

THANKSGIVING BEAR.

AN ADVENTURE THAT ENDED WITH HIS DEATH.

Thrilling Fire Hunt on the Little Red by Two Boys in Search of a Thanksgiving Feast—Results Were Dangerous but Satisfactory.

Bagged Big Game. EAR the Little Red, a swift stream that flows through a region but little opened as yet and still inhabited by the animals of the West, were situated the homes of the Duncan and Taylors. Bear roamed at will through the dense cane-brakes, and not infrequently made reprisals on the scattered settlers. Wolves, too, abounded in the region, and in winter their long dismal howling made the cold nights hideous. The Duncan and Taylor boys—Roy and Phil—had been companions from childhood, and when their parents settled in the new country they were in their element, as now they could roam the woods and paddle down the Little Red, every now and then picking up a bear or turkey with their trusty rifles. It was not long before they became known as the best young Nimrods in the whole district, and whenever they started on a hunt it was taken for granted that they would return with plenty of game. One evening in November they started for a fire hunt on the river for the purpose of, as Phil expressed it, "bagging a Thanksgiving bear."

"We can boast past the big brakes near the bend," said he, as he laid his proposition before Roy. "Tom Hunter, who came through there the other day, saw lots of fresh signs, and we may be able to get a big one for to-morrow's feast." Taken with the prospect of some exciting adventure, Roy at once acquiesced, and the two boys began to prepare for the fire hunt.

The canoe was dragged forth, and the pine knots for the torch gathered and made ready.

Taking the paddle, Roy, with a sharp lookout along shore, drove the light bark into the middle of the river, while Phil under the torch watched the tall canes that lined the edge and tried to catch the first sight of game.

All at once the paddles in Roy's supple hands seemed to rest, and he glanced at his companion. Phil at the same moment had seen what had caught Roy's eye. On the right, where the tall canes seemed to seek the solitude of the stars, gleamed a pair of intense eyes, very close together, and near the ground. "It is old Ephraim," whispered Phil as he moved his rifle and leaned forward for a better look. "We have found our Thanksgiving bear at last!"

Slowly, with a cool hunter's deliberation, Phil lifted his rifle to his shoulder, and while he watched the shining eyes, Roy seemed to hold his breath. The crack of the weapon awoke the echoes along shore, and as the smoke lifted both boys leaned forward with eagerness and looked toward the shore. "You missed him!" cried Roy. "No, look yonder! The old fellow has tumbled into the water and is in the death struggle. Quick! row toward him before the eddy sucks him in."

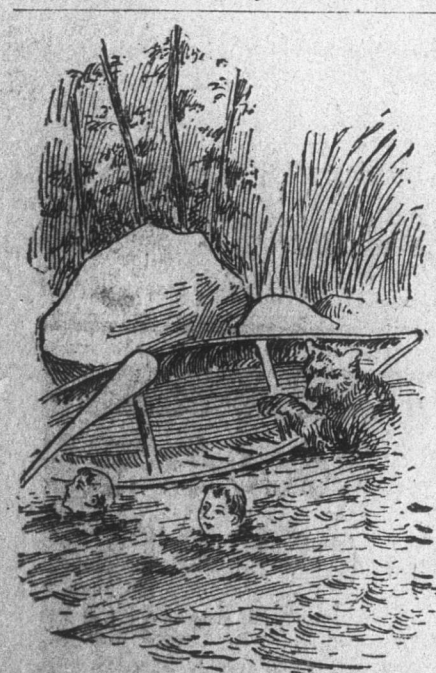
"Lost!" exclaimed Roy, disappointedly. Before Phil could reply something dark and wet rose almost underneath the frail canoe, and the next moment he saw the taffrail in the grip of the bear. The great paws, looking doubly formidable in the unsteady light of the torch, while the weight of the bear, threatened to overturn the boat, and the ugly head, with the wide mouth bleeding from the boy's shot, was enough to send chills of terror to the Nimrod's hearts.

