BEAR STORIES

RETOLD FROM ST. NICHOLAS

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GRIZZLY BEAR

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RETOLD FROM ST. NICHOLAS

EDITED BY

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GRIZZLY

Savage,—whose relentless tusks
Are content with acorn husks;
Robber,—whose exploits ne'er soared
O'er the bee's or squirrel's hoard;
Whiskered chin and feeble nose,
Claws of steel on baby toes,—
Here, in solitude and shade,
Shambling, shuffling plantigrade,
Be thy courses undismayed!

Here, where nature makes thy bed,
Let thy rude, half-human tread
  Point to hidden Indian springs,
Lost in ferns and fragrant grasses,
  Hovered o'er by timid wings,
Where the wood-duck lightly passes,
Where the wild bee holds her sweets,—
Epicurean retreats,
Fit for thee, and better than
Fearful spoils of dangerous man.

BRET HARTE.

TIME-TABLE

STORIES THAT MAY BE READ ALOUD IN LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES

A Little Baby Bear
The Little Bear's Story
Uncle Sam's Bear
Bruin's Boxing Match
The Kitten and the Bear
The Coyote and the Bear

FIVE TO TEN MINUTES

The Curious End of the General's Ride
" Grizzly Phil "
The Kind-hearted Bear
" Polaris " and " Cassiopeia "
A Polar Bear for a Jailer
An Encounter with a Polar Bear

FIFTEEN MINUTES

Baby Sylvester

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

H. Bradford, Reginald Birch, J. M. Gleeson, J. C. Beard, L. Palmer, Meredith Nugent, E. H. Bell, George Varian, F. S. Church, V. Nehlig, H. M. Walcott, E. W. Kemble, Albertine Randall Wheelan, and others.

PREFACE

DID you ever know a boy who was not ready to listen to a bear story? That is because a bear is one of the most interesting animals in the world.

When a bear is wild he is as wild as wild can be. Some of the larger bears are very fierce and strong. An adventure with a real live grizzly is likely to be about the most exciting and dangerous experience one can have.

Bears can be tamed, especially when they are cubs; and a little bear is so affectionate and droll that we cannot help loving him.

Bears learn all sorts of funny tricks, which they enjoy showing off very much as a small boy does, and they expect to be praised and laughed at as a small boy does, too. They are so fond of sweet things that they will do anything for a piece of candy.

But, no matter how tame a bear may become, he is

hardly a good household pet for every-day enjoyment. A half-grown bear is as full of fun and mischief as a kitten, and he does not seem to know that a pat from one of his big paws may mean a broken arm for us. A warm, loving hug—well, a hug from a full-grown bear may mean that we spend the next few months in the hospital!

Perhaps bears would enjoy living in our homes as much as dogs do, and would adapt themselves to our ways and return our kindness with a dog's devotion; for they seem to like man after they become acquainted with him. But the few people who have tried keeping a tame bear about the house have generally decided that the zoölogical garden is the best and safest place for him, after all.

The stories in this book tell you about wild bears, tame bears, little bears and big bears, brown bears, grizzly bears, and polar bears. When you have read them all, though you will probably be glad that you do not have to meet a bear on your way to school, you will understand bears better and be more interested in those you may see in the zoölogical garden.

BEAR STORIES

NOTTINGHAM FAIR

BY ANNA ROBESON BROWN

OW listen, maids and gentles all,
While I a tale will tell.
One spring, at stately Nottingham,
A merry fair befell.

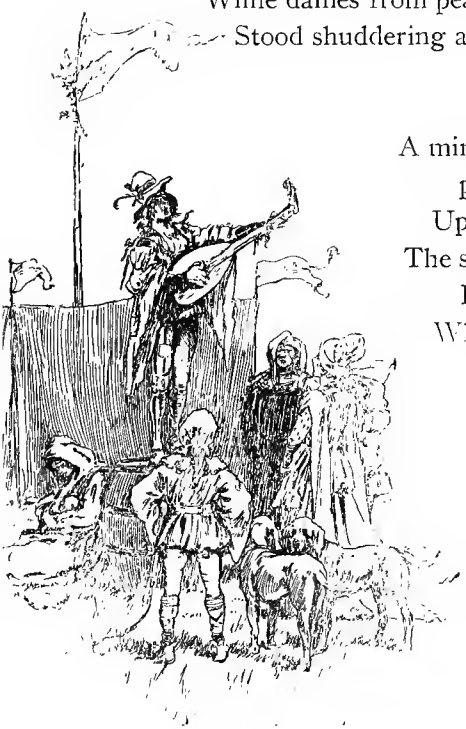
The booths upon the village green
Were wreathed and dressed with may,
And there the country folk were seen,
All in their best array.

The Pig-faced Lady here set forth
Gave timid folk a scare.
Here stood the Giant of the North—
Now, little boys, beware!

Here tumblers tumbled on the green;
Here wizards wise you see,
With charms to sell—" Eternal Youth "—
For only one penny!

The wrestling-place was thronged about—
The archers matched so well
That all declared no braver bout
Was shot by Adam Bell.

Stout yeomen from the fair greenwood
Were there, and jolly boys;
While dames from peaceful Coventry
Stood shuddering at the noise.



A minstrel, on a hogshead perched,
Upon his gittern played
The song of brave King Richard—he
Who Saladin dismayed.

Or, as the silver tinkling fell,
And smiled each kindly face,
Sang to his lute, "The Heir of Lynne,"
Or, maybe, "Chevy Chase."

Foremost among the wondering folk
A little maid there stood,
Whose kirtle, all of Lincoln green,
Sweet savored of the wood.

And in her hand, yea, verily,
She bore a good yew bow,
With ten long arrows such as fly
To pierce the panting doe.

The sun swung high, the hour was noon,
On all sides smiles were seen;
The dancers to the gittern's tune
Went jigging down the green:

When in a wink there was a shout
Of fear that checked the laugh,
And in a trice the crowds about
Fled scattering like chaff.

Down the long green, with hideous roar,
Shambled a big brown bear
That, held but now by stake and chain,
Had danced for all the fair!

But here, between his foaming jaws
His teeth gleamed sharp and white;
His little eyes showed sulky-red;
And not a man, from fright,

"DAUNTLESSLY THE FOREST-CHILD SENT SHAFT ON SHAFT"

Would stay to face that ravening brute;
All shrieked and wept and fled—
The giant, and the pig-faced dame
(Who left behind her head!)

The minstrel flung his gittern down;
The drinkers left their kegs;
And e'en the wizard tried no charm,
But only tried his legs!

One little figure stood unmoved;
She strung her bow of yew,
Notched a long arrow to the string—
The arrow twanged and flew

Straight for the gray throat of the beast!
The yell Sir Bruin made
Split earth and heaven, and all around
Hid eyes and were afraid.

But dauntlessly the forest-child
Sent shaft on shaft ahead
Until, all spent and struggling sore,
The smitten bear lay dead.

Up came the frighted archers then,
Their hearts and bows unstrung!
Up came the wrestlers, ashen-faced;
Dames old and maidens young.

The players, tumblers, wizard, all
Came, looked, nor spoke for shame.
Then spake the portly sheriff: "Maid,
Pray let us know thy name!

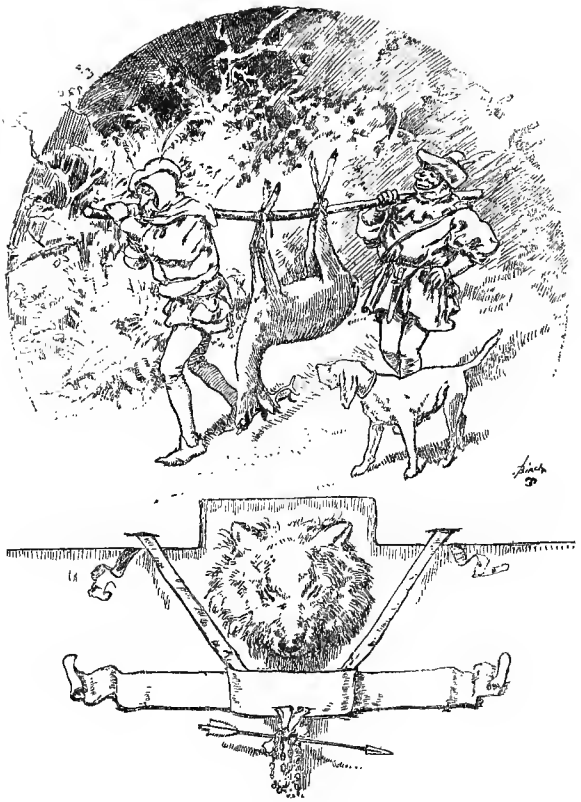
"Our lives were in thy hand to-day,
And thou art parlous young!"
"My father is that Robin Hood
Your ballads long have sung.

"You know him well: his master shaft
Full oft has won your prize.
It is to him I owe that skill
Which makes you ope your eyes!"

Then cried the sheriff: "None to-day,
Where'er the contest lie,
Has shown—and to my shame I say!—
Such skill in archery.

"This golden arrow, maid, is thine,
As it was his before;
To this I add my jeweled chain
As largess, furthermore.

"Take greeting to your father good;
For, sheriff though I am,
I send a buck, to heal our feud,
To Robin Hood of sweet Sherwood,
From men of Nottingham!"



"I SEND A BUCK TO ROBIN HOOD"

THE BEARS OF NORTH AMERICA

BY W. T. HORNADAY

THE POLAR OR WHITE BEAR

AT the head of our list of American bears comes the POLAR *or* WHITE BEAR, whose Latin name (*Thalass-arc'tos mar-i-ti'mus*) means literally the bear of the icy sea. He is big and burly, always hungry, and, thank goodness! always of the same color. No fickle turncoat is he, like all other American bears, but wherever you find him he is always white and unmistakable. The strangest thing about him is that he is as sublimely indifferent to the coldness of ice-water as is the hull of a ship. The Grizzly Bear is fond of water,—when its temperature is right,—but he would about as soon think of entering a lake of fire as an ice-filled stream in midwinter.

The chosen home and hunting-ground of the Polar Bear is the edge of the icy sea, where the frost king and old ocean continually struggle for the mastery. He seldom wanders more than twenty-five miles inland. In winter, as the edge of the frozen sea moves farther and farther south, he follows its advance. In summer, as

the ice-pack melts and breaks away, he follows it northward again for the sake of the seals that go with it. He thinks no more of plunging in and swimming two or three hours amid the floating ice, with the temperature of the air at forty degrees below zero, than we would of going to the post-office the day before Christmas.

The favorite food of the Polar Bear is the flesh of seals, sea-lions, walruses, fish, and dead whales. Of all seal-hunters, he is the most successful. Instead of being obliged to stalk his game on the ice, in plain sight, he can hunt like a crocodile. He takes to the water, swims slowly up, with only his nostrils and eyes at the surface, and before the seal, watching landward, is aware of his danger, his clumsy body is fairly within the hungry jaws of the " tiger of the ice," as Dr. Kane called him.

But, strange as it may appear, the Polar Bear does not live by flesh alone. In their Alaskan travels, Mr. Henry W. Elliott and Lieutenant Maynard once chanced to visit St. Matthew Island, a lonely bit of land in Bering Sea, about half-way between the strait and the Aleutian Archipelago. There they found between 250 and 300 Polar Bears, basking in the warm lap of summer, shedding their winter coats, lazily eating and sleeping, and growing fat on the roots of the small flowering plants and mosses that abounded. As the explorers' boat approached the shore, a score of bears were in sight at one

time. The bears literally possessed the island, " grazing and rooting about like hogs in a common." In spite of their numbers they could not be induced to fight, but always ran when approached, either in " a swift, shambling gallop, or trotting off like elephants." They were fond of sleeping in the sun on sheltered hillsides " soundly, but fitfully," says Mr. Elliott, " rolling their heavy arms and legs about as they dozed." After shooting half a dozen specimens in the tamest manner, the two explorers decided to kill no more; for, by reason of shedding, their furry coats were worthless. One that was shot by Lieutenant Maynard measured exactly eight feet in length of head and body together, and its weight was estimated at between 1000 and 1200 pounds.

In former times, before the advent of the rifle, the Polar Bear was bold, aggressive, and dangerous to man. Many a poorly armed Eskimo has gone down forever under his huge paws. But modern firearms have changed all that. Now this once dreaded creature runs from man as far as he can see him, like a timid deer, and unless the hunter can bring him to bay with dogs, or get him in the water at a disadvantage, there is no such thing as getting a shot at him.

The home of the Polar Bear on this continent is not very difficult to define. On the Pacific side it begins at St. Matthew Island, and the mouth of the Yukon River,

THE POLAR BEARS' HOME

let us say 60° north latitude, and thence follows the coast-lines and the ice-pack northward through Bering Strait, eastward wherever land meets the waters of the Arctic Ocean and its many connections. It extends through all the straits, channels, and bays of the great frozen archipelago, into Hudson's Bay as far down as 60°, and down Labrador, I know not how far at present. Thence they range northward along both sides of Baffin Bay and Davis Strait, to General Greely's storm-beaten camps on Cape Sabine and Lady Franklin Bay. And still on northeastward they go, along the north Greenland coast to where Lieutenant Lockwood saw their tracks at 83° 3′, almost at his very farthest north.

THE BLACK BEAR

THE BLACK BEAR (*Ur'sus A-mer-i-can'us*) is the most persistent of all our large mammals in his refusal to be exterminated. Because of the facts that his senses are keen, his temper suspicious and shy, and his appetite not at all capricious, he hangs on in the heavily wooded mountains, swamps, and densely timbered regions of North America, generally long after other kinds of big game have all been killed or driven away.

As his name implies, he is jet-black all over, except his nose, and when his fur is in good condition it is glossy

and beautiful. His muzzle, from his eyes down to the edge of his upper lip, is either dull yellow or dingy white, and sometimes, particularly in Alaska, he has a white spot on his breast. According to locality and climate, the hair of the Black Bear may be short and close, as in the South, or long and inclined to shagginess, though not so much so as the grizzly's. Very often his coat will be abundantly thick and of good length, but so even on the outside and so compact that he looks as if he had been gone over by the scissors and comb of a skilful barber. So far as I have seen, neither the grizzly nor cinnamon ever has that appearance. In the North, where his furry coat is finest, it is now eagerly sought by the furriers, and the standard price for a large skin of good quality is twenty-five dollars.

THE BLACK BEAR

In size the Black Bear ranks third (among American species) after the polar bear, the grim old grizzly occupying second place. The cubs are usually two in number, and at first are blind, helpless, and almost shapeless. Although the cubs are at first so ridiculously small and

helpless, they grow rapidly after the first month, get their eyes open in about forty days, and within a year are quite sturdy brutes. A Black Bear weighing 400 pounds may fairly be considered a large one, but they often grow far beyond that weight.

It is easier to tell what a Black Bear does n't eat than to give his bill of fare. His principle seems to be everything is food that can be chewed! He is carnivorous, herbivorous, frugivorous, insectivorous, and omnivorous. If any new " ivorous " is ever invented hereafter, beyond a doubt he will be that also. To him, nothing is either too big or too little, too high or too humble, to be eaten. For instance, he loves beef, pork, mutton, and poultry of all kinds, and sometimes makes havoc in an unprotected barnyard that happens to be within striking distance of his home ranch. He loves dead fish that are cast upon the shore, and live fish whenever he can catch them.

In the month of May, the Black Bears along the east coast of Florida swim the Indian River, which is nearly everywhere three miles or more in width, and become industrious " beach-combers " during June, July, and August, while the green turtles and loggerhead turtles are crawling up out of the ocean and laying their eggs in the warm sand along the beach. Mrs. Latham, of Oak Lodge, once knew a Black Bear to devour two hundred

turtle eggs at one sitting, from a nest that had been counted and marked the evening before.

The Black Bear loves frogs also. He tears to pieces every old decayed stump, log, or ant-hill that he can find, and devours the ants, ants' eggs, and grubs within with all the relish of a professional ant-eater. He loves every berry that grows, whether on bush, tree, or vine, and likewise the sweet potatoes and apples raised by the farmer. In his own forest he finds plenty of edible roots that make excellent bear meat, for which he roots like a hog.

But a bee-tree, oh, a bee-tree—with honey in it! That is the candy and ice-cream of Bruin's whole life. He will climb any height, and take the thousand stings on his bare nose for the sake of a good feed of honey fresh from the tree. He is not particular about the quality of it, or the shape of the comb, but reaches his black arm into the cavity, rakes out the sweets with his living rake, and devours them greedily, comb, honey, young bees, larvæ, and all. And woe to the queen herself if she ever gets within range of his sweet tooth. Everything goes!

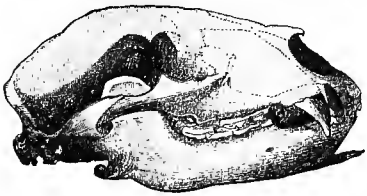
He is the only fellow living who will deliberately rifle a wasp's nest for what there is in it. He may be stung on his nose and lips until he howls with pain, but he considers honey a good salve for stings, and keeps right on.

BLACK BEAR, MOTHER AND CUBS NEAR THEIR DEN

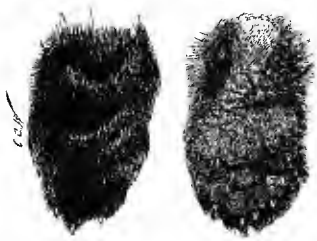
One of the most curious things about the Black Bear (and the grizzly and cinnamon also) is the way he goes into snug winter quarters when winter has fairly set in, and lies dormant in his den without either eating or drinking until the next spring. This is called hibernation; and during this period the ordinary processes of digestion seem to be entirely suspended. In our semi-tropics bears do not hibernate, but Nature undoubtedly planted this instinct in the brain of the bear of the North to enable him to survive the severe winter period when the snows lie deep, and all food is so scarce that otherwise he would be in danger of starvation. This period of hibernation is from about the middle of December to the middle of March. It has been stated that if bears have plenty of food they will not hibernate, even in the North, but this is a mistake. I know of at least two instances wherein bears in captivity have "holed up" in December and remained dormant until March, in spite of all temptations of offered food. The natural instinct was so strong that it refused to be overcome by appetite alone.

