

## WARNER'S BEAR STORY.

SO MANY conflicting accounts have appeared about my casual encounter with an Adirondack bear, last summer, that in justice to the public, to myself, and to the bear it is necessary to make a plain statement of the facts. Besides, it is so seldom I have occasion to kill a bear that the celebration of the exploit may be excused.

The encounter was unpremeditated on both sides. I was not hunting for a bear, and I have no reason to suppose that a bear was looking for me. The fact is that we were both out blackberrying, and met by chance, the usual way. There is among the Adirondack visitors always a great deal of conversation about bears, a general expression of the wish to see one in the woods, and much speculation as to how a person would act if he or she chanced to meet one. But bears are scarce and timid, and appear only to a favored few.

It was a warm day in August, just the sort of day when an adventure of any kind seemed impossible. But it occurred to the housekeepers at our cottage—there were four of them—to send me to the clearing on the mountain back of the house to pick black-berries. It was rather a series of small clearings, running up into the forest, much overgrown with bushes and briars, and not unromantic. Cows pastured there, penetrating through the leafy passage from one opening to another, and browsing among the bushes. I was kindly furnished with a six-quart pail, and told not to be gone long.

Not from any predatory instinct, but to save appearances I took a gun. It adds to the manly aspect of a person with a tin pail if he also carries a gun. It was possible I might start up a partridge; though how I was to hit him if he started up instead of standing still puzzled me. Many people use a shot-gun for partridges. I prefer the rifle; it makes a clean job of death, and does not prematurely stuff the bird with globules of lead. The rifle was a Sharpe's, carrying a ball-cartridge, 10 to the pound; an excellent weapon, belonging to a friend of mine who had intended for a good many years back to kill a deer with it. He could hit a tree with it, if the wind did not blow and the atmosphere was just right and the tree was not too far off, nearly every time; of course the tree must have some size. Needless to say I was at that time no sportsman. Years ago I killed a robin under the most humiliating circumstances. The bird was in a low cherry-tree; I loaded a big shot-gun pretty full, crept up under the tree, rested the gun on the fence with the muzzle not more than ten feet from the bird, shut both eyes, and pulled the trigger. When I got up to see what had happened the robin was scattered about under the tree in more than a thousand pieces, no one of which was big enough to enable a naturalist to decide from it to what species it belonged. This disgusted me with the life of a sportsman. I mention the incident to show that, although I went black-berrying armed, there was not much inequality between me and the bear.

In this black-berry patch bears had been seen. The summer before, our colored cook, accompanied by a little girl of the vicinity, was picking berries there one day, when a bear came out of the woods and walked towards them. The girl took to her heels and escaped. Aunt Chole was paralyzed with terror. Instead of attempting to run, she sat down on the ground where she was standing, and began to weep and scream, giving herself up for lost. The bear was bewildered by this conduct. He approached and looked at her; he walked around and surveyed her. Probably he had never seen a colored person before, and did not know whether she would agree with him. At any rate, after watching her a few moments he turned about and went into the forest. This is an authentic instance of the delicate consideration of a bear, and is much more remarkable than the forbearance towards the African slave of the well known lion, because the bear had no thorn in its foot.

When I had climbed the hill, I set up my rifle against a tree and began picking berries, lured on from bush to bush by the black gleam of fruit that always promises more in the distance than it realizes when you reach it; penetrating farther and farther, through leaf-shaded cow-paths flecked with sunlight, into clearing after clearing. I could hear on all sides the tinkle of bells, the crackling of sticks, the stamping of cattle that were taking refuge in the thicket from the flies. Occasionally, as I broke through a covert, I encountered a meek cow, who stared at me stupidly for a second and then shambled off into the brush; I became accustomed to this dumb society, and picked on in silence, attributing all the wood-noises to the cattle, thinking nothing of any real bear. In point of fact, however, I was thinking all the time of a nice romantic bear, and, as I picked, was composing a

story of a generous she bear who had lost her cub, and who seized a small girl in this very wood, carried her tenderly off to her cave, and brought her up on bear's milk and honey. When the girl got big enough to run away, moved by her inherited instincts, she escaped and came into the valley to her father's house (this part of the story was to be worked out, so that the child would know her father by some family resemblance, and have some language in which to address him) and told him where the bear lived. The father took his gun, and, guided by the unfeeling daughter, went into the woods and shot the bear, who never made any resistance and only when dying, turned reproachful eyes upon her murderer. The moral of the tale was to be kindness to animals.

