HEAPS OF FUN FOR A BEAR.

THAT IS, IT WAS FUN TILL MRS. PIMLEY BREATHED HARD.

A Story Showing the Remarkable Qualities of a Woman in the Hemlock Belt, and Also the Value of a Rifle as a Farming Implement in That Region—Experience of a Newcomer.

"I was spending a day last fall with my old friend, Potts Banker, up in the Pennsylvania hemlock belt, and Uncle Potts and his jolly old wife," said John Gilbert, the travelling groceryman, "and I had just sat down to dinner when a stub-and-twist of a boy, about 10 years old, with a very moist and much turned-up nose, came in, sniffed, ran his nose over the whole length of his sleeve, and piped out:

"'Aunt Thankful—now—mother wants to know if you won't—now—lend her one o' your—now—milk pans till pap kin—now—go to town an' git her one.'

"Then the boy sniffed again and swabbed his nose once more with his sleeve.

"'One o' my milk pans!' said Aunt Thankful. 'Sakes, alive, Benny! What's 'come o' your mammy's?'

"Sniff, swab, by the boy, and then:

"'What's 'con.e of it? Well, I wonder if the bear didn't scrunch it? [Sniff, swab.] An' mother's got to have a milk pan till pap kin—now—go to town an' git her one.'

"The bear scrunched it!' said Aunt Thankful, getting up and moving in a dazed sort of way toward Benny, who simply bobbed his head, said 'Huh, huh,' and sniffed and swabbed. Aunt Thankful went and got a milk pan, handed it to Benny as if she didn't exactly understand why she was doing it, put her hands on her hips, and, in soliloquy, repeated:

"'The bear scrunched it!'

"'Huh, huh,' said Benny, and went out of the door, sniffing and swabbing. Aunt Thankful gazed at the door, said dazed, when it opened again, and in came Benny.

"'An' you oughto see how he scrunbled the beeskip. Gosh!'

"Then he went out and didn't come back. Aunt Thankful returned to her place at the table by and by, but still not at her ease.

"'Drat that boy!' said she. 'What's he drivin' at, anyhow?'

"'Drivin' at?' said Uncle Potts, who hadn't lost a second during all this conversation between his wife and Benny, but had kept right on with his dinner without apparently hearing either of them. 'Drivin' at? Why nothin' partic'lar, except that I s'pose there's been a bear havin' some fun with 'em down at Pimley's an' has sort o' mummixed things a little.'

"That was the end of the incident for the time, but after dinner was through and Uncle Potts had lit his pipe and walked out to the barn and back a couple of times, he said:

"'Come on, John. We'll go down to Pimley's and see how good a time the bear actu'ly had with 'em. Pimley an' his folks ain't used to bear, an' it wouldn't s'prise me none if bruin had been havin' a reg'lar Fourth o' July celebration with 'em.'

"So we went down to Pimley's, a mile distant. Pimley was home—a thin, gawky, stoop-shouldered man with the inevitable hemlock belt yellow wiskers.

"'Hullo, Pim!' shouted Uncle Potts. 'I don't see nothin' of your beeskip. What you done with it?'

"Pim raised himself up on his toes, craned his long neck and gazed off toward a field that stretched away below the house. Then he got off his toes and turned to Uncle Potts.

"'Git up on the fence an' you kin see it,' said he. 'It's kind o' skittered about some, though. Down yender in the turnip patch.'

"'Do you think that's a better place for it than up here in the yard?'

"'The bear 'peared to think so,' replied Pim. 'I didn't have no say about it, not in partic'lar.'

"'Bear!' said Uncle Potts, as if surprised.

"'Potts,' said Pim, 'there's been the consarndest commotion on these premises durin' the past few days that there's been anywhere sence Pharaoh's hosts was swamped in the Red Sea. My wife is mebbe the peacefullest woman there is in the hull len'th an' breadth o' the belt; consekently, she wasn't 'spectin' trouble when she took her tablecloth to the back door to shake it t'other day; but there it w s. Leastways, she h d n idee that it was, for it was a smallish big bear, an' it was swaggerin' right t'ord her from the lane yender, 'twixt the house an' the turnip field. My wife's the politest woman there is anywhere in the belt, but she was just onpolite enough to slam the door almost plum in that bear's face an' run to the prem door on t'other side o' the house yender, an' holler to me, Benny bein' to school. My wife's got the best lungs of any woman 'twixt here an' Little Kittle, an' consekently I heard her holler, though I was in the buckwheat field, clean on t'other side o' them woods yender.

