## The Bear That Wouldn't Play Fair By HENRY TYRRELL. Basis in the Catskills? Well, there certainly are none prowing about the famous hotels, nor even the vicinity of that romantic crast like Yan Winkle's Rock. Blee The Winkle's Rock. Blee The Winkle's Rock. But cannow the vicinity of that romantic crast like with the famous hotels, nor even the vicinity of that romantic crast like Try Yan Winkle's Rock. Blee The Yan Winkle's Rock. But cannow the converted and without resources, he fingly engaged himself, with a number of well and rolled in the dust. The spectators cried: "The Van Winkle's Rock. But in the done foliage that clothed the mountain side, Horror-stricken, the wind with the other hand clutching the shagey throat. The struggle was turific while it lasted and by no means one-sided. Bruin snapped with his jaws and alapped out wildly with his huge payer. I looking at each blow. He did not seem to be at all particular whether bits of Nanni's occupation was gone. Disheartened and without resources, he finally engaged himself, with a number of his fellow-countrymen, to work on the railroads. This employment, in the course of time, brought him to the Catskill Mountains. The struggle was turific while it lasted and by no means one-sided. Bruin snapped with his jaws and alapped out wildly with his huge payer. Bruin snapped with his faws and alapped out wildly with his huge payer. Manni's occupation was gone. Bruin snapped with the other hand clutching the shagey throat. The struggle was turific while it lasted and by no means one-sided. Bruin snapped with his jaws and alapped out wildly with his huge payer. Bruin snapped with his payer. Manni's occupation was gone. Bruin had made off. lewing heart her bear and providentially fumbled into a thicket of huckelnery bushes bear her bear and providentially fumbled into a thicket of huckelnery bushes of the work of the work of the bear had only from Nanni's coupation was gone. Before the sentence was out of the bear and all particular whether by

## **Pumpkins of The Prim Little Lady** By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Bring me luck what e'er you do." And the gold of which she spoke marsh."

cottage and say:

white was the glastening sands, and ed clothes. the blue was the blue of the sea.

kins shriveled on the viness all but one which she made into pies and these she kept and ate all by herself, "Let me help you work," said the lit-

The Prim Little Lady was old and wrinkled and she lived in a tiny cottage at the vary far end of the village, and beyond the cottage was a wide sweep of marsh, then the sands, and beyond the sands the sea.

The Prim Little Lady's cottage was and the sands and the marsh," she said, "and I found you on my pumpkins."

See in a field of vallow numbkins. She led them to the house and set

set in a field of yellow pumpkins, She led them to the house and set and when the fall came and the pumpkins were big and round and yelow amid the stubble, the Prim Little sleep, curled up like kittens, on the Lady would stand in the door of her rug.

The Prim Little Lady called in all

"Gold and green and white and blue, ring me luck what e'er you do."

the villagers. "My luck has come to me," she said: "See, it come by way of the sea and the sands and the

was the grass of the marsh, and the the strange children in the sea-stain-

But as time went on and the child-But no luck came to the Prim Little ren simply ate and slept and played, the Prim Little Lady grew impatient.



CRASH . OVER THE PRECIPICE TOGETHER

of them. Whenever we met a native of a forest primeval than it possesses we straightway asked for a bear to-day. The principal "old settlers" story, and he seldom disappointed us, then were bears and panthers and We soon had quite a collection, the gen wildcats, with here and there a rattle-of which is the one I m going to tell snake. There was good sport in the you now. It has never before been mountains at that period.
told in print, I am sure; for we had One day a good-sized bear, closely it from the lips of the hero himself - pursued by two hunters, came tearing an Italian laborer who, having origin-through the underbrush, close by the ally come into the Catskills to kork on place where Nanni and his companone of the railroads, had floatly made long were at work. It was a wildhis home there.

where Nanni was born and grew up, the black wall of wet rocks, he had been a kind of showman. He "Head him off," cried the b used to travel among the Aspennine he had taught to wrestle so skillfully the panting animal. The mere s that the huge animal tightly muzzled of them, however, caused him come off victorious; but this was due

have made his fortune in America, had not his indisphensable partner, the bear, sickened and died shortly after him for you." their arrival in New York.

cover traces of a fresh bear track or When the line of the railroad was As for bear stories—we found plenty which it passes had much more the air

is home there.

