

A BEAR STORY FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Outside the wind was howling as though all the bad and indifferent spirits had been let loose, and were holding a carnival in mid-air. The shutters rattled; the rain beat madly against the window panes; the trees creaked and moaned, and their long, bare branches came straggling against the house with a creeping, grating sound that was uncanny.

But inside all was light and warmth. A bright fire glowing in the grate sent rays of light and waves of warmth into the corners of the room; the curtains were drawn, and everything looked bright and homelike here, in spite of "wind and weather."

In front of the fire, on low ottomans, and nestling on the hearth rug, were four grave little folks, silently gazing into the fire. As silence was not their strong point, there was something remarkable in it.

"Why, what is the matter with my pets that they're so quiet? Holding a Quaker meeting?"

"O papa! papa! Have you come? When did you come? I'm so glad; so glad; so glad!"

Such a chorus of screeches and screams; such an avalanche of kisses and hugs as befell me. I was soon comfortably ensconced by the fire, and then said:

"Well, why was the room so quiet when I entered?"

"O, papa, Bess said she was afraid, and believed there were ghosts around—there were such singular noises outside. I didn't believe her though, and told her she was a goose. Don't you think so too?" replied Jack.

"But what made you so quiet?"

"O we were just kind o' thinking it over, you know."

"So my little Bessie thinks there are ghosts about does she? What put that into her head?"

"O, papa it is such a dreadful night; and this afternoon Jack read such a dreadful story—"

"Aha! Master Jack again! And he is the young man who has been calling his sister a goose because she was nervous. I told you not to read such stories to your sisters."

"It wasn't so very bad, and I didn't suppose she would be so silly as to get frightened over it. She didn't say a word until night. But I'm sorry, and I'll promise not to do so again. And now, papa, please tell us a story, won't you? It will make Bess forget what a night it is."

"O papa, please do!" chimed in all the rest.

"I don't believe Jack meant to be naughty; don't scold him any more," came softly from the region of my shoulder.

"And we do want a story."

"But I've told you every story I ever read, heard, dreamed or manufactured, over and over again."

"O, papa, you surely haven't," piped up Jack. "Tell us a real true story about when you were a boy. Tell us about the wolves. I've heard you say there were wolves around here when you were small."

"O papa, please not that kind of a story to-night; and a curly head nestled closer down on my shoulder. "It sounds as if there is a whole pack of wolves around the house now."

"Pooh! Bess is afraid again. I tell you I'm glad I ain't a girl. Nothing will hurt you Bess: go on with a wolf story, papa," said the irrepressible Jack, as he described several somersaults on the hearth rug.

"What a little heathen you are Jack! What other unpleasant thing besides ghosts and wolves will you think of? How unbecoming it is for you to tumble about in such a style in the presence of your sisters! And Bessie dear, if I tell the boys of the wolves (although Jack doesn't deserve anything) the story will not be very terrible. Wolves are not as terrible as many suppose. In fact, a single wolf rarely attacks humankind, and a little child would not be in great danger from a lone wolf. It is only in the winter when they are in packs and nearly starved that they attack human beings. A single wolf, when not hungry, is a very cowardly, sneaking sort of an animal."

"Well, I don't mind hearing of them if they never ate any one," said Bessie, raising her head.

"They most certainly did not eat any one—or at least not to my knowledge in this part of the country, although they ate a number of sheep."

"The farmers used to build high slanting fences around the stock yards, within which they kept the sheep nights, along with the cattle. Then when Mr. Wolf got into the enclosure, which he sometimes did, he could not get back over the high fence sloping inward.



FIGS. 67. - No. 4718. - LITTLE GIRLS' DRESS. Price 20 cents.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 3 years, 8 yards; 4 years, 8½ yards; 5 years, 8½ yards; 6 years, 8½ yards; 7 years, 8½ yards; 8 years, 9 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 3 years, 4 yards; 4 years, 4½ yards; 5 years, 4½ yards; 6 years, 4½ yards; 7 years, 4½ yards; 8 years, 4½ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 3½ yards of 42-inch goods, 2½ yards of 21-inch silk, or 2½ yards of lace will be required to make the medium size.

The fashion of contrasting sleeves and yoke is prettily shown in this illustration, which has a full, puffed yoke and large sleeves, ending in cuffs of black velvet or surah, with a full skirt and round waist of China silk, cashmere, etc. The sash from the side seams is held at the waist-line by large rosettes of the yoke material called *choix*. A vandyke lace collar forms a pretty finish to the dress (Pattern No. 4718, price 20 cents), which may be of any of the ordinary materials used for children's nice frocks, with a colored or black gimp.