"'"It's either the house afire or lightnin' rod peddlers," I says to myself, "or Samantha wouldn't never open up like that!" an' so I struck it lively for home. I never thunk o' bear, 'cause I only come here last year, an' hadn't no idea that the country was so fertyle in bear. I wasn't long in gittin' home. I could hear Samantha yelpin' very foot o' the way, but the fust thing I see when I hove in sight was a bear standin' 'twixt them two apple trees yender, snuffin' at the beeskip, which was standin' on a bench there at that time, he havin' changed his mind about callin' on Samantha after she was so onpolite as to bang the door in his face. The bees was buzzin' about him an' dippin' him, but he jest seemed to like it. My wife s the sensibled woman there is from Pine Creek to the Sinnamahone, and consekently when she see me comin' she quit strainin' her lungs. I didn't know then how the bear had come on the premises, but as I had reasons for thinkin' I had a better claim on the innards of that beeskip than he had, I picked up a lot o' stones an' begun bombardin' him, advancin' as I fired.

"'My wife's got more grit than any other woman on the Susquehanna spread o' waters, an' when she see me advancin' on that bear an' peltin' of him with stones, she come out an' charged on him like an army with banners. She come at him armed with a milk pan, which she thumped with her 'tater masher. What with the bees a dippin' him, an' the stones a peltin' him, an' the rumpus Samantha was makin' on the milk pan, that bear 'peared to me to be havin' wagon loads o' fun, the way he danced an' grinned, but he got tired of it by an' by, an' pickin' up that beeskip under one arm, away he went with it on the double quick t'ards the turnip patch yender. My wife's the fur-seein'est woman there is in all the borderin' counties, an' she says:

"'"Pimley," she says, "we won't have no honey fer our buckwhit cakes this winter," she says.

"'I knowed in my heart Samantha was right, but bein' the oncommittin'est man myself there is twixt Dutch Forks an' Biler's Crossin', I says:

"'"Samantha," I says, "not bein' personally acquainted with bear an' their natur', I can't say," I says.

"'But the bear kep' right on, an' me an' Samantha follered him, serenadin' him with the milk pan an' chuckin' stones agin him. W'en he got to the place in the field yonder that you kin see if you stand on the fence, the bear stopped. He sot down, an' with a swat an' a swoop he scattered that beeskip to the winds, and then he scooped up the honey and went on his way eatin' of it an' smackin' his lips till he got into the woods down yender, an' we lost him. My wife's the philosophizinest woman that ever see the sun git up. An' she says:

"'"Pimley," she says, "if we can't have honey for our buckwhit cakes we kin have 'lasses," she says.

"'Which there wasn't no denyin' of, an'I bein' the agreein'est man myself that ever voted for the last man that asked him, I says:

"'"So we kin, Samantha," I says. "So we kin."

"'Samantha went back to her housework, an' I mogged for the buckwhit field. Next day at dinner time I was washin' up an' Benny he came in from school. Benny bein' the sniffin'est an' nose-wipin'est boy that ever 'peared to think that sleeves must a been made before han'kerchiefs, it was quite a spell 'fore he got out what he had to say, but when he did git it out it was this:

"'"Pap," says he, "the bear's come back, an' is playin' mumble-je-peg with the turnips."

"'I looked out o' the door, an' sure enough, there was the bear down in the turnip field yender, not fur from where he had harvested our honey crop, pullin' up turnips, eatin' some, skitterin' more around the field, but always pullin' up a fresh lot, till I see that if he wasn't fetched up in his career tol'able sudden we wouldn't have no more turnips for winterin' over on than we had honey fer buckwhit cakes. I hollered for Samantha, an' she bein' the sotin'est in her way woman there is 'twixt the West Branch and Huckleberry Hill, grabbed the milk pan an' the 'tater masher, an' hollerin' fer me to git the axe, an' for Benny to run to Howser's, down yender, for a gun, she dashed to'rds the turnip field, soundin' the milk pan enough to set a circ'ler sawmill hand deef. I grabbed the axe an' Benny run to Howser's. The bear didn't 'pear as if he seen us marchin' on him in battle array at all, an' kep' on pullin' up an' chuckin' down turnips as if they wa'n't part o' the mainstay o' life in these parts o' the hemlock belt. We got as nigh as a couple o' rod of him, when he riz up with a snort that skeert Samantha so that she dropped the milk pan, an' me so I dropped the axe, an' both of us so that we turned tail an' dug for the house.

"'We got there, shet ourselves in, an' looked back out o' the winder. The bear had stopped where the milk pan laid. He pranced round it an' round it, like an Injin dancin' his war dance. Then he turned it bottom up, an' dropped kerchunk down on it with both fore feet. Then he picked it up, an' Samantha didn't need to be the fur-seein'est woman 'twixt the two rivers to see that it wouldn't never be worth a cent for holdin' milk ag'in.