I was in the midst of this tale, when I happened to look some rods away to the other edge of the clearing, and there was a bear! He was standing on his hind legs and doing just what I was doing—picking black-berries. With one paw he bent down the bush, while with the other he clawed the berries into his mouth, green ones and all. To say that I was astonished is inside the mark. I suddenly discovered that I didn't want to see a bear, after all. At about the same moment the bear saw me, stopped eating berries, and regarded me with a glad surprise. It is all very well to imagine what you would do to under such circumstances. Probably you wouldn't do it; I didn't. The bear dropped down on his fore-feet, and came slowly toward me. Climbing a tree was of no use with so good a climber in the rear; if I started to run, I had no doubt the bear would give chase, and although a bear can not run down hill as fast as he can run up hill, yet I felt that he could get over this rough, brush-tangled ground faster than I could.

The bear was approaching. It suddenly occurred to me how I could divert his mind until I could fall back upon my military base. My pail was nearly full of excellent berries—much better than the bear could pick himself. I put the pail on the ground and slowly backed away from it, keeping my eye, as bear-tamers do, on the bear. The ruse succeeded.

The bear came up to the berries and stopped; not accustomed to eat out of a pail, he tipped it over and nosed about in the fruit, "gorming" (if there be such a word) it down, mixed with leaves and dirt, like a pig. The bear is a worse feeder than the pig. Whenever he disturbs a maple-sugar camp in the spring he always upsets the buckets of syrup and tramples round in the sticky sweets wasting more than he eats. The bear's manners are thoroughly disagreeable.

As soon as my enemy's head was down, I started and ran. Somewhat out of breath and shaky, I reached my faithful rifle. It was not a moment too soon. I heard the bear crashing through the brush after me. Enraged at my duplicity, he was now coming on with blood in his eye. I felt that the time of one of us was probably short. The rapidity of thought at such moments of peril is well known. I thought an octavo volume, had it illustrated and published, sold fifty thousand copies, and went to Europe on the proceeds, while that bear was loping across the clearing. As I was cocking my gun, I made a hasty and unsatisfactory review of my whole life. I noted that even in such a compulsory review it is almost impossible to think of any good thing you have done. The sins come out uncommonly strong. I recollected a newspaper subscription I had delayed paying, years and years ago, until both editor and newspaper were dead; and which now never could be paid to all eternity.

The bear was coming on. I tried to remember what I had read about encounters with bears. I couldn't recall an instance in which a man had run away from a bear in the woods and escaped, although I recalled plenty where the bear had run from the man and got off. I tried to think what is the best way to kill a bear with a gun, when you are not near enough to club him with the stock. My first thought was to fire at his head, to plant the ball between his eyes; but this is a dangerous experiment. The bear's brain is very small, and unless you hit that the bear does not mind a bullet in his head—that is, not at the time. I remembered that the instant death of a bear would follow a bullet planted just back of his fore leg, and sent into his heart. This spot is also difficult to reach unless the bear stands off, side towards you, like a target. I finally determined to fire at him generally.

The bear was coming on. The contest seemed to me very different from any thing at Creedmoor. I had carefully read the reports of the shooting there, but it was not easy to apply the experience I had thus acquired. I hesitated whether I had better fire lying on my stomach, or lying on my back and resting the gun on my toes. But in neither position, I reflected, could I see the bear until he was

upon me. The range was too short, and the bear wouldn't wait for me to examine the thermometer and note the direction of the wind. Trial of the Creedmoor method, therefore, had to be abandoned; and I bitterly regretted that I had not read more accounts of off-hand shooting.

For the bear was coming on. I tried to fix my last thoughts upon my family. As my family is small, this was not difficult. Dread of displeasing my wife or hurting her feelings was uppermost in my mind. What would be her anxiety as hour after hour passed on and I did not return? What would the rest of the household think as the afternoon passed and no black-berries came? What would be her mortification when the news was brought that her husband had been eaten up by a bear? I can not imagine anything more ignominious than to have a husband eaten by a bear! And this was not my only anxiety. My mind at such times is not under control. With the gravest fears the most whimsical ideas will occur. I looked beyond the mourning friends and thought what kind of an epitaph they would be compelled to put upon the stone. Something like this:

HERE LIE THE REMAINS  
OF  
EATEN BY A BEAR  
Aug. 20, 1877.