Then the cattle, thinking him a stray dog, would kill him, or at least keep him from hurting the sheep.

"One morning my father came in and reported that a nice large sheep was dead out by the barn—killed by a wolf. Father set traps for that wolf, but never caught him. When your grandfather first came to this country (on A. W. 1st, 1791) this pretty valley was nearly covered with woods, the only clear spots being Indian corn patches here and there. Then the woods were full of animals. Bears, and wolves were abundant, and deer roamed fearlessly about."

As I was the youngest of a large family, the country was partially cleared in my earlier recollection, and most of the wild animals were gone; but I have heard my father tell a great many stories of his adventures.

The impetuous Jack here burst in: "I wish I had lived then! I would have just slayed the wolves and bears and deers. That would have been just glorious. What fun boys must have had then!"

"Yes, they used to have some fun then, as all boys do; but they had to work much harder than you do now, and did not have so many privileges."

"But didn't you ever see any bears or wolves yourself, papa?" Jack asked in a disappointed tone. "I thought you were going to tell us about what you had seen."

"Yes, I've seen a great many wolves—" "There! that sounds rather more like it," murmured Jack.

"And their skins had scalloped red flannel borders."

"What!" and a curly head popped up suddenly from the shoulder it was keeping straight. "What funny wolves they must have been. Was you a little boy when you saw them?"

"Come now, papa," expostulated Jack, "that ain't fair. You're just a teasin' a fellow. It isn't a story at all; and I shall

go upstairs and read. Ghost stories are a great deal more interesting than this. Besides, you never saw any such wolves; you saw only their skins."

"Well, if it will do you any good, I can tell you that I have seen a wolf—a real live four-legged wolf—outside a menagerie. One ran across my road when I was a little chap going to school. We had a long way to go to school, and part of the way was through the woods. One morning as we were racing along, just as we reached this piece of woods, a big fellow bounced out of one side, and disappeared in the thicket on the other side."

"Really, papa! What did you do?"

"Do? Nothing, but run along to school as fast as we could."

"Well, that was a pretty thing to do! I just wish I'd been there."

"What would you have done Jack?"

"I should have followed right after him, if I had been in your place."

"If I should have done so, I would probably be following him yet; for he ran so fast I never could have caught up; and then you wouldn't have had any father or story either."

"I've got the father, but I don't know about the story. Didn't they have any bears when you were small?"

"No, the wild bears were all gone then. But there were plenty of deer; and what pretty creatures they were! They used to come in our fields and eat the wheat, of which they were very fond; and they used to drink at the river not far from our house. We used to kill them to eat—venison is very nice meat. I was quite a lad when I killed my first deer, and how proud I was of it, too. An old lady who visited us, sometimes, had a tame deer that followed her about like a dog. She was very fond of her pet, and had a bell fastened to its neck, so that no one would kill it by mistake. She got it when it was a little fawn and raised it herself; so when she came to our house the deer always followed her, staying in the yard until she was ready to go home. Occasionally it would come up and peep in at the windows, to see if she was there yet; and then after finding that she was really there, the deer would lie down, awaiting the appearance of her mistress, as quiet as a kitten."

"It seems strange how you can domesticate wild animals, simply by being kind to them. Even the fiercest of dumb brutes become manageable and fond of you, if you are only kind to them."

"Another of our neighbors had a tame bear, which was captured when a mere cub. That bear was a most friendly fellow. One morning an uncle of yours was chopping, when something came up from behind, and catching him in its huge arms, gave him a vigorous hugging."

"He naturally thought it was a wild bear, and nearly tore his clothes off in a struggle to get away. When he got loose and seized his ax to strike the bear, he saw a strap around its neck, and knew it was a tame bear, that had broken its chain and left for the woods. Your uncle went home and sent word to the owner of the bear, who came and took him home."

"I remember seeing that bear come down the road one morning following his master like a little dog. That was when he was a cub—before he gave your uncle that hearty embrace. And when he got opposite our house, our big dog rushed out and frightened him so that he climbed a tree; and I had to take the dog to the house before his master could coax him down. And when he came down, he went cowering along the rail fence until he was quite a distance from the house, before he ventured upon the ground."

"Bears are very fond of milk, and this one was no exception to the rule. One day an old woman passed him with a pail of milk; Mr. Bruin walked up with her on his hind legs grasped the pail in his fore-paws, took it away from her, and drank up the milk."