"'That pan seemed to tickle the bear more than the beeskip had. He tossed it, an' he kicked it, an' he jumped on it till it had more corners on it than there's prickers on a chestnut burr. When he couldn't hammer no more kinks in it he left it, an' swaggered t'ards home for the house. When Samantha breathes hard she never says much, but she sp an' does. I had heard her breathe hard, an' knowed her to up an' do lots o' times, but never heard her breathin' have quite setch an edge on it as it had as she seen that milk pan o' hern bein' trifled with by that bear, an' the bear then a comin' to the house lookin' for more fun. The bear come up an' stuck his nose ag'in the winder an' snorted at us. Samantha had a dipper o' soft soap standin' on the bench. She took it up. She riz the winder, an' 'fore the bear got over his s'prise she slashed that soap plumb in his face. He tumbled back an' he yooped an' he hollered. He couldn't see which way to go, an' he jest rolled and howled. Jest what would 'a' come to that bear at the hands o' Samantha, for she was breathin' harder'n ever, if Benny hadn't got back jest then with Howser an' his gun. I never kin begin to tell. Howser put a bullet in the bear, an' he won't never have no more fun with nobody. My wife's the sudden-est woman to git grab a situation there is from Monkey Run to Ceres Junction, an' as soon as she quit breathin' hard after that bear give up the ghost she says:

"'Pimley," she says, "there ain't nothin' so good on buckwhit pancakes as bear meat gravy—not even honey," she says.

"'I'm goin' to town to-morrow to git a new milk pan,' concluded Mr. Pimley. 'An' while there I'm also goin' to git a gun. I find they're a farmin' implement in this part o' the hemlock belt that's useller than your plough an' harrow. A plaguey sight, accordin' to my idee—and Samantha's.'"

POLITICAL NOTES.

Hawaii has a territory of 6,000 square miles, the same area as Delaware and Connecticut combined.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment has appropriated for the expenditures of the Sheriff's office for 1898, under the administration of Thomas J. Dunn, $130,988, which is $4,000 less than the amount allowed in the final estimate for 1897 for the expenses of administering the affairs of the same office under Edward J. H. Tamsen.

At the recent election the Republican organization in this city polled, against very serious obstacles, a total vote of 55,000 for the head of its ticket. Some years ago, in the face of obstacles which at that time appeared to be equally serious, the Tammany Hall organization polled, in a similar triangular contest, 49,000 votes. Tammany was defeated, being third. The next year after this crucial test of the discipline and stability of the Tammany organization, its candidates won. History repeats itself.

The election of Joshua Quincy as Mayor of the city of Boston supplements the other municipal elections throughout the United States which have been won by Democratic candidates. The list of cities having Democratic successors to Republican Mayors includes New York, Chicago, Buffalo, Cincinnati, and Jersey City. Boston, Indianapolis, Syracuse, and Troy also have Democratic Mayors.

Mohave county, Arizona, enjoys a peculiar distinction. It has an area of 11,300 miles and a population of 1,400 only; it is larger than the State of Maryland; but it has fewer voters than any other county in the Territory and fewer inhabitants, indeed, than the single town of Tombstone. There is only one railroad in Mohave county.

Kentucky and Kansas are two of the States which will choose Governors in November next, Kansas one for two years and Kentucky one for four. At the recent election the result in these two States foreshadowed a change in political control after Jan. 1, 1899. In Kansas, which has a Populist Governor, the Populists were beaten in November; in Kentucky, which has a Republican Governor, the Democrats were successful—the Silver Democrats, that is.

Among those who passed the recent civil service competitive examination for inspector of pipe-laying are: Frank B. Clark of 4 Worth street, Oswego Falls; Adolph Salmon and Lawrence Quinn of Brooklyn, and Phillip Aylett of East Scodeld avenue, City Island. One of the successful civil service candidates for the post of night officer is a resident of Morris Plains, N. J., and one of the enginemen resides at Mariners' Harbor, Staten Island.

The proposition to change the capital of Missouri from Jefferson City to Sedalia was defeated at last year's election, and now there is agitation for a change of the capital to either St. Louis or Kansas City.

The new American Minister to Sweden and Norway, Mr. Thomas, is a native of Maine, and the selection of a citizen of the Pine Tree State for this mission is unusual, for Maine has a very small number of Scandinavian inhabitants. Under the last Republican Administration Ministers were appointed to Great Britain from Illinois, to France from New York, to Germany from New Jersey, to Italy from Indiana, to Russia from Pennsylvania, to Spain from Michigan, to Austria from New York, and to Mexico from Kansas.

The term of the Governor of Michigan is two years, and a successor to Hazen S. Pingree will be chosen in November next. Ex-Congressman James O'Donnell announces himself as a candidate for the Republican nomination, which is regarded in Michigan as equivalent to an election.

The Greater New York will enter upon its corporate existence without very much fear of a water famine. There are 800 miles of water mains; the supply of the Croton, Bronx, and Byram watersheds is 400,000,000 gallons a day. In Brooklyn there are 850 miles of water mains; the capacity of the watershed is 90,000,000 gallons a day. Long Island City is supplied by a private company able to furnish daily 3,000,000 gallons. In Richmond there is a total supply of about 3,000,000 gallons a day.

