

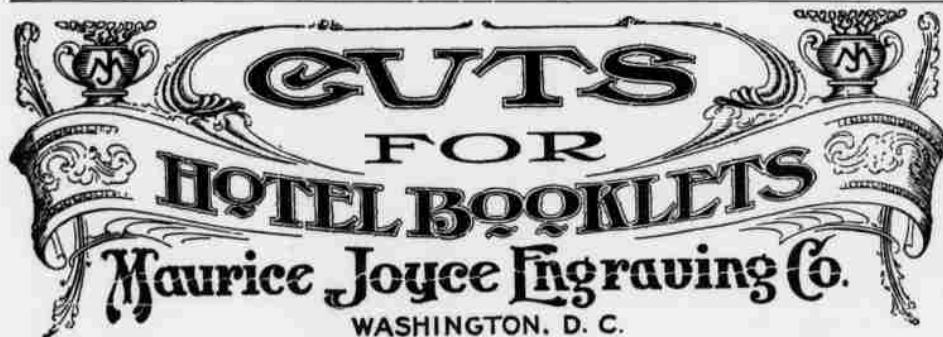
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## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

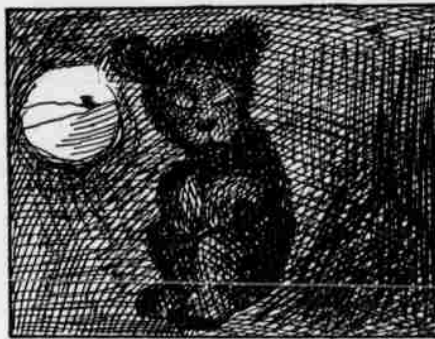
### How a Fierce Teddy Bear Hunted the Fearless Grizzly Knox.

AS Joe and Bert West, two city boys visiting Greenville, entered the village grocery and post office Grizzly Knox, the bear hunter, was seated on a candle box waiting for his mail. Years before Mr. Knox had gained a great reputation in those parts as a bear slayer. (This reputation, by the way, was wholly due to his own accounts of his exploits.) The name of "Grizzly" had attached itself to him in consequence. He was a man about fifty years of age, with small bright hazel eyes and a mop of unkempt iron-gray hair. His bushy whiskers of the same color had not known a razor for years. "I tell you what it is, boys," he was remarking to one or two of his cronies who stood near, "that was the closest shave I ever had." The word shave coming from a mouth hidden by such a beard attracted the attention of

fur about three mile and a half. I'd trod that plank many a time afore, but never after dark. Well, thinks I to myself, as I hit out on the two-foot board alongside the trough, I'm not likely to meet the b'ar as long as I'm on this track anyway.

"I felt pretty shaky when I come to Parson's gulch, where the groun' drops out from under the flume and leaves you walkin' on a trestlework about fifty feet up in the air. Howsomever I crossed all right, an' broke into the woods on the other side. After I'd gone along fur about a mile there come up one o' them sudden mountain storms o' wind an' rain, an' blowed my light out. I hurried along 'till I come to the holler trunk o' one o' them big redwood trees an' I crawled into it through a big knot-hole about five foot from the groun'. I see you snickerin', Judkins, I suppose you think it terrible funny 'bout crawlin' through a knothole. Maybe you'll feel like doin' it yourself when I tell you that some o' them ornery-sized Califor-

THE TEDDY BEAR.



A Teddy Bear, deep in his lair,  
Is very, very haughty;



But tame, you know, it is not so—  
He's never, never naughty!

the boys and they drew near to listen. "I knowed the b'ar was lurkin' about." Grizzly continued. "I'd heard it from two or three. But I had to carry them papers up to old Hawkins that night, fur he warn't goin' to live till mornin'. Hawkins was a livin' to Schenk's Mills, about fifteen miles back in the mountains, in the lumber distric', and the man that brought the message into town said he wouldn't go back that night for love or money. He'd seen the b'ar's tracks a comin' down.

"Well, you know I ain't easy skeered, an' when I thought o' that poor ole man, a dyin' up thar in his shanty all alone an' a wantin' them dockyments, I allowed I'd go. Not that the dockyments could do him any good, for they was nothin' but deeds an' a will, an' was all as right as a trivet. But I know how 'tis when a man's dyin'. He wants what he wants. So I got Beebee to give me the papers an' I started jest about sunset.

"Well, I skipped along pretty lively, carryin' my rifle an' my wallet, till I come to Taylor's, about seven miles out. There I stopped to borry a lantern. Taylor hadn't no lantern. You know how 'tis with them tavern keepers; they never have anything folks wants. But he lent me a kerosene lamp. I had to have a light, fur I had to walk the flume

ny redwood trees, they could put four such slim Jims as you through a knot-hole to once, an' have room to spare.

"Well, I was like the man with the fox and goose and corn, gettin' my lamp and my wallet an' my gun inside that tree, but when I did get in an' got my lamp lit I found myself in roomy quarters.

"Then I gave my rifle a lookin' over an' set it to my hand. Then I took out a pieter paper, only about three months old, Taylor had give me, and settled down to wait till the rain was over.

"Pretty soon I fell asleep. I suppose it must 'a' been the pictures of actresses in that paper that set me to dreamin' as I did; fur I dreamt I was a boy ag'in an' was to the circus. I could smell the earthy smell and the kerosene lamps and the menagerie; an' I could see the beautiful young ladies ridin' roun' on horseback. Bimeby I went over an' stood before the b'ar cage, an' there the little boys was a sellin' honey on wooden plates, instead o' peanuts. The honey looked an' smelled all right, but when I bought some an' commenced eatin' it tasted like wood, an' when I set my teeth in the comb I couldn't get 'em out again. I tried an' tried, but I couldn't unlock my jaws. First thing I knew the performance stopped. Everything was dead