There is another very curious thing about the hibernation of the Black Bear. His den is usually a hole dug under the roots of either a standing tree or an uprooted tree; but it may be in a hollow tree, a hollow log, or, more frequently, a miniature cave in a rocky hillside. Some-

times he makes a bed of leaves and moss for himself, but often he does not. In "holing up" under the roots of a tree he is frequently completely snowed in, and under such a condition the warmth of his breath keeps the snow melted immediately around him. This moisture freezes on the inside of his den, and presently he is incased in a dome of snow, lined with ice, the hard lining of which ever grows thicker from the frozen moisture of his breath. As a result, he often wakes early in March to find himself a prisoner in a hollow dome of snow and ice, from which he cannot escape for days, and where he is often found self-trapped, and shot without the privilege of even striking a blow at his assailants.



TOP AND SOLE OF FORE PAW



TOP AND SOLE OF HIND PAW

BLACK BEAR'S SKULL AND PAWS

The Black Bear has courage, but it never comes to the surface until he is cornered by dogs and hunters, and

knows he must fight or die. It is very difficult to kill a Black Bear by unaided tracking and still-hunting, for he is so wide awake and wary he is hard to overtake. The bear-hunter usually pursues him with the aid of a pack of full-blood curs, small in size, but artful dodgers, who run down the bear and snap at his heels until he is obliged to stand at bay and fight them. A wise bear-dog never attempts to seize a bear, for his game is to harry Bruin and give tongue until his master comes up with his gun. Bear-hunting in this manner is even yet the greatest sport to be found in the mountains of West Virginia.

About twelve months ago, Mrs. Latham was returning from the beach alone, and armed only with an umbrella. When just a quarter of a mile from this very porch, she heard the rustling of some animal coming toward her through the saw-palmettos. Thinking it must be a racoon, she quickly picked up a chunk of palmetto wood, and held it ready to whack Mr. Coon over the head the instant he emerged. All at once, with a mighty rustling, out stepped a big Black Bear within six feet of her! The surprise was mutual and profound. Naturally Mrs. Latham was scared, but not out of her wits, and she decided that to run would be to invite pursuit and possibly attack. She stood her ground and said nothing, and the bear rose on his hind legs to get a better look at her, making two or three feints in her direction with his paws.

Feeling that she must do *something,* Mrs. Latham pointed her umbrella at the bear, and quickly opened and

BLACK BEARS SACKING A CAMP

closed it two or three times. "Woof!" said the bear. Turning about, he plunged into the palmettos and went

crashing away, while the lady ran homeward as fast as she could go. So much for the "savage and aggressive" disposition of the Black Bear.

Bears are much inclined to mischief. Many a lumberman in the backwoods has returned to his cabin to find it completely sacked, and everything eatable eaten or destroyed by bears. It is said that no animal makes so complete a wreck of a camp as a bear, except a wolverine; but having once had even my hut itself torn down and trodden upon by wild elephants, I will back *Elephas Indicus* against both the other fellows taken together as camp-smashers.

THE GRIZZLY BEAR

PERSONALLY, I have more respect for His Majesty, the GRIZZLY BEAR (*Ur-sus hor-rib'il-is*), than for any other animal I ever trailed, the tiger not excepted. It is quite true that many an able-bodied Grizzly is caught napping and killed "dead easy," as the base-ball language says, but so are big tigers also, for that matter. In fact, I knew of one large tiger, weighing within five pounds of five hundred, who was promptly laid low by two bullets from a mere pop-gun of a rifle, and there was no fuss about it, either.

It is easy enough to kill a Grizzly at a good safe dis-

tance of a hundred yards or so, which allows the hunter to fire from three to six shots by the time the teeth and claws get dangerously near. But to attack a fully grown and wide-awake *Ursus horribilis* in brushy ground at twenty or thirty yards' distance is no child's play. As an old hunter once quaintly expressed it to me, " A Grizzly B'ar 'll git up an' come at ye with blood in his eye after he 's nominally dead! " The point of it is, this bear is so big, and so enveloped in long, shaggy hair, his head is so wedge-like, his strength and tenacity of life so great, and his rage when wounded so furious, that at that short range he is hard to kill quickly, and kill so dead that he cannot get a blow at the hunter.

The strength in a Grizzly's arm is tremendous, and when the blow comes accompanied with claws five or six inches long, like so many hooks of steel on a sledge-hammer, it tears to shreds what it fails to crush. There are many authentic instances on record of hunters and trappers who have been killed by Grizzly Bears, and I believe it could be proved that this animal has killed more men than all the other wild animals of North America combined.

In the days of the early pioneers, the only rifles used were the muzzle-loading, hair-trigger squirrel-rifles of small caliber, and they were no match for the burly Grizzly, either in speed or strength. As a result, Bruin

A FAMILY OF GRIZZLY BEARS

had the best of it, and in time brought about a perfect reign of terror among the frontiersmen who trespassed upon his domain. But with the rise of the breech-loader the tables turned; and, like all other dangerous animals, the Grizzly soon found that the odds were against him. To be sure, he still kills his hunter now and then, sometimes by one awful stroke of his paw, and sometimes by biting his victim to death. But he has almost ceased to attack men wilfully and without cause, as he once did. Unless he is wounded or cornered, or *thinks* he is cornered and about to be attacked, he will generally run whenever he discovers a man.

While it is quite unnecessary to offer a description in detail of this well-known species, something must be said regarding his colors. His coat changes so easily it would seem as if he really cannot make up his own mind what it shall be at last. I have examined scores of skins from many places with a view to finding out what his geographical home has to do with it; but no sooner do I think I have found the limits of a special color, than a specimen turns up which completely upsets all my theories. It really does seem, however, that usually the coat of the Californian Grizzly is brown, and those of Rocky Mountain specimens are usually gray or dirty white. Hence the name " Silver-tip " is in use for this variety.

There has always been much talk and dispute among

unscientific observers regarding the color differences between Grizzly Bears of different regions. Any old hunter or trapper will assert with his last breath that there are at least two well-marked varieties, and some will even say four. Naturalists recognize only one species, but cheerfully admit the color differences from the type. On this point the opinions of an old hunter, who was in his day a renowned Grizzly Bear specialist, are of decided value to us. James Capen Adams, known to the world as "Grizzly Adams," after spending many years in many places in the society of Grizzly Bears, asserts that the Grizzly of the Rocky Mountains is almost white in color, that among hunters he is distinguished as the Rocky Mountain White Bear, that he seldom, if ever, reaches one thousand pounds in weight, and is more ferocious and aggressive than the same species in other regions. The Californian Grizzly weighs as much as two thousand pounds, and he is of a brown color, sprinkled with grayish hairs. When aroused he is the most terrible of all animals to meet; and feats of extraordinary strength are recorded of him. Ordinarily he will not attack man. The Grizzly of Oregon and Washington rarely grows to the great size of the Californian animal, but it has a browner coat. In New Mexico the Grizzly loses much of his strength and power, and becomes, for him, a rather timid and spiritless animal.

In former times, the Grizzly Bear inhabited nearly every range of mountains in the West and Northwest, and was the reigning monarch throughout a vast region well stocked with big game. He was bold, aggressive, and in places uncomfortably numerous. He not only possessed the mountains, but in many places, notably in Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado, he often left the shelter of the foot-hills and boldly sallied forth upon the open prairie to dig roots or pick berries for his dinner.

General Marcy had several very novel and also very exciting experiences in chasing Grizzlies on horseback in Wyoming. Once he pursued a bear, and, by skilful strategy, actually drove it to his advancing column of soldiers, one of whom rode out and shot it. On another occasion he chased a lean Grizzly for several miles, and it was all he could do to keep up with it on a swift horse. The general declared that a man could not have run half as fast as did that bear.

Although the Grizzly has been entirely exterminated in many localities, and his numbers greatly reduced everywhere else, he still holds forth in the wilder mountain regions of Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado, California, Oregon, and Nevada. Beyond the United States he is found in increasing numbers northward throughout the British possessions, and all over Alaska up to about 69° north latitude. In Alaska the Grizzly

attains great size, and some measurements of skins have been recorded that are beyond belief. Mr. L. M. Turner, Smithsonian collector, mentions a skin taken near the mouth of the Yukon as being the largest skin of a wild beast that he ever saw.

In size the Grizzly Bear is second only to the polar bear. When three days old his total length is about 9½ inches, his weight 1 pound 2 ounces, and his body, says Mr. Charles Dury, is of a dusky flesh tint, thickly covered with short, stiff hair of a dirty white color, with a broad line of ash-colored hair along the back. The nose, ears, and soles of the feet are of a bright pink color, and the eyes are tightly closed. The cubs are usually two in number, but often three, and are born in January. At six months old the cub is every inch a Grizzly Bear, and makes a most frolicsome, interesting, and usually good-natured pet. We had one in our Smithsonian "Zoo" to which I was sincerely attached. A cinnamon cub of the same age, and on which I had lavished no end of kind attentions, was always nervous, suspicious, and eager to snap any one who came within reach. But the Silver-tip was different. He was playful, fond of attention, and docile; and long after he was big enough to have killed a man with one blow of his paw, Keeper Weeden used to creep into his cage to fix his bath-tub without receiving the slightest intimation of displeasure.

Children of an older generation will surely remember "Grizzly Adams" and his big shaggy pets from the

ADAMS AND BEN FRANKLIN

Sierra Nevadas, "Lady Washington" and "Ben Franklin." As a side-light on the temper and intelligence of the Grizzly Bear, the following from the pen of the old hunter is interesting:

Lady Washington was now a constant companion of all my little excursions. She accompanied me to the scenes of my labors [building log traps to catch more Grizzlies], stayed by me while I worked, and followed me when I hunted. The kind and gentle disposition she had begun to exhibit in Washington Territory improved with time and care, and she was now as faithful and devoted, I was going to say, as it was possible for any animal to be; but, in making this assertion, my noble Californian Grizzly, Ben Franklin, that most excellent of all beasts, must be excepted. But for Ben, the history of whose magnanimous traits will adorn the following pages, the lady could truly be pronounced second to none of all the creatures over which the Creator appointed man to be lord and master.

Lady Washington was so docile and good-natured that she submitted, "with willingness, and even docility," to being used as a pack animal, in carrying dead game, blankets, or other camp equipage up to a weight of two hundred pounds. She was also taught to work in harness and pull, through the snow, a sled loaded with deer meat. More than once Adams was so pinched by cold he was glad to sleep against the Grizzly's warm body.

The weight of the Grizzly Bear is chiefly a matter of estimate and guesswork. Platform-scales are not plentiful in the mountains where Grizzlies grow big, and nearly all the weight-figures thus far recorded are so suspiciously "round" as to suggest more calculation

than cold steel-yards. Still, I have very great respect for the estimates of men accustomed to mountaineering, for they are taught by hard experience how much weight there is in every hundred pounds. President Roosevelt estimated the weight of his largest Grizzly, killed in

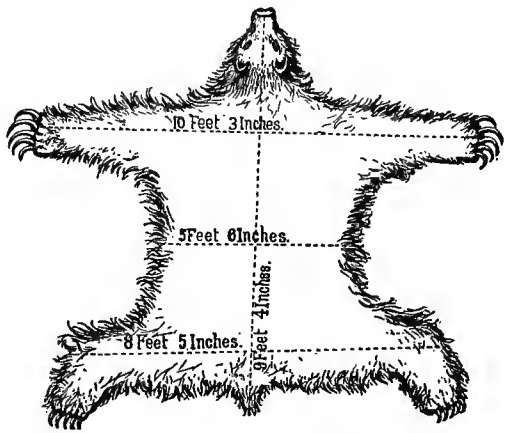


DIAGRAM SHOWING DIMENSIONS OF THE SKIN OF A CALIFORNIA GRIZZLY

the Big Horn Mountains, Wyoming, at about 1200 pounds, and declares "he was a good deal heavier than any of our horses," and "fat as a prize hog." Colonel Picket, of Meeteetse, Wyoming, has killed many Grizzlies, and Mr. Archibald Rogers states, in "Scribner's Magazine," that his largest bear weighed 800 pounds. A good-sized Grizzly killed in the Yellowstone Park in 1890 weighed 600 pounds, but Mr. Rogers expresses the

opinion that the average weight of most specimens that one will get in the Rocky Mountains will be under 500 pounds. But this I believe is due to the fact that in these days of much hunting a Grizzly is not allowed to live long enough to get enormously large, as formerly he might do.

I once saw in the possession of Mr. F. S. Webster the skin of a Californian Grizzly that was a wonder to behold. I made an outline of it, measured it, and put the dimensions upon it, as shown in the diagram.

The habits of the Grizzly are very similar to those of the black bear, already described, but, being more powerful, he is more destructive to game and cattle than the latter species. In the cattle-growing States bordering the Rocky Mountains, so many cattle are killed by Grizzlies that the States pay a bounty of from twelve to fifteen dollars on every Grizzly Bear destroyed. The Grizzly eats carrion whenever opportunity offers it, and often robs the elk-hunter of his hard-earned quarry. He is fond of berries of all kinds, nuts, fruit, grubs, and juicy roots of many kinds. In some respects he feeds like a hog, rooting and digging up the ground, tearing open rotten logs and stumps, and overturning stones.

In Mendocino County the first things the bears eat in the spring, after they leave their dens, are wild clover and wild-pea vines. At that time the soles of their feet are

A GRIZZLY IN A STORM

soft and tender, and their claws are long and sharp from disuse.

Many a hunter owes his life to the fact that the Grizzly Bear cannot climb trees.

THE BARREN-GROUND BEAR

THE BARREN-GROUND BEAR (*Ur'sus Rich-ard-son'i*) is the least known of all our American bears, and its proper description and life history cannot be written by me. All that we know about it is that in the far Northwest, in the bleak and inhospitable Barren Grounds of Alaska and the Northwest Territory, as far north as 69°, there lives a bear which in form and size very closely resembles the silver-tip grizzly, but is so very light-colored that the name "Yellow Bear" would be suitable to it. Says Mr. E. W. Nelson, the Alaskan explorer:

> The half-dozen skins which came under my notice were all very heavily furred, and of a dingy yellowish, in some cases approaching a whitish. The fur was dense and matted in all, and very much heavier than on the other bears taken at the same time and place. The skins were not large, appearing to average about the size of a well-grown black bear.

They all came from the upper Yukon River, above the mouth of the Tanana River. Whether the Barren-

Ground Bear is really a different species from the grizzly of the Rocky Mountains remains to be seen; but I doubt it very much indeed.

THE CINNAMON BEAR

LAST of all we come to the CINNAMON BEAR (*Ur'sus A-mer-i-can'us cin-na-mo'mum*), also called in Alaska the RED BEAR. This animal enjoys the distinction of being the only creature in North America about which nothing can be said as to his place in nature without fear of contradiction. The great Audubon, and his co-laborer, Bachman, classified it as a subspecies of the black bear, but Professor Baird declined to accord it even that small honor. Our later authorities on quadrupeds mostly follow Professor Baird in refusing to accept it as a distinct subspecies, and this affords a good illustration of the queer ways of the really scientific workers. A Cinnamon Bear that can be distinguished nearly a quarter of a mile distant by his color is not considered a distinct form, because his skull happens to be like that of the black bear; but scores of other mammals, whose sole difference is found in the shape of one jaw-tooth, or one small bone, are ranked as distinct species, although no man living can detect any external differences, even with a microscope.

THE CINNAMON BEAR

To me, therefore, the Cinnamon Bear is now and always will be a distinct and clearly defined subspecies, standing as a mysterious connecting-link and a sort of living conundrum between the black bear and the grizzly. His home is where *both* the other species are found, and he is not found elsewhere, nor with either species *alone*. In the United States he most nearly resembles the black bear, and in several instances a black and a Cinnamon have been found in the same family of cubs! In Alaska the Cinnamon comes nearest to the grizzly, both in size and color variations. The texture and quantity of his hair is always more like the coat of the grizzly, but his skull is always more like that of the black bear. His color is chestnut- or cinnamon-brown, but sometimes dirty yellow. His temper is worse than either of the other species, being more irritable, vicious, and revengeful.

Both the grizzly and Cinnamon bears hibernate in winter, and sometimes do so even in captivity. I once made the acquaintance of a Cinnamon Bear owned by Mr. O. V. Davis, of Mandan, Dakota, which "holed up" every fall, in a hole he dug for himself in a lot near the depot. In 1888 he went into his hole on December 5, and remained, absolutely without food or drink, until March 17, when he came out in good order. Unlike most Cinnamon Bears, he was wonderfully good-natured and playful, and was scarcely ever known to get angry.

HARD TO BEAR

BY TUDOR JENKS

"I'M very drowsy," said the Bear;
"I think it 's anything but fair
That just about the Christmas season,
Without a sign of rhyme or reason,
I get so tired I have to creep
Into a cave and fall asleep.

"I take a nap, and—to my surprise—
I find, when I wake and rub my eyes,
That winter 's gone, and I 've slept away
Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's day.

"I believe that I 'm not given to croaking,
But you 'll admit that it 's provoking!"