"It is queer how a bear walks on his hind feet, and carries burdens in his arms."

"Arms, papa?"

"Well, you little puss, in his fore-paws, then. I have heard your grandfather tell about a huge bear that came into his father's yard and carried off a full grown pig; walked off with it in his arms—beg pardon, his fore-paws—as if it had been a baby. Right in the day time, too. How the poor pig did squeal and cry; but as my grandmother—your great-grandmother—was there alone, she had to let him go. Probably if your grandfather had been there, Mr. Bruin would not have gotten off so easily with his booty."

"Your grandfather was out hunting one day, when he met a very large bear. He fired and broke one of its shoulders. He had no more bullets and he knew not what to do. What would you have done in his place, Jack?"

"I don't know papa; what did he do?" "He tried to flash powder in his eyes and

blind him, so that he could get near enough to kill him with a club. But the bear was so furious with the pain, that your grandfather had to get out of his way. The next day he and another man with a pack of dogs went after the bear. They found him under the roots of an old tree and killed him."

"You know bears were valuable. The meat was good to eat and the skin and oil were both useful."

"Now I think we have had quite bears enough; and you little folks must all go to bed."

A Woman's Grief for a Dog.

There is a fashionable woman known in Washington who is wearing deep mourning for a dog. Imagine it! It seems too absurd to be believed; nevertheless it is said to be true. She is a fine-looking woman of about forty, is unmarried, the possessor of great wealth, and having been of an affectionate disposition, was desirous of lavishing her love upon something with an appreciative soul. She longed for a dog! And as nothing but one of aristocratic lineage would do, a number of months was spent in searching for one sufficiently ugly to be appreciative, and whose pedigree was beyond reproach. Her efforts were finally crowned with success. Through reliable parties she received a ragged-looking Scotch terrier, and she decided to give a christening breakfast in honor of her new acquisition. Twenty dear friends were invited, and on the day appointed all of them appeared, leading or carrying their sweet little ens. Miss S., the hostess, performed the ceremony of christening her new pet by sprinkling perfumed water on him from a cut-glass bowl, and by then slipping an exquisitely chased gold collar, on which was engraved the name of "Laddie," over his head. The mistress then announced that she had settled upon his dogship the sum of 5000 dollars, as a token of her love. The most elaborate breakfast was served, during which the dogs reflected great credit upon their mistresses, acting far better than do many children; but then children do not often get the training which these pet dogs had received, so they are not to be blamed. Laddie, of course, had a maid to wait upon him and see that his food was properly prepared and served, as well as to give him his daily walk on the avenue; but, in spite of all the care, at the end of two years he was taken very ill. A doctor who was called prescribed for him, and recommended massage. The services of a professional were engaged, and the dog was religiously treated every six hours for a week, but all to no purpose. Like all the rest of us, Laddie must die. Miss S. was inconsolable when they told her there was no hope, but she sent immediately for a lawyer to make the dog's will. It was formally drawn up and signed, or rather sealed, for Laddie's paw was gently pressed upon a splash of yellow wax, leaving its imprint clearly defined. The following morning the dog drew what seemed like a breath of relief, and died in the arms of his mistress. No expense was spared at the funeral. The twenty dear friends were there with their pets all in mourning, and it is said that when the procession moved toward the grave, which was at the lower end of the lawn, every last dog set up such a mournful howl that it was irresistibly funny to all save Miss S. On returning to the house, the will of the deceased canine was read. In it he gave his money to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, urging that strong efforts be made to do away with the barbarous practice of "dog-catching." Any one visiting Miss S. can hardly fail to notice the beautiful mausoleum on the lawn erected to the memory of Laddie, nor his marble statue in the drawing-room and the life-size painting in the library, before both of which fresh flowers are always placed.

An August Vacation Episode.

"Maud, I should like to know the meaning of this reception."

"Mr. Hazard, you shall!" answered the proud country girl, frecklingly. I have found you out, sir. That is all."

"What do you mean dearest?"

"Don't come near me, sir! Stay on the other side of that table. I have found out that you have been amusing yourself at my expense."

"For heaven's sake, Maud, explain!"

"I know I am freckle-faced, sir," she said with flashing eye "but I did not think you capable of joking about it with your friends."

"I haven't done anything of the kind, Maud!" protested the young man.

"You have, sir! After you had—had proposed to me last night and I—I had said y-yes and you had gone, I overheard you telling Mr. Belchamber out there on the front porch what glorious fun it was to go into the mountains in August and catch speckled beauties!"