BOYS' AND GIRLS' PAGE

MAULED BY A LARGE BEAR

BY E. E. CUTHELL.

PERHAPS most of us associate the idea of a bear with the grizzly of the Rockies, or the fierce denizen of Polar regions. All the same, the Indian specimen, as the following will show, is by no means to be despised.

He is of two kinds—one the red-brown bear of Cashmere, a native of the Himalayas, living chiefly about the snow-line, which in that range lies at an altitude of 15,000 feet. The other is the black bear, found on lower slopes, where he hunts walnut and apricot trees, and is partial to honey. He is found also in the tableland of Southern India in the jungles. Both kinds sometimes measure as much as six feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the stump of the short tail. The black bear is adorned with a queer, horseshoe-shaped white mark on the chest, a good place at which to aim at him.

The strength of bears is enormous. One constantly comes across natives who have been brushed out of the way by a rude push with the paw of a bear, with the result of losing a limb, or a part of their jaw. One of the great dangers of the sport of bear shooting is that of getting below the animal, who may then charge down upon his antagonist. But, owing to their bad sight—they have queer small eyes, deep sunk in their heads—and their greediness, which absorbs them in their feeding, a bear is by no means difficult to stalk, and a far easier prey than an ibex, or deer, or tiger.

My largest bag was once four bears in one day. It was in Cashmere. We had marched 10 days across the hills to a valley high up in the mountains, where we had pitched our 80-pound tent. I was alone, accompanied only by two shikaris, or native hunters, as guides, a cook and five coolies or porters to carry the tent, my bedding, ammunition and supplies for the whole party, for we were beyond the reach of obtaining anything but milk and occasional poultry. It was the month of April, the best season for bear shooting; for bruin, thin, hungry and full-furred, has only just emerged from his Winter hibernation.

Rising about 3 A. M., and leaving the smoldering campfire, we climb, under a bright moon, a steep pull up a neighboring peak. It is essential to reach our point of vantage before the sun is up, as, after sunrise, the wind blows down the mountain, and would be between us and our quarry.

With field glasses to our eyes, we scan the panorama, bounded to the north by the sharp-cut peaks of snow standing out clearly in the growing twilight. The bears are now returning from their night's prowl, and on a lucky day I have seen as many as 17 within a radius of four or five miles. While a likely beast is spotted hard at work unearthing some root or investigating a bees' nest, the stalk follows. It may be over difficult ground, and means steady hard work. At last we reach to within a hundred yards of where the bear was last seen, and, with a doubled-up figure and catlike steps, peer over the point of a rock, with cartridge put in and rifle pointed.

It is all right. Within 30 yards is Brother B'ar, unconsciously feeding. But ah! he suspects something, for he rises on his hind legs, grunts and sniffs the air. Now was the time. I fired, aiming at his chest. Bruin tumbled over and rolled down the hill dead.

So much for number one.

Leaving the second shikari to take the skin, we made for a point above us to look out for more sport. On turning a corner, however, we say, a little above us a bear coming toward us. To retire hastily out of sight and to struggle up the hill, so as to get on better terms with the animal, was the first thought. Then, with rifle fullcock, I peeped cautiously over the edge of a rock, to get a view of my friend, when—is it posible!—I find myself almost face to face with bruin. Our heads nearly touch!

But he was the more surprised of the two, for he had no notion I was anywhere about, and he swung slowly round only to receive his death wound, and to topple down the hill.

Then followed breakfast, and the hot hours of the day, spent lying on one's back in the shade, sleeping, or enjoying dreamily the wonderful panorama of fold after fold of mountain and valley spread out before one. It was about 4 o'clock, when the sun had begun to go down, that I accounted for bears numbers three and four.

About a mile off we saw a bear cross a patch of snow. After a careful stalk we come close upon him. But he is not alone; he is feeding in company with another on a little plateau between two hills. I get a shot at him and he makes off, excitedly, hanging one forearm. I after him with my second rifle, as fast as I can go, when a whisper from my shikari makes me turn my head.

