

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR.

[The following poem is one of Kipling's latest. It was written shortly after the Czar's disarmament proposal which is regarded by the poet as a bluff. "The bear that walks like a man" is meant to represent Russia.]

Yearly, with tent and rifle, our careless white men go
By the pass called Muttianee, to shoot in the vain below,
Yearly by Muttianee he follows our white men in—
Matun, the old blind beggar, bandaged from brow to chin.

Eyeless, noseless and lipless—toothless, of broken speech,
Seeking a dole at the doorway he mumbles his tale to each—
Over and over the story, ending as he began:
"Make ye no truce with Adam-zad—the bear that walks like a man!"

"There was flint in my musket—pricked and prime was the pan,
When I went hunting Adam-zad—the bear that walks like a man.
I looked my last on the timber, I looked my last on the snow
When I went hunting Adam-zad fifty summers ago!

"I knew his times and seasons as he knew mine that fed
By night in the ripened maize field, and robbed my house of bread—
I knew his strength and cunning as he knew mine that crept
At dawn to the crowded goat-pens, and plundered while I slept.

"Up from his stony play ground—down from his well digged lair—
Out on the naked ridges ran Adam-zad, the bear,
Groaning, hunting and roaring, heavy with stolen meat,
Two long marches to northward, and I was at his heels!

"Two full marches to northward, at the fall of the second night,
I came on mine enemy, Adam-zad, all weary from his flight.
There was a charge in the musket—pricked and primed was the pan—
My finger crooked on the trigger—when he reared up like a man.

"Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in prayer,
Making his supplication, rose Adam-zad the bear!
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch's swag and swing,
And my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous, pleading thing.

"Touched with pity and wonder I did not fire then * * *
I have looked no more on women—I have walked no more with men.
Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands that pray—
From brow to jaw the steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away!

"Sudden, silent and savage, searing as flame the blow
Faceless I fell below his feet fifty summers ago.
I heard him grunt and chuckle—I heard him pass to his den.
He left me blind to the darkling years and the little mercy of men.

"Now ye go down in the morning with guns of the newest style,
That load (have felt) in the middle and range (I have heard) a mile?
Luck to the white man's rifle, that shoots so fast and true,
But—pay and I lift my bandage and show what the bear can do!"

(Flesh like slag in the furnace, knobbed and withered and grey—
Matun the old blind beggar, he gives good worth for his pay.)
"Rouse him at noon in the bushes" follow and press him hard—
Not for his ragings and roarings flinch ye from Adam-zad.

"But (pay and I put back the bandage) this is the time to fear,
When he stands up like a tired man tottering near and near;
When he stands up as pleading, in monstrous man-brute guise,
When the veils the hate and cunning of the little swinish eyes.

"When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like hands in prayer,
That is the time of peril—the time of the Truce of the Bear!"
Eyeless, noseless and lipless, asking a dole at the door,
Matun, the old blind beggar, he tells it o'er and o'er;

Fumbling and feeling the rifles, warming his hands at the flame,
Hearing our careless white men talk of the morrow's game;
Over and over the story, ending as he began:
"There is no truce with Adam-zad, the bear that looks like a man!"

RUDYARD KIPLING.

"MAX"

[CONCEDED FROM LAST WEEK]

We were enjoying a quiet, cool bottle of Rolderer, when we were startled by hearing two pistol shots in the carriage drive near us, and we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of people wild with excitement. General Tourbeloff, chief of the Russian secret service in Paris, had been assassinated while returning from a meeting at the embassy. The assassin had escaped; in fact, no one appeared to have seen him, but the gendarmes had a woman in custody. I managed to get near enough to see her face, and I shall never forget it, it was so beautiful. She saw me at the same instant I saw her, and in a voice without a tremor, clear as a bell, shouted, with an air of bravado:—"La Liberté! La Liberté!" and then, turning directly to me, uttered once more those terrible words, "Max! Cart Horse!" and the next moment I was a prisoner.

Three gendarmes in uniform, and as many more in mufti, seized me from all sides, and in an instant I was helpless, being held as firmly as a fly in a spider's web. Remonstrance was useless. They could not understand English, and I knew but little French, but I understood enough to know that I was held an accomplice of the assassin. I further learned that the circumstantial evidence was dead against me. It was a clear case, and nothing but the guillotine or galleys could

expiate my crime. And, to make matters worse, as I was being hurried away to the office of the prefect of police, I saw my late companion, an innocent girl, struggling in the hands of the crowd.

I was, after several interviews and examinations, taken to a small room that looked like a ward in a private hospital or asylum. It was about twelve feet square, with very high ceiling, and was lighted by a skylight from the room. No chance of escaping anywhere. I seated myself on the cot with which the place was supplied, and was wondering what on earth would happen next, when the door was opened and I heard the welcome words "Good evening" in plain Anglo-Saxon. The visitor was a medium-sized man, with dark hair and moustache, and a quick, restless gray eye that gave him rather a sinister expression—so much so, in fact, that I was confident that I had met the man before, but could not tell where.

As he entered the apartment some one outside passed in a small stool, upon which he seated himself, and, after looking me squarely in the face for full a minute, asked: "When did you leave New York?" The question brought with it a ray of light and hope, for here, at least, was a man who knew something about me, and it might be the beginning of the end.

I replied in detail, giving all the information desired, while my interrogator appeared to be taking voluminous mental notes. Then he asked:—"Where's La Fontaine?"

Not knowing, I could not say, and the next question was:—"Where's Twenty-Six?"

I was again at a loss to afford my visitor any satisfaction, and told him so in the most earnest manner possible. He smiled broadly as he shook his head, and gently remarked: "Cart Horse, you're a dandy."