An important work undertaken by the city of Chicago is what is known as the Chicago Sanitary Drainage Improvement, the Commissioners in charge of which have to date expended $25,000,000, acquired for the needs of the work 6,919 acres of land, excavated 27,000,000 cubic yards of glacial drift, and 12,250,000 cubic yards of solid rock, and built 372,000 cubic yards of stone masonry and bridges. The expenditures constitute 87 per cent. of the estimated cost of the whole work of establishing a channel between Lake Michigan and Hickory Creek, near the town of Joliet, where the Illinois State prison is situated, a distance of forty miles in all. The Commissioners report that if funds do not fail them, the drainage canal will be completed before the beginning of 1899, and about $10,000,000 additional will be needed for the purpose. The credit of Chicago as a municipality is by no means so good as that of the city of New York, but Chicago is freed at least from the recurring menace of any hole-in-the-ground rapid transit plan, the construction of the drainage canal being deemed necessary to the health of the city of high winds, high buildings, and highwaymen.

Five thousand dollars is the uniform rate of compensation of Commissioners in Brooklyn—the City Auditor, the Police Commissioner, the Fire Commissioner, the Park Commissioner, the Health Commissioner, the Building Commissioner, the Corporation Counsel, the Tax Commissioner, the Register of Arrears, the City Treasurer, and the President of the Board of Assessors get each that sum. The Mayor has been getting $10,000.

At the civil service examination on Dec. 21 for "housekeeper" the questions propounded were of four kinds: writing, arithmetic, duties and experience.

There is a Governor of New Jersey to be elected this year, and the Democrats of that State, notwithstanding their defeat in the contest of 1896, are preparing to contest the election vigorously. There are twenty-one counties in New Jersey, and in the Presidential election of 1896 McKinley carried twenty of them and Bryan one county only, the county of Hunterdon, which includes such prominent towns and civic centres of political enlightenment as West Amwell, Lebanon, Tewksbury, Junction township, Hollandtown, Frenchtown, and Kingwood. There is only one town of more than local importance in Hunterdon, Lambertville, and it was carried by McKinley. For the battle of next November the Democrats of New Jersey are in better condition to fight than they were in 1896, but it is doubtful whether they are strong enough to get New Jersey out of the Republican column where it has been securely since the election of Gov. Griggs by 27,000 plurality in 1895 and the choice of Garret A. Hobart, a New Jersey Republican, for Vice-President of the United States in the year succeeding. Although New Jersey has usually been carried by the Democrats on State fights, their majorities have not usually been large. Leon Abbett's majority in 1885 was 6,800 Gov. Green had 8,000 in 1886, and Gov. Werts 7,000 in 1892.

Nearly 5,000 electors of the present city of New York voted "blank" on Mayor at the recent election. Twice as many voted for the Socialist candidate.

Louisiana is to hold a Constitutional Convention this year, and preparations are being made for the apportionment of delegates between New Orleans city and the country districts. The proposed constitutional changes relate in part to an amendment of the election and registration laws, though it would seem from recent returns from Louisiana elections that they had been sufficiently amended of late years to disqualify the largest possible number of colored and to admit to the exercise of the electoral franchise the largest number of white voters. The total vote of Louisiana at the last Presidential election was less than half of the vote of Philadelphia.

BRUIN AND THE INDIAN.

A STRUGGLE BETWEEN KINSMEN IN A CABIN IN THE WOODS.

Traditional Friendship of the Passamaquoddies and Bears, and Lewi's Practical Experience—Brute Stole a Hunter's Traps, Fought Him, and Was Lost to Him in the End.

PASSAMAQUODDY, Me., Dec. 25.—The Indians for whom this village was named preserve an ancient tradition that a Maine bear was formerly a kindly disposed and gentle animal, who came out of the woods on warm winter days and went coasting with the half-grown papooses of the settlement, hauling the young folks uphill on his shaggy back and sliding down the icy banks among the laughing children for half a day at a time without raising his fur or showing his teeth to anybody. In this innocent manner he and his wives and children disported themselves among the tribes of red men for many moons and many winters. As the bear is naturally a vegetarian, preferring ripe berries to all other foods, and, as there were berries to give away on all the hills, the Indians rather encouraged the friendly relations that had grown up between the members of the tribe and their animal allies. The Indians hated the wolves, and had good reason to do so, because whenever a pack came across a party of children or a stray squaw in the woods there was nothing left after the meeting but a few polished bones and great splashes of human blood. As the bears drove the wolves away and occasionally killed a few when they got too bold, the Indians rewarded the good work by feeding their protectors on fish offal and providing them with warm dens, in which they slept all winter.