"For the love of Allah, sahib, not that way. There, up that tree!"

I take his advice, and from the tree can see over the precipice as to whither my wounded friend has gone. Lo, and behold! There he is, resting on the very path I was taking, and on the lookout for me, too! A steady shot from my rifle and down he goes into some birch bushes below him.

Reloading quickly, I look out for him to break covert. But in the meantime his companion has taken the same path, and as he turns and looks inquiringly at me, I get a shot at him, and he also makes off into the covert.

I reload and await the result. Nothing emerges from the path of jungle. So after a while we cautiously approach the spot, and the second shikari, seeing something lying, throws a stone, and then pronounces it dead. And, indeed, upon closer inspection we find the two bears lying dead side by side.

So it was not for nothing that we had killed a snake as we set out from camp that morning. Truly the native might well account it a good omen.

So much for bear shooting in the Himalayas. It was among the great black bears of the semi-tropical jungles of Southern India that the following much more serious adventure befell me, nearly putting an end to me altogether, and leaving a gash two inches deep down my thigh for life.

We were a party of two or three, shooting in a vast jungle on the banks of a river, and found plenty of sambur deer, leopards and a few bears. We beat the jungle by means of a small army of coolies, the sportsmen stationing themselves at likely spots for the game to break covert. A very large black bear lumbered past within shot of me. I missed him, and he disappeared back again into the jungle.

Before I had time to pursue him, however, the bear, headed back by the beaters, came down the path straight toward me, and in a terrible rage, stalking along on his hind legs as he approached me. I fired, and hit him, but on he came, and in another moment, towering above me, he had closed with me and knocked me down like a ninepin, drawing his huge claws across me from my shoulder to my thigh. But for my wearing a thick woolen, cumberbund, or belt, wrapped many times around my middle, he must all but inevitably have injured me fatally.

The bear stood over me growling, like a cat playing with a mouse. But I did not lose my presence of mind, and managed to get out my hunting knife, which, with all strength of despair, I buried up to its hilt in the animal's chest.

He staggered a little and the blood poured, but he seized me the next minute with his jaws round my thigh and shook me. The thick goatskin leggins I wore stuffed up his mouth somewhat, and probably saved my leg, but the gash is there to this day.

Closed with me and knocked me down

I managed to get my knife into him again, though, at this juncture, and he dropped me, only to seize me again, this time on the shin, which he tore from knee to ankle. But he was losing blood fast, and dropped me a second time. Then he pulled himself together, as it were, and had another go at me. This time he seized me by the ankle, and bit one of the tendons nearly through. A 16th of an inch more, and I should have been lame for life.

But the bear was done for. Faint from loss of blood, he had to drop me again, and staggered, rolling over. He picked himself up, though, only to fall again, and roll away some yards from where I lay, and to fall dead.

He measured six feet from nose to tail. So when on his hind legs he could not have stood much less than nine feet high.

As for me, wounded as I was, I had to be carried some 40 miles, across two rivers, in a litter, before I could receive medical attention, and narrowly escaped bleeding to death. As it was, I lay two months on my back, and it was a question as to whether they would not have to amputate the leg that had been so severely mauled by a bear

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OLD JACKSON'S MONEY

CHAPTER VI.

TOMMY CLARK felt queer when he heard the old miser admit that he felt afraid of a visitor that was expected. This was the first time he had ever heard such an admission. He thought over the matter for a moment and then answered:

"But if you are afraid of him, Mr. Jackson, why let him into the house when he comes back? We can go to bed now and blow out the light, or I can go to the door and tell him that you are not feeling well and don't want to see him tonight?"

"But that wouldn't work," said the old man. "He'd come in if he had to break the door in. He wants money and will have it."

"But you haven't got any."

"No, of course I haven't. That is, I've only got a few dollars to buy our food with. You must tell him so, as I have. You must help me to make him believe it. He's a bad man, Tommy—a bad man. I never expected to see him again. I—I thought he was in prison for life."

