

# 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 flowed through a region but little opened as yet and still inhabited by the animals of the West, were situated the homes of the Duncans and Taylors. Here a roamed as 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 or 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 float 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 spoke 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 doubtfully 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,



CAPSIZE THE CANOE.

and liable to be capsize by their foe. Roy sprang anew 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 the boat 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 uninjured. In another moment the bear lunged forward again, and the canoe at the same time striking a rock, was capsize, 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 of the paddles, cut into the river, where it was a swift current and carrying a heavy load. "This is better than a fisherman," 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 homely 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

# 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

"persons of special use and quality," for the "disipation of pirates," for the abatement of disease, for victories over the Indians and for plentiful harvests. The frequent appointments for the last case finally made autumn the customary time. To the early Puritan Christmas ascribed 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 bacon 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 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 pies, 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 ex-

# LONG'S THE OLD NEST STANDS.

Y A-A-S, they're comin' home Thanksgiving An' the gobber's gittin' fat, An' the hubbard squash's a ripenin' For the pies an' such as that. So we'll send the double waggin Tow the deapo for 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 yellor They was big enough tew sing. But they left us in October For tew sing in other lands. But the spring'll bring 'em homewards As long's the old nest stands.

Ah, that's other nests as lonesome In the winter time of life. What the little brood is scattered In the great world's noisy strife, An' I s'pose the busy singers An' the workers fold their hands As they dream uv glad homecomin' As long's the old nest stands.

Human nests uv boards an' shingles, Batten doors an' cellin's low, Chubbards warped an' weather-bent, Homely herts whar homefires 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 roof-tree falls weth age, Then b'gosh in all yure readin' Yew will turn the saddest page. Fer that's somethin' fame 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, not a letter? "They'll be down on Wednesday noon." Sisy, we better air the chimney. 'Cause we can't begin tew soon. Fix the cradle for the baby. Darn these tears an' tremblin' hands, Mother's singin', I'm whistlin', An' right here the ole 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 mop. From time to time baste the turkey with the gravy in the pan, rub over with the larding mop 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 pan. 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.

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

Vicissitudes of Life. While Hiram Powers had a studio in Washington he employed his spare time in carving likenesses of some of the wild animals with which he had been familiar during his boyhood. One such piece of work was a couchant panther which is now in Central Park. The New York Times narrates a good story connected with it.

While Mr. Powers was engaged upon it, and deeply absorbed, a man from the Green Mountains sauntered into the studio. He had been seeing the sights of Washington, and did not like to go home without a call upon the famous Vermont sculptor.

Mr. Powers was not glad to see him, and paid him no attention, but kept on with his work. The visitor was not abashed, however. He noticed that he was not invited not to sit down, he did not betray the fact. He not only remained, but kept so close at the sculptor's elbow as really to hinder his work.

After several unsuccessful hints to the man that his room would be better than his company, Mr. Powers called a servant and told him to sweep the studio. The place had not been visited by a broom for at least a month, and the cloud of dust that now filled the air was all but suffocating. The Vermont choker coughed, but showed no disposition to retreat. The image of the couchant panther seemed to have fascinated him. At last Mr. Powers told him bluntly that he had stayed long enough, and was in the way.

"All right," said the countryman, "I'll go; but—geewhitaker, what a spring she's got to make!" "That," Mr. Powers used to say, "was the most genuine compliment I ever received. And what about the man? Weu, I begged his pardon, and he afterwards furnished me with some of the best models I ever had."

Met the Enemy and Won. "That new trunk of yours came through all right. It must be very strong." "Yes. The baggage-man is wearing his arm in a sling."



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 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.

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 Plymouth 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 Massachusetts 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 on till about 1684 there were about twenty-four Thanksgiving days 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 Venzie to be set in a pillory in the market-place at Boston for playing on the Thanksgiving Day of June 18, 1696.

In Connecticut the festival was not regularly observed until 1710. The earlier Thanksgiving 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

ception 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 customs," and Tucker, of Virginia, intimated that it might be as well to wait for some experience of the efficiency of the Constitution before returning thanks for it. In spite of these objections the motion was carried and President Washington issued a proclamation appointing as Thanksgiving Day Nov. 26.

Thanksgiving Day proclamations were issued in an irregular way for many years after that date, but the day was not a fixed holiday. After the battle of Gettysburg in 1863 President Lincoln recommended the people to set apart the 6th day of August "to be observed as a day of national thanksgiving, praise and prayer to Almighty God." In the following year the President issued another proclamation, and the Presidential proclamation has been an annual fixture ever since.

## An All-Round Thanksgiving Dinner

Bronco Pete—What's th' turkey? Alkali Ike—I set him outside to cool an' th' eat of him. Bronco Pete—What's th' cat? Alkali Ike—A cayote et him. Bronco Pete—What's the cayote? Alkali Ike—Th' greyhound et him. Bronco Pete—What's th' greyhound? Alkali Ike—An Injun et him. Bronco Pete—What's th' Injun? Alkali Ike—A grizzly et him. Bronco Pete—What'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.

He who would catch fish must not mind getting wet.