The arrival of the pale-faced Europeans at once wrought a great change in the conduct of the bears. Though the Indians were quick in learning how to drink rum and fairly industrious in acquiring most of the imported vices it was a long time before they became treacherous or cruel. Believing that a good friend should receive good treatment they refused to kill bears or eat bear's meat or wear bearskin garments for many years, waiting until most of the bears had been killed off by the white men before they could be induced to take up arms against their old allies. About the time Louisburg was captured by the British troops and French and English soldiers were raiding the Eastern country, right and left, most of the Maine and New Brunswick tribes fared badly and were glad enough to eat bear's meat or any kind of meat they could get, but during all those evil days the Passamaquoddies held fast to their ancient faith, and could not be starved or bullied into preying upon an animal which stood for the totem sign of their race. In these later times of peace, when soap and civilization are continuing the work of the rifle and tomahawk, they refuse to sit at a table where bear's meat is served, saying that the bear was their brother in war, and is now entitled to brotherly protection.

Though the faith of the Passamaquoddy brave is deep rooted, he sometimes has an experience with his four-footed brethren which strains brotherly love until it is ready to break. Nick Lewi of Peter Dana's point, a famous hunter and a brave who has slain and eaten a great many angry *loups-cerviers* in his day, met a bear under peculiar circumstances last week and is sorry that he didn't regulate his conduct with more caution. Since the State put a $2 bounty on wildcats Lewi has been earning good wages trapping bobcats and *loups-cerviers*, getting $2 for every scalp, selling the skins at from 50 cents to $2.50 each, according to the thickness of the fur, and having the skinned carcasses left to take home and make into hot stews for the children. Late in the fall a bear began to get into his traps and carry them off. By the time the bear had a half dozen traps attached to his person and made as much noise as a tin peddler's cart when he strolled through the woods, Lewi was beginning to get angry, saying that any bear was a hog to want so many samples of hardware for which he could have no use. It was all right to have a passion for collecting traps so long as the collector was able to pay for them, but no creature, he declared, should have a monopoly of the trap business while he was able to carry a gun and knew how to shoot it.

For a month Lewi went looking for his traps and the bear that had taken them away. He heard him nearly every night, as bruin went crashing and rattling through the woods, towing the traps behind him, and twice he met him face to face, but had no gun, and was therefore uncertain about the result of a pitched battle. After that Lewi carried an old army rifle for a week, lugging it many miles, and he never so much as saw a bear's track. One cold night in December Lewi was going home late, when a snowstorm came up, compelling him to seek shelter in Pattongall's camp, which stood near by. Finding plenty of dry boughs in the bunk, he crawled down among them and went to sleep without stopping to kindle a fire. Once when he woke up during the night he fancied that he heard somebody snoring at the foot of the bunk, but, after listening, he concluded it was the wind, and dropped off to sleep again.

It was broad daylight when he woke up. The sun was shining in at the window by the side of the closed door, and a long drift of new snow stretched away from a crack in the door to the foot of the bunk. There was snow on top of the cold stove, it having filtered down by the side of the funnel. In one corner of the camp was an overturned pork barrel, with fragments of bone and lean meat scattered about. Against the inside of the door was a hairy black object, which Lewi took for a fur overcoat. Lewi knew it wasn't his coat, but wished it was so strongly that he concluded he would try it on and see how it fitted. As he reached to pick it up he was greeted with an angry "Oof," and just as he leaped back out of range the coat stood on end, revealing a big lean bear with a steel fox trap hanging from every paw. Lewi retreated to the corner of the bunk and began to talk to the bear in Indian, reminding him of the ancient amity between the two races and asking that the old treaty be continued. The bear did not melt a bit, but stood there in the shadow of the corner, shaking his steel ornaments and growling out replies which Lewi could not understand, but which he knew were unfavorable to his plans.

The loaded rifle stood erect by the door jamb, where Lewi had left it the night before. The bear could reach it easily, but Lewi was no better prepared for the impending conflict than he would have been if the rifle had been hanging up at home. If he could beguile the bear into moving to the other side of the camp without riling him enough to show fight, and thus secure the rifle, there would be no doubt as to the result. With this end in view Lewi began to rattle the stove lovers and finally lighted a fire by putting in some chips from the bunk. Then he threw hot coals at this bear. Whenever one hit the bear it burned a hole in his fur and made him growl wickedly. After a dozen futile attempts to make the bear move on Lewi picked up a hot kettle from the stove and hurled it with all his strength straight into the bear's face. There came a furious "Oof" of anger, a rattle of traps, and the bear was after him.

Instead of waiting where he was and dodging his enemy by getting behind the stove and then falling back upon his rifle, the scared Indian fled to the further corner of the camp, where there was no chance for escape. When the bear came on Lewi jabbed him in the open mouth with a long hunting knife and began to climb aloft on the pegs which were driven into the wall to form a ladder. He was half way to the loft when the bear bit through one leg of his trousers and held on. The Indian pulled to get away, while the bear nipped about in the folds of the cloth, trying to find flesh. The harder the Indian strove to get away the more furiously the bear applied his teeth. Every time Lewi pulled the bear held back, throwing his whole weight into the struggle, and as soon as Lewi relaxed his efforts to escape the bear quit pulling and renewed his search for raw flesh. Having all of his feet muffled in traps, the bear could not scratch and could make but little headway at striking from the shoulder; but as the bear's teeth were long and sharp, Lewi knew that no leg was able to hold out for long, and felt that he must act at once or give up the fight. Holding to a high pin in the ladder with his left hand, he plied the hunting knife with his right until all the cloth on the endangered leg had been cut away. Then, as the bear nipped into live flesh, he pulled himself free and escaped to the loft.