"Then you used to know him, did you?"

"Who said I used to know him? I said he looked to me like a bad man. Can't I say that without knowing who he is?"

"But you thought he was in prison?"

"Boy, what are you saying!" shouted the old man, as he rattled his cane on the floor and seemed to get very indignant. "I never thought he was in prison. I said that he ought to be there. You mustn't twist my words around as you do. You know I'm an old man, and old men are absent-minded and don't always say what they mean."

"If you are afraid of him, I can go and have Constable Stevens come," said Tommy.

"No, that wouldn't do. The man would get mad and shout out something, and Stevens would tell it all over town. Maybe it will come out all right as it is, only you needn't go into the other room. And you listen to all that's said, and if the man threatens me, let him see that you are not a bit afraid of him. You are here to protect me, you know. You are not afraid of anybody, are you?"

"N-o-o," replied Tommy, though he was afraid at that very moment. The old man was talking so queerly that it was plain enough from his words that he apprehended danger, but he suddenly ceased to talk, and was nodding with sleep in his chair when there came the crunch of footsteps in the snow, and an imperious knocking at the door.

"Good Lord, it's him!" gasped the miser, as he sat up.

"And shall I let him in?" whispered Tommy.

"You'll have to. I wish I had let you go for the Constable. It hain't right for Henry to come here and threaten my life unless I give him money."

The boy walked over and opened the door, and in walked a tall, powerful man with a swagger. He appeared to be about 45 years old, and he had long, red whiskers down on his breast. He had on a heavy overcoat, and this he proceeded to remove before a word had been said. In taking off his coat the whiskers became entangled in it and were partially pulled off. Tommy at once saw that the man was in disguise, and a great fear came over him. There was a good fire in the stove and the stranger was bending over it to warm his hands when Mr. Jackson, who sat huddled up in his chair like one that feared for his life, called out:

"It isn't right, Henry, it isn't right. You shouldn't have come back again. I told you I had no money. Look around you and see how poverty poor I am. Can you expect to get money here?"

"Is this the boy you spoke of today?" asked the man, as he gave Tommy a keen look.

"Yes, that's the boy, and he can tell you that I have no money. Speak right up and tell him, Tommy."

"I don't want any talk from the boy. He can get out while we have a little talk."

"But I want him to stay right here. Tommy, don't you move a foot."

"Oh, then, you want him to hear all about our family matters and tell them to the world, do you!" sneered the stranger.

"I don't believe you are my brother Henry. I didn't believe so today. You don't look nor talk like him. He wouldn't be here threatening me. The last I heard of him he was in prison. I don't say whether he was guilty or innocent, but there he was and is."

The man walked to the door and swung it wide open and then turned to Tommy and said:

"Boy, I left my horse tied to a tree at the foot of the hill. You go down there and see to him, and don't come back till I whistle for you."

"Don't go Tommy!" shouted the old man.

"If he doesn't I'll wring his neck!" growled the stranger. "I tell you, John, I'm Henry, escaped from prison a week ago, and we've got to have a talk together. Out of this, you cub, and see to my horse. If I catch you listening at the door, look out for yourself!"

You may at first sight think it was cowardly on Tommy's part to go, but put yourself in his place. He was only a stripling, and the man could have tossed him out with one hand. It was plain that the old miser was afraid of the man who claimed to be his brother, but it might not end in anything more than threats. Tommy honestly believed the statements that there was no money in the house, or only a small sum, and he felt that when the stranger was convinced of this he would take his departure. The boy, therefore, walked out of the house, and the door was shut against him, but instead of going out to the highway to see about the horse, he ran with all his might to rout out Constable Stevens.

(To Be Continued.)

The Wail of Nimrod.

