

Zeb White's Bear Story

The Old Possum Hunter of Tennessee Tells How Maester Bruin Was Humiliated and Committed Suicide.

SOME folks look upon all b'ars alike, same as haws and calves," said the old possum hunter of Tennessee as we sat smoking one evening.

Being asked if he had ever seen one with "proper pride," he thought for a moment and then answered:

"I shorley have, and I'll tell you about it. A feller down at Grover's



"I TOLD YOU I SWEET B'AR."

Maester was owin' me \$7 and couldn't pay. He had a lot of barbed wire to fence his patch, and he give me a right smart roll of it to squar' the debt.

"Zeb White, have yo' got a nose on yo' or have yo' dun lost it?"

"Reckon I've got a nose," says I, "and what of it?"

"Then don't yo' smell a b'ar around?"

"Not a smell of b'ar, and I know they smell."

"Then yo've lost yo' grip and better hunt rabbits. If thar ain't a b'ar within ten rods of this yere cabin at this very minit then I'll never ax fur another pair o' shoes. Git yo'rself up and look around."

"I got up," said the old man, "and about the first thing I saw was a big b'ar out thar by the maw shed. He'd come down off the mountain and shrew the laurels arter hawg meat. It was powerful bold of him, bein' as he must have knowed I was home at the time, but thar he was, and he didn't seem to mind me 't all. The old woman, she seen him, too, and she whispered to me:

"I told yo' I sweet b'ar, and thar he is. Is the ride loaded?"

"No."

"Then we don't git no b'ar, fur if yo' go to move he'll turn tail. Zeb, yo' ain't no mo' of a hunter than our ole cat."

"The b'ar stood thar and looked at us fur a minit," said Zeb, "and then that wire fence caught his eye. He hadn't never seen barbed wire befo', and perty soon he walks up and gives a hit with his paw. He got a jab from a barb, and it made him mad. What does he do then but give that fence a tug, and it was the funnest sight yo' ever seen. The harder he hugged the mo' he hurt himself, of co'se, but it was a good while befo' he would let go. He growled with madness and whimpered with pain, and me and the old woman fell to laughin' fit to kill. It was ten minits befo' that b'ar would give up. He bit and clawed and huggid, and when he finally let go he was all over blood.

"Reckon he'll make off now," says the old woman as he sot up on end and growled with madness.

"But he didn't. He felt he'd been worsted, and he wanted to git even. Thar was a heap of loose wire on the ground, and bimeby he goes fur it and was all tangled up and fightin' fur his life in a minit. I never heard sich growlin' in all my life, and when he bit at that wire it made the cold chills run up our backs. I could have got the rifle and loaded it, but I didn't want to

miss any of the fun. The row went on fur fifteen minits, and then the b'ar was all tucked out and discouraged. He'd got holt of sunthin' to beat him and he had to own up to it hisself.

"Can't he see that he hain't fitten? asks the old woman as he begun to back off.

"He kin," says I, "but he's sot in his ways and hates to give in. He's all clawed to pieces by them barbs, but he'll shorley try it ag'in."

"And he did. Five minits later he made a rush fur that fence and begun to hug and bite and wrastle, and he was so powerful mad this time that he pushed down three or four rods of it. It wasn't no use, however. He was a licked b'ar, and the mo' he huggid and bit the mo' he knowed he was licked. Bimeby he jest lay still and whined and whimpered, and it appeared to us that thar was tears in his eyes. When he got sorter rested he sot up and looked at us, but it wasn't a squar' look, not sich an honest look as a b'ar orter give a man on his own land. He 'peared to be thinkin' fur a minit, and

then he limps over to that chestnut tree and begins to climb up. He was mighty slow about it, but bimeby he got up to that big limb, and arter a sorter farewell look 'round he lets go and falls kerchunk to the airth. He lit on the grindstun, which was standin' under the tree, and busted it all to flinders."

"And then he made off, of course?" was suggested.

"No, sah, he didn't. That b'ar had an objick when he climbed that tree. His objick was to kill hisself becase he'd bin whopped. He jest cum down head fust on purpose to break his neck, and he dun it. Yes, sah; killed as dead as a doanball right thar befo' our eyes. He had tackled a barbed wire fence and bin licked, and he couldn't abide to live on. We counted up the hurts on him and found over 200. I have allus felt a bit sorry fur that varmint. He'd bin sloshin' 'round in the bresh all his life, lickin' everything he cum across, and how was he to know a wire fence from a pumpkin vine?"

"Havin' got mad about it, he was bound to fight, and havin' fust, he was bound to be whopped. A wire fence ain't a livin' thing, yo' know."

"Then you think he had feelings?" was asked.

"Most sartly he had, sah. Feelin's? Why, a b'ar is chuck full of feelin's, and I've allus felt asbamed that this one didn't have a squar' deal. He might have tackled a landslide and cum out on top, but what show did he have agin 500 feet of barbed wire fence which was achin' fur a row with an elephant?"

"And you really believe he committed suicide on account of being humiliated?"