"Back off!" cried Phil, as he saw that the canoe was almost among the rocks, and liable to be capsized by their foe. Roy sprang nimbly to the paddles, and, as Phil rose in the boat to thrust the rifle into the bear's face and terminate the contest, the animal made a desperate effort to climb aboard. The situation was now full of peril, and the rocking of the boat in the swift waters caused the torch to scatter a rain of fire over the devoted boys and the bear, but the beast only blinked his little eyes and redoubled his efforts to scale the fragile rampart.

Finding that he could not get a shot at the bear as Roy backed off, Phil struck with all his might with the gun, bringing the heavy stock down upon the huge head. He shattered the weapon by the blow, while he apparently left the skull of his antagonist unharmed. In another moment the bear lunged forward again, and the canoe at the same time striking a rock, was capsized, spilling its occupants into the water and putting out the torch. All this happened in a second, as it seemed, and the boys, thus thrown into the stream and at the mercy of the bear and current, struggled to right the canoe and clamber in again.

After awhile they succeeded, and Roy, who was fortunate enough to retain one paddle, pushed the boat from the rocks and sent it out into the river, where it was caught in a swift current and carried along like a feather. "This is better than drowning among the rocks—or being eaten up by the bear," said Phil, as he looked back. "But we've lost our Thanksgiving bear steak, I guess." "Lost the bear?" cried Roy sharply, as his face whitened. "Look yonder. He is still clinging to the stern of the boat."

This was true, as could be seen by the moonlight, which at that particular place fell through the trees upon the eddying waters. The two boys stared at the



CAPSIZED THE CANOE.

homey head lifted above the tide and at the sharp claws that seemed to dig their way into the woodwork at the stern. The bear held on with a death grip as the current bore the canoe and the young Nimrods rapidly down stream, now narrowly missing some half-sunken tree, and now nearly capsizing again as Roy tried to escape a hidden rock.

"What shall we do?" cried Phil at last,

as he turned a frightened face toward his companion. "The bear is determined to prove our Jonah, and in a short time we shall reach the falls." "Cut him loose," said Roy. "You have your knife, haven't you?"

Phil hailed the suggestion with a cry of joy, and brought from the depths of his pocket a big jack-knife, and in another moment he leaned toward the bear in their wake. Instead of striking at the throat which was exposed, he drove the keen blade into one of the feet near the root of the claws, and drew it toward him. The bear growled savagely, but Phil bravely faced the beast and severed the other foot likewise.

"A tree! a tree!" rang out Roy's voice at this moment, and before Phil could duck his head the canoe struck the obstacle in the middle of the Little Red, and in a jiffy they were in the water again and struggling to grasp the limbs of the lodged tree. In this they were successful, and when they had drawn themselves up among the branches they looked at one another with grim smiles. They knew that they were destined to pass the night in the tree, which they did, and when day came they found themselves near a plantation. By dint of shouting until they were hoarse they made themselves heard, and were rescued by several plantation hands, one of whom discovered the bear lodged in another tree a little farther down the river.

The animal was dead, and when he was drawn ashore the boys related their thrilling

A PURITAN HOLIDAY.

A HERITAGE FROM THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

God-Fearing Folk of Plymouth Colony First to Associate the Day with Pie and Turkey—Earliest Thanksgiving Proclamation.

Formerly a Movable Feast. HE earliest Thanksgiving proclamation printed is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society and bears the date of 1677. Long before this, however, New England knew the meaning of Thanksgiving, and the pumpkin pie had been discovered by the inhabitants of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Cranberry sauce is of less ancient origin, for we find no mention of it much before the early part of this century.

Days set apart for thanksgiving were

Colchester, for instance, calmly ignored the day appointed by the Governor and held its own Thanksgiving a week later, when the sheep from New York, bringing a hoghead of molasses for pie, had arrived. In revolutionary times Thanksgiving was not forgotten. The council of Massachusetts recommended that Nov. 16, 1776, be set aside for "acknowledgments for mercies enjoyed." In the next year Samuel Adams recommended a form of Thanksgiving proclamation to the Continental Congress. During the war of independence Congress appointed eight days of Thanksgiving. They fell in April, May, July and December. The appointments were made in the form of recommendation to the heads of the various State Governments. With one exception Congress suspended business on the days appointed.