His name was Nanni (short for Girvine where the snowy veil of the Kaatvanni) Rocco, it seems that in Italy, erskill Falls hangs gracefully down

"Head him off," cried the hunters, But the Italian laborers were too villages with a performing war which frightened to dispute the passage of The mere sight and with claws blunted, would "throw" slacken his pace and look about him. all comers who ventured to measure his red tengue hanging out of his their strength with him. Then his open mouth, and his mischievous little master would try a bout, and always eyes flashing with rage and defiance. bear, who, at a given signal, would provide and opposite stood Nanut-fall to the ground and pretend to be and he was not the man to run away. overcome. This was done so naturally and so regularly that after a while ment and emotion—not from fear. Nanni came to believe himself really. The the free, full-grown hear at bay. more than a match for the beast, and the faithful creature never undeceived him. ed him.

The fame of Nanni and his wres.! Inspired by the thought of his triuming bear spread far and wide. One phant wrestling days, he had but one day an agent came along and engaged idea, and that was to get a good "side

Not and then one of the villagers would come to her and say, "Give me Before him were the Italians, behind one of your pumpkins," and again one shrivel in the field." to a secret understanding with the him the hunters. On one side was the of them would offer to buy, and always the Prim Little Lady agswered, the Prim Little Lady told them that magician told me that through my village. For I am not sure that my pumpkins, by way of the sea and the luck has come and they shan't take it marsh, my luck would come, and if I sell one, my luck may go with it." Now, a year came when every pump-

kin vine in the village falled to bear and they were as big as barrels. "We shad have no ples for Thanks-

And the poor villagers went away sughing, and the little old lady stood the delicious pies.
in her doorway and chanted:

And when Th "Gold and green and white and blue,

And the old lady, looking upon them, murmed, gleefully, "On the day before Thanksgiving, I will cut up just one, should have had no ples," and he should have had no ples," and he

And just before she slept that night, she stood once more in her door and WITH THE LOVE OF A GRATEFUL "Gold and green and white and blue, Bring me luck what e'er you do.'

All that night a storm raged, but face and sobbed,

the next morning the sun shone on me before."
the rain-washed world, and the Prim And while all the people stared, she Little Lady going out to saak at her confessed in a clear voice that it was pumpkins found two strange children the children who had done the good deed. "Go away," she cried, shaking her apron at them, "go away."

But the little girl shook her head.

tie girl, and the Prim Old Lady sald. "Come into the field and help me cut up one pumpkin. I shall make six in Queensland. ples and the rest of my pumpkins shall And as the Prim Little Lady and the

"I must keep them all. Years ago a there would be no other pies in the away with my pumpkins."

pan full of pumpkin for six pies, and having wiped all perspiration from the rest she left to shrivel in the field. hands that they might not slip, But that night the strange children rose in the dark and went out into the him for a foreign i are to restend as hold, and that was to get a good side fruit and where was not one to be had far as America. This began very successfully; and no doubt Nanni would stop-a' stopwith pumpkin that looked like heaps extending the arms directly in front giving," al the people of the village of gold. Then silently through the walled, "there are no pumpkins," and at last they went in a body to the will as they went in a body to the silently through the village went the children, and at every trunk as possible. He then proceeds at last they went in a body to the To the speechless amazement of his walled, "there are no pumpkins," and village went the children, and at every will not lose one of my prescious and said to each other, "After all she pumpkins," which was very selfish, has a kind heart," and all that day there were spicy odors as the housewives seasoned and mixed and baked

And when Thanksgiving evening came the villagers marched in a Bring me luck what e'er you do." body to the house of the Prim Little But her luck still delayed, although Lady, and when she came to the door the pumpkins mellowed and ripened in with the children behind her, the

and I will make me six pies and those handed her a scroll on which it was that I cannot use shall shrivel on the set forth what she had done, and at the bottom was inscribed in letters of gild:

PEOPLE.

And when the Prim Little Lady had read the scroll, she whispered, "Who And the wind, which was blowing a did this?' and the children whispered gale, eaught up her words and carried back, "We did it for you," and the them out to sea.

Prim Little Lady put her hands to her "No one ever loved

"They have brought me luck because

pron at them, "go away,"

But the little girl shook her head,
"We came," she said "by by way of shall belong to the village. Never the sea and the sands andacross the again shall there be a famine of plest' Then all the people shouted, "Long live the Good Little Lady!" "There was a storm," the boy add-ed, "and when the big boat went down, we climbed on a raft and as we mained to the end of her days.



