchandise.....	801,062
Coal.....	1,524,500
Charcoal.....	541,000
Coke.....	2,089,670
Lime Rock.....	2,048,640
Lumber.....	20,000
Building Material.....	20,000
Produce.....	109,802
Wagons.....	40,500
Lime.....	64,240
Fire Clay and Brick.....	29,000
Salt.....	22,000
Ore.....	159,900
Total.....	8,510,374

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NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for the County of Wasatch, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN S. ELDRIDGE, Deceased.
To the Creditors of the Estate of said Deceased:

ALL PERSONS having claims against the said Estate are hereby requested to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned duly appointed Administrators of the Estate of John S. Eldridge, deceased, at either of their residences, at American Fork, Utah County.

JOSEPH DILLWORTH,
WASHBURN CHIPMAN,
Administrators of said Estate,
American Fork, Utah County, U. T.;
January 1, 1878. w49

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

HAVING been appointed by the County Court of Davis County, administrator of the estate of Susannah Dewhurst, all persons having claims against, and all persons owing said estate are hereby requested to present them for settlement to the undersigned administrator of said estate within 10 months from date.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT,
Administrator of the estate of Susannah Dewhurst, deceased.
Centerville, Davis County, Utah,
January 5th, 1878.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

THE undersigned having been appointed administrators of the Estate of John Bennion, All persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate are requested to settle immediately, and those persons having claims against said estate will present them to the undersigned within 10 months from date.

SAML R. BENNION,
JOSE H. HARKER,
Administrators of the estate of John Bennion, deceased.
Taylorsville, Salt Lake County, Utah, Jan 5th, 1878. wim

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