Washington issued a proclamation for a general thanksgiving by the Continental army, Thursday, Dec. 18, 1777, and again at Valley Forge May 7, 1778. A few days before the adjournment of Congress in September, 1789, Representative Elias Boudinot moved in the House that the President be requested to recommend a day of thanksgiving and prayer as acknowledgment of the many signal favors of Almighty God, and especially his affording them an opportunity of establishing a Constitution of government for their safety and happiness. Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, supported the motion. Aedanus Burke, of South Carolina, did not like "this mimicking of European cus-

LONG'S THE OLD NEST STANDS.

Y A-A-S, they're comin' home Thanksgiving! An' the gobble's gittin' fat. An' the hubbard squaw's a ripenin' Fer the pies an' such as that. So we'll send the double waggin Tew the deepo fer all hands. An' we'll bring 'em home Thanksgiving! As long's the old nest stands.

The robins in the maples Hatched their little brood this spring.



An' before the leaves got yell'er They was big enough tew sing. But they left us in October Fer to sing in their lands. But the spring'll bring 'em homewards As long's the old nest stands.

Ah, thar's other nests as lonesome In the winter time of life. Whar the little brood is scattered In the great world's noisy strife. An' 'pos the busy singers An' the workers got much hands As they dream uv glad homcomin' As long's the old nest stands.

Human nests uv boards an' shingles, Batten doors an' cellin's low. Clabbers warped an' weatherbeaten, Homely hearts whar loneliness glow. An' the ole folks gray an' stoopin' Reachin' out weth lovin' hands In all airth the truest welcome, As long's the old nest stands.

Lemme tell ye when it crumbles Or the leaves falls weth age. Then 'dosh in all yure readin' Yew will turn the saddest page. Fer thar's somethin' fane nor money Nor success nor power commands, It's the love ye git fer nothin' As long's the old nest stands.

What's that, mother, got a letter? "They'll be down on Wednesday noon." Say, we better air the chumbers, 'Cause we can't begin tew soon. Fix the cradle fer the baby. Darn these tears an' tremblin' hands, Mother's singin', I'm wishin', An' right here the old nest stands.