Trouble's brewing down in Hades by
the waters of the Styx;
Cerberus is barking madly; poor old
Pluto's in a fix;
All because a new arrival, lacking
courtesy and tact,
Has informed the shade of Nimrod of
a most alarming fact.
Nimrod knows that he's a dead one
when he hears the story told
Of the African excursion planned by
Teddy, stanch and bold;
But the barb which wounds the sorest
and the gall within the wine
Is the fact that wily Teddy sport with
profit doth combine.
And the shade of mighty Nimrod wax-
eth sore with righteous rage
That he should have lived and hunted
in an uncommercial age;
And he grinds his teeth with anger,
groans as though in deadly pain,
At the thought that all his labors,
from that viewpoint were in vain.
Now his fellow-shades are wearied by
the oft-repeated wail,
Which he utters without ceasing since
he's heard the Roosevelt tale:
"Often have I slain and hunted rarest
types of beast and bird,
But I never sold the story for one dol-
lar cash per word."

—N. Y. Times.

A SALUTE FOR THE ROBBERS

I WAS going home for the holidays and was right glad to get away. It was a bitterly cold season, every pond and pool was frozen hard, and all the week the snow had been falling steadily. As the train rushed along between what looked like high banks of snow on either side, the fast-falling flakes at times almost darkened the windows, and the few passengers who did get out at the station where we stopped for refreshment, became a few moments like moving snow-men.

THE ROBBERS BEGAN HOWLING AND CRIED FOR MERCY, AS THEY RUSHED OVER THE SNOW.

As we approached my station I was the only passenger left on the train. Suddenly we ran on with a jerk, then stopped and a scream and redoubled hissing from the engine made my heart jump. Had the boiler burst?

A lantern gleamed close past the window, I heard voices—the conductor and brakeman holding counsel. Then the former came and opened the door.

"Just as I feared," he said. "She's stuck fast and we can get no farther tonight."

"What will you do?" I asked.

"As to what we shall do, that's soon settled," the conductor answered. "It's what you will do that is bothering me. If is only tramping along a mile or so by the fields and we can reach the station. The agent will give you a shakedown."

"But," I interrupted, "they are to send the carriage over from Newton for me."

"Bless you!" said the conductor, "no carriage'll be able to drive over in the face of this blinding snow. The only question is, can you do it?"

"Walk a mile!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Not a doubt of it!" said the conductor. But he grinned as he stepped down out of the coach and called to the brakeman. "The young man will walk."

In a few minutes all was ready. The engine fire had been lowered and the hissing, panting creature lay, as it were, worn out and beaten. The snow began to settle on it now. Soon it would all be a huge heap of white.

"It's all on our way," said the conductor, "only we've a mile further to go. Now, are you ready?"

I started forward, but was unable to keep my feet in the deep snow. Then, suddenly, and much against my will, I was hoisted on to the back of the conductor. A fine, broad-shouldered fellow he was, and away we trudged, the brakeman going on in front, carrying a lantern.

For some time we journed on in silence, the men crunching through the snow and keeping by the side of the railroad, with occasional deviations on account of the drifts. Presently I said: "I forgot my hand baggage."

"I've got that here," replied the brakeman. "I brought away these two small bags, as there may be things you'd want for the night."

"I have only one small bag," I said, "and the large trunk—"

"That must come on by and by," returned the brakeman. "Here we are."

I dropped from the shoulders of the conductor, and by the light of the lantern found we were in front of the small house inhabited by the station agent at Lodsgate. Not a light to be seen, not a sound to be heard; the threshold two feet deep in snow.

"The old fellow's gone to bed, I expect," said the conductor.

"He's more'n likely having his supper at the back of the house," replied the brakeman. "I'll go around and rouse him up."

"Counting out his money, maybe," said the conductor. When we were left together he went on: "He's a regular old miser. He had some property left him a while since, and they say he keeps it in the house.

A light was now seen under the cracks of the door, and when it was opened the brakeman appeared in company with the station agent, who did not look at all like a miser, nor so very old.

"Well, you are welcome, I'm sure," said Mr. Shenton to me, as he led the way into his house. "I knew the train would never make this last journey with the wind the way it is."

Shortly thereafter the trainmen bade us goodnight and pursued their way homeward, promising to come over in the morning to see what could be done in the way of getting me a conveyance to Newton.