A LITTLE BABY BEAR

(*A True Story*)

BY LOUISE H. WALL

IF I gave you ten guesses, you would use them all, and still not be able to tell me what queer visitor I had the other day. Do you give it up? Well, it was a tiny baby bear. A hunter had caught him in the woods and brought him to town in his arms. As soon as I heard of him, I invited the baby to spend part of a day with me, and we had great fun playing together.

Long ago I used to have a picture of Santa Claus, a fat little man, all dressed up in a fur suit, and when I saw the baby bear I could almost believe that my picture had come to life. He had the same short woolly legs and fat roly-poly body; and there, too, was the droll, grave face looking as if he were just trying to keep from laughing. He came right into the house as if he had known me all the three weeks of his life, and walked about under the chairs and tables, for he was no larger than a big cat. His little, pointed black nose went into everything that he saw; but as soon as he had got a good smell he

trotted away and put his nose into something else. He seemed to be hunting for some smell that he had known in the woods, where he was born and had lived so cozily, snuggled up in his mother's nice black fur. When he got through with the legs of things, he went higher. Right up to the tip-top of a great arm-chair he climbed, and hung himself across the back as if he were hanging himself out to dry. There he rested a little while; then, drawing himself into a ball, off he rolled on to the floor with such a thump that I thought he must have hurt himself. But he thought not, for without even waiting to rub his knees, he ran across the floor to stand up on his hind feet in front of my bookcase. He reached out one of his soft paws and patted the backs of the books, as if to say: "I like you very much, but I have not time to read you just now."

I am sure you would have thought him very cunning if you had seen him tipping about on his hind feet with a tiny yellow orange in his arms. He hugged it tight against his breast and set a row of wee baby teeth in the skin. But I did not catch a glimpse of his tongue until I gave him the hand mirror. The moment he saw the baby bear in the glass, a pink tongue, like a curled rose-leaf, came out and made loving little smudges all over the bright glass.

Again and again he lifted up the glass and peeped

"SOON THERE WAS NO MILK LEFT"

underneath to find the baby bear behind it. I suppose he wanted a good hug beside the kisses; and I don't wonder, for he was soft and nice to squeeze.

When his dinner-time came I gave him his milk in a bottle with a rubber top. When he saw it he reached out and whimpered for it, just as a hungry baby does. He stood up and took the bottle between his front paws and tipping it up sucked away so fast that soon there was no milk left.

Then when he saw that it was all gone he lifted up his little black coat-sleeve and wiped off his milky mouth.

On his way back to his home the children got about him on the street and laughed and jumped around him, clapping their hands; but he seemed to like the fun and made them laugh louder by standing up on his hind legs and walking like a cunning little man. He wanted to stay out in the street to play some more when he got home, but you see it was past bear bedtime, and he had to be taken in. I am glad to be able to tell you that he did not cry at all as he trotted in and found his own little bed all ready for him in the corner.

Three Little Bears

BY M. C. McNEILL

THREE little bears came into the town.
"How do you do?" said everybody.
Their faces were smiling, with never a frown.
"How sweet!" said everybody.
The three little bears made three little bows.
"How very polite!" said everybody.
They bowed as boys bow in dancing-school.
"What airs and what grace!" said everybody.

THE LITTLE BEAR'S STORY

BY C. F. HOLDER

"YES," the little bear cub would say, "that is my picture. I am a native of the State of California. I don't remember distinctly where I was born, but it was up in the Sierras, where the snow lies in great banks, and the giant trees stand like sentinels, and where you might travel for days and weeks and meet no one but bears.

"The first thing I recollect was finding myself in a big burrow covered with snow; then my mother broke the way out and led us (I had a brother) down the mountain. We soon left the snow; and I remember one day, at sunset, we stood on an overhanging rock, and my mother showed us the green valleys and nice dark forests where we could hide, and far off was the gleaming sea. Mother did not care very much for the water, I think.

"My mother was hungry, after the long winter fast, and every day took us lower and lower, until one night she led us into a sheep-ranch. Then our troubles began, for she left us to catch a lamb, and never came back. We heard all about it afterward. Some ranchers had seen

her, and rode out on horseback to enjoy the cruel sport of "roping a bear." As they rode around her, one threw his lariat about her neck; another caught her forefoot as she stood up, another her hind leg; and then they dragged her away to the ranch-house—and so we became orphans.

" It was not long before the dogs found us, and a man carried me home in a basket to his wife, who treated me very kindly. I did not like it, but pretended I did, and ate all I could, always watching and hoping for a chance to run away to my mountain home. My mistress, however, soon thought I was too knowing, and put a chain about my neck. Finally, when I was about four months old, they sent me to a friend in San Francisco. I shall never forget how people looked at me and laughed when I stood on my hind legs, as if there was anything laughable in that! But they gave me sugar and other good things, and I fared well.

" My new master was a butcher, and most of the time I stayed in his shop. But some days, when I was very homesick, and longed for my mother and the little cub who had been carried off I did not know where, the butcher's wife would take me into her room back of the shop, and then I would go to sleep, cuddled up close upon a rug, with my paws on her hand, and dream that I was back in my mountain home.

" One day I heard my master say I was to be pho-to-

graphed, and I thought my time had come. You see, I had never heard the word before. There was no escape, as I was kept tied; and the next morning my master took me under his big coat in the cable-cars. I could just peep through one of the buttonholes, and all at once I uttered a loud whine. You should have seen how the passengers stared at my master, who I knew looked embarrassed, as he gave me a tremendous squeeze. We soon got out, and I was carried up a flight of stairs, and placed on a table in a room, the walls of which were covered with pictures of people's faces.

"My master petted me and gave me some sugar, and I began to think that being photographed was n't so bad. Presently a man came in. He looked very much astonished, and said, 'Why, I thought you engaged a sitting for "a descendant of one of the early settlers"?'

"'So I did,' replied my master; 'there it is'; pointing to where I stood up, blinking with all my might.

"'Why, it 's a cub bear!' exclaimed the man.

"'Well, it is a relative of some early settlers, all the same,' my master answered.

"At this the man smiled good-humoredly, then he went into another room, while my master petted me. After a while the man came back and said he was ready, and I was taken into a room where there was a big thing like a gun on three legs, with a cloth over it. My master

sat down in a chair and held me in his lap while the man pointed the gun at us.

" I thought I was to be shot, and tried to get away, and this made the man so cross that he came out from under the cloth and said he could n't do it. Then my master put me up in a child's chair and propped something tight against my head, at which they both laughed so loud you could have heard them in the street, and I jumped down.

" Finally, the man tapped his forehead and said ' I have it.' He put a screen before the gun and my master set me on top of it, holding my chain while the man crept under the cloth. I did not dare move, as I was astride of the screen, my hind feet hanging in the air. I prepared for the worst. Then the man came out again, looked at me sharply, and turned my head a little, telling me to smile; at which my master laughed. The man next shook a tambourine at me, and as I turned to see what the noise meant, I heard a *click!* and just then my master took me down and carried me home, much to my relief.

" I wondered what it was all about until one day my master took me on his knee, and, holding up a card, said, ' Well, here you are! '—and what do you suppose it was? Nothing more or less than my picture; just as I was perched astride the screen the day when I thought I was going to be killed. Here it is: "

"THIS IS MY PICTURE"

UNCLE SAM'S BEAR

BY EDITH V. CORSE

FAR up among the northern pines of a State famed for its beautiful lakes lies the most beautiful of them all, so hidden in the forests that it stretches out, four hundred miles of wild and lovely shore-line, unsuspected by most of the white man's world, and the Indians still hunt in the wilderness about it and move over its waters in their birch-bark canoes—still, too, indulge sometimes in their old pastime of killing off their white neighbors; and that is why, as the train brings you up to the tiny village which marks the reservation agency, you catch a glimpse of Uncle Sam's little white tents among the trees by the lakeside, and meet his boys in blue along the street as you go up to the hotel.

It really called itself a hotel, and we did not dispute the point with it. You would, I feel quite sure; but then, you probably have never been to spend Sunday in a new town that has only just sprouted from a logging-camp in the woods, and we had. So we accepted the agency hotel with a spirit of thankfulness, and prepared to make

it the headquarters for many exciting sorties. We could hardly decide at first between the powerful rival attractions of the Indians and the military. But it was soon clear to us that the Indians, as the more extensive and varied subject, demanded time—whole days; and so, while joyful visions of a near future full of the unknown but long-dreamed-of red man brimmed full in our heads, we started off to enjoy at once the more familiar but hardly less enchanting scenes at the barracks.

W—— has not been a military post very long, and is but a small one, so the barracks are just nothing but a big wooden house, standing like a huge yellow bonnet-box on the edge of the lake. It is approached by a sandy road through the low scrub of young oak and blackened stumps, and along this we were proceeding—Jack, Hester, and I, with mother following at a less enthusiastic but equally cheerful pace—when we saw on the grassy open before the barracks what seemed to our startled eyes to be a soldier in mortal combat with a large black bear. The grinning faces of the sentry and the men about the door of the guard-tent, however, soon reassured us, and with mixed feelings of delight and awe we drew nearer.

It was a soldier, and it was a bear; but as we approached, he—the man, not the bear—disentangled himself sufficiently to make us a friendly signal to come on,

and you may be sure we were soon—at a respectful distance—making their acquaintance.

"He 's the company's mascot, miss," explained the private, with a smile that was as broad and good-natured as everything else about him. "We trapped him when he was a little feller. He ain't very old now, but he 's big. Oh, no; he would n't never hurt any one"—as the bear, who did not care for the interruption to his scuffling-match, rose on his hind legs and with teeth and claws set about devouring an arm in friendly fashion. "He 'most bit the cook's finger off the other day." The soldier chuckled as if he enjoyed the recollection. "You see, he ain't used to havin' no one manage him but me, an' I was up in the town, an' when I come back, there he 'd got loose, an' they had him cornered in the cellar with pitchforks an' brooms an' everything, a-waitin' fer me to get back 'n' chain him up."

Here the bear made an unexpected move, and nonchalantly hooked his claws into Jack's shoe-lace, causing that youth to hop with more energy than dignity for a moment, while the rest of the audience retired a space with much alacrity.

"Tricks? Oh, yes, he knows a few—nothin' much. Where 's yer bottle, Bug? Here"—he picked up an old bottle from the ground and handed it to "Bug." The bear gravely raised it to his mouth and tipped back his head

as though enjoying a long draught. "If it was full he would be better pleased," said the soldier.

Bug here threw down his bottle, and the soldier startled us by calling out: "'Tention!"

The bear at once straightened himself up to his full height, and turned his sharp nose to the right with comical solemnity as his commanding officer shouted to him:

"Right dress! Front!"

Bug obeyed, standing quite steady and looking very military as he did his best to follow the manual as well as any other of Uncle Sam's well-drilled subjects could. The bear went through a few more manœuvers, much to our delight, and then the soldier said:

"Want to see him take his bath? He has his bath in the lake every day. Now I 'll jes show you another funny thing he does, too. This ain't no trick, neither, 'cept jes his own—the little cuss." He dropped the chain from his hand, and instantly, before we had time to be horrified, the bear made a dash for the barracks, and disappeared round the corner of the building, lumbering at full speed. Away went the soldier too, and in at a door like a flash, and shortly reappeared at the corner round which Bug had so precipitately vanished, leading him again by the chain, and laughing.

"DEVOURING AN ARM IN FRIENDLY FASHION"

TAKING HIS BATH

" The sly little fellow! He always makes a bee-line upstairs to get into the beds," he said fondly; " an' if we don't get there he has 'em all tore up in no time."

He now led the bear down to the water's edge, and flung the chain over a stump, and then for some time we watched our friend's enjoyment of the cool water, where he sat, with his usual gravity, fishing up from the bottom, one by one, some unspeakable old playing-cards, and eating them adroitly from the back of his paw.

At last we bade him a lingering adieu, and took our way back through the sunshine to the town, where the noble savage was to be seen, in all his dirt and dignity—for he has dignity still, if you look at him with the right eyes to see it. We were soon lost in admiration of an old Indian who had so many wrinkles in his face that you would not have been able to tell which of them was really his mouth except for the fact that a pipe was protruding from it; and we had almost forgotten the bear's existence, when a wild chorus of yelling voices burst upon our ears, to the accompaniment of a jingling sound. Of course we hardly needed to look around to know that our new acquaintance had broken loose. But I hope you don't imagine that on this account we *did n't* look around, for we did, and executed several other very hasty moves at the same time. The brute—one always calls them brutes when they are indulging their native instinct for

freedom—rounded the corner close to us, and came pounding, full trot, down the plank sidewalk, his big red mouth wide open, while behind him came the full hue and cry of the barracks; and before him stood—we four and the old Indian. The latter, as I remembered afterward, did not rise from his seat nor alter the arrangement of one wrinkle during this encounter. I thought of the cook's finger. What the thoughts of mother, Jack, and the Indian were I won't pretend to say. But Hester, I can assert, thought of something more to the purpose than did any of us. She raised above her head the big hickory bow she had just bought, and shouted with all her lungs, almost in the bear's face:

"Attention!"

Bug stopped short, looked about in an uncertain way, and then, as he heard "Right dress!" quickly follow, rose to position as if that settled it. Then, of course, in another second his keeper was upon him, and the thrilling moment was over. I have never really regretted the shortness of its duration, for mother and all of us found ourselves thrilled quite enough for one day as it was. We went to see Bug once more before we left. Our respect for him, and for our quick-witted sister, was several degrees higher than during the first scene of our acquaintance with him.

IN THE CALIFORNIA SIERRAS

BABY SYLVESTER

BY BRET HARTE

IT was at a little mining-camp in the California Sierras that he first dawned upon me in all his grotesque sweetness.

I had arrived early in the morning, but not in time to intercept the friend who was the object of my visit. He had gone "prospecting," so they told me on the river—and probably would not return until late in the afternoon. They could not say what direction he had taken; they could not suggest that I would be likely to find him if I followed. But it was the general opinion that I had better wait.

I looked around me. I was standing upon the bank of the river; and, apparently, the only other human beings in the world were my interlocutors, who were even then just disappearing from my horizon down the steep

bank toward the river's dry bed. I approached the edge of the bank.

Where could I wait?

Oh, anywhere; down with them on the river-bar, where they were working, if I liked! Or I could make myself at home in any of those cabins that I found lying round loose. Or perhaps it would be cooler and pleasanter for me in my friend's cabin on the hill. Did I see those three large sugar-pines? And, a little to the right, a canvas roof and chimney over the bushes? Well, that was my friend's—that was Dick Sylvester's cabin. I could stake my horse in that little hollow, and just hang round there till he came. I would find some books in the shanty; I could amuse myself with them. Or I could play with the baby.

Do what?

But they had already gone. I leaned over the bank and called after their vanishing figures:

"What did you say I could do?"

The answer floated slowly up on the hot, sluggish air:

"Pla-a-y with the ba-by."

Unsaddling my horse in the little hollow, I unslung the long reata from the saddle-bow, and, tethering him to a young sapling, turned toward the cabin. But I had gone only a few steps when I heard a quick trot behind me, and poor Pomposo, with every fiber tingling with

fear, was at my heels. I looked hurriedly around. The breeze had died away, and only an occasional breath from the deep-chested woods, more like a long sigh than any articulate sound, or the dry singing of a cicala in the heated cañon, were to be heard. I examined the ground carefully for rattlesnakes, but in vain. Yet here was Pomposo shivering from his arched neck to his sensitive haunches, his very flanks pulsating with terror. I soothed him as well as I could, then walked to the edge of the wood and peered into its dark recesses. The bright flash of a bird's wing or the quick dart of a squirrel was all I saw. I confess it was with something of superstitious expectation that I again turned toward the cabin.

Here was the evidence of my friend's taste and refinement in the hearth swept scrupulously clean, in the picturesque arrangement of the fur skins that covered the floor and furniture, and the striped seráp[1] lying on the wooden couch. Here were the walls fancifully papered with illustrations from the *London News;* here was the woodcut portrait of Mr. Emerson over the chimney, quaintly framed with blue jays' wings; here were his few favorite books on the swinging shelf; and here, lying upon the couch, the latest copy of *Punch.* Dear Dick! The flour-sack was sometimes empty, but the gentle satirist seldom missed his weekly visit.

[1] A fine Mexican blanket used as an outer garment for riding.

I threw myself on the couch and tried to read, but I do not remember how long I slept. I must have been conscious, however, during my slumber, of my inability to keep myself covered by the seráp̀e, for I awoke once or twice, clutching it with a despairing hand as it was disappearing over the foot of the couch. Then I became suddenly aroused to the fact that my efforts to retain it were resisted by some equally persistent force, and letting it go, I was horrified at seeing it swiftly drawn under the couch. At this point I sat up completely awake; for, immediately after, what seemed to be an exaggerated muff began to emerge from under the couch. Presently it appeared fully, dragging the seráp̀e after it. There was no mistaking it now: it was a baby bear—a mere suckling, it was true, a helpless roll of fat and fur, but unmistakably a grizzly cub.

I cannot recall anything more irresistibly ludicrous than its aspect as it slowly raised its small wondering eyes to mine. It was so much taller on its haunches than its shoulders—its fore legs were so disproportionately small—that in walking its hind feet invariably took precedence. It was perpetually pitching forward over its pointed, inoffensive nose, and recovering itself, always, after these involuntary somersaults, with the gravest astonishment. To add to its preposterous appearance, one of its hind feet was adorned by a shoe of

Sylvester's into which it had accidentally and inextricably stepped. As this somewhat impeded its first impulse to fly, it turned to me; and then, possibly recognizing in the stranger the same species as its master, it paused. Presently it slowly raised itself on its hind legs, and

vaguely and deprecatingly waved a baby paw fringed with little hooks of steel. I took the paw and shook it gravely. From that moment we were friends; the little affair of the serápe was forgotten.