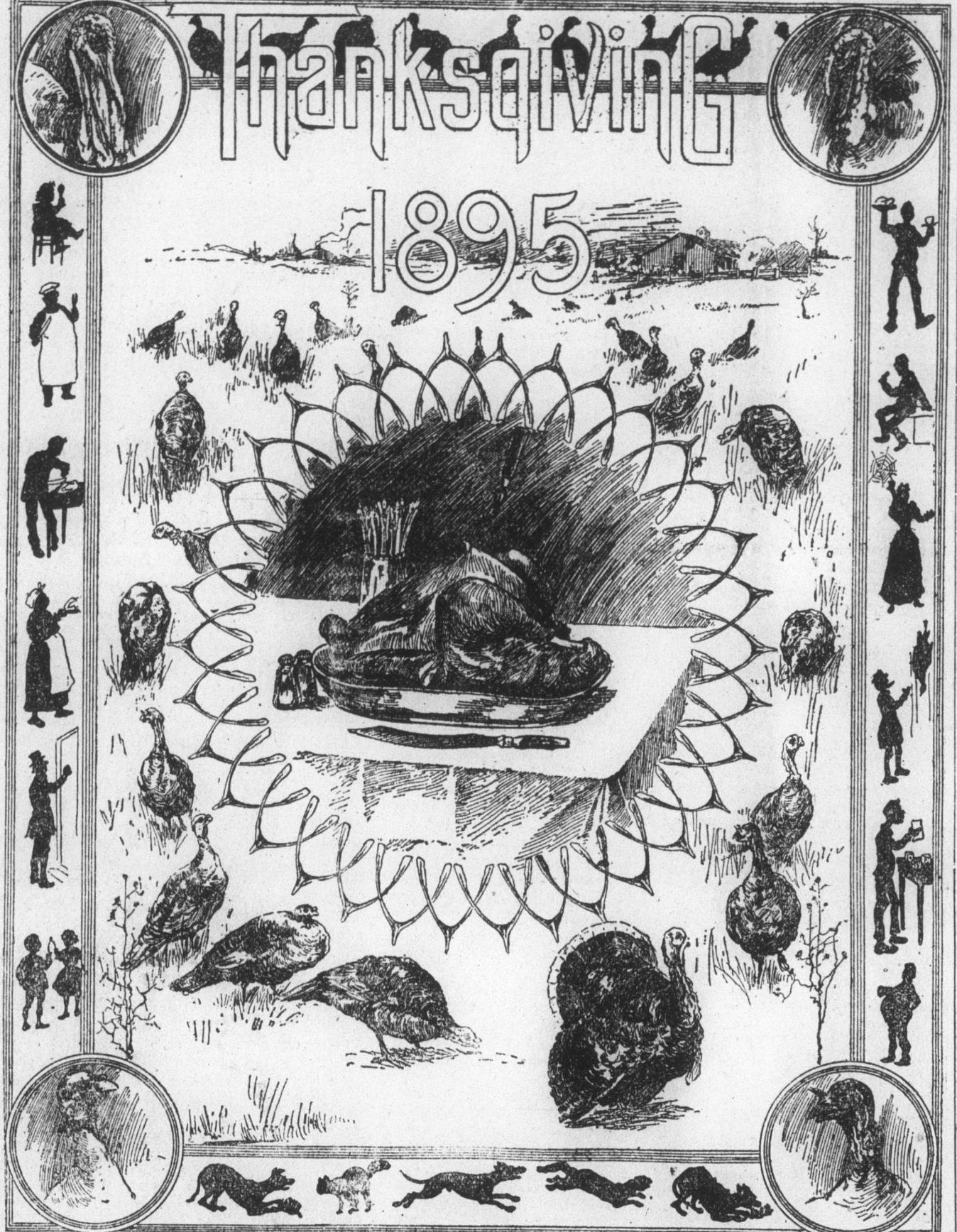
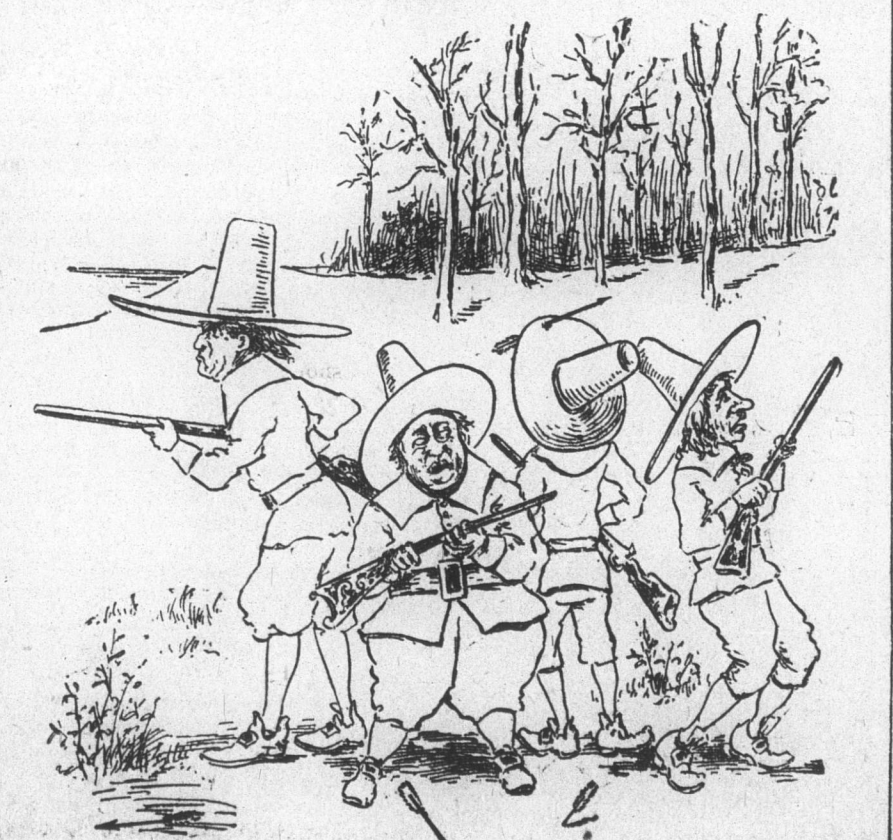
How to Roast a Turkey. Select a large, fat, tender turkey, and have it nicely dressed, drawn, washed, wiped dry and well singed. Rub it all over, inside and outside, with pepper and salt. Make a stuffing of the following ingredients: One pound of light bread-crumbs, half a pound of butter, a heaping tablespoonful of finely minced onion, salt and pepper, one raw egg and enough water to mix rather soft. Stuff the breast first, and sew it up, then stuff the body. Rub the turkey all over with melted butter, and dredge well with sifted flour. Lay it in the pan on its breast, and pour in a quart of cold water. Have the oven well heated but not too hot, as the turkey must cook slowly to be done. Allow a quarter of an hour to each pound. Have some butter in a plate with a larding spoon. From time to time baste the turkey with the gravy in the pan, rub over with the larding spoon and dredge again with flour. As it browns turn from side to side, and last of all brown the breast. Frequent basting, dredging and turning will insure perfect cooking. When done it should be a rich, dark brown all over, and when a fork is stuck deep into it no red juice should run. Remove it to a hot dish and, if the gravy is not quite thick enough, add a teaspoonful of flour creamed smooth with some of the grease skimmed from the gravy. If while cooking the gravy in the pan boils away too much, more water should be added. When the turkey is done there should be about a pint of gravy. —Ladies' Home Journal.

