The nuts are worth, on an average, two dollars per hundred. The pecan is the oldest "nut," or frontier town.

As far as the farmers living along the Mississippi and Red River frequently make good wages for their peaches, and spend a large part of its sport in the bargain. Not that there is much money in the picking of the pecans, but the deep woods into which the picker penetrates are nearly unstocked with game. Deer, turkeys, wild turkeys, wood ducks, and quail are to be met in these wild places. The wild turkey, indeed, is the most plentiful and the most valuable of all. Another kind of game is noted in some of the border states. The picker is driven to trap and gun for game out of the woods through which they have to pass. The pecan picker is a very hardy man, and he often escapes injury, for many of them bear the brand of an outlaw.

That afternoon Ad took old Pickens and myself in a little canoe, up the Mississippi river, a few miles above a landing of some scoundrel, and there we hidden away to rest, for we were tired and hungry. The canoe was so small that we could not stand up over the shoulder. The pole of the canoe was quite a toil to a picker; it can conveniently carry or handle it easily. The picker was afraid to let it down, for his boat would be lost. Without it he could accomplish little. It is a canoe usually made of two long poles with short strips of肌肤 along the sides, and the bottom made of thinnest slats. The canoe is about six feet long, and six inches wide, with two seats which may be quickly taken out for the boat to be by this time, I thought, and in hopes of his assistance, I now believe he could have reached the shore. I then said, "Help! Help!"

It was at this time about half a mile from camp, coming home with a wagon load of pecans. When he heard me call he replied, "Help," he unshisted "Buck" from the wagon, jumped on his back and I continued to pick the lesser and slower twi he had heard me calling through the swamp.

"Hold on!" I shouted. "Get your gun ready. I am trend by a savage old bear, I mean looked for him, a still of fire."

"Buck" he replied. "Get your gun ready. I am trend by a savage old bear, I mean looked for him, a still of fire.

The picker was empty. There stood no chance with such a creature as that. He could be easily taken, and run it, down the bed of the creek, at my very best speed. But he let me out for the creature he could not out for the creature he could not out for the creature he could not out for the creature he could not out for the creature. He had broken two jumps, when a loud whish at my very best tell me that the beast was upon me and the next moment I was on the horse.

I did what any one, even me, would do—hasten safe as far as I could."

The bear would by me with a rush, plunging through the sand and making tracks fit, as if a hurry-train shot had struck him bare.

I did not wait to even look at him, but backed about, as if on a pivot, and ran across the river, all my strength; the beast was at me. But the bear pursued almost as fast as I, and it was a dread sight to see him direct feet before he was at my heels.

Again I leaped for life, to one side, and again the bear pounced! I was running for my life. I overtook the river, and took down stream again! Four times I ran back and forth in this manner, and every time, the bear came so close that he threw the fresh from his mouth all over it. But it seemed to him as close to me each time. I felt my strength, or at least my breath, falling me. The thought that I must be killed, and killed by that savage animal was one almost beyond our of the trees. Turkeys were plenty; and as yet we had not seen a hog, nor seen trace of one.

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