Nevertheless, I was wise enough to cement our friendship by an act of delicate courtesy. Following the direction of his eyes, I had no difficulty in finding, on a shelf near the ridge-pole, the sugar-box and the square lumps

of white sugar that even the poorest miner is never without. While he was eating them I had time to examine him more closely. His body was a silky dark but exquisitely modulated gray, deepening to black in his paws and muzzle. His fur was excessively long, thick, and soft as eider down, the cushions of flesh beneath perfectly infantine in their texture and contour. He was so young that the palms of his half-human feet were still as tender as a baby's. Except for the bright blue steely hooks, half sheathed in his little toes, there was not a single harsh outline or detail in his plump figure.

When he had finished the sugar, he rolled out of the door with a half-diffident, half-inviting look in his eye, as if he expected me to follow. I did so, but the sniffing and snorting of the keen-scented Pomposo in the hollow not only revealed the cause of his former terror, but decided me to take another direction. After a moment's hesitation, he concluded to go with me, although I am satisfied, from a certain impish look in his eye, that he fully understood and rather enjoyed the fright of Pomposo. As he rolled along at my side, with a gait not unlike a drunken sailor, I discovered that his long hair concealed a leather collar around his neck, which bore for its legend the single word "Baby"! I recalled the mysterious suggestion of the two miners. This, then, was the "baby" with whom I was to "play."

How we " played "; how Baby allowed me to roll him downhill, crawling and puffing up again each time with perfect good humor; how he climbed a young sapling after my Panama hat, which I had " shied " into one of the topmost branches; how after getting it he refused to descend until it suited his pleasure; how when he did come down he persisted in walking about on three legs, carrying my hat, a crushed and shapeless mass, clasped to his breast with the remaining one; how I missed him at last, and finally discovered him seated on a table in one of the tenantless cabins, with a bottle of syrup between his paws, vainly endeavoring to extract its contents—these and other details of that eventful day I shall not weary the reader with now. Enough that when Dick Sylvester returned I was pretty well fagged out, and the Baby was rolled up, an immense bolster at the foot of the couch, asleep. Sylvester's first words after our greeting were:

" Is n't he delicious? "

" Perfectly. Where did you get him? "

" Lying under his dead mother, five miles from here," said Dick, lighting his pipe. " Knocked her over at fifty yards; perfectly clean shot—never moved afterward! Baby crawled out, scared but unhurt. She must have been carrying him in her mouth, and dropped him when she faced me, for he was n't more than three days old,

and not steady on his pins. He takes the only milk that comes to the settlement—brought up by express at seven o'clock every morning. They say he looks like me. Do you think so?" asked Dick, with perfect gravity, stroking his hay-colored mustachios, and evidently assuming his best expression.

I took leave of the Baby early the next morning in Sylvester's cabin. But the night before I had made Sylvester solemnly swear that, in the event of any separation between himself and Baby, it should revert to me. "At the same time," he had added, "it 's only fair to say that I don't think of dying just yet, old fellow, and I don't know of anything else that would part the cub and me."

Two months after this conversation, as I was turning over the morning's mail at my office in San Francisco, I noticed a letter bearing Sylvester's familiar hand. But it was postmarked "Stockton," and I opened it with some anxiety at once. Its contents were as follows:

O FRANK! Don't you remember what we agreed upon about the Baby? Well, consider me as dead for the next six months, or gone where cubs can't follow me—East. I know you love the Baby; but do you think, dear boy,—now, really, do you think you *could* be a father to it? Consider this well. You are young, thoughtless, well-meaning enough; but dare you take upon yourself the functions of guide, genius, or guar-

dian to one so young and guileless? Think of the temptations of a metropolis. Look at the question well, and let me know speedily, for I 've got him as far as this place, and he 's kicking up an awful row in the hotel yard, and rattling his chain like a maniac. Let me know by telegraph at once.

SYLVESTER.

P.S. Of course he 's grown a little, and does n't take things always as quietly as he did. He dropped rather heavily on two of Watson's " purps " last week, and snatched old Watson himself, bald-headed, for interfering. You remember Watson: for an intelligent man, he knows very little of California fauna. How are you fixed for bears on Montgomery Street,—I mean in regard to corrals and things? S.

P.P.S. He 's got some new tricks. The boys have been teaching him to put up his hands with them. He slings an ugly left. S.

I am afraid that my desire to possess myself of Baby overcame all other considerations, and I telegraphed an affirmative at once to Sylvester. When I reached my lodgings late that afternoon, my landlady was awaiting me with a telegram. It was two lines from Sylvester:

All right. Baby goes down on night boat. Be a father to him. S.

It was due, then, at one o'clock that night. For a moment I was staggered at my own precipitation. I had

as yet made no preparations—had said nothing to my landlady about her new guest. I expected to arrange everything in time; and now, through Slyvester's indecent haste, that time had been shortened twelve hours.

Something, however, must be done at once. I turned to Mrs. Brown. I had great reliance in her maternal instincts; I had that still greater reliance, common to our sex, in the general tender-heartedness of pretty women. But I confess I was alarmed. Yet, with a feeble smile, I tried to introduce the subject with classical ease and lightness. I even said, "If Shakspere's Athenian clown, Mrs. Brown, believed that a lion among ladies was a dreadful thing, what must—" But here I broke down, for Mrs. Brown, with the awful intuition of her sex, I saw at once was more occupied with my manner than my speech. So I tried a business *brusquerie,* and, placing the telegram in her hand, said hurriedly: "We must do something about this at once. It 's perfectly absurd, but he will be here at one to-night. Beg thousand pardons, but business prevented my speaking before—" and paused, out of breath and courage.

Mrs. Brown read the telegram gravely, lifted her pretty eyebrows, turned the paper over and looked on the other side, and then, in a remote and chilling voice, asked me if she understood me to say that the mother was coming also.

" Oh, dear, no! " I exclaimed, with considerable relief. " The mother is dead, you know. Sylvester—that is my friend, who sent this—shot her when the Baby was only three days old."

But the expression of Mrs. Brown's face at this moment was so alarming that I saw that nothing but the fullest explanation would save me. Hastily, and I fear not very coherently, I told her all.

She relaxed sweetly. She said I had frightened her with my talk about lions. Indeed, I think my picture of poor Baby—albeit a trifle highly colored—touched her motherly heart. She was even a little vexed at what she called Sylvester's " hard-heartedness." Still, I was not without some apprehension. It was two months since I had seen him, and Sylvester's vague allusion to his " slinging an ugly left " pained me. I looked at sympathetic little Mrs. Brown, and the thought of Watson's pups covered me with guilty confusion.

Mrs. Brown had agreed to sit up with me until he arrived. One o'clock came, but no Baby. Two o'clock—three o'clock passed. It was almost four when there was a wild clatter of horses' hoofs outside, and with a jerk a wagon stopped at the door. In an instant I had opened it and confronted a stranger. Almost at the same moment, the horses attempted to run away with the wagon.

The stranger's appearance was, to say the least, disconcerting. His clothes were badly torn and frayed; his linen sack hung from his shoulders like a herald's apron; one of his hands was bandaged, his face scratched, and there was no hat on his disheveled head. To add to the general effect, he had evidently sought relief from his woes in drink, and he swayed from side to side as he clung to the door-handle and, in a very thick voice, stated that he had "suthin'" for me outside. When he had finished, the horses made another plunge.

Mrs. Brown thought they must be frightened at something.

"Frightened!" laughed the stranger, with bitter irony. "Oh, no! Hossish ain't frightened! On'y ran away four timesh comin' here. Oh, no! Nobody's frightened. Everythin' 's all ri'. Ain't it, Bill?" he said, addressing the driver. "On'y been overboard twish; knocked down a hatchway once. Thash nothin'! On'y two men unner doctor's han's at Stockton. Thash nothin'! Six hunner dollarsh cover all dammish."

I was too much disheartened to reply, but moved toward the wagon. The stranger eyed me with an astonishment that almost sobered him.

"Do you reckon to tackle that animile yourself?" he asked, as he surveyed me from head to foot.

I did not speak, but, with an appearance of boldness

I was far from feeling, walked to the wagon and called, "Baby!"

"All ri'. Cash loose them straps, Bill, and stan' clear."

The straps were cut loose, and Baby—the remorseless, the terrible—quietly tumbled to the ground, and, rolling to my side, rubbed his foolish head against me.

I think the astonishment of the two men was beyond any vocal expression. Without a word the drunken stranger got into the wagon and drove away.

And Baby? He had grown, it is true, a trifle larger; but he was thin, and bore the marks of evident ill-usage. His beautiful coat was matted and unkempt, and his claws—those bright steel hooks—had been ruthlessly pared to the quick. His eyes were furtive and restless, and the old expression of stupid good humor had changed to one of intelligent distrust. His intercourse with mankind had evidently quickened his intellect without broadening his moral nature.

I had great difficulty in keeping Mrs. Brown from smothering him in blankets and ruining his digestion with the delicacies of her larder; but I at last got him completely rolled up in the corner of my room and asleep. I lay awake some time later with plans for his future. I finally determined to take him to Oakland, where I had built a little cottage and always spent my

Sundays, the very next day. And in the midst of a rosy picture of domestic felicity I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was broad day. My eyes at once sought the corner where Baby had been lying. But he was gone. I sprang from the bed, looked under it, searched the closet, but in vain. The door was still locked; but there were the marks of his blunted claws upon the sill of the window, that I had forgotten to close. He had evidently escaped that way—but where? The window opened upon a balcony, to which the only other entrance was through the hall. He must be still in the house.

My hand was already upon the bell-rope, but I stayed it in time. If he had not made himself known, why should I disturb the house? I dressed myself hurriedly, and slipped into the hall. The first object that met my eyes was a boot lying upon the stairs. It bore the marks of Baby's teeth; and as I looked along the hall, I saw too plainly that the usual array of freshly blackened boots and shoes before the lodgers' doors was not there. As I ascended the stairs I found another, but with the blacking carefully licked off. On the third floor were two or three more boots, slightly mouthed; but at this point Baby's taste for blacking had evidently palled. A little farther on was a ladder leading to an open scuttle. I mounted the ladder, and reached the flat roof, that

formed a continuous level over the row of houses to the corner of the street. Behind the chimney on the very last roof something was lurking. It was the fugitive Baby. He was covered with dust and dirt and fragments of glass. But he was sitting on his hind legs, and was eating an enormous slab of peanut candy, with a look of mingled guilt and infinite satisfaction. He even, I fancied, slightly stroked his stomach with his disengaged fore paw as I approached. He knew that I was looking for him, and the expression of his eye said plainly, "The past, at least, is secure."

I hurried him, with the evidences of his guilt, back to the scuttle, and descended on tiptoe to the floor beneath. Providence favored us; I met no one on the stairs, and his own cushioned tread was inaudible. I think he was conscious of the dangers of detection, for he even forbore to breathe, or much less chew the last mouthful he had taken; and he skulked by my side, with the syrup dropping from his motionless jaws. I think he would have silently choked to death just then, for my sake; and it was not until I had reached my room again, and threw myself panting on the sofa, that I saw how near strangulation he had been. He gulped once or twice, apologetically, and then walked to the corner of his own accord, and rolled himself up like an immense sugar-plum, sweating remorse and treacle at every pore.

I locked him in when I went to breakfast, when I found Mrs. Brown's lodgers in a state of intense excitement over certain mysterious events of the night before, and the dreadful revelations of the morning. It appeared that burglars had entered the block from the scuttles; that, being suddenly alarmed, they had quitted our house without committing any depredation, dropping even the boots they had collected in the halls; but that a desperate attempt had been made to force the till in the confectioner's shop on the corner, and that the glass show-cases had been ruthlessly smashed. A courageous servant in No. 4 had seen a masked burglar, on his hands and knees, attempting to enter their scuttle: but on her shouting, "Away wid yees!" he instantly fled.

I sat through this recital with cheeks that burned uncomfortably; nor was I the less embarrassed on raising my eyes to meet Mrs. Brown's fixed curiously and mischievously on mine. As soon as I could make my escape from the table, I did so; and running rapidly up-stairs, sought refuge from any possible inquiry in my own room. Baby was still asleep in the corner. It would not be safe to remove him until the lodgers had gone down-town; and I made up my mind upon the expediency of keeping him until darkness veiled him from the public eye.

That night, with the secrecy of defaulters, Baby and

I decamped from Mrs. Brown's. Distrusting the too emotional nature of that noble animal the horse, I had recourse to a hand-cart, drawn by a stout workman, to convey my charge to the ferry. Even then, Baby refused to go unless I walked by the cart and at times rode in it.

It was nearly midnight when I reached my little cottage on the outskirts of Oakland; and it was with a feeling of relief and security that I entered, locked the door, and turned him loose in the hall, satisfied that thenceforward his depredations would be limited to my own property. He was very quiet that night, and after he had tried to mount the hat-rack, under the mistaken impression that it was intended for his own gymnastic exercise, and knocked all the hats off, he went peaceably to sleep on the rug.

In a week, with the exercise afforded him by the run of a large, carefully boarded inclosure, he recovered his health, strength, spirits, and much of his former beauty. His presence was unknown to my neighbors, although it was noticeable that horses invariably "shied" in passing to the windward of my house, and that the baker and milkman had great difficulty in the delivery of their wares in the morning.

At the end of the week I determined to invite a few friends to see the Baby, and to that purpose wrote a number of formal invitations. After descanting, at

some length, on the great expense and danger attending his capture and training, I offered a program of the performances of the "Infant Phenomenon of Sierran Solitudes," drawn up into the highest professional profusion of alliteration and capital letters. A few extracts will give the reader some idea of his educational progress:

1. He will, rolled up in a Round Ball, roll down the Wood Shed, Rapidly, illustrating His manner of Escaping from His Enemy in His Native Wilds.

2. He will Ascend the Well Pole and remove from the Very Top of a Hat, and as much of the Crown and Brim thereof as May be Permitted.

3. He will perform in pantomime descriptive of the Conduct of The Big Bear, The Middle-Sized Bear, and The Little Bear of the Popular Nursery Legend.

4. He will shake his chin Rapidly, showing his Manner of striking Dismay and Terror in the Breasts of Wanderers in Ursine Wildernesses.

The morning of the exhibition came, but an hour before the performance the wretched Baby was missing. The Chinese cook could not indicate his whereabouts. I searched the premises thoroughly, and then, in despair, took my hat and hurried out into the narrow lane that led toward the open fields and the woods beyond. But

I found no trace nor track of Baby Sylvester. I returned, after an hour's fruitless search, to find my guests already assembled on the rear veranda. I briefly recounted my disappointment, my probable loss, and begged their assistance.

"Why," said a Spanish friend, who prided himself on his accurate knowledge of English, to Barker, who seemed to be trying vainly to rise from his reclining position on the veranda, "why do you not disengage yourself from the veranda of our friend? And why, in the name of Heaven, do you attach to yourself so much of this thing, and make to yourself such unnecessary contortion? Ah!" he continued, suddenly withdrawing one of his own feet from the veranda with an evident effort, "I am myself attached! Surely it is something here!"

It evidently was. My guests were all rising with difficulty. The floor of the veranda was covered with some glutinous substance. It was—syrup!

I saw it all in a flash. I ran to the barn; the keg of "golden syrup," purchased only the day before, lay empty upon the floor. There were sticky tracks all over the inclosure, but still no Baby.

"There's something moving the ground over there by that pile of dirt," said Barker.

He was right; the earth was shaking in one corner

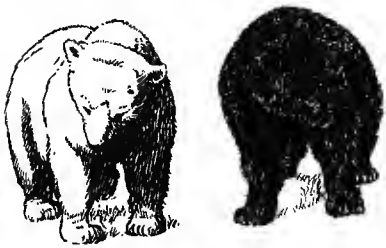
of the inclosure like an earthquake. I approached cautiously. I saw, what I had not before noticed, that the ground was thrown up; and there, in the middle of an immense grave-like cavity, crouched Baby Sylvester, still digging, and slowly but surely sinking from sight in a mass of dust and clay.

What were his intentions? Whether he was stung by remorse and wished to hide himself from my reproachful eyes, or whether he was simply trying to dry his syrup-besmeared coat, I never shall know, for that day, alas! was his last with me.

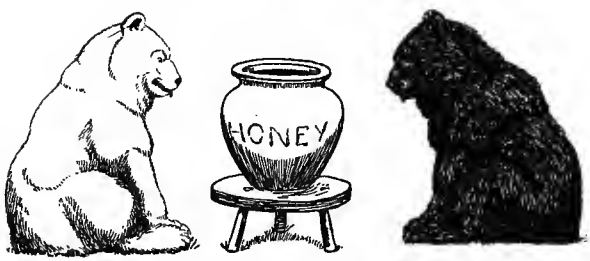
He was pumped upon for two hours, at the end of which time he still yielded a thin treacle. He was then taken and carefully inwrapped in blankets and locked up in the store-room. The next morning he was gone! The lower portion of the window-sash and -pane was gone, too. His successful experiments on the fragile texture of glass at the confectioner's, on the first day of his entrance to civilization, had not been lost upon him. His first essay at combining cause and effect ended in his escape.

Where he went, where he hid, who captured him if he did not succeed in reaching the foot-hills beyond Oakland, even the offer of a large reward, backed by the efforts of an intelligent police, could not discover. I never saw him again from that day.