An All-Round Thanksgiving Dinner Bronco Pete—Whar's th' turkey? Alkali Ike—I set him outside to cool an' th' cat eat it. Bronco Pete—Whar's th' cat? Alkali Ike—A cayote eat it. Bronco Pete—Whar's the cayote? Alkali Ike—Th' greyhound eat it. Bronco Pete—Whar's th' greyhound? Alkali Ike—An Injun eat it. Bronco Pete—Whar's th' Injun? Alkali Ike—A grizzly eat it. Bronco Pete—Whar's the grizzly? Alkali Ike—Out thar. Bronco Pete—Waal, we'll have ter eat th' grizzly, Ike, but I hate ter take th' leavin's uv a Thanksgiving turkey like that.—Harper's Bazar.

Thanks, Awfully. The question on Thanksgiving day Will be of national interest quite: From coast of Maine to Georgia: "Which will you have, dark meat or white?" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

OUR PURITAN FOREFATHERS.

They Hunted the Wild Indian and Not the Wild Turkey on Thanksgiving Day.



ing experience with his bearship the night before. A wagon was procured and the homeward journey begun, and in ample



ARRIVING WITH THE THANKSGIVING BEAR.

season for dinner the boys arrived with the Thanksgiving bear. —New York Press.

Thanksgiving as It Used to Be. Another Thanksgiving Day is here. It comes fraught with memories dear Of home, and friends, and by-gone days. With all the hallowed olden ways Of celebrating and giving praise To Him, the infinite, the good, Whose bounty's shown in all our food That fills the latter year by year. And gladdens hearts, promotes good cheer.

The observance of this time-honored day is Puritanic, so they say, But Thanksgiving now does not seem to

As first I knew it, or as it used to be. 'Tis strange that we drift so far away In our observance of this honored day. The plum puddings, pies, and jelly cake That our dear mother was wont to make, The brown stuffed turkey, with oysters

Crab-apple cider, home-brewed wine, Apples crisp, of rosiest hue, Shellbark, hazel, and walnuts, too; Thus the menu year after year Abounding ever with good cheer.