While the bear was growling over his capture and shaking it, as a dog shakes a woodchuck, Lewi was looking about for a club. All the weapons he could find were some partially finished axe handles which the men had left. Armed with one of these, he leaned out through the square hole in the floor and rained blow after blow upon the bear's head. Though the beast bled freely and roared, he made no effort to climb higher, and Lewi was greatly puzzled to know the reason for this until, looking down, he saw that a trap on the bear's hind leg had hooked on over a ladder pin and hung the bear up so he could not move any higher.

Lewi gave a warwhoop of delight, and leaping over the bear's head, landed on the bed. Before he could regain his feet the bear was on top of him, coming down with all the traps The bear fell with his right, which Lewi dodged and then gave a vicious swing with his left, the blow passing within an inch of Lewi's face and bringing up with a great clatter of steel against the side of the camp. Lewi jabbed haphazard with his knife, lengthening out hair, blood and growls from his antagonist. The Indian was on his knees, backing away from the bear, who stood over him striking furiously and trying to reach around and give him a fatal hug. Lunging with his knife and slipping back with every blow, the Indian had got within five feet of the door, when the bear broke down his guard and wound him about in strong, hairy arms that nipped like a vise. After one good squeeze that nearly crushed in Lewi's ribs, the bear lifted Lewi's limp body aloft and hurled him to the floor with a slam. The boards snapped and the camp rattled as if an earthquake was passing that way. In the midst of the din the rifle fell down and exploded with a loud report. At this the bear let go his hold to find his new enemy, and Lewi, finding his strength again, buried his knife in the animal's heart, and ran out of the camp as if all the fiends of tradition were after him.

An hour after Lewi had limped home and told his story with many grunts and painful pauses, Tom Dana, his cousin, came out of the woods dragging a dead bear on a sled. The fur was covered with blood, and attached to every paw was one of Lewi's traps which he had set for wildcats.

"Ugh!" said Tom, gazing with mock sympathy upon his kinsman, "you geet heem scratch. Ah'm geet heem b'ar."

In vain Lewi claimed the bear, telling how he had found and killed it in camp. Tom laughed at him, asking why he hadn't stayed to hold his prize. Finally old Peter Dana, their grandfather, proposed to settle the dispute by skinning the bear and finding the mortal wound. If Tom had shot the animal to death, as he claimed, the marks of the bullets would show. If no trace of the bullet could be found, Lewi should have all the credit. The committee appointed to make the investigation returned an hour later and reported that the bear had come to his death from a knife wound which had entered the heart, and that there was not a bullet mark on the body.

"Ugh!" said Tom, laughing. "Ah'm seen ze fight en Ah'm laugh so Ah'm no good help. W'en heem kill ze b'ar an' runs erway, lek heem scar't, Ah'm find ze b'ar dead an' say heem my b'ar. What you say, Lewi?"

As it is Indian law that the man who gets the game and brings it to camp owns it, Lewi's comments upon the subject were so forcible that no style of writing or type can do them justice. They are therefore omitted.

NATIONAL GUARD NOTES.

The committee of National Guard officers, consisting of Gen. W. H. Kirby, General Inspector of Rifle Practice Lieut.-Col. C. H. Luscomb, Thirteenth Regiment; Col. G. J. Greene, Inspector-General's Department; Chaplain W. N. Dunnell, Twenty-second Regiment, and Capt. David Wilson, Second Battery, appointed by the National Guard Association to select a design for a monument to the late Adjt.-Gen. Josiah Porter, after examining some twenty models and sketches sent in by prominent sculptors, have unanimously chosen the model submitted by Mr. W. Clark Noble. The model represents Gen. Porter, in full-dress uniform, in a standing position on a handsome pedestal. The design, in miniature, will be on exhibition at the meeting of the National Guard Association to be held in Albany on Jan. 19. Capt. Wilson, the Secretary of the committee, announces the total amount of subscriptions to date to be $1,887, sent in by the following: Major-Gen. T. H. McGrath, $100; Col. D. Appleton, $100; Squadron A, $200; Gen. Oliver and staff, $50; First Battery, $50; Company A, Seventh Regiment, $25; Company F, Seventh Regiment, $25; Company G, Seventh Regiment, $25, Company I, Seventh Regiment, $25; Second Battery, $200; Gen. G. D. Sanford, $25; Gen. B. F. Flagler, $20; Gen. S. W. Terry, $10; Gen. P. C. Ricketts, $10; Col. W. C. Sanger, $10; Col. J. G. Story, $10; Major F. Ackerman, $10; Chaplain W. N. Dunnell, $25; Friend, through Chaplain Dunnell, $25; ex-Lieut. C. F. Engelman, $5; Major E. B. Ives, $5; Second Signal Corps, $25; Company A, Tenth Battalion, $50; Company B, Tenth Battalion, $50; Second Separate Company, $100; Fourth Separate Company, $50; Sixth Separate Company, $100; Eighth Separate Company, $25; Tenth Separate Company, $50; Eighteenth Separate Company, $50; Twentieth Separate Company, $25; Twenty-first Separate Company, $107; Twenty-second Separate Company, $75; Twenty-sixth Separate Company, $25; Twenty-eighth Separate Company, $25; Thirtieth Separate Company, $100; Thirty-fourth Separate Company, $75; Thirty-seventh Separate Company, $25, and Forty-first Separate Company, $25.