THEIR LITTLE JAR



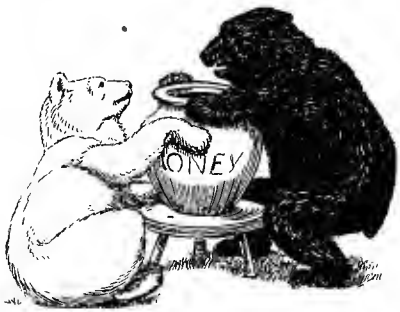
1. TWO BEARS ON MISCHIEF BOUND



2. A BIG JAR OF HONEY FOUND.

3. BEFORE THEY MADE A BETTER PLAN

4.
BOTH TO EAT AT
ONCE BEGAN,



5.
WHITEY BUMPED ON
BRUIN'S CROWN,

6.
BRUIN THEN PUSHED
WHITEY DOWN;

7.
THIS TO ROUGH AND
TUMBLE LED

8.
TILL THEY WERE HEELS
OVER HEAD.

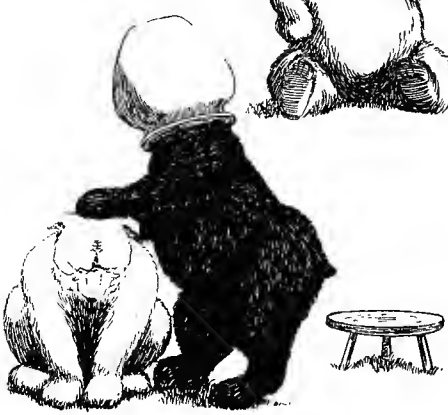
9.
BRUIN THOUGHT HE
WAS IN CLOVER;

10.

WHITEY CAME AND TURNED HIM OVER.

11

THEN DID WHITEY ROAR WITH LAUGHTER,

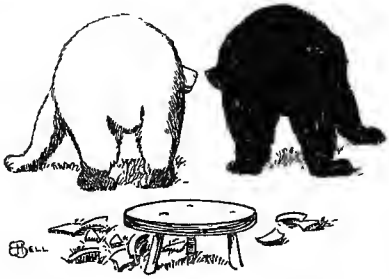


12.

NOT AWARE WHAT 'S COMING AFTER.

13.
THE JAR IS BROKEN
ON HIS HEAD;

14.
JAR AND HONEY
BOTH ARE FLED.



15.
SAD AND SORRY,
VERY SLOW,
SEE THE COMRADES
HOMEWARD GO.

BRUIN'S BOXING MATCH

(As Told by Jake the Lumberman)

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

"DID you ever see a bear box?" Jake inquired. I had seen some performances of that sort, but as Jake took it for granted I had n't, and did n't wait for a reply, I refrained from saying so. "Well, a bear can box *some,* now, I tell you. But I 've seen one clean knocked out by an old maul without a handle, just like this one here; and there was n't any man at the end of it either."

Here Jake paused to indulge in a prolonged chuckle as the scene unrolled itself anew before his mind's eye.

"It happened this way: A couple of us were splitting slabs in the Madawaska woods along in the fall, when, all of a sudden, the head of the maul flew off, as this 'ere one did. Bill, however,—Bill Goodin was the name of the fellow with me,—was n't so lucky as you were in getting out of the way. The maul struck a tree, glanced, and took Bill on the side of the knee. It keeled him over so he could n't do any more work that day, and I had to help him back to the camp. Before we left, I

"HE STOOD UP TO IT"

"A WHACK THAT MUST HAVE MADE HIM JUST SEE STARS"

took a bit of cod-line out of my pocket, ran it through the eye of the maul, and strung the maul up to a branch so it would be easier to find when I wanted it.

"It was maybe a week before I went for that maul—a little more than a week, I should say; and then, it being of a Saturday afternoon, when there was no work to do, and Bill's leg being so much better that he could hobble alone, he and I thought we'd stroll over to where we'd been splitting, and bring the maul in to camp.

"When we got pretty near the place, and could see through the trees the maul hanging there where we had left it, Bill all of a sudden grabbed me sharp by the arm, and whispered, 'Keep still!'

"'What is it?' said I, under my breath, looking all around.

"'Use your eyes if you've got any,' said he; and I stared through the branches in the direction he was looking. But there was a trunk in the way. As soon as I moved my head a bit, I saw what he was watching. There was a fine young bear sitting back on his haunches, and looking at the maul as if he did n't know what to make of it. Probably that bear had once been hurt in a trap, and so had grown suspicious. That there maul hanging from the limb of a tree was something different from anything he'd ever seen before. Won-

dering what he was going to do, we crept a little nearer, without makin' any noise, and crouched down behind a spruce-bush.

"The bear was maybe a couple of yards from the maul, and watching it as if he thought it might get down any moment and come at him. A little gust of wind came through the trees and set the maul swinging a bit. He did n't like this, and backed off a few feet. The maul swung some more, and he drew off still further; and as soon as it was quite still again, he sidled around it at a prudent distance and investigated it from the other side of the tree.

"'The blame fool is scared of it,' whispered Bill, scornfully; 'let 's fling a rock at him!'

"'No,' said I, knowing bears pretty well; 'let 's wait and see what he 's going to do.'

"Well, when the maul had been pretty still for a minute or two, the bear appeared to make up his mind it did n't amount to much after all; he came right close up to it as bold as you like, and pawed it kind of inquiringly. The maul swung away, and, being hung short, it came back quick and took the bear a smart rap on the nose.

"Bill and I both snickered, but the bear did n't hear us. He was mad right off, and with a snort he hit the maul a pretty good cuff; back it came like greased light-

"WHILE HE WAS LOOKING FOR IT, IT CAME DOWN ON THE TOP OF HIS HEAD"

"HE TRIED TO CLAW IT TO PIECES"

ning, and took him again square on the muzzle with a whack that must have made him just see stars.

"Bill and I could hardly hold ourselves; but even if we had laughed right out I don't believe that bear would have noticed us, he was so mad. You know a bear's muzzle is mighty tender. Well, he grunted and snorted and rooted around in the leaves a bit, and then went back at the maul as if he was just going to knock it into the other side of to-morrow. He stood up to it, and he did hit it so hard that it seemed to disappear for half a second. It swung right over the limb, and, while he was looking for it, it came down on the top of his head. Great Scott! how he roared! And then, scratching his head with one paw, he went at it again with the other, and hit it just the same way he 'd hit it before. I tell you, Bill and I pretty near burst as we saw that maul fly over the limb again and come down on the top of his head just like the first time. You 'd have thought it would have cracked his skull; but a bear 's head is as hard as they make them.

"This time the bear, after rubbing his head and his snout, and rooting some more in the leaves, sat back and seemed to consider. In a second or two he went up to the maul and tried to take hold of it with one paw; of course it slipped right away, and you 'd have thought it was alive to see the sharp way it dodged back and

caught him again on the nose. It was n't much of a whack this time, but that nose was tender enough then! And the bear got desperate. He grabbed for the maul with both paws; and that way, of course, he got it. With one pull he snapped the cod-line, and the victory was his.

" After tumbling the maul about for a while, trying to chew it and claw it to pieces, and getting nothing to show for his labor, he appeared absolutely disgusted. He sat down and glared at the bit of iron-bound oak lying so innocent in the leaves, and kept feeling at his snout in a puzzled sort of way. Then all of a sudden he gave it up as a bad job, and ambled off into the woods in a hurry, as if he 'd just remembered something."

"WITH A SNORT OF FEAR, BRUIN MADE FOR THE NEAREST TREE"

THE KITTEN AND THE BEAR

(*A True Story*)

BY LIEUTENANT CHARLES D. RHODES, U S. A.

THE safest place for the big game of this country at present is within the limits of the beautiful Yellowstone Park. Here, protected from the rifle of the hunter by two troops of United States cavalry, immense herds of elk, deer, and antelope wander about as securely as before the march of civilization reduced their feeding-grounds to the wildest and most inaccessible parts of the great West. Here also the wilder animals—bears, panthers, and wolves—are protected by law, and have increased to such numbers as to be very much in evidence to dwellers in the park. Even a few buffalo, survivors of an almost extinct species, are seen now and then, their lives in constant peril, due to the high price paid at present for genuine buffalo robes.

Even with the aid of the troops, patrolling in summer on horseback and in winter on snow-shoes, it is not possible entirely to prevent hunting. Poachers from the neighboring States, Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana, per-

sist in defying the law, and repeatedly attempt to elude the vigilance of the patrols. Thanks to recent severe laws, and to the admirable work of the superintendent of the park, poaching has almost ceased. When the park shall be so enlarged as to include feeding-grounds now outside its limits, grounds to which the grazing animals are prone to wander, then will this magnificent game-preserve, this wonderland of nature, more nearly fulfil the purposes for which it was set aside.

Naturally enough, with no legal hunting permitted, all the game has become very tame. Herds of deer and elk come constantly near the little army post, Fort Yellowstone; and as for bears, they have become so fearless as actually to wander down and eat the scraps thrown out from the hotels. One big fellow invaded the camp of a cavalry troop a short time ago, thrust his huge claws through a wall-tent containing the soldiers' beef ration, and was only driven away with a club wielded by the highly indignant troop cook. Even in this paradise for wild animals the bears must be made to respect the laws against stealing.

It is about one particular black bear that I wish to tell.

Chris Burns, the veteran first sergeant of Troop D, had a kitten which, during the summer camping of the troop at the Lower Geyser Basin, made her home within the sergeant's tent. Here, curled up on a pair of army

blankets, she defied the world in general, and dogs in particular. When the latter approached, she would elevate every bristle on her brave little back, her eyes would glow like live coals, and her tail would swell up in a most threatening manner. If dogs approached too near, she would hiss, and exhibit the usual signs of hostility, until the intruders had vanished from her neighborhood.

One day, when the camp was bathed in sunshine, and every soldier in camp felt lazy, an inquisitive black bear came down the mountain-side, and, whether because he was in search of adventure or because attracted by a savory smell from the cook's fire, began to walk about among the white tents of the cavalry command.

Suddenly the kitten caught sight of him. Dogs by the score she had seen, but this particular "dog" was the largest and the hairiest dog she had even seen. But she did not hesitate. It was enough for her that an enemy had invaded her special domain. Hissing forth her spite, while her little body quivered with rage, she darted forth at the bear. The onslaught was sudden, and one glance was enough for Bruin. With a snort of fear, Bruin made for the nearest tree, a short distance away, and did not pause until he was safely perched among the upper branches! Meanwhile the kitten stalked proudly about on the ground beneath, keeping close

"KEEPING CLOSE GUARD OVER HER HUGE CAPTIVE"

guard over her huge captive, her back still curved into a bow, and her hair still bristling with righteous indignation, while her tail would now and then give a significant little wave, as if to say, "That 's the way I settle impertinent bears."

The soldiers, who meanwhile had poured forth from their tents, could scarcely believe their eyes; but there was the bear in the tree, and the kitten below, and there were those who had seen the affair from the beginning to the end.

And perhaps the strangest part of it all was that the bear would not stir from his safe position in the branches until the kitten had been persuaded to leave her huge enemy a clear means of retreat! Then he slid shamefacedly down from his perch, and ambled hastily off toward the mountains.

THE CURIOUS END OF THE GENERAL'S RIDE

BY JOHN LEWEES

MANY years ago, General Batashef, of the Russian army, was on his way from St. Petersburg to his home in the north of Russia.

He had reached a little village about fifteen miles from his estate, and from this place he had to depend upon private traveling conveyance. But this did not trouble him, as he was expected at home; and, when he arrived at the village, he found his comfortable sledge, with three good horses, and his own driver, Ivan, awaiting him.

As it was not yet noon, and the snow on the road was hard and firm, the general felt quite certain that his horses, which had been in the village all night, and were fresh and strong, could take him home before dark.

So off they started, and for some miles the ride was delightful. But when they had left the village about five miles behind them, their way led through a forest, and they had not gone very far among the tall trees and

the snow-covered rocks which lined each side of the road, before one of the horses began to show unmistakable signs of fright.

"What is the matter with him, Ivan?" asked the general. "I see nothing to frighten him."

The man answered that he saw nothing, either, but that he thought the horse must smell some wild beast.

"Well, push on as fast as you can," said the general, who had a good pair of pistols with him, and was not particularly afraid of any wild beasts, although he thought it well to avoid them, if it could be done.

So Ivan drove rapidly on; but soon the other horses became very restless, and then they stopped short, all three of them.

"Why, what can have got into the creatures?" cried the general, rising in his seat. "There is nothing to frighten them here. Whip them up, Ivan! Make them go on."

So Ivan plied his stout whip upon the horses, but for a minute or two they would not stir. Then all of a sudden away they dashed, almost tumbling Ivan off his seat, so quick and strong was their unexpected spring.

And they did not spring too soon, for they had barely darted away before a large bear rushed out from between two great rocks by the roadside. He came

with such force that it was evident that he had expected to spring upon either the sledge or one of the horses.

Happily, neither the sledge nor the horses were there when he bounded into the road. But he missed them by very little. His side almost touched the ends of the furs that flew out from the back of the sledge.

The general turned in his seat and drew a pistol, intending to fire at the bear. But the wild gallop of the horses had already carried him too far for a pistol to be of use, and he contented himself with watching the discomfited beast.

The impetuous rush of the bear had carried him across the road, and for a moment he stopped to recover himself. Then he looked up and immediately set off in pursuit of the retreating sledge.

But this was useless, for the horses soon left him far behind. The general, still looking back, saw him leave the road and reënter the woods.

"A lucky escape!" said he to Ivan; "for that was a big fellow, and I am afraid that my pistol-balls might not have been heavy enough for him. We are well clear of him."

"If we *are* clear of him," said Ivan. "I don't think he will give up the chase so easily. The road makes a turn around this rocky ledge, and I fear that that bear will

hurry across through the woods and meet us again over there when we have made the turn."

"Nonsense!" said the general. "He would not have the sense to do that."

Ivan made no answer, for he had his own ideas about the sense of bears; but he urged the horses forward.

As they turned around the bend in the road, the animals seemed filled with frenzy, and dashed madly over the ground.

"They scent him," cried Ivan, who made no attempt to check their speed, "and there he is!"

Sure enough, on a rock, a little higher than the road, stood the bear. In an instant they had reached him. At the pace they were going, it was impossible to stop; but as the horses flew past the rock, they swerved to the opposite side of the narrow road. Yet they could not escape the hungry beast. As they reached him, he sprang; and although he missed the horses, he caught the sledge. With his great fore paws and his head and shoulders inside the sledge, he endeavored to draw up his hind legs—a difficult matter at the rate the horses were going.

The general, who was sitting on the opposite side from that to which the bear was clinging, clapped his pistol to the creature's head, and pulled the trigger.

Click! It missed fire. At this, poor Ivan, who, with

"THE HORSES MADLY DASHING ALONG, AND THE BEAR TIGHTLY CLUTCHING THE SEAT"

a horror-stricken expression, was looking back at the bear, threw down the reins and sprang from the sledge. The bear drew up one of his hind legs, and at the same moment the general drew up both of his legs, and rolled, sideways, out on the snow. He saw that it was time to get out.

The bear now drew himself entirely into the sledge, and looked about him. The horses galloped more wildly than ever,—if such a thing were possible,—and the rapid motion seemed to please the shaggy brute. He sat down in the bottom of the sledge and looked at the horses, as if wondering which one he should spring upon first.

While he was thinking about the matter, they reached the point where the road left the woods and led out into the open country. The way now, for some distance, was downhill, and as the frightened horses plunged along, and the sledge was whirled around a turn, where it came very near upsetting, the bear had to hold fast to the front seat to keep from being thrown out. On they went, the horses madly dashing along, and the bear tightly clutching the seat, until they reached the level road again. Here the tremendous pace which they had been keeping up almost from the time that they had entered the forest began to tell upon the horses, and, in spite of their terror, their speed slackened.

And now the bear, finding his seat more secure, leaned

forward, as if he could afford to lose no more time in making his choice of the horses.

But already he had waited too long. At a short distance in front of him, by the roadside, there stood two men with rifles on their shoulders. They were hunters. Having heard behind them the noise of galloping horses, they had stopped and turned to see what it was which was approaching at such a pace. They did not comprehend that a bear was the occupant of the sledge until it had passed them. But then, raising their rifles together, they took quick aim; two reports rang out, and two balls went through the head of the bear, who dropped dead in the bottom of the sledge. On went the horses, galloping more slowly, but still going at a rapid rate.

"Ho, ho!" said one of the hunters. "Something has happened! If I am not mistaken, those were the horses of General Batashef, and that was his sledge."

"I think you are right," said the other; "but how came a bear in it? He could not have lent his sledge to a bear, especially one who drives so recklessly. Something has happened, as you say. Let us go back and see what it is."

So back toward the woods went the hunters. When they had proceeded some distance into the forest, they saw two doleful figures approaching them. One was

Ivan, who had hurt his leg when he sprang from the sledge, and was limping along, partly supported by the general, who had rolled into a snow-bank, and, with the exception of a shaking up, had escaped injury.

They were glad enough to see the hunters, and still more happy to hear of the death of the bear, for Ivan had had great fears that the brute would jump out of the sledge and come back after them.

The two men took Ivan between them, and by resting his hands on a shoulder of each of them, he found that he could get along very well. The news of the death of the bear really made his leg feel better. The general was strong and vigorous, and so they hoped to get home without much difficulty, although there were six or seven miles to be walked.

Not very long after this, the three horses, panting and smoking, trotted into the courtyard adjoining the general's stables, and stopped before the great stable door. Some of the men, who had been expecting the general, came running out, but when they saw no one in the sledge but a dead bear, they were stricken dumb with amazement.

"What is this?" said one, when he found his tongue. "This beast has killed and devoured Ivan and our master!"

"How can that be so?" said another. "He is dead

himself. If he killed them first, they could not have killed him afterward; and if they killed him first, he could not have killed them."