"Now," said the station agent when we were left alone, "I don't doubt you will be glad to get to bed, and you will sleep sound after your cold journey. This way, if you please."

I followed Mr. Shenton up to a small cupboard of a room with a slanting roof.

"It's very quiet," he said, laughing, "there's nothing to disturb you. I sleep in the front, in case of any message or anything from headquarters coming in the night. Deb, she sleeps in the room alongside here, but she is as deaf as a post and nothing would wake her, short of an explosion, I believe. Here's your baggage, too, such of it as Bates has brought up. I hope you'll sleep well. Goodnight."

He went, and I was alone in the queer little room. I went to look out at the window. The snow had ceased falling, but it all looked so dreary, I could not help contrasting the picture with the scene which was awaiting me at home.

I made up my mind to keep awake as long as I could, and that to do so it would not be a bad plan to see what my small bag contained. It had been packed with sundry articles to refresh me on my journey; but I had felt no curiosity on the subject till now. I turned to it and there, to my amazement, I saw two bags!

Then I remembered that the brakeman had spoken of two bags.

I stooped to look at the strange bag. They were so much alike it was difficult at first to distinguish them apart. Then I lifted up the bag for a good look. Yes; there they were, squibs and crackers, Catherine wheels, Roman candles, rockets, a regular store.

How could they have come here among my baggage? It was like a dream.

After trying in vain to solve the problem I turned in and soon fell asleep, but I must have begun to dream. I thought I heard a confused sort of whispering, and in due time woke up. The flame of the lamp was low.

I was wide awake now, but the whispering continued—not, however, in the bag, as it had in my dream, but outside the window.

I listened and heard distinctly a whistle.

Then I stole to the window and gently opened it.

I heard a man's voice say, softly, "Here I am."

Another in a husky whisper said, "All right."

I peeped out cautiously. Below, their dark figures thrown up distinctly by the white snow, were two men.

They were stooping over the window of the kitchen. One held a dark lantern, the other was applying some instrument to the fastening of the casement.

In a moment it flashed upon my mind these were robbers, bent upon obtaining possession of the station master's fund of money.

I flew to the box of fireworks. I seized a couple of squibs, and lighting them at the almost extinguished lamp, I hurled them through the window right upon the heads of the villains below.

Bang! Bang! Fizz! A howl of dismay.

Out went a handful of crackers, then a big Roman candle.

In less than a minute the stillness of that Winter night was changed into such a hurly-burly as no mortal had ever heard before.

Bang! fizz! crack! pop! yell! whizz! boom! whirr! bang! howl!

The robbers began with howling, and then cried for mercy, as they rushed over the snow, stumbling at every step, while some fresh outbreak of flames, sparks and fiery missiles was hurled after them.

As one grand rocket went flaring up to the clouds, as it seemed, I beheld one ruffian disappear precipitately over the edge of the railway embankment. The shrieks of the other were continuous.

A handful of red fire I burned on the window sill showed me the coast was clear, and at that moment came a thundering at my door.

It was Mr. Shenton. "What on earth is the matter?" he cried, as he rushed into the room—the smell of powder almost choking him.

I told him. Down we went to view the scene of the robbers' attempt.

"Sure enough, they nearly did it, too!" said Mr. Shenton, and then he laughed, which I thought was a queer way of taking things. "The fools!" he said, and shrugged his shoulders.

Poor old Deb's voice was heard, quivering with fright.

"Come you down and make us some coffee," called her master. "I told you it would take an explosion to wake her," said he, "and sure it was an explosion. But you have done a good night's work, that is certain. You gave those villains a salute they did not expect. It's a pity, though, you've wasted your fireworks."

"They were not mine at all," I said "and what is more, I don't know whose they were."

"Well, well," said Mr. Shenton, "this beats anything I ever heard. But they were certainly put to better service than ever fireworks were before. Now we will have some breakfast."

