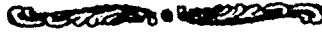


and bit his side, and finally rolled over bleeding from his three wounds. Jim's ball had hit him just behind the left shoulder, and there is no doubt but for his good shooting, we would have had our three nights in the barn to no purpose, for while the shots in the flank and forequarter were enough to disable

him, they were not necessarily fatal, and the chances were we would have lost our bear if he had once managed to reach cover.

We all enjoyed some of his juicy steaks, but Jack won the toss and the skin, and it may still be seen ornamenting his study floor in front of the grate.



## How Hull Farmers Shoot Bears.

BY J. SMARDON.

Bears are plentiful this season. Five were seen in a single field one night lately, standing upright in the ripening grain gathering the heads together within the clasp of their mighty fore-arms that they might chew away at the oats. The amount of damage the cumbersome beasts will do these bright August nights by trampling down and devouring would hardly be believed. It is no wonder that farmers wage bitter warfare against them, even though Bruin's skin is not in prime condition, and is, indeed, of scarcely any value just now.

The two men who saw these five bears had been watching for them from trees, but had unfortunately stationed themselves on the other side of the field. Being no great sportsmen they took such aim as they could and fired together, driving the bears away. To their surprise a young bear was found dead next morning at the edge of the woods, killed by a spent bullet from one of their shot-guns. There is one little spot in the top of a bear's skull where the bone is very thin and brittle, and just there the ball fired at a venture chanced to strike.

In that same field last year, while the wheat was standing in stooks to dry, two playful young bears, having had all they wanted to eat, proceeded by way of amusement to overturn all the sheaves and scatter them. They were espied soon after midnight by the farmer, who was going home with his bride from a dance. The youngsters were so interested in their sport that they did not notice the lookers-on, who were somewhat ruefully

watching their antics, until the comical side of it struck the young people and they burst out into shouts of laughter. The bride afterward declared that it was as good as a circus to see the clownlike manner of the two bears as they went about their play. The farmer was particularly struck with the industry of the fun-makers, as before they fled at his guffaws they had scattered more sheaves than he and his hired men had been able to set up in half a day.

It is unusual for bears in the open to allow themselves to be approached, as they are exceedingly timid at such times, and their sense of smell and hearing are then very acute. The regular plan followed about here for their detection is for the watcher to station himself on a ladder at the head of the bush, some twelve feet from the ground, and therefore out of the scent of the bear, before nightfall and quietly await the coming of the game.

One hunter who did not take up his position until darkness had set in had just been worked up to a degree of excitement by a pronounced sniffing near the foot of his perch, when there was a great rustling amid the branches of his tree. The thought that it was a well-loaded beech and that bears are fond of beech nuts flashed across him just as a big black object came sliding down the trunk. Before he could think of shooting, the great hams of a bear knocked him and his ladder down to the ground, where a second bear awaited the coming of his mate. Whether he actually fell upon this one or upon the body of the climbing