The days that followed in the night Which gave such inexpressible delight To each hearty lad and buxom lass The closing hours of the day to pass. O joyous day! for which our recollections grow

Brighter as each fleeting year departs And thrills and sets again aglow Most tender memories in our heart of hearts.

Thanksgiving Eve. And now the wintry winds do moan and howl; The sky at eve grows dim and murky; From o'er the fields we hear the plaintive cry Of some forlorn Thanksgiving turkey.

known to the Israelites and are mentioned throughout the Bible. They were common in England before the reformation, and were in frequent use by Protestants afterward, especially in the Church of England, where they were a fixed custom long before they were in the colonies.

"Giving God thanks" for safe arrival and for many other blessings was first heard on New England shores from the lips of Popham colonists at Monhegan, in the Thanksgiving service of the Church of England. The first Thanksgiving week—not day—in Plymouth was observed in December, 1621. This was a week of feasting. Venison was brought in by the Massasoit Indians and dozens of wild turkeys, rabbits and smaller game were slaughtered for the feast. The Indians were invited to join the whites in the merry-making, an invitation which was promptly accepted. The records make no mention of any special religious exercises during this week of feasting.

In July, 1623, a fast day of nine hours of prayer was observed by these same colonists, who were suffering from the effects of a prolonged drought, which had scorched their corn and stunted the beans. The rain which soon afterward fell they believed could not have come but for their united and public petition.

The next public Thanksgiving was held in Boston by the Bay Colony, on Feb. 22, 1630. This was an expression of gratitude for the safe arrival of food-bearing ships from England.

From then until about 1684 there were about twenty-four Thanksgivings appointed in Massachusetts, but it was not a regular biennial custom. In 1675, a time of deep gloom in both Massachusetts and Connecticut on account of the many attacks from fierce savages, no days of thanksgiving were celebrated.

Rhode Islanders paid little heed to the days set apart by the Massachusetts authorities, and many of them were punished for this lack of conformity. Gov. Andros caused William Vearie to be set in a pillory in the market-place at Boston for plowing on the Thanksgiving Day of June 18, 1696.

In Connecticut the festival was not regularly observed until 1716. The earlier Thanksgivings days were not always set on Thursday, nor were they always appointed for the same token of God's beneficence. Days of thanksgiving were appointed in gratitude for great political or military events, for the safe arrival of "persons of special use and quality," for the abatement of disease, for victories over the Indians and for plentiful harvests. The frequent appointments for the last cause finally made autumn the customary time.

To the early Puritan Christmas smelt to heaven of idolatry; so, when his own festival, Thanksgiving, became annual, it took on many of the features of the English Christmas. It was a day devoted to family reunion, to feasting and to the giving of presents. Such "superstitious meats" as baron of beef, bear's head, and plum pudding were excluded, and turkey, Indian pudding and pumpkin pie were eaten instead.

Many funny stories are told of the early Thanksgiving days. The town of

SHEEP-KILLING PARROTS.

They Pounce Upon Their Victims and Drill Holes in Their Backs.

Mr. Taylor White contributes to the Zoologist an account of the kea, a dull green bird of the parrot type, known as Nestor notabilis, whose sheep-killing propensities have lately attracted much attention. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace says that the kea deserted its natural forests and berries first for the pickings of the farmer's slaughter yards, then for the live sheep, and finally, by a refinement of evolutionary adaptation, for the delicate fat which overlies the sheep's kidney.

