

## TRUE BEAR STORY

Related, by J. Allen Bigelow, to His Grandchildren, Two Bright Boys in Massachusetts.

J. Allen Bigelow tells true stories to his two grandchildren away down in Massachusetts, children of Dr. and Mrs. Niff. Here is one story No. 2. As it contains much of Franklin life of 63 years ago, we are sure your readers will enjoy it as much as we did.

In 1855, I was working with my father, who was a contractor and builder, and employed three or four men while I was being paid only 25c per day.

We were building a large barn for Peter Van Every, and were shingling. This was in the village of Franklin. We were nearly up to the peak, when I chanced to look over toward the west, and saw a large black dog sort of ambling and nosing along, and it seemed to me that it was the largest and homeliest dog ever seen. Turning to Duane Babcock, one of the men, I said: "Look there, Duane, see that big black dog?" Looking up, he took about a half a minute to make sure, and then yelled out: "Dog? Thumper! that's a bear! Hurrab, Jotel Höfrah, Dunt! Here's a bear! Come on!"

And down he scrambled from the roof, very excited. So we all started. We lived at the top of the hill, just north of the village proper, and we had a double-barreled shotgun. Everybody was yelling: "A bear! A bear!" In less than 10 minutes, there were at least 100 men and boys with us. As I started for home, I ran past Dennis Toomey's store, and he came out, bareheaded, and joined us. I ran to my home, grabbed the gun and some buckshot, and Toomey grabbed the axe, which was on the woodpile. R. L. Bryan, the master and trapper, had always told us where the deer and bear run way was, so Toomey and I kept hurrying to get there ahead of the others. This runaway led around Bowen Lake, which is the little lake on the Grinnell farm, and we had found a good place in a little ravine, which is straight west of John Sly's corner, in the valley between two hills. Toomey being a big man, took my gun, and gave me the axe, as he said I was a little boy and he could shoot better than I could. We were in a good place, could hear the crowd coming and yelling, and if the bear kept in the runaway, he would pass directly between Toomey and me.

By this time, there were at least 100 men and 30 or 40 dogs after that bear. The trees were about 100 feet apart, and the commotion was exciting. The dogs would snap at his heels and bite, and Mr. Bear would turn and cuff and knock the nearest dogs end over end, while others would pitch in and bite his hind legs. The bear was pretty thick, and this bear kept the old trail, coming across the mill dam of Pete Van Every, past Bowen Springs, and was surely coming directly between Toomey and myself. All was excitement, of course, and I tell you, there was a heap of noise and tooting coming toward us. All at once, I heard Toomey yell out: "Here he is, come and shoot him! Come and shoot him! Hurry up! Hurry!" Toomey's hat was off, his hair tousled, and so excited, he did not know that he had a gun and that he was about to shoot us, stopping every rod or so, to look at us, dog end over end. We were frothing and swinging along with a rolling gait, swinging his head this way and that, and as of course, I could do nothing with my axe, as that bear was surrounded by a great pack of dogs. Now, if you can imagine what your feelings would be under the same circumstances, then you may know how your Daddy felt.

The bear was finally forced to climb a great, large oak tree, in order to get rested and get away from the dogs.

There we all gathered around the tree, and when Duane Babcock came, he had a rifle, and said he could kill him. The tree was a monstrous, large one, and the limbs came within fifteen feet or less of the ground. The bear was up about thirty feet, sitting on a great limb, and pecking through the crock of the tree, and Duane shot. The bear's head lopped over and lodged in the crock of the tree, and was fast. Now, what to do, was the question. Finally, my father said he would climb the tree and push him out of the crock. They cut a small ladder, and made a sort of ladder by cutting the limbs, and soon had it, so my father started up the tree. As he neared the bear, it began to show signs of life. All at once, that bear came to life and started down that tree backward, the way bears always come down. The men on the ground began yelling to father: "Look out, Jotel! He's coming down and will tear you to pieces!" My father yelled out: "Here, you black devils, go down on the other side of this tree!" When he had come so far back he could reach him, he began jabbing him in the rump with his jack knife, and made the bear howl and scramble back. All of us on the ground were yelling and shouting. I tell you, there were at least 100 people there.