The old year out and the new year in, with New York, the second city in the world, will be celebrated at the Ninth Regiment armory next Friday night in an elaborate and entertaining manner. The regiment will parade for review by Major-Gen. Wesley Merritt, U. S. A. Then a picked company from the Thirteenth United States Infantry will give an exhibition drill in close and extended order, as well as the new physical drill, after which will come the most elaborate reception ever given by the Ninth. Many prominent military men, city officials, and others will be among the many present. The Old Guard will also participate in the exercises of the evening, which begin at 8:30 o'clock. The drill of the regulars will, of course, be the military feature of the evening.

Company A, Seventh Regiment, will meet at the armory to-morrow night to elect civil officers for the ensuing year. Company B will hold a Christmas tree party next Thursday night at Turn Verein Hall after drill. Some unique presents will be on the tree, and none of the boys will be forgotten.

The annual dinner of the Second Division of the Second Naval Battalion will be eaten at Argyle Hall, Brooklyn, to-morrow night. To Paymaster Mollenhauer, who resigned recently, has been presented a set of resolutions expressing the regret of the members.

Company C, Eighth Regiment, has unanimously elected Battalion Adjutant J. Clifford Brown to be First Lieutenant of the company, vice Baker, appointed Assistant Inspector of Rifle Practice. There will be o more drills in the regiment until Jan. 2 next, and Col. Chauncey in orders wishes a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all the members of the regiment.

Companies A and C, Seventy-first Regiment, have decided to hold at the armory on Feb. 4 next a joint entertainment, consisting of a drill, review, and reception, in which the Eleventh Separate Company of Mount Vernon will participate. Company D will hold a stag entertainment at Majestic Hall next Thursday, and Company F will give an entertainment to its veterans at the armory next Wednesday night. The following is the programme for the regimental athletic games to be held at the armory on Saturday evening, Jan. 8: Sixty-three-yard dash, 440-yard run, sack race, one-mile bicycle race, hurdle race, half-mile run, three-legged race, 220-yard run, one-mile run, bayonet race, three-mile bicycle race, relay race, obstacle race, and a bicycle skate race. The last event is a new one, and will be the first armory competition of its kind ever held. The entries close at the armory next Thursday night.

Adjt.-Gen. Tillinghast has invited officers of the National Guard generally to forward by to-morrow night any suggestions they may desire to make on the subject of reorganization.

It is understood that Lieut. Phillips of Company H, Twenty-second Regiment, will resign on account of business. Lieut. H. G. Romaine of this company has been elected Treasurer and Quartermaster-Sergeant James G. Campion Secretary. Private N. E. Botjer of Company E has been promoted Lance Corporal. Company F will arrange a stag entertainment for some evening next month. Company K will give a theatrical entertainment in Majestic Hall on Feb. 1.

Company A, Ninth Regiment, will give an exhibition at the armory on Thursday evening, Jan. 6, in connection with the installation, and reception of Alexander Hamilton Post 162, G. A. R., of New York.

The Twenty-third Regiment will give at the anniversary next Friday night a stag which includes boxing and athletic exhibitions, a vaudeville show, a pie eating contest, and a burlesque.

The Gymnastic Squad of the First Battery, which comprises nearly all its members, will give a complimentary exhibition and dance to its friends next Tuesday night.

The Thirteenth Regiment, Col. Watson, will be reviewed at its armory next Wednesday night by Mayor Wurster and all the surviving ex-Mayors of Brooklyn, and a reception will follow the military ceremonies.