It is a very unheroic and even disagreeable epitaph. That "eaten by a bear" is intolerable. It is grotesque. And then I thought what an inadequate language the English is for compact expression. It would not answer to put upon the stone simply "eaten," for that is indefinite, and requires explanation; it might mean eaten by a cannibal. This difficulty could not occur in the German where *essen* signifies the act of feeding by a man, and *fressen* by a beast. How simple the thing would be in German:

HIER LIEGT  
HOCKWOHLGEBOREN  
HERR ————,  
GEFRESSEN  
Aug. 20, 1877.

That explains itself. The well born one was eaten by a beast, and presumably by a bear, which animal has a bad reputation since the days of Elisha.

The bear was coming on. He had in fact come on. I judged that he could see the whites of my eyes. All my subsequent reflections were confused. I raised the gun, covered the bear's breast with the sight, and let drive. Then I turned and run like a deer. I did not hear the bear pursuing. I looked back. The bear had stopped. He was lying down. I then remembered that the best thing to do after having fired your gun is to reload it. I slipped in a charge, keeping my eye on the bear. He never stirred. I walked back suspiciously. There was a quiver in his hind legs, but no other motion. Still, he might be shamming. Bears often sham. To make sure, I approached and put a ball into his head. He didn't mind it now, he minded nothing. Death had come to him with a merciful suddenness. He was calm in death. In order that he might remain so, I blew his brains out and then started for home. I had killed a bear!

Notwithstanding my excitement, I managed to saunter into the house with an unconcerned air. There was a chorus of voices:

"Where are your black-berries?"  
"Why were you gone so long?"  
"Where's your pail?"  
"I left the pail."  
"Left the pail! What for?"  
"A bear wanted it."  
"O, nonsense!"  
"Well, the last I saw of it a bear had it."  
"O, come! You didn't really see a bear?"  
"Yes, but I did really see a real bear."  
"Did he run?"  
"Yes he ran after me."  
"I don't believe a word of it. What did you do?"  
"Oh, nothing particular, except kill the bear."

Cries of "Gammon!" "Don't believe it!" "Where's the bear?"  
"If you want to see the bear, you must go into the woods. I couldn't bring him down alone."

Having satisfied the household that something extraordinary had occurred, and excited the potherous fear of some of them for my own story, I went down into the valley to get help. The great bear-hunter, who kept one of the summer lodging-houses, received my story with a smile of incredulity, and the incredulity spread to the other inhabitants and to the boarders as soon as the story was known. However, as I insisted in all soberness, and offered to lead them to the bear, a party of forty or fifty people at last started off with me to bring the bear in. Nobody believed there was any bear in the case, but everybody who could get a gun carried one, and we went into the woods armed with guns, pistols, pitchforks, and sticks, against all contingencies or surprises—a crowd

made up mostly of scoffers and jeerers.

But when I led the way to the fatal spot, and pointed out the bear, lying peacefully wrapped in his own skin, something like terror seized the boarders, and genuine excitement the natives. It was no mistake a bear, by George, and the hero of the fight—well, I will not insist upon that. But what a procession that was, carrying the bear home and what a congregation was speedily gathered in the valley to see the bear! Our best preacher up there never drew anything like it on Sunday.

And I must say that my particular friends, who were sportsmen, behaved very well, on the whole. They didn't deny that it was a bear, although they said it was small for a bear. Mr. Deane who is equally good with a rifle and a rod, admitted that it was a very fair shot. He is probably the best salmon-fisher in the United States, and he is an equally good hunter. I suppose there is no person in America who is more desirous to kill a moose than he. But he needlessly remarked, after he had examined the wound in the bear, that he had seen that kind of a shot made by a cow's horn. This sort of talk affected me not. When I went to sleep that night my last delicious thought was "I've killed a bear."

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

## A Clever Fox.

ON a summer day a gentleman was lying under the shelter of some shrubs on the banks of the river Tweed, when he saw a large brood of ducks, which had been made to rise on the wing by the drifting of a fir branch among them. After circling in the air for a little time they again settle down on their feeding ground.

There was a pause for two or three minutes, and then the same thing took place again. A branch drifted down with the stream into the midst of the ducks, and made them take to flight once more. But when they found that the bough had drifted by, and done no harm, they flew down to the water as before.