"Of co'se I do. That's whar people don't understand things. They argy that nobody but human bein's have pride, whereas b'ars and sich have their proper show of it. I once tackled a bull and got whopped like all outoaths, and fur a week arterwards I felt like hangin' myself. That b'ar had siltus got away with everything that cum along till he struck that wire, and it not only hurt his body, but his feelin's. He couldn't go back among other b'ars and brag and swell around, and he jest made up his mind to git off the airth. He shorley did, sah, and I'm a-thinkin' a heap mo' of him fur doin' that same. Of co'se it was suicide—of co'se."

M. QUAD.

Willing to Help Him Out. After the doctor had examined the patient and the man's wife wanted to know the nature of the illness the conscientious physician said:

"Your husband's condition is such that it will take some time to differentiate the symptoms to arrive at an accurate conception of the malady from which he is suffering. The treatment must be symptomatic. I must first make a diagnosis."

"I hope you can make it of calico," remarked the woman, "for I haven't a piece of flannel in the house."—New York Press.

A Big Handicap. Instructor—Dat guy over there is me prize pupil, but he'll never make a successful prize fighter.

Visitor—What seems to be his drawback? Instructor—Why, de poor slob is tongue tied.—New York World.

A Misapplied Petition. Not long since the choir in one of the fashionable churches of the south rendered a long and difficult anthem, one with many frills and furlowels. The good minister sat patiently through it, but when the anthem was finished he arose and, to the amusement of both congregation and choir, began his prayer in deeply earnest tones, saying, "Oh, Lord, we thank thee that we are still alive!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Looking For a Hardy Man. Patience—Well, what sort of a husband do you suppose I want—a gentleman? Patrice—Oh, no; you are too much of an automobile fiend to marry a gentleman. What you want is a mechanic!—Yonkers Statesman.

TALK IT OVER.

With People You Know. With Astoria People. No evidence can be stronger than the direct testimony of people you know. The public expression of friends and neighbors is the proof of merit we offer. If you still remain a skeptic, talk it over with this testifier.

D. E. Duncan, who is employed with his brother, at the Astoria Soda Works, 426 Duane street, says: "I had been troubled with a weakness of the back and kidneys for a number of years. There was a constant dull, aching pain in the loins and as far up as the shoulders. Not only did my back ache, but there was a weakness from the kidney secretions which was very annoying and disturbed my rest. I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills and one day I stepped into Charles Rogers' drug store and got a box. I found them to be a great relief. After the first few doses I felt better. I know of others who have used them with the same good results."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

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BOY WANTED TO WORK IN printing office. Apply at Astorian office.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS. FOR SALE—HIGH COUNTER, about 8 feet long. Apply at Astorian office.

FOR SALE—SECOND-HAND 7 COLUMN newspaper outfit; complete except press; cheap. Inquire at this office.

INCUBATOR FOR SALE—400 EGGS capacity; also three 100 capacity brooders; first-class condition. Address A. Astorian Office.

OLD PAPERS FOR SALE AT THIS Office: 25c per hundred.

CALL FOR WARRANTS.

Notice is hereby given to all parties holding Clatsop County warrants endorsed prior to August 1st, 1904, to present same to the county treasurer at his office 500-502 Commercial street, for payment. Interest ceases after this date. (Signed) CHAS. A. HELLBORN, County Treasurer.

Dated, Astoria, Oregon, this 13th day of June, 1905.

BIDS WANTED.

OFFICE CONSTRUCTING QUARTERMASTER, Astoria, Ore., June 2, 1905.—Sealed proposals, in triplicate, will be received at this office until 10 o'clock a. m. June 16, 1905, and then opened for installing heating systems in two barrack buildings and six officers' quarters at Fort Stevens, Ore. United States reserves the right to reject any or all proposals. Plans can be seen and specifications obtained at this office. Information furnished on application. Envelopes should be marked "Proposals for Heating Systems" and addressed Captain Goodale, Quartermaster, Astoria, Ore.

OFFICE CONSTRUCTING QUARTERMASTER, Astoria, Ore., June 2, 1905.—Sealed proposals, in triplicate, will be received at this office until 10:30 o'clock a. m. June 16, 1905, and then opened for installing heating systems in two barrack buildings and six officers' quarters at Fort Stevens, Ore. United States reserves the right to reject any or all proposals. Plans can be seen and specifications obtained at this office. Information furnished on application. Envelopes should be marked "Proposals for Heating Systems" and addressed Captain Goodale, Quartermaster, Astoria, Ore.

Office Constructing Quartermaster, Astoria, Ore., June 3, 1905.—Sealed proposals, in triplicate, will be received at this office until 10 o'clock a. m. June 17, 1905, and then opened, for the construction of a wharf and approach, and a boat house at Fort Stevens, Ore. United States reserves the right to reject any or all proposals. Plans can be seen and specifications obtained at this office. Information furnished on application. Envelopes should be marked "Construction of Wharf and Boat House," and addressed Captain Goodale, Quartermaster, Astoria, Ore.

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FOR RENT—HOUSE KEEPING ROOMS. See J. B. Brown at Ross, Higgins & Company.

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FOR RENT—LARGE FRONT ROOM; fire and electric light; finest view in city. Address C. A., Astorian.

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The Troy Laundry The only white labor laundry in the city. Does the best work at reasonable prices and is in every way worthy of your patronage.

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