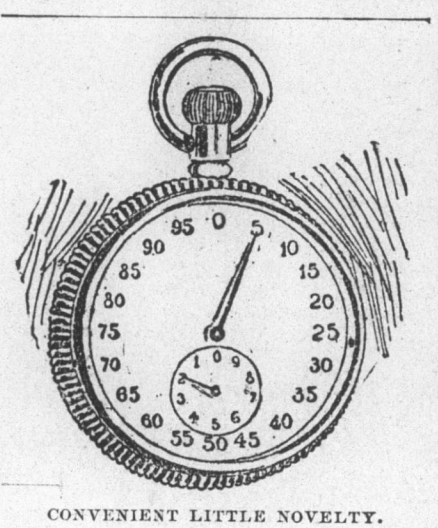
Mr. White, who was farming sheep on the New Zealand mountains before the kea had learnt its bad habits, and who has had the best opportunity for studying the bird, disputes this statement. The kea, he says, could not have deserted its berries, for it is only found above the forest line, where berries do not grow. Its food consists naturally chiefly of lichens on stones, and it hit on the practice of killing sheep in all probability by accident. Suddenly it was found that some sheep, which had missed a shearing and had long wool, would die in the night, and on skinning, a small round hole far down the back would be discovered. For a long time the cause of this was unknown, but one day the kea was caught in the act, and thenceforth its proceedings were closely watched.

The kea's habit of sheep killing and seeking out the kidney fat has been held up as one of the most striking instances of rapid adaptation; but Mr. White thinks the adaptation was occasioned by the resemblance of the long and possibly frozen wool to the lichens on which the birds feed. The parrot, it seems, never touches the kidney fat at all, but simply wants the blood, and the reason for its choosing a spot far back was not the proximity of any special delicacy, but the fact that it could not be reached there, and that the position and long hair gave it a purchase during the frantic efforts which the victim made to escape.

A POCKET CASH REGISTER.

One of the Latest and Most Convenient Little Novelties.

The accompanying illustration represents a very neat and useful little device, by means of which one may keep an accurate account of small expenses. As may be seen from the cut, the device is just like a watch, and may be worn as a watch is. It is sure to find



CONVENIENT LITTLE NOVELTY.

favor with ladies for use when shopping, for it registers every purchase and adds automatically, so that the shopper may know, at any moment, just how much he or she has expended. The knob at the top is pressed down when an amount is to be registered, every pressure of it "ringing up" five cents. Five pressures, therefore, registers twenty-five cents, and so on. The dollars are added up automatically.

Mountains of Gold.

No longer than ten years ago even the ubiquitous British looked upon the Transvaal as no better than a howling wilderness. Some traces of gold had been found, but they were not regarded as workable at a profit. The house of Rothschild appealed to their American correspondent to send the best mining engineer in this country to investigate. Gardner Williams, at present the director of the DeBeers diamond mines at Kimberley, undertook this mission. He reported to his principals that he was surprised and disgusted at their credulity—there was no gold in the Witwatersrand.

Mr. Williams was an authority of the first class, but, alas! for the infallibility of science and experience, the territory which he condemned as worthless to the gold miner is now yielding something like \$40,000,000 a year of the yellow metal. Over 2,000 heads of stamps are at work, day and night, over the line of "barren" outcrop for a distance of forty miles. This vast industry, forty miles alone of which are capitalized at \$85,000,000, has in ten years transformed a bleak, remote and unsmiling cattle range, sparsely peopled with sullen Boers and hostile natives, into a veritable El Dorado.—New York Herald.

A Forecast.

There, I think this is the best way to put it: "Dear Mrs. McCollrub, we are very sorry we cannot accept your kind invitation for Wednesday evening, as our grandpa is dying and will be buried on Saturday."—Judy.

Encouragement. The French are seldom at loss for a reply, no matter how far they may be pushed into a corner. A young man applied for a situation in the household of a lady whose summer home was not far from Paris. "But," said she, in reply to his request, "I have brought all my servants with me. I have nothing for you to do."

"Ah, madame," replied the young Frenchman, in a modest tone, "if you did but know how very little work it would take to occupy me!"



The Cream of Current Humor.

In proverbs dangers often lurk— Their meaning rather hazy; "The happy man sings at his work," But—drives the others crazy.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Prisoner—"What, that man is going to defend me? Why, he couldn't bring an innocent person through!"—Fleegende Blaetter.