After drill on Friday evening last the members of Company H, Seventh Regiment, and a number of their friends proceeded to the Turn Verein Hall in East Sixty-seventh street. After refreshments had been served, Capt. Lydecker, in the name of the members of the company, presented long service medals to Capt. Underwood of Company G (who has recently been promoted from a Lieutenancy in Company H, and to Quartermaster-Sergeant Williams. He then presented swords to ex-Sergeant Davidson, now Commissary of the Sixty-ninth Regiment; to Lieut. Wotherspoon, and to Capt. Underwood. The recipients all replied in an appropriate manner, after which informal speeches were made by Col. Appleton, by Lieut. Donovan, U. S. A., and by Lieut. Todd, Company G, Seventh Regiment. Col. Appleton announced that the shooting percentage of 88.13 made by Company H last season had won for it the State, brigade, and regimental prizes, and called attention to the fact that Capt. Underwood was the third Commandant furnished by Company H to other companies in the regiment. The evening's festivities concluded with a brief vaudeville entertainment.

SWEARING TO TELL THE TRUTH.

How the Ceremony of Taking the Oath Is Performed in Many Courts of the World.

From the London Globe.

In most continental countries the practice of kissing the book is unknown, the ceremony of oath-taking being more akin to the Scottish than to the English form. A French witness has a very simple ordeal to pass through before unfolding his tale. The Judge, seated beneath a crucifix, says, "You swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and the witness, lifting up his right hand, answers, "I swear it." In Austria a Christian witness is sworn before a crucifix between two lighted candles, and, holding up his right hand, says: "I swear by God the Almighty and All Wise that I will speak the pure and full truth, and nothing but the truth, in answer to anything I may be asked by the court." Jewish witnesses, while using the same words, add to their solemnity by placing their hands on the page of a Bible on which is printed the third commandment. A Belgian witness swears "to be veracious in these words: "I will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God and all the saints."

In Italy the form is much the same, but the use of the Bible imparts a greater degree of seriousness to it. "I will swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," exclaims the Italian witness, resting his hand upon an open Bible. The Spanish oath is more elaborate. The witness, kneeling on his right knee, places his hand on the sacred book, and being asked by the Judge, "Will you swear by God and by these holy Gospels to speak the truth in all you may be asked?" answers, "Yes, I swear." Thereupon the Judge says: "Then if thus you do, God will reward you, and if not, will require it of you." In some parts of the country the ceremony is different. The witness forms a cross by placing the middle of his thumb over the nails of his forefingers, and kissing his thumb—a practice which would probably be very familiar to some English witnesses—exclaims: "By this cross I swear."

The most curious European oath is administered in Norway. The witness raises his thumb, his forefinger, and his middle finger. These signify the Trinity, while the larger of the uplifted finger is supposed to represent the soul of the witness, and the smaller to indicate his body. Before the oath is taken a long exhortation is delivered, the most material parts of which are as follows: "Whatever person is so ungodly, corrupt, or hostile to himself as to swear a false oath, or not to keep the oath sworn, sins in such a manner as if he were to say: 'If I swear falsely, then may God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, punish me, so that God the Father, who created me and all mankind in His image, and His fatherly goodness, grace and mercy, may not profit me, but that I, as a perverse and obstinate transgressor and sinner, may be punished eternally in hell.' If I have lied, may all the fields I have and own in this world be cursed; cursed be my land, field, and meadow, so that I may never enjoy any fruit or yield from them; cursed be my cattle, my beasts, my sheep, so that after this day they may never thrive or benefit me; yea, cursed may I be and everything I possess." If the law's delay is among the grievances of the Norwegians, it would not be difficult to trace it to the "good mouth-filling oaths" that precede the real business of their courts.

For real picturesqueness in oath-taking the courts of less civilized countries must be visited. Like the soldier in Jacques's familiar speech, they are "full of strange oaths." The people who have shown themselves to be most resourceful in the making of oaths are the Chinese. Slicing off a cock's head is one mode of impressing a Chinaman with the importance of telling the truth; breaking a saucer is another; blowing out a lighted candle is a third. The beheading of the cock is supposed to represent the fate of the liar; the cracking of the saucer and the extinguishing of the candle indicate what will happen to the soul of the witness who does not tell the truth. In Mohammedan countries every witness holds the Koran in front of him, and bends down until his forehead touches the sacred volume. The position of the body is of the utmost importance in most countries, but in none has superstition left the supreme conscientiousness that distinguished the Irish witness in the days of the Brehons. He took three separate oaths, the first standing, the second sitting, and the third lying, as these were the positions in which his life was spent.

Many Indians are sworn on tigers' skins, in the belief that if they defile their lips with lies their bodies will become food for tigers, while others stand upon a lizard's skin, and ask that their bodies shall be covered with the scales of the reptiles if they forswear themselves. The Burmese witness, who requests to be destroyed in no fewer than five different ways if he is guilty of perjury, is not content tht the punishment should fall upon himself alone. He includes his relations. "Let us be subject," he prays, "to all the calamities that are within the body and all that are without the body. May we be seized with madness, dumbness, deafness, leprosy, and hydrophobia. May we be struck with thunderbolts and lightning and come to sudden death."

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