The Boy Who Sneezed.

## Australian Tree Climbing

Necessity is the mother of invention. and the Australian savages have devised some effective methods of tree limbing which illustrate the old

Not only have may Australian trees large girth, but they are very talln fact, in Australia occur the tallest trees in the world.

According to Von Mueller, the botanst, a species of eucalputs attains a greater height in Australia than does he giant redwood trees in California. It is said that eucalyptus trees have been measured which are more than four hundred and fifty feet high. Between them and the redwood, however, there is no comparison as to beauty; for the eucalyptus isonly a naked stem surmounted by a few straggling branches, while the abundant and graceful foliage of the giant redwood s perhaps its greatest charm. How to climb such trees was the

problem the Australian chose to solve. As the trunks are often too large around for him to clasp and "shin up" boy fashion, he had to invent new devices. According to an eye witness the following is the method adopted

When a tree is to be climbed, the native goes to the scrub and finds a suitable piece of salamus, a tough limbing plant. As he carries knife, he uses his teeth to cut the tough wood, and by alternately biting and breaking he finally secures his climbing withe, which may be eighteen feet long. It is called kamin. So she carried into the house a little Having knotted one end of this, and having wiped all perspiration from his seizes the knot with the left hand, throws the other end round the trunk, when dawn came all the pots and ket- of twists about the right arm he les that they could find were filled plants the right foot against the tree,

> ATHANKSGIVING dearly ike Mince Pie, but oh! I'm sure you will That it's a bit unfortunate -Mince Pie does not like me!

(Copyright, 1907, by Lothrop, Lee & hour. Then he had to sneeze, and as Shepard Company). he was alarmed by the sound and made a search and found the boy. A gang of robbers in Arkansas had told what the plan was, and the merdetermined to rob a country store on a chant scured help, and had the doors certain night, but as the place was de-fended by shutters, bars and bolts, result was the capture of five robbers. they obliged a boy 11 years old, son of That sneeze of the boy sent them to one of the members of the gang, to prison for five years apiece, while he hide himself in the store in an empty was sent away to a home to be re-



THE FIRST THANKS GIVING DAY. By Mrs. Margaret J. Preston.

(Copyright, 1907, by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.) And now." said the Governor, gazing abroad on the piled up store Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings, and covered the meadows o'er, "Tis meet that we render praise because of this yield of grain; 'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for His sun and rain.

'And therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace of God to-day, And the franchise of this good people), Governor of Plymouth, say Thro' virtue of vested power-ye shall gather with one accord, And hold, in the month of November, thanksgiving unto the Lord.

'He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet we've sought so long: He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from Joing us wrong;

And unto our Feast the Sachem shall be bidden, that he may know We worship his own Great Spirit who maketh the harvests grow. "So shoulder your matchlocks, masters; there is hunting of all degrees;

And fishermen, take your tackle, and scour for spoil the seas; And maideng and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ To honor our First Thanksgiving, and make it a Feast of joy! "We fail of the fruits and Jaintles so close to our hand in Devon; -Ah, they are the lightest losses we suffer for sake of Heaven!

But see, in our open clearings, how golden the melons lie; Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us the Pumpkin-Pie!" So, bravely the preparations went on for the autumn Feast;

The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild game from the greatest to Was heaped in the Colony cabins; brown home-brew served for wine,

And the plum and the grape of the forest, for orange and peach and At length came the day appointed, the snow had begun to fall.

But the clang from the meeting-house belfry rang merrily out for all, And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who hastened with glad accord To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently thanked the Lord.

In his seat sate Governor Bradford; men, matrons and maidens fair; Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with corselet and sword were there; And sobbing and tears and gladness had each in its turn the sway, For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish o'ershadowed Thanksgiving Day.

And when Massasolt, the Sachem, sate down with his hundred braves, And are of the varied riches of gardens and woods and waves.

And looked on the granaried harvest—with a blow on his brawny chest,

He muttered, "The good Great Spirit loves His white children best!"

And then, as the Feast was ended, with gravely official air The Governor drew als broadsword out from its scabbard there. And smiting the trencher near him, he cried in heroic way, 'Hail! Ple of the Pumpkin! I dub thee Prince of Thanksgiving Day!"