"I cannot vote," she wailed. "Neither can the baby," said he, "but that doesn't alter the fact that he is boss."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Tom has proposed, and asks me to give him his answer in a letter." "Shall you do it?" "No; I will be more liberal and give him his answer in two letters."—Harper's Bazar.

Wallace—"How did you feel the first time you got into a barber's chair for a shave?" Perry—"To tell the truth about it, I felt like a bare-faced fraud."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

James—"Is Miss Snowball a graduate of Vassar?" William—"She is." "I thought she was. I heard her ask if the muzzle of a gun was to prevent it going off."—Hudson Register.

Mowler—"I see some philosophers say that the way to cure yourself of a love affair is to run away. Do you believe it?" Cynicus—"Certainly—if you run away with the girl."—Truth.

Now the coal dealer fears, good soul, As winter draweth nigh, There'll be a scarcity of coal And prices will be high.

Burglar—"Open your mouth! an' I'll kill yer!" Mother—"Coward! Only for one thing I'd raise the house." "W'at's dat?" "I'd be certain to wake the baby!"—Chicago Record.

Blobbs—"Did you hear about the duel between De Tanque and Old Soak?" They fought with pistols. Blobbs—"Were they loaded?" Blobbs—"No, not the pistols."—Philadelphia Record.

Harry—"I cannot offer you wealth, Marie; my brains are all the fortune I possess." Marie—"Oh, Harry, if you are as badly off as that, I am afraid papa will never give his consent."—Scribner's.

She (to her fiance)—"I heard an old lady pay you a great compliment yesterday." He—"Quite natural. What was it?" She—"She said you must be a very bright man to attract me as you did."—Truth.

Mr. Spinks—"Well, Willie, has your sister made up her mind to go to the concert with me?" Willie—"Yep. She's made up her mind and she's makin' up her face now. She'll be down in a minute."—Great Divide.

Mr. Huggins (entering parlor with Miss Kixson on his arm)—I have just had a taste of Paradise; I've been to your conservatory, major. The Major—Yes, I notice you got some powder on your nose getting it.—Yonkers Statesman.

We would not house the gathered sheaves, If fortune's lights would flash And sweet October's golden leaves Would pass for current cash! —Atlanta Constitution.

"You can see for yourself that these goods are marked down," said the salesman, pointing to the altered price marks. "They appear to be all marked up," replied the customer, as he looked at the many hieroglyphics.—Yonkers Statesman.

Good-looking Young Girl—Will you do something for me, Mr. B? "With pleasure, my dear Miss A. What is it?" "Well, I wish you would propose to me so that I may crow over my cousin. I promise I won't accept you."—Fleegende Blaetter.

The dressmaker's maid in a chic gown arrayed May the heroine be of her dreams; But, except when asleep, she must sew and not reap.

For she never can be what she seems.—Harlem Life.

"Johnny," called his mother, "gilt using that bad language." "Why," replied the boy. "Shakespeare said what I just did." "Well," replied the mother, growing infuriated, "you should quit going with him—he's no companion for you."—New York Herald.

How often Dame Fortune looks on us aslant, With its women who want to be voters and can't, And the swells who can vote and won't do it.

—Washington Star.

Boy (on the stump, who has been patiently watching the strange angler for about an hour)—You ain't caught anything, ave yer? Stranger—No, not yet, my boy. Boy—There wasn't no water in that pond till it rained last night.—Los Angeles Herald.

Mr. Slaveverf (to his wife)—Clara, I wish you would tell Bridget not to cook the biscuits quite so brown in future. Mrs. Slaveverf—Why, John, what are you thinking of? Bridget and I haven't been on speaking terms since that morning I forgot myself and spoke hastily to her when she broke that old china saucer I had had so many years.

—Boston Transcript.

Not Interested. They were telling of books that they had read, and the man with the forehead asked what the other thought of "The Origin of the Species." The other said he hadn't read it. "In fact," he added, "I'm not interested in financial subjects."—Boston Transcript.

When It Is No Longer Sung. It is difficult to determine at just what stage of its life the "popular song" is really popular.—Philadelphia Record.