The rockets and red fire had aroused the village, and, before daybreak, the station agent's house was the scene of an eager crowd, still coming and talking, wondering and commenting on the night's events.

They stared at me as though I had played some heroic part, and I began to feel quite ashamed of so much fuss made about letting off a few firecrackers from a garret window.

However, attention was drawn off from me when, later on, one of the robbers was found in a fearful condition on the railway. He had pitched over the embankment and fallen on some sharp pieces of broken rail, which had been left by the side of the roadbed after repairs. He confessed that they had been tempted to break into the station agent's house by the report that he kept there a quantity of money and valuable property lately bequeathed to him.

Mr. Shenton laughed dryly and his blue eyes twinkled when he heard of this confession.

"Shall I show you," he said, "the costly valuables which are to risk my life?"

He opened an old chest that stood on a table near him and took out a baby's battered, much-used silver coral, a lapdog's collar of red leather with two small bells, a pair of steel-framed spectacles and a very thin silver salt spoon.

"There," he said, "that is the sum total of my legacy. Hardly worth risking a life for, eh? Not so costly, I fancy, as the fireworks you so kindly expended in preserving them, young man."

The other robber was found in a ditch, half buried in snow and firmly possessed with the conviction that he was shot in the shoulder. Probably one of the rocket cases hit him sharply. Anyway, he had sustained no injury sufficient to excuse his attendance at the next term of court.

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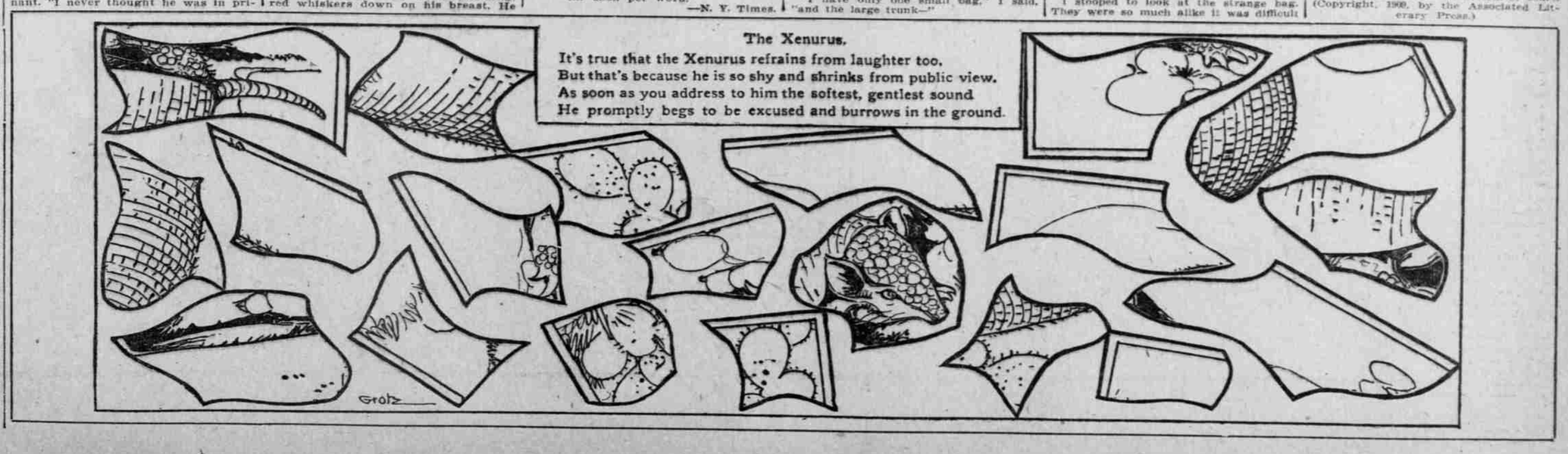

The Xenurus.

It's true that the Xenurus refrains from laughter too.
But that's because he is so shy and shrinks from public view.
As soon as you address to him the softest, gentlest sound
He promptly begs to be excused and burrows in the ground.