"True enough," said a big man with a gray beard, who had charge of the stables. "They cannot be hurt, or they could not have shot this bear so well. I see how it was. The general shot the bear; he shot him twice—there are two wounds in his head. Then he and Ivan were lifting him into the sledge when the horses took fright,—they hate a bear, dead or alive,—and ran off, leaving Ivan and the general standing in the road. Here—quick! Bring out another sledge and team. Harness in haste. I will go back myself and bring them home. But remember, every man of you: Not a word of this in the house until I return."

The three fresh horses soon met the party on foot, and, as the sledge was a large one, they all were taken into it,—the general insisting on the hunters coming to his house and taking possession of the bear, which was certainly their prize.

When the sledge reached the general's home, it stopped first at the courtyard, and Ivan and the hunters got out.

The general was driven to the main entrance of his mansion, where his wife, hearing the bells of the horses, ran out to meet him.

After he had alighted, and they were about to go together into the house, she noticed that gray-bearded Michael was the driver, and not Ivan, whom she had seen start off the day before, and she asked how this change had been made.

"Oh!" said the general, "I have changed drivers, and have changed sledges and horses also, on the way. I even got out of my sledge, because an impudent individual whom we met on the road wanted to ride in it."

"And you let him have it?" asked his wife, in amazement.

"Yes," said the general; "I thought it well to give it up to him. And now let us go in, and I will tell you the story."

"GRIZZLY PHIL"

BY SIDFORD F. HAMP

ANYBODY hearing such a title as "Grizzly Phil," and knowing that the bearer of the title was a denizen of Colorado, would very naturally suppose that the person referred to must be either a mighty hunter or a noted desperado. As it happens he was neither the one nor the other, but just a quiet-mannered school-boy of fourteen.

In a certain city which lies, like an embroidered tassel in the fringe of the Great American Desert, at the foot of the most eastern of the manifold ranges into which the great Rocky Mountains are divided, there stood, and still stands, I hope, "The St. Vrain Academy for boys and young men. Principal: The Reverend Octavius Stamford"; and when we, the pupils, reassembled after one Christmas vacation we found that a new member had been added to our company. He was a small but stocky fellow, Philip Lindsey by name, who had been sent all that long way from his home near the Atlantic

coast for the benefit of living in the invigorating air of Colorado.

At first he was rather a puzzle to me; he had such odd ways. He shared my bedroom in the Chief's house,—the Reverend Octavius was "the Chief,"—and the very first morning after his arrival, waking up while it was still almost dark, I was surprised to see him standing at the window, staring out at the mountains.

"What are you doing?" I asked. "It is n't getting-up time yet."

"Looking at the sunrise," he replied. "Just come here; it 's splendid."

"Sunrise!" I said, laughing. "Why, the sun does n't rise in the west."

"No, I know," he answered; "but do just come and see."

So I got out of bed, rubbing my eyes, and went to look. It was pretty fine, certainly. It was night yet down where we were, but up there in the sky, high above us, the snow-covered summit of the great Peak was shining in the light of the sun which would not rise, to us, for another hour or more, and looking, as Phil said, like a rose-colored lamp, or, as I thought, like a red silk umbrella with a candle inside it.

But standing about barefoot at six o'clock on a winter's morning, thinking up poetical ideas, was not much

to my taste, so I hopped back into bed again, leaving Phil to admire his red lamp by himself as long as it suited him to do so.

In the little republic of the school Phil was at once set down as "a stupid fellow." He was extremely quiet and rather slow in his movements, and having overgrown his strength,—which was the reason for his being sent to Colorado,—he was, when he first arrived, easily tired out, and seemed, to those who did not know him well, both lazy and dull.

At first, I must admit, I shared the common opinion; but, as I came to know him better,—we being thrown so much together,—I discovered by degrees that there was a great deal more in him than any of us had suspected.

For one thing, I soon found out that his silence and slowness of movement were largely the effect of his habit of watching the wild birds and animals, of which there were many that were strange to him, and of which he very soon knew more than all the rest of us put together. His patience was wonderful. He would spend a whole afternoon lying in the sun, without sound or movement, watching the antics of a group of prairie-dogs. He collected all sorts of objectionable grubs, which he kept in our bedroom—his chief treasure being a hairy old tarantula that dwelt in a glass-covered box in the wash-stand drawer. And when his museum was

"EVERY BOY SPRANG TO HIS FEET WITH A SHOUT"

discovered by the matron and promptly ejected, he made no complaint, but at once set about making a new collection.

Not that Phil could not get excited on occasion; but then the occasions seemed to me such odd ones.

He came rushing up to the bedroom one evening in a most unusual hurry, and, producing a pill-box from his pocket, begged me to come and look. I thought he had probably found a rare bird's egg or, perhaps, even a gold nugget. Nothing of the sort; it was merely *a left-handed snail-shell.*

I am afraid he was rather disappointed by my lack of enthusiasm; but then *I* did not know but that snails were as often left-handed as not!

It was evident that we were made upon very different patterns, but that did not prevent our becoming the best of friends; for, though his ways were a puzzle to me, and his ideas frequently incomprehensible, there was one thing about Phil which, I am glad to say, I could understand easily enough: he was a thorough little gentleman.

Among the boarders in the Chief's house there was a tall, slackly built and round-shouldered fellow of seventeen named Tony Blenkinsop, the biggest boy in the school. He was known among us smaller boys by the name of "Blinkers," though we took good care not to call him so to his face; for Blinkers was just the sort of

fellow to keep quiet until you thought he had forgotten all about it, and then to play you some trick in revenge, generally something which made you appear ridiculous; and if there is one thing that disgusts a boy more than another it is to be made ridiculous.

For some reason of his own Blinkers chose to think, or at any rate to say, that Phil was a coward.

I believe that the origin of it lay in Phil's refusal to smoke cigarettes, for the reason that he did not care to make himself sick just for the pleasure of breaking the rule. Thereupon Blinkers called him "a young coward," and so the idea was started; and I have noticed that it is much easier, sometimes, to start an idea than to stop it. All the smaller boys, as boys will, followed Blinkers's lead like sheep, and so it became a received opinion in the school that Phil was a coward.

But I, the only boy in the school who really knew Phil, held the opposite opinion. I felt pretty sure that, if the occasion should ever arise, Phil would be found to be a good deal pluckier fellow than Blinkers himself; and the event which proved that I was right and brought the whole school round with a rush to my way of thinking is what I set out to tell about. Some of it I know of my own knowledge, and some of it I was told, having been, part of the time, in such a position that I could not very well see for myself.

It was in September—and the Colorado sun had done its duty and made Phil as brown of face and stout of limb as any of us—that the geology class, consisting of the professor and ten pupils, made an excursion into the range with the object of taking a practical lesson among the limestone beds at the back of Lincoln Peak.

We went off very early by train, and after a twenty-five-mile ride, disembarked at a little wayside station, and started off on foot up into the mountains. Following a wagon-road, at first we passed a little log ranch-house, and shortly afterward met the owner driving down with a load of fire-wood. The professor stopped and made some inquiries of the ranchman as to the best course for us to follow, and then off we started again. About a mile farther on I picked up an ax which was lying in the middle of the road; it had undoubtedly fallen from the ranchman's load of wood, so I took possession of it and carried it with me, intending to leave it with the owner on the way back.

Soon we left the road and began climbing up the mountain-side among the pines and aspens. We followed a large mountain stream until we came to an open space where another stream came down, and there the professor divided his forces, sending five of us, under the leadership of Blinkers, off to the left to bring down some specimens of curiously colored rocks which we could see

far above us on the mountain, while he and the other five continued on their course up the main stream.

Away we went, and presently we emerged from the trees and came out upon another little open park-like stretch of ground. Half-way across it our attention was suddenly attracted by a stir among some high grass, and out jumped a little dark-colored, short-legged animal which looked like a woolly pig—if there be any such thing in nature.

Away it scuttled, and away we all went, with a shout, in pursuit.

Phil happened to be some distance behind at the moment, being busily engaged in digging a tarantula's nest out of the ground with his knife; but as soon as he saw what we were doing, he came racing after us, shouting, "Look out! Look out! It 's a—" We did not hear what, we were making so much noise ourselves.

But the animal, whatever it was, was too quick for us, and disappeared into some willows while we were still twenty yards behind. The next moment the willows waved and bent, and out bounced a great she-bear—a grizzly!

With a yell of dismay, we all turned and, scattering like a flock of sparrows when a cat jumps into the midst of them, fled for the nearest trees. Blinkers, quite forgetting that he was the general of the little expeditionary force, made such use of his long legs that he was safely up a tree before any of the rest of us had reached one.

As for me, I never reached one at all.

In turning to run I tripped over the ax, and though I was up again in an instant, the check made me the last of the fugitives.

The chase was very soon over. In six jumps, as it seemed, the great beast caught me, and, with one blow of her paw on the middle of my back, sent me, face downward, to the ground, with every atom of breath driven out of my body.

This last circumstance was a good thing for me. I could not have moved a muscle if I had wished to. Consequently the bear supposed that I was dead, and instead of tearing me up into small pieces, as I expected, she began sniffing me all over and turning me about with her claws.

Suddenly, however, she ceased and began to growl, and I heard Blinkers up in his tree call out: "Go back! You can't do any good. You 'll only get yourself killed, too." From which I concluded that Blinkers and the

bear had one thought in common: they both supposed me to be dead.

I was beginning to recover my breath a little by this time, and in my anxiety to see what was going forward I made a slight movement with one arm, and in an instant the bear had that arm between her teeth. It hurt me so horribly that I fainted, and all that happened afterward I gathered from the other boys.

Phil, when he saw me knocked down, instead of climbing up a tree like the rest, ran back to where I had dropped the ax, and, picking it up, advanced to my rescue.

It was a mad thing to do—there is no doubt about that; but Phil did it, and without a thought of his own danger. It was in vain that Blinkers called to him to go back; he did not seem to hear, but kept coming on slowly, with his eyes fixed on the bear, and the ax held in readiness to strike.

The bear dropped my arm and advanced a step, standing across my body, growling and turning up her lips until all her great white teeth were exposed; but still Phil came on. At six feet distance he stopped. The bear took a step forward, and then another, and then, with all the strength of his body doubled by the intense excitement of the moment, Phil struck at her with such force and precision that he split her skull clean in two.

But, even in dying, the bear succeeded in doing some mischief.

With a last convulsive effort she struck out, and, with her great claws, tore away the front of Phil's coat, vest, and shirt, and made three deep cuts all across his chest from the left shoulder diagonally downward. Another inch and Phil must certainly have been killed. As it was, he stood for a moment swaying to and fro, and then fell forward upon the dead body of the bear.

I have no very clear recollection of how we got back to town; but I know that I was in bed for several days afterward with my arm bound up, and my back all black and blue, and so grievously stiff that I could not move or even breathe without hurting myself. But I was out again before Phil was.

It was a week later that the Chief came into the great hall one evening, just as the boys were about to disperse, and said he wished us to stay for a few minutes, as he had something to say to us. While we were whispering together and wondering what was to come, he went out, and presently returned with Phil beside him.

I had found, when I came back to school, that I was a good deal of a hero myself; but, dear me! I was nothing in comparison to Phil, naturally; and when he came in, looking rather white-faced and not able to stand up straight yet because of the wounds on his chest, every boy jumped up and made a rush for him. But the Chief held up his hand and said, "Gently, boys, gently"; and so we all came up, one at a time,—thirty of us—

and shook hands with him and made a lame attempt to tell him how glad we were to see him again; and Phil blushed and smiled and said, "Thank you, thank you," thirty times; and then the Chief said: "Now, Lindsey, you had better go back; you must not try to do too much. And I want to speak to the boys for a minute."

So Phil went out again, and the Chief, mounting on to the little platform where his big chair stood, looked around and said: "I am glad to see, boys, that you are all so ready to welcome your school-fellow back again." There was a buzz through the group of thirty boys. "I asked you to stay overtime this evening to say this to you: You all know how Philip Lindsey saved the life of his friend at the certain and great risk of losing his own. Let me tell you, boys, that it was a noble deed, a brave, noble deed,"—here our good old Chief flushed up and his eyes sparkled as, stretching out his right hand, he added,—"and I feel that I may safely challenge the vigorous young State of Colorado to produce a man as brave as this boy, your school-fellow."

The buzz went around the thirty again, louder this time, and we all fidgeted on our seats with anxiety to get up and shout; but once more the Chief held up his hand, and said: "One moment, boys; I have one thing

"PHIL KEPT COMING ON SLOWLY, WITH HIS EYES FIXED ON THE BEAR"

more to tell you. To-morrow will be a whole holiday in honor of Philip Lindsey."

Then, with one accord, every boy sprang to his feet, with a shout.

I need hardly say that the idea of Philip's being a coward was swept clean away, never to be even thought of again; and from that time forth, not only in the school, but in the town as well, that silent, quiet-mannered boy was known by the absurdly inappropriate title of "Grizzly Phil."

THE KIND-HEARTED BEAR

(Translated from the Russian of Vera P. Zhelikhóvsky)[1]

BY ISABEL F. HAPGOOD

THIS remarkable incident happened in the year 1847, in the Trans-Caucasian German colony of Elizabeththal, about thirty miles from Tiflis.

In that region bears and all sorts of wild beasts are still to be found in abundance, but sixty years ago it was a perfect paradise for sportsmen; hence unarmed admirers of nature were sometimes alarmed by unexpected encounters. It was regarded as an ordinary, every-day occurrence to run across a bear, especially at the season when berries, fruits, and grapes were ripe in gardens and forests. All inhabitants, even the summer residents in the villas, who had come for refreshment to the villages, colonies, and military settlements in the vicinity of the capital of Georgia (which was deserted from June to September), knew this very well, and did not run the risk of going unarmed to work or on pleasure-parties. It is well known that even women and children, in that

[1] Mme. Zhelikhóvsky lived for years in Tiflis and the Caucasus. She probably heard this story from one of the spectators. She died not long ago.—I. F. H.

region and in those days, understood how to handle daggers and firearms.

But it sometimes happened that weapons, even firearms,—which were far from having the long range which they now possess,—proved unavailing, powerless to save the victims.

This is an account of an original scene, exactly like a fairy-tale, which was enacted, once upon a time, in the outskirts of the Elizabeththal colony, before the eyes of a number of people who were riding to the forest on a picnic, and a party of the colonists who were returning from their work. The colonists were descending from the opposite mountains, and the horsemen were riding along the bottom of the ravine-like valley on the bank of a turbulent mountain stream. On the right hand, where lay the planted fields, grew bushes and small trees; but on the left bank of the stream rose the barren cliffs, which became more steep and perpendicular as they increased in height. At their summit, just below their last jagged crest, which seemed inaccessible and rose in peaks, like the walls of a fortress, a mountain path descended. It wound like a narrow ribbon around a vast crag which thrust forward its granite bosom. The inhabitants had broken it through the thickets for the purpose of communicating with the mountain villages. In some places this foot-path was a fathom wide; but

just at that point, on the cliff, it had been hard to blast it out with powder, and it was so narrow that it was difficult, not only for mules but even for tiny donkeys and people, when they met upon it, to pass each other. Even pedestrians generally halted behind the projecting crag, and did not enter upon that strip until they had shouted vigorously, thereby giving notice to any one who might chance to be on the other side, so that they might not meet at dangerous and impassable points.

On both sides of the cliff, springing from the rifts, clinging and intertwining, from summit to base, grew a mantle of barberry, raspberry, and thorny blackberry bushes of that region, with their rich clusters of fruit, which at a distance looked more like grapes, and near by more like huge mulberries, than like the squat, bluish, sour berry which is called a blackberry in Russia.

The children,—little Tatars from the mountain villages and little Germans from the colony,—in company with the goats, had broken many a path along the steeps of the clefts nearest to the exit from the gorge; but they rarely peeped farther into it, because they were afraid of wild beasts. There was no making one's way through the wild game there.

The little path ran to the left; on the right, along the mountains, the forest began, in a thick mass, cut by such deep ravines, by such crevices and jagged ridges of

rocks, that the foot of man probably had never trodden them at all; certainly not in the days of which we are speaking.

From these forest-clothed vales crept unbidden guests in search of fruits and, sometimes, of living food—wolves, bears, jackals, wildcats, even hyenas, who had come from Persia or Anatolia.

When the villa residents of those days, who lived in the colonies or in the regimental headquarters, set out upon an expedition to the forest, they always sent men on ahead to clear the way. The noise of the cavalcade, the firing of the escort, frightened away the denizens of the forest, and thus rendered the place safe. Nowhere were picnics and riding-parties in such vogue, half a century ago, as in the Caucasus and in Georgia; but people rarely ventured upon them without these preliminary precautions; so that the little company which had, in the present instance, assembled for a picnic, appointed at a spot two or three miles from Elizabeththal, had not the slightest expectation of encountering a wild beast. All at once, one of the ladies, on raising her eyes to the summit of the cliff which we have described, on the opposite side of the rushing river, uttered an exclamation, and drawing rein, called general attention by pointing with her whip. Men and women all halted, and gazed in silence to the spot aloft which she indicated.

There, on the narrow path which has been mentioned, with slow and stately tread, swaying his dark, heavy body about on all four feet, a huge bear was wending his way.

Apparently "Mishenka"[1] was either sad or was thoughtfully considering some difficult problem, or simply had overloaded his stomach by eating his fill of herbs and grasses, which at that season of the year were abundant—red, green, and yellow. Like a tortoise, he barely moved; his muzzle was hanging close to the ground, and swinging lazily, as though he were burdened with its weight.

For several minutes the interested spectators watched in silence the unusual sight of a bear on a leisurely ramble, and then all began to talk at once. Some were sorry that they were so far away—no bullet would reach the peak from such a distance; others propounded divers theories as to whence he had come and whither he was bound. At the moment the bear was, evidently, in the most blissful state of mind, cherishing no evil thought against any one, peaceably digesting the forest fruits and berries, and perhaps, also, the juicy products of the colonists' vineyards, to which he had, plainly, been treating himself.