I had certainly heard that voice before, but could not recall where, so I asked in the most innocent manner possible, "Where have I seen you before?"

"Ha! ha! Capitally done," said the visitor, in evident glee; "you remind me of Fletcher in 'Don Caesar.' You're excellent, 'pon my soul, you are," and he laughed outright.

Was he crazy, or was I, or both? And as I stood pondering over the question, my friend jumped up, slapped me on the back, and, saying "Capital! Capital!" left the apartment and slammed the door.

Then I was alone again for awhile, about an hour probably, when the door opened again, and in came two officers in uniform and a gentleman in civilian's walking dress. The visitors bowed politely, and I returned the salute, and to my delight one of them asked in English, "We have come to see if we can do anything for you. With whom would you like to consult?"

I replied vehemently that I was remarkably anxious to consult with anybody who could tell me why I had been deprived of my liberty and who could point out the best method, the most expeditious plan of regaining it.

I was then told that there was a direct claim of evidence against me. I was an accomplice of the assassin of General Tourbeloff, known in London, Paris, New York and Berlin as "Number Fourteen" as, they say in French, "Quatorze."

Here was one mystery exploded at any rate. "Cart Horse" or "Quatorze" meant "fourteen," but what the devil did all the rest of it mean? For the life of me I could not make out. I then told my story. It was carefully and attentively listened to, and many notes taken. At the conclusion, after I had gone over dates and events for the preceding six months, many questions were asked me, and my replies greatly interested my visitors.

At length the gentleman in plain clothes rose, walked to the door of the room, and tapped four times loudly upon it. In a few moments the man who had first visited me appeared, and, bowing to those present, awaited instructions. One of the officers in uniform then asked him, "Are you sure you are right?" And he at once replied:—"Yes, I am confident."

"Where did you see him last?"
"In Regent's Park, London, at an open-air meeting, when Hoffman counseled the very act that has just been committed."

"Where did you see him before that time?"

"In New York, at Chris Kurtz's dive, on Pier 304."

"Who was with him?"

"Froggy La Fontaine," and then, turning to me, he said, "That's true, isn't it, Max. You remember seeing me playing cards in Kurtz's saloon in New York when you met Froggy? And then I recognized the man, and replied in a half-dazed, mechanical sort of way:—

"Why, yes."

"That is enough," said the evident leader of the party, and in an instant they were gone and I was once more alone.

I cannot describe what my thoughts were, but I know that I pictured in my mind's eye fabulous sums received by way of douceur, or damage money, and I believe that I even went so far as to arrange how the money should be spent. At any rate, I know that my imagination carried me far enough to realize that men and women are only over-

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grown children anyway.

I cannot tell how long I remained alone, but probably for half an hour and then I was aroused from my reverie by the tramp of many feet and a confused babel of voices in the corridor. The door opened quickly, and to my astonishment, there stood two gendarmes with a man between them, and by the power of some occult science or by some inexplicable manner, I knew at once that the prisoner was "Quatorze," and that he was my double. So he was.

For an instant there was perfect silence and we stood looking intently at each other. Then there arose murmurs of astonishment as those present (and by this time there must have been twenty or more) looked first at the prisoner at the door and then at myself. Then there was a stir among those in the corridor, and in another instant I heard a cheery voice say:—"Hello, Max, old boy, so you've turned anarchist, have you," and in the hearty laugh that accompanied it I recognized Carter Van Allen, an old college chum and attache to the American Embassy at Paris.

He had been near me when I was arrested and had at once instituted proceedings for my release. Even his influence and evidence might have been of little avail had not the police at the very identical time arrested in the Faubourg St. Germain Max Adler, the firebrand of the time being, the defender of Louise Michael, and "the fellow that looked like me."

It is not a very easy matter at this late day to chronicle such startling events in regular order or even to recall all the facts, but I know it was considered a most remarkable case, and there are many in Paris to-day who who firmly believe that I had a hand in that dastardly murder. Certainly appearances were against me. The detective had seen me in a noted anarchist resort in New York in company with a member of the Red League named La Fontaine. Several times in London I had been seen in similar company, and in Paris I was on hand when the murder was committed. That was all perfectly true, though of course it was accidental. To make matters worse, the members of the secret service had received a description of Adler that fitted me exactly even to the mention of the fact that my beard "closely resembled that of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico."

Now you know why I shave.—New York Times.

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To Alonzo Cronkhite of the parish of Wicklow, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Mary J., his wife, and all others whom it may in anywise concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the fifteenth day of June in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Two, and recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book Z, Number 2, on pages 132, 133 and 134, and made between the said Alonzo Cronkhite and Mary J., his wife, of the one part; and George Leonard Cronkhite, of the same place, of the other part; there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Hartley & Carvell in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, on Monday, the twenty-third day of January next, at the hour of eleven of the clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:—

"All that farm of land situate and being in the above said Parish of Wicklow, and bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the North Easterly angle of Lot Number Sixteen in the fifth tier, granted to Samuel H. Cronkhite; thence running by the magnet of the year 1832 West, sixty-seven chains along the Northern line of said grant to the Northwesterly angle thereof; thence North fifteen chains; thence East sixty-seven chains, and thence South fifteen chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less, distinguished as the Southern two-thirds of lot number fifteen in the fifth tier; and being the same land granted by the Crown to the aforesaid George Leonard Cronkhite, Esq., by grant dated the 3rd day of April A. D. 1829, and registered in Fredericton the fourth day of said month under number 9338, and by the said Geo. L. Cronkhite and wife, conveyed to the first said Alonzo Cronkhite at the date of these presents.

Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining. Dated this twelfth day of October A. D. 1898. HARTLEY & CARVELL, G. L. CRONKHITE, Solicitors for Mortgagee. Mortgagee.

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