

PRODUCE SELECTION OF SELECTION

When I returned aboard th' schooner from my first trip ashore, up in th' Arctic ice-fields, and told th' skipper about th' mastodon I had seen frozen in th' ice, he was bound to go ashore to see it. So, next mornin'we struck out over th' ice and snow. To save time, I took a short cut, which brought us to th' cave where th' polar bear had chased me th' day before.

Th' skipper said he was goin' into th' cave to see if th' bear was still there. I told him he'd likely get into trouble, but in he went. Nothin' happened for a little while, and I was just thinkin' that everything was o. k., when zam! bang! whang! yar - r - r -!, and out of th' cave shot th' skipper, some of th' hind part of his pants gone and yellin' like a Liverpool packet rat in a mutiny. And right aft-

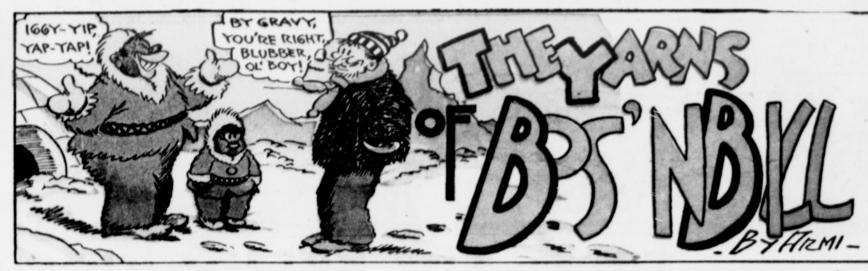
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or him was that big bear, lookin' meaner'n a Nova Scotia bucko-mate.

I whanged away at the bear, missed, and knocked the skipper's cap off. The skipper reached a high ice-cake before the bear, and was pulline his feet up away from the old boy's paws, when I whanged away again and knocked Mr Bear over.

Well s'r, when th' skipper slid down from th' iceberg he was madder'n a tom-cat with a knot in his tail 'cause I had splattered his best cap full of holes when I took 'th' first shot at th' bear. After we'd had a look at th' mastodon we went back aboard th' schooner In th' fo'c'stle all hands roared when I told them how I'd peppered th' skipper's cap. I'll bet he'd have triced me up by th' thumbs if he'd heard me tellin' about it.



























HERE'S AN AD IN
THE PAPER WE BUY CAST OFF
CLOTHING" JONES, DILL ST.