[1] "Mickey." The Russians call a bear *Mikhdil*, diminutive *Misha*, or *Mishenka*, which is still more diminutive.—I. F. H.

With a laugh, one of the riding-party made the suggestion, in the hearing of all, that "it would be a good thing to hit his Waggleship with a bullet."

"You can't reach him from here with any gun," objected another.

"Nevertheless, we might try," suggested the ladies.

"Of course we might try! Perhaps he would quicken his pace."

"At least, let us knock the arrogance out of him! Hurry him up! Let 's see how he 'll run! That would be fun!"

"What fun it will be! You 're bold enough at a distance; but what if we were riding on that side of the river? It 's not pleasant to meet such fellows."

"And on such a path, to boot,—where there 's no getting out of the way. You would either have to leap into the abyss head foremost, or fall victim to the teeth and claws of that beast!" all exclaimed, excited by a spectacle which was not on the program of amusements for their picnic.

"Well, after all, why not? Mishenka will not feel our shot, but he 'll hear it. It will startle him, and we shall see the result," said one military man decisively, to the satisfaction of the ladies.

And, turning to a kazak or soldier of the escort, he gave the order:

"Come now, brother, try to hit that lazy, shaggy fellow; fire a shot!"

In an instant the kazak had unslung the gun from his shoulder and was taking aim, when suddenly, from behind the riders, a restrained but authoritative shout rang out from the midst of a group of Germans who were descending on the other side of the gorge, and whom they had not, up to this moment, perceived.

"Don't fire, gentlemen!" the voice cried in German. "Stop! Don't fire!"

"What 's the matter? Why not fire?" all exclaimed, addressing the colonists, after ordering the kazak not to fire just yet, and comprehending that there must be some reason for such a command.

All four of the Germans, who were walking with their pitchforks and rakes on their shoulders, halted two or three fathoms higher up than the riders, and all, except the man who had hailed them, and who hastily approached them, stared intently upward, with an expression of dumb terror on their faces.

"What terrible thing do they see yonder?" was the general thought of both the men and women. And they, also, raised their eyes aloft.

The bear was still proceeding along the path with his former rolling gait. That was all they could see.

Meanwhile, the German who had stopped the shot

"WATCHED . . A BEAR ON A LEISURELY RAMBLE"

had come up with the colonel who had given the order to fire, brought him to a halt, and hastily explained something to him. The roar of the river prevented their all hearing distinctly what the matter was, but those nearest groaned, and immediately, in affright, communicated the news to the rest:

"He says that they have descried up yonder some man or other, who is descending the path from the other direction. He says that they could not make it out clearly, because of that projecting cliff,—but that they distinctly perceived a human figure moving directly toward the bear."

"Oh, but now we *must* fire! We must call the man's attention to us, and warn him to turn back—to go no farther."

"On the contrary!" this adviser was answered. "These people think that if we let the bear alone he will probably turn off through that ravine yonder—do you see? The Germans declare that he probably has his den there."

"But what if he does not turn off there? If he goes straight on he will meet the man on the narrowest part of the path! What then?" all exclaimed at once.

"If we scare him with a shot he will set out on a run, and, thinking that he is being pursued, he will pass his den. In that case they will meet."

"Oh, what a terrible situation! And there is no way to help!"

"Perhaps these Suabians have already devised some method. They seem to have an idea."

"Look, look! Those up above are pointing!"

In fact, the colonists who had remained above, and who were able to see farther along the mountain path than was possible from the bottom of the gorge, suddenly began to move frantically, to talk together in haste, pointing out something to each other, and exhibiting plain evidences of being overwhelmed with terror and excitement.

All the members of the riding-party, also seized with involuntary terror, kept their eyes steadfastly fixed on the cliff, in expectation of what was coming. What horrible sight were they about to see?

And, all at once, a simultaneous cry of pity, terror, horror, broke from all. From behind the crag a little girl made her appearance. The tiny colonist was seven or eight years old, not more. She was strolling along with her arms crossed carelessly on her pink apron. A large hat of coarse straw, such as all the colonists, whether young or old, wear in hot weather, had fallen quite over on the nape of her neck; all flooded with sunlight, the poor little thing stepped out on the path which skirted the cliff on the brink of the abyss.

The poor child was going to her death in plain sight of many men and women—and to what a dreadful death! And not one of them could help her! No one could either save her or even warn her of her danger.

All were condemned to gaze, inactive, at the dreadful event which was on the point of happening before their eyes.

The women raised a cry, and fell to weeping. The majority of them sobbed themselves into hysterics beforehand. The men, even those who had been in battle more than once, who had beheld death and blood, said afterward that they became cold and dizzy, and many turned away their eyes in anguish. But those who endured the ordeal, on the other hand, beheld a marvel.

Because of the turn in the path, the child could not see the terrible fellow-traveler who was coming to meet her. She only caught sight of that dark-brown shaggy mass at the moment when it almost came in contact with her. The huge beast completely blocked her road. His left paws stood on the very edge of the path, while with his right side he almost rubbed the cliff. They caught sight of each other almost at the same moment.

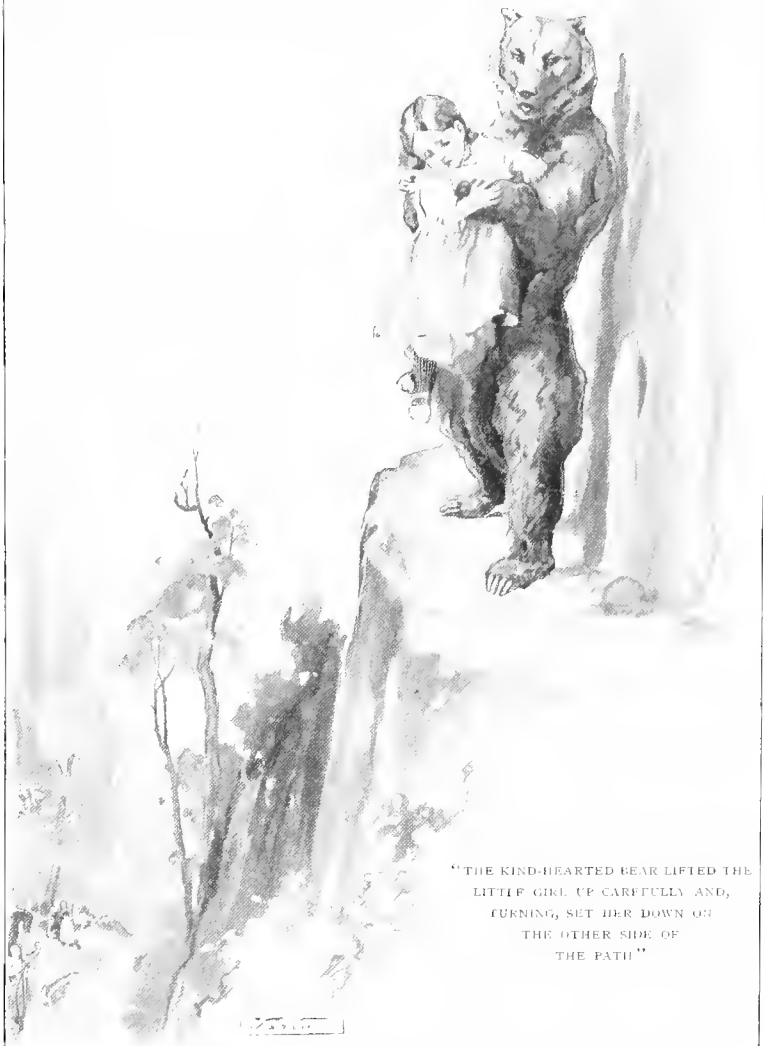
Probably a cry or an exclamation on the part of the child revealed her presence to the beast, as he was walking along with his muzzle and eyes drooped earthward. They stared fixedly at each other. The little girl was

petrified with fear. The bear halted, in indecision, no doubt much astonished if not frightened. For one moment, probably, he reflected: "What am I to do now?" It was impossible to pass without crushing the unexpected obstacle, without striking it or hurling it into the abyss. The path was so narrow at this point that he could not even turn round on all fours. What was to be done?

Down below the people waited, with bated breath, expecting at any moment to see the unhappy child pushed into the abyss. But evidently that was not the way in which full-fed and therefore good-natured Mishenka had settled the problem. He wished neither death nor harm to this tiny creature, helpless before him, with open mouth and staring eyes, having lost through fear all power of crying, and awaiting his will in trembling silence. And Mishenka carried out his will.

With a faint growl, caused not by anger but by the necessity of putting himself to trouble, he reared up on his hind legs, strode close up to the little girl, and, bracing his back against the cliff, clasped his fore paws round her, just beneath the shoulders.

Shrieks and groans of despair resounded from below. The ladies, who still continued to gaze with dim eyes, grew faint; but the men, especially the huntsmen, who were acquainted with the murderous habits of the bear



"THE KIND-HEARTED BEAR LIFTED THE LITTLE GIRL UP CAREFULLY AND, TURNING, SET HER DOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PATH"

family, leaped in spirit, and with a hope—a mad hope—for the child's safety. They perceived that Míshenka was behaving in a very remarkable manner, with all the caution and dexterity which he could command.

They were not mistaken as to his unprecedented goodness. The kind-hearted bear lifted the little girl up, carefully bore her over the precipice, and, turning on the pivot of his hind paws, set her down on the other side of the path.

Having performed this gymnastic exercise, the bear, without waiting to be thanked (evidently he was well acquainted with the human race), whirled about, dropped on all fours, and proceeded quietly on his way, swaying from side to side, and grunting contentedly in anticipation of sweet repose in his lair not far away.

The colonists hastened to the spot, and found the little German child safe and sound, but greatly frightened by the bit of a waltz with such an unusual partner. But I must confess, to the shame of the men, that the virtuous bear was not in error as to his bad opinion of us. I know not whether he slept sweetly after his humane act, but I do know for a fact that it was his last night in this world of ingratitude and evil. On the following morning a hunting-party set out after him, and a month later his magnificent skin lay in Tiflis, in the private study of one of the witnesses to this miraculous scene.

(*A Nonsense Rhyme*)

A MERRY little maiden with a wealth of golden hair
Went out one day a-sailing with a friendly polar bear.
The maiden spread her handkerchief and made a jolly sail;
The bear sat in the stern, and told an interesting tale.
" Now this," the bear remarked to her, " is just what ought to be.
We 'll sail away and sail away until we cross the sea.

And I will be the captain, while you shall be my mate;
I 'm sure a boat like this cannot be hard to navigate."
So on they sailed and sailed away and never knew a care,
This merry little maiden and the friendly polar bear.

But after many days the wind began to blow a gale,
And all the crew were ordered up aloft to shorten sail.
" Dear me! " the merry maiden cried, " how miserable I feel! "
" You must not speak," the captain said, " to him wot 's at the wheel.
Now throw the cargo overboard as quickly as you can;
We 've got to lighten ship at once or perish to a man! "
Oh, then the captain looked at her and she looked back at him,
And each remembered, suddenly, that neither one could swim.
They looked to windward, fore and aft; there was no help in sight.
They felt that all their beaming hopes must suffer early blight.
At last the captain, sobbing, said, " I might eat you, my dear;
And that would lighten half the weight at once, 't is very clear."
" Excuse me," said the mate; " I think the better plan would be
To cut off all your bushy hair and fling it in the sea."
" No sooner said than done," said she, and straight her scissors plied,
And snipped away until the bear had lost his shaggy hide.
They saved the hair, however, and they made a goodly raft,

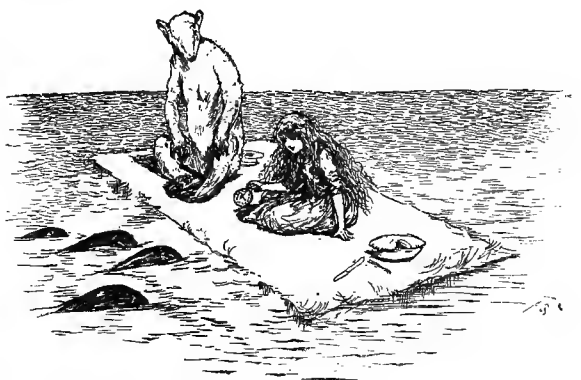
Then sailed away and sailed away on that fantastic craft;
And when the captain's temperature without his coat grew
low,
He boxed the compass for a while and got in quite a glow.

They studied navigation, and they passed some hours away
In teaching schools of porpoises to tell the time of day,
But made so little headway, since they could not sail nor row,
They begged a whale, that happened by, to take the raft in
tow.
But suddenly the whale he dived, and disappeared from view,
And left them floating on the sea, this shipwrecked crew of
two.

Then said the bear: "The very thing we ought to do just
now
Is to go and furl the mizzen-shrouds and lash them to the
bow."
Then they gave the keel a luff and brought the jibs about;

They took an observation and sat down to work it out.
That night the captain kept the watch. They had but one,
you see,
And he forgot to wind it, so they drifted far to lee;
And when the morning broke they saw the breakers just
ahead,
Yet not a solitary spot where they could heave the lead.
They drifted on!—they felt a crash!—the boat began to sink!
When suddenly the mate remembered she had saved the ink.
She rushed below,—she got the ink,—she poured it on the
waves,
And thus alone that hapless crew were saved from watery
graves.

She took a pen and dipped it down into that inky sea;
She wrote a line,—threw it ashore,—'t was caught, and thus
you see



"TEACHING SCHOOLS OF PORPOISES TO TELL THE TIME OF DAY"

They all were drawn quite safe to land, the captain and his crew,
And lo! they found they were in France and had to *parlez-vous.*
" Now this," the bear remarked to her, " is just what ought to be;
We 've sailed away and sailed away until we 've crossed the sea."
And they started off to view the land—this friendly polar bear
And the merry little maiden with the wealth of golden hair.

"POLARIS" AND "CASSIOPEIA," AND OTHER BEARS

BY R. E. PEARY, U. S. N.

THE region in which the polar bear, the tiger of the North,—*Ursus maritimus* of the naturalist,—is to be found in greatest numbers to-day is probably the east coast of Greenland and the Franz Josef Land neighborhood.

A few decades ago, in the palmy days of the Scotch whale-fishery in Baffin Bay and Lancaster Sound, they were quite numerous in those localities, where the most whales were captured, attracted hither by the "krang," or carcasses of the whales, which, after being stripped of the bone and blubber, were cast adrift to become embedded in the floes or stranded upon the shore, furnishing delicious and unstinted subsistence to numbers of bears for months. But the continued inroads of the whalers upon them, and the decline of the whale-fishery, with the consequent diminution of their food-supply, decreased their number, until at present I doubt if there is any portion of the Arctic seas or coasts in or about Davis

Strait or Baffin Bay where they can be said to be really numerous.

A few are killed every year in the Danish colonies just north of Cape Farewell—animals that have come round the cape on the East Greenland drift-ice. A few others are killed in the most northern settlements above Tassiusak—stragglers from Melville Bay. Along the intermediate stretch of coast there are none.

The little tribe of Smith Sound Eskimos obtain most of their supply of bearskins for bedding and trousers from the depths of Melville Bay, with an occasional raid northward into the wind-swept expanse of Kane Basin. Between those localities only an occasional bear is secured.

Throughout this entire region the bears have learned the lesson of contact with man, and they are in every locality more than anxious to evade the hunter. In 1886, during two months on the *Eagle* along the west side of Baffin Bay from Lancaster Sound south, I saw in all some twenty of these animals. In the voyages since then, I have seen but two or three in any given voyage, with the exception of 1896, during which I secured five, under the following circumstances.

During five days in the latter part of July, 1896, the *Hope* had been fighting her way northward, close to the wild, multitudinous-island-guarded coast of Labra-

dor, from Belle Isle to Cape Chidley, from the Strait of Belle Isle to the Strait of Hudson, through streams of ice of steadily increasing density.

The weather throughout this time was clear, with the exception of a few transitory showers and fog-banks, and gave us an exceptional opportunity to view this interesting coast along its entire extent.

The first day north of Belle Isle was one of excessive mirage, and we steamed through an enchanted sea. Eastward the ice and bergs were lifted and distorted until they formed a continuous range of crystalline castles in exquisite shades of blue and green. Westward the numerous islands were transformed into equally fantastic battlements of warmest reds and browns and grays.

At noon of the third day we were off Cape Mugford, its bold front flanked by the striking masses of Table Mountain and the Bishop's Miter, with rugged Nannuktak rising sharp and clear. We were approaching the border-land of the Arctic regions, and even at midnight the sky was bright with the twilight of the "great day" of the northern summer, which lay ahead of us.

At noon of the fourth day the sharp profile of the Four Peaks, the highest land on the Labrador coast, was directly abreast. The next day, bright, clear, and calm, found us just off the savage snow-streaked rocks of Cape Chidley.

This extreme northern point of Labrador presented a very striking contrast to the green fields of Sydney, which we had left a week before. From here the cliffs of Resolution Island were distinctly seen across the ice-filled breadth of Hudson Strait. While boring through the heavy ice, in an effort to enter the strait, a polar bear and her two cubs were seen, and the *Hope* was immediately headed in their direction. It was a beautiful trio of unusually white animals. A few moments after the rifles began to crack the old bear was floating lifeless in the water between two pans of ice, and the cubs swimming lustily away from the ship, among the pools and lanes of water which intersected the floes in every direction.