Finally, Duane had a good chance and

## HISTORIC SCENES IN OLD NEW ENGLAND



Scene of the Battle at Bloody Brook in Deerfield, Mass.

In passing through South Deerfield, Mass., autoists cross the historic old stream called Bloody Brook, a name derived from the frightful massacre by Indians which occurred there on the 18th of September, 1675.

In those days King Philip, sachem of the Pokanoket tribe of Indians, was on the warpath. He had so terrified the settlers of the Connecticut River Valley that the northernmost towns of Northfield and Deerfield were ordered abandoned.

In abandoning Deerfield the settlers had left large stores of newly harvested grain, and it was in quest of these neglected stores that Captain Lathrop, with a picked troop of eighty men, proceeded to Deerfield from the town of Hadley, twenty miles south. The grain had been successfully procured and the party was some six miles out of the settlement of Deerfield when it prepared to ford a stream. The stream was bordered by thick woods, and tradition relates that the men imprudently placed their weapons in the wagons and scattered to gather the wild grapes which abounded. Thus, disarmed, they were quickly and completely over-whelmed by the hordes of Indians estimated at 700 strong, by whom they had been ambushed. Of the eighty or more men in Captain Lathrop's command not more than eight escaped alive.

Two other scouting squads of Englishmen which were in the vicinity hurried to the scene upon hearing battle, but could do nothing except drive the Indians away so that the bodies of their comrades might be decently buried.

A monument now marks the scene of this horrible massacre, and the stream where the disaster occurred is known to this day as Bloody Brook.

gave him another bullet which finished him. They voted that my father should have the skin and one whole quarter, as he had done the hardest part. We had bear meat steak several times, but I did not like it very well, if I remember. There, he is that for a Boys' Bear Story?

**Forget Your Aches.** Stiff knees, aching limbs, lame back make life a burden. If you suffer from rheumatism, gout, lumbago, neuritis, get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment, the universal remedy for pain, easy to apply; it penetrates without rubbing and soothes the tender flesh. Cleaner and more effective than many ointments or poultices. For strains or sprains, sore muscles or swollen limbs, resulting from strenuous exercise, Sloan's Liniment gives quick relief. Keep it on hand for emergencies. At your Druggist. 25c.—Adv.

## Garrick Theatre.

"The Passing Show of 1916."

The latest word in musical comedy is the play of the Winter Garden shows, "The Passing Show of 1916," which comes to the Garrick Theatre, Detroit, next week, for a limited engagement, commencing Monday evening. More pretty girls, more beautiful and startling costumes, tuneful music, dancers, singers, and comedians, are crowded into this engaging entertainment that has never been presented by any previous attraction bearing the Winter Garden label and hailing from that historic home of mirth, melody, and girls. In the matter of feminine beauty, and what is the passing show without feminine beauty, there is a quantity and variety to suit the most difficult demands. The one big spectacular feature of the entertainment is the charge of the U. S. Cavalry on the Mexican Border.

**Take the Best Cut of Her Back.** Mrs. Anna Byrd, Tascumbia, Ala., writes: "I was down with my back so I could not stand any more than half the time. Foley Kidney Pills took all of the hurt out." Rheumatism, pains, swollen ankles, backache, stiff joints and sleep disturbing bladder ailments indicate disordered kidneys and bladder trouble. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## ST. JAMES' CHURCH NOTES.

Rev. F. F. Kraft, Rector.

Services for the 22nd Sunday after Trinity.

Holy communion at 7 a. m. Morning service at 10:30. Bible School and Bible Class at 12:00 noon.

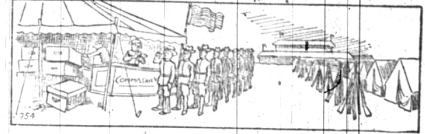
The ministers of the village will not preach in one another's church, this Sunday; the plan has been postponed, possibly until this time next month.

To make some noise of God's creation, a little fruitfaller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human bear a little wiser, my father, his sister Mary, and I, decided to do it. It is work for a God.—C. L. E.

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The pessimist is scorned. He is blamed for a surly and gloomy disposition and receives no sympathy for his morbid forebodings.

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Many a man gets the reputation for having a sour disposition, when the truth of the matter is that he has a sour stomach.

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