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A PLUCKY INDIAN BOY.

Something over forty years ago there was an Indian camp about two miles from a small settlement in the eastern part of the county of Halifax. The camp was near a small lake, or still-water, in the deep woods, about a mile from the main road. One day in the early autumn a stalwart Indian with his little son "Joe," a youngster nine years of age, left the camp and went to the settlement for supplies. It was toward dusk when the pair commenced the return tramp for home, little Joe on the lead, and his father, with a pretty heavy load slung on his back, about two hundred yards behind. Joe carried the gun, which was loaded with a heavy charge of duck shot. About half way between the road and the camp there was, across the path, a large, old hemlock windfall which master Joe had to climb over. The top of his head was about even with the upperside of the windfall, but a branch projecting out and down from the underside afforded a step which was a material assistance in mounting the trunk. Joe held the gun in his right hand a little in advance of him and his head came up above the trunk. A large black bear sprang up on his haunches on the other side, with his jaws open and his eyes, like balls of fire, glaring at Joe. Poor little Joe was about to drop down and run when the bear grabbed the muzzle of the gun in his mouth. As quick as thought Joe cocked the piece and pulled the trigger. The charge dropped the bear on one side of the windfall and the kick of the gun dropped Joe on his back on the other. The youngster was, how-

ever, not long in regaining his feet, and after scratching his head for a couple of seconds he started back as if old Nick was behind him, to meet his father. When he drew near the old man exclaimed.

"Hallo Joe, what matter, what you shoot?"
 "Me shootem bear," said Joe.
 "Humph, shootem ole stump, I spose"
 "No, me shootem bear, big bear"
 "Where gun, Joe?"
 "Bear eat um" said Joe.

When they arrived at the windfall the gun was found on the ground. The first thing the Indian did was to reload the gun, and he dropped a ball into it and rammed it home, then climbing over the windfall, there he found the bear dead - sure enough. Joe had blown his brains out.

"Here Joe you run camp tell Louis an Pete come help."
 Joe started on the dead run, looking sharply about him for fear he would meet another bear, and in a very short time he returned, bringing two other Indians with him.

The bear was got to camp, and, by the light of birch bark torches, was skinned. He was the largest bear that had been seen for many years in the county and weighed about 500 lbs. The skin was brought to Halifax and sold. It was sold afterwards stuffed, and attracted a good deal of attention in Mr. Roue's hair dressing rooms in Hollis street for years.

It is within the bounds of possibility that before the Channel Tunnel is built the Straits of Dover may become dry land? The question is suggested by the reports of the men-of-war which have been surveying on the South and East coasts this summer. A survey of the English Channel shows that, instead of a bottom evenly sloping up from west to east, tongues of shoal water, more or less parallel to one another, are forming between the shores of England and France. On the Eastern littoral the shoaling is even more rapid, many patches and banks off the Kent and Essex coasts adding to their size at the rate of a foot a year.

Mrs. Birch: "Well, Maud, how did you and Mabel enjoy 'Macbeth'?" Maud: "Not very well, mamma." Mrs. Birch: "Was the acting poor?" Maud: "Oh, I suppose the acting was well enough, but we forgot to take any caramels."

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