After four or five boughs had drifted by in this way, the ducks gave no heed to them, and hardly tried to fly out of their way, even when they were near to being touched.

The gentleman who had been observing all this now watched for the cause of the drifting of the boughs. At length he saw higher up the bank of the stream a fox which having set the boughs adrift, was watching for the moment when the ducks should cease to be startled by them.

This wise and clever fox at last seemed satisfied that the moment had come. So what did he do but take a larger branch of spruce fir than had yet been used, and, spreading himself down on it so as to be almost hidden from sight, set it adrift as he had done the others.

The ducks, now having ceased to fear the boughs, hardly moved till the fox was in the midst of them, when, making rapid snaps right and left, he seized two fine young ducks as his prey, and floated forward in triumph on his raft. The ducks flew off in fright, but did not come back.

That fox must have had a fine dinner that day, I think. The gentleman who saw the trick pitied the poor ducks but could not help laughing at the fox's cunning.

## In the Street.

A gentleman visited an unhappy man in jail awaiting his trial, "Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home education. My street education ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and get off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer and to do all evil. Oh, sir, it is in the street the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."

We have some boys in this town who should profit by the above.

The Rev. Mr. —, after several years of married life, was at last blest upon a Saturday by the addition of a fine boy to his family circle, which had hitherto consisted of himself and wife. Upon the same day the church at which he officiated received a timely and much needed donation, over both of which events the reverend gentleman was very much elated, as he communicated them to members of his congregation on his way to church on Sunday. It chanced that in his prayer he alluded to the financial event by returning thanks "for the arrival of a little succor," and was consequently much scandalized when asked after service whether he referred to the money or the baby.

It cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is as absurd to expect it without it as to look for a harvest without seeds.

## VEGETINE

IS RECOMMENDED BY ALL  
PHYSICIANS.

Valley Stream, Queens Co., Long Island, N. Y.  
Mr. H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir:—I take the pleasure of writing you a small certificate concerning Vegetine prepared by you. I have been a sufferer with the Dyspepsia for over 40 years, and have had the Chronic Diarrhoea for over 6 months, and have tried most everything; was given up to die, and did not expect to live from day to day, and no physicians could not touch my case. I saw your Vegetine recommended to cure Dyspepsia. I commenced using it, and I continued doing so, and am now a well woman and restored to perfect health. All who are afflicted with this terrible disease, I would kindly recommend to try it for the benefit of their health, and it is excellent as a blood purifier. By T. B. FOUNDS, M. D., for  
MRS. WM. H. FORBES.

VEGETINE.—When the blood becomes lifeless and stagnant, either from change of weather or of climate, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, the Vegetine will renew the blood, carry on the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

## VEGETINE

FOR CANCERS AND  
CANCEROUS HUMORS.

The Doctor's Certificate.

READ IT.

Ashley, Washington Co., Ill., Jan. 14, 1878.  
Mr. H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir:—This is to certify that I had been suffering from Rose Cancer on my right breast, which grew very rapidly, and all my friends had given me up to die, when I heard of your medicine, recommended for Cancer and Cancerous Humors. I commenced to take it, and soon found myself growing better; my health and spirits both felt the benign influence which it exerted, and in a few months from the time I commenced the use of the Vegetine, the Cancer came out almost bodily. GARRIE DEFORREST.

I certify that I am personally acquainted with Mrs. DeForrest, and consider her one of our very best women. DR. S. H. FLOWERS.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.—If Vegetine will relieve pain, cleanse, purify, and cure such diseases, restore the patient to health after trying different physicians, many remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the Great Blood Purifier. The great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

## VEGETINE

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FAMILY MEDICINE.

JANUARY 1, 1878.  
Mr. H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir—I take pleasure in saying that I have used Vegetine in my family with good results, and I have known of several cases of remarkable cure effected by it. I regard it as a valuable family medicine. Truly yours,  
REV. WM. McDONALD.

The Rev. Wm. McDonald is well known through the U. S. as a minister in the M. E. Church.

THOUSANDS SPEAK.—Vegetine is acknowledged and recommended by physicians and apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

## VEGETINE

THE M. D'S HAVE IT.

Mr. H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir—I have sold Vegetine for a long time, and find it gives most excellent satisfaction. S. D. DEPRIEST, M. D.,  
Druggist, Hazleton, Ind. June

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H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

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