Quickly the dory was lowered and with five men started in pursuit, while others of the party and crew scattered over the ice to head the cubs off if they left the water. Soon one of them was lassoed and turned over to the care of Bonesteel, who had followed the dory over the ice, and the chase continued after the other. Mr. Bonesteel immediately found all of his college athletics called into active play, as, with the line about the cub's neck in one hand and a boat-hook in the other, he endeavored to maintain his balance. He was almost dragged into the water by the sturdy little fellow's efforts to swim away. The next moment he was doing

"A POLAR BEAR AND HER TWO CUBS WERE SEEN"

his best to keep the vicious youngster from climbing up on the ice-pan with him, where he would have an opportunity to make effective use of teeth and claws.

After an hour's chase, during which the dory was reinforced by a whale-boat and then by the *Hope* herself, the second cub was finally headed off, cornered, and lassoed. Then the body of the old bear and the growling and snapping youngsters were hoisted on board, the former deposited amidships to receive the attention of Mr. Figgins, the naturalist, and the latter tied to a ring-bolt aft, until a couple of hogsheads could be prepared for their quarters.

The little brutes were possessed of truly marvelous strength. While transferring them to their hogsheads, one succeeded in freeing himself from the ropes, trotted aft, and was on the point of jumping overboard when I saw him just in time to jerk him back on to the deck, where Professor Burton fell upon him bodily in a Greco-Roman embrace; and reinforcements rapidly arriving, the youngster was again securely bound and transferred to his hogshead. It was quickly evident that these would hold the cubs but a short time, so a strong cage was constructed by the ship's carpenter from heavy planks. To this they were transferred, and their house was lashed to the rail on the port side of the quarter-deck.

They were fed on meat and water, and soon went to

sleep like innocent kittens, with their heads resting upon their paws. During their first nap on board ship they were named "Polaris" and "Cassiopeia," after the two blazing constellations which, circling about the pole-star, light the gloom of the "great night" of the Arctic regions. In this cage they lived and throve during the rest of the voyage, occasionally taking a mouthful out of the boot of an incautious sailor, or snapping up a careless mitten, and on one occasion securing a bit of finger with the mitten.

After the episode with the bears, the *Hope* resumed her work of pounding a passage through the ice, and finally, reaching open water on the north side of the strait, steamed half-way up to Hudson Bay and devoted an exciting week to the search for a mysterious mica-mine. This portion of the state is a meshwork of barren, rocky islands and numerous rocks, some half and some entirely hidden beneath the water.

The rise and fall of the tide is over thirty feet, and this causes currents which rush and boil over and round the sunken rocks with a violence which,

combined with the floating ice and fierce squalls, made our position one of continued anxiety. Twice the *Hope* ran on these sunken terrors. Very glad we were to get out of the savage strait again, and point the *Hope's* stem northward toward the friendly town of Godhaven, whence we continued on to Omenak, Upernavik, and then to Wilcox Head, where Professor Tarr and his party were to land.

Shortly after this we saw our next bear. It was three o'clock on the morning of August 7, when the *Hope* forged out past the black front of Wilcox Head, and laid her course for Cape York, some two hundred miles distant across the icy fastnesses of dreaded Melville Bay. We were now fully within the limits of the "great day," and there was scarcely any difference in the amount of light throughout the twenty-four hours.

I was anxious to beat the *Falcon's* record crossing the bay three years before, and I had promised the engine-room force a dinner of their own selection from all my stores on board if we succeeded. An hour later the Duck Islands, the southern limit of the bay, were close on our beam, and I gave the word to give the old ship full speed.

The engine-room force had been cleaning fires and

bottling steam ever since we left the Head, and now the throttle was thrown wide open, black smoke poured in dense torrents from the smoke-stack, and the *Hope* was quivering and pulsating with the propeller's fierce energy. All on board were interested. A light breeze sprang up on the port beam, and soon every sail was spread to it.

About six o'clock I turned in for a bit of a sleep, having been up all night. At ten o'clock I was awakened by the ominous "starboard," steady," "port," "hard-over," from the man at the wheel, and knew that we had encountered our enemy the ice. Before I was fully awake there came the clang of the engine-room signal for half-speed, and a moment later a cry from the deck, a wild scurry of feet, rapid shouts of "Port!" "Stop her!" then a heavy body tumbling down the companionway, and the captain pounding on my cabin door, and shouting, "Your rifle—a bear!" In a moment I was out of my bunk, handed him one Winchester, then, hatless, coatless, bootless, in undershirt and trousers, was on the bridge with my other rifle. The head of a bear was just visible, through the snow and rain, as he swam between two large pans of ice on the starboard beam. As I reached the bridge, there were two shots from forward,

one of which brought a crimson spot on his neck. Then I sent a bullet at him which scored his back, and a moment later another, better aimed, penetrated his head and ended his career. A boat was lowered, and, after some trouble in working through the ice, he was brought alongside and hoisted on board.

The capture of the bear lost us at least an hour's time, and during the following night still further delay from ice destroyed my chances of beating the record across Melville Bay. Yet the passage was made in pretty good time; and from Cape York the *Hope* steamed northward along the well-known coast into Wolstenholme Sound after walrus; then to the great bird-cliffs of Saunders Island; and so on northward to Whale Sound, where we killed many more walrus. We visited my Eskimo friends at the various settlements, and the site of Anniversary Lodge; then leisurely southward again to Cape York, and from there eastward into the frozen heart of Melville Bay to the shore of Meteorite Island, near the great meteorite.

The next polar bear was obtained under entirely different circumstances.

During nearly a week of dismal weather, the *Hope*

had been lying against the rocky shore of Meteorite Island, while I strained every nerve to embark the great star-stone, or Ahnighito meteorite. Then the Melville Bay ice had forced the *Hope* to get out with all possible haste, and seek shelter in Saviksoah Bay until the storm ceased.

It was September now; the " great day " of the Arctic summer was fast contracting, and yielding to the approach of its rival, the equally " great night " of the Arctic winter, and the nights were already dark and dangerous. At the first glimpse of daylight on the morning of September 4, the *Hope* got under way, and steamed out for Cape York to land my faithful Eskimo assistants. As we steamed out through the western passage between Meteorite Island and Akpudi, we entered the fleet of countless bergs sweeping out of Melville Bay, dazzling in their glittering brilliancy, and with the dancing whitecaps flashing between them in every direction.

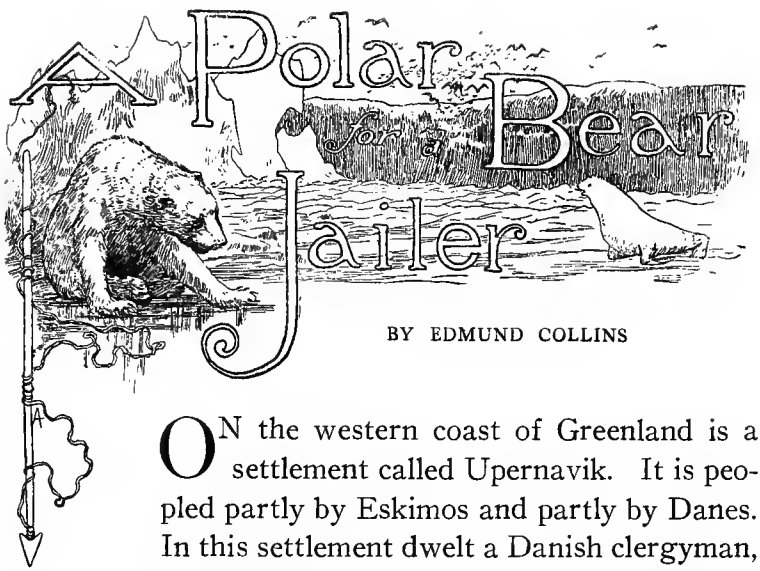
Scarcely were we well within this Arctic white squadron, threading our way between the stately cruisers, when one of my quick-eyed Eskimos cried out, " Nannooksoah! " He had seen the bear for an instant far up on the top of a big berg, one of the tabular giants of Melville Bay, peering over its precipitous face, but it had quickly disappeared. As we steamed slowly round the berg, he came into view again, a beautiful white animal

with contrasting black nose, moving leisurely along the surface of the iceberg. The captain and I both chanced a shot at him at long range, and the captain's bullet grazed his hind leg, making him whirl and snap savagely at the wound. Then he galloped awkwardly away and disappeared round a pinnacle of the berg. Circling the berg again, we discovered him in the water swimming vigorously, and several shots were fired at him, one of which took effect, and he apparently collapsed completely; yet a few moments later he was swimming off again, and it was only after I had a boat lowered that he was secured.

The fur of this animal was so spotlessly white and unstained that I gave orders not to have him lowered upon the deck, but kept him suspended from the tackle until, a few hours later, we reached Cape York, and, mooring the *Hope* against the face of a glacier, he was swung out on to the surface of the glacier, covered with newly fallen snow, and there skinned, and the beautiful pelt rolled up and packed away still unsullied. This was our last bear.

Polaris and Cassiopeia, in their cage on the quarter-deck, consumed large quantities of meat, increased in size and viciousness of temper, and proved a source of great amusement for the Eskimos, who went through all the pantomime of a bear fight with them.

On the voyage home they added considerably to the excitement, during one wild night crossing Davis Strait, and on their arrival at Sydney were a source of intense but distant admiration to all the small boys of the town. From Sydney they were shipped to Washington, D. C., where in a roomy cage their dispositions, soured by their life on shipboard, caused almost incessant fights, till finally they were started on their travels again, and shipped to a far Western State, where perhaps already some of my young readers have seen them.



BY EDMUND COLLINS

ON the western coast of Greenland is a settlement called Upernavik. It is peopled partly by Eskimos and partly by Danes. In this settlement dwelt a Danish clergyman, Olaf Neilson by name, with a son and a daughter: Oscar, eighteen years old, and Hilda, sixteen.

Early in June of each year, it was the custom of the good clergyman Olaf to make a tour up or down the coast for a distance of about one hundred miles, preaching during his absence to the natives in their own tongue, and to the Danes in Danish.

In early summer, Oscar frequently went hunting walrus and seal, with his gun or spear. It is well known that this cold, cheerless coast is never without icebergs. In the winter they are found in Baffin Bay, and move a little northward or southward at each turn of the tide.

In summer many move close to the coast, or start away on a tour through southern waters. One June an iceberg thus drifted straight to the mouth of the harbor of Upernavik. There it grounded, and the inshore wind pressed it with great force up into the jaws of the harbor. So large was the mass that the wind blowing in from it was chilled to below the freezing-point, and nipped all the flowers, buds, and grasses that had appeared in the valley. The sun honeycombed it, and left huge dark caves in many parts close to the water's edge, and into these caverns the sea went booming with a great sound. Oscar and Hilda went off in their *kayak* to see it; and they noticed that the quiet pools which had formed in the caves were the resort of seals and walruses during part of the day.

"I shall have some good spearing there," said Oscar, as they turned their kayak toward home. So he ground his spear sharp, and oiled the barbs at the point, which was shaped like an arrow, bent a new line to the handle, and the next day set out alone in the kayak. Meanwhile, Hilda went up the valley for the goats. Her parting words to her brother were to be careful and to keep watch for bears, as this was a favorite haunt of the shaggy and fierce polar bear. These insatiable brutes prowled about the rocks constantly during the day, pouncing upon and rending the unsuspecting seals. At

night they hid themselves among the scrub firs and white birches, and many a defenseless reindeer went down under a blow of their cruel paws.

Pulling his kayak up on the rocks, Oscar proceeded out to the berg. In its contact with the reefs and rocks, several blocks of ice had become detached from the main body, and these, driven in by the wind and sea, formed a bridge between the land and the chill island of ice. Round about the berg a number of black heads were constantly bobbing above the surface, and here and there Oscar could make out the ungainly form of a walrus. The black heads were those of seals.

The base of the berg was not less than two acres in area, and from it rose to a considerable height two columns of dark-blue ice somewhat resembling towers in form. One of these was honeycombed at the base, and through the sides of the low flat mass upon which the towers rested were various openings, so that when an ocean swell came rolling in, it went through these perforations with a piping sound. Several seals and walruses passed in and out through them during the time Oscar sat upon a huge ice-block thinking out his best course of action. He decided that he would enter the main cave in the ice tower, hide there, and wait.

Moving along carefully, with the coil of line hanging

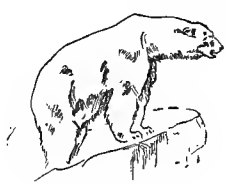
upon his shoulder and the spear in his hand, he entered the dim, cold cave. It was hollowed out irregularly, and resembled a cave in a cliff where the rock is rent and you are not sure but that a boulder will fall upon you at any moment. The open space, Oscar told me, was about forty feet square, and in the center of it, dipping eight or ten feet below the floor of the passageway, was a deep pool of water covering about half the area of the floor of the cave. Into this a large, square block of ice had fallen from the roof.

How fortunate its presence was will soon appear.

Oscar crouched down on the cold gray ice, his spear grasped in his hand, and his coil of rope lying beside him with one end fastened to his wrist. A gurgling sound, as of hurrying water on the other side of the pool, came to him, and he watched and listened to make out the cause. Presently he saw two round black heads disappear as if they had gone through the ice at the place whence the sound came, and then four or five other heads of seals bobbed up, as if they had entered the little lake from that point. He knew then that it must be a passage leading to the sea.

But while the gurgling sound of the water came to him from the pool, he heard a slighter and different noise coming from the mouth of the cave by which he had entered. Turning, he saw, to his unspeakable horror, a huge polar bear, its shaggy hide dripping water! The beast had seen him and was hulking along toward him. Oscar turned and faced it for a moment—but what could he do with his spear against such an assailant? The spear could never go through that shaggy coat and thick hide. How the animal's claws spread and stretched over the ice as it came along!

There was no use now in repenting his folly in not having brought his father's heavy gun. What was he to do? All this passed like lightning through his mind. He quickly retreated a short distance, but he was stopped by the pool which at one point touched the side of the cave. The bear still hulked toward him, and in the dim light of the place its eyeballs smoldered like phosphorescent flame. Nearer and nearer it came, now crouching lower, its muzzle thrust out, and its claws stretching farther than ever from its feet.



There was only one course. Oscar sprang into the icy water, and in three or four strokes was close to the ice-cube. His spear and coil of rope were upon his shoulder, and by diving the spear into the hard blue cube he was enabled to get upon it. It was just large enough to bear his weight; but he was obliged to stand very still on the middle of it to prevent it from heeling to one side and sliding him into the water. It was almost as dark as night in the pool, and Oscar could see the two glowering eyes of the bear looking down upon him. He thought no more of spearing seal or walrus. What if the bear should plunge down? It would be well, Oscar thought, for he could jump off the ice-cube, land on the farther side, scale the rough ice with the aid of his spear, and escape by the way he had come before the bear could overtake him. But the beast did not come into the pool. It turned away from the brink, and for two hours—two hours of wet, and cold, and terror—Oscar did not see the bear again. Perhaps it had left the cave when it found that it had lost its prey.

Then Oscar resolved to go to the top again, and sprang into the water, climbing hastily by the easiest way to the floor of the cavern. To his utter dismay he saw the great brute lying on the ice close to the cave's mouth! Its instinct had taught it that the prey of which it had been balked could go in and out only by this opening. It

HILDA RESCUES HER BROTHER

did not look toward the pool, but lay there dozing or sleeping, now and again moving its head or one of its legs.

Hour after hour passed, until Oscar knew that it must be late in the afternoon, for the sun shone yellow on the ice beyond the mouth of the cavern. Still his savage jailer made no move; still Oscar sat, not moving from the lump of ice, thinking of the terror of Hilda at his long absence. Still another hour went by, and the golden glow on the ice outside began to turn to gray, for the sun was below the hills that sheltered Upernavik.

The horror of the situation was now plain before Oscar's eyes. The bear could exist days and days without food, and might remain where it was for that length of time. And what was to become of him? He murmured the prayers his father had taught him, and tried to be calm. But how could he?

Another half-hour of terror passed, and then Oscar saw the bear spring to its feet, thrust out its head, and make for the opening of the cavern. Oscar held his breath, and, peering out, saw a seal slowly crossing the great ice platform, making for the rocks. The bear swiftly disappeared, making after this new prey, and you may be sure Oscar was not long in getting outside of this terrible dungeon. The bear was at a safe distance from him, pursuing the seal, which was still mak-

ing its way up the rocks toward the spot where Oscar had left his kayak.

What was Oscar's amazement, presently, to see the seal stand up, throw back the fur from its head and shoulders, and turn into a girl!—yes, into his own dear sister Hilda!

She shouted aloud and waved her handkerchief. The bear, evidently disconcerted, turned, ran lumberingly up a gulch, and disappeared into a tangle of ground-firs.

When the brother and sister met their joy was so great that neither could speak a word. Hilda, borrowing another kayak, had come to look for Oscar, and had seen the bear at the mouth of the cave. At once suspecting the cause of her brother's absence, she went home, got the skin, and personated a seal, with the complete success I have recorded.

This good, kind family are still in Greenland, and their names are always mentioned with affection and almost with reverence by the people of that cold and desolate coast.

The Bear and his Coat.

His shaggy coat must make the bear
In winter time as warm as toast,
But when the spring is in the air
Why I should think he'd simply ROAST.

THE WHITE TERROR

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A POLAR BEAR

BY MRS. CHRISTINE STEPHENS

THE sun was just dipping behind the northern waves, tingeing the waters from horizon to shore with a shimmering brightness. The sky, softly brilliant, was dotted with clouds of crimson and gold and purple, fading out to gray and snowy white as they were borne far to the south. Ice-floes drifted in the distance, seeming like vast sheets of polished silver. A solitary berg came floating from the northeast, its topmost crystal peak glittering and flashing like a huge amethyst, and shading toward its base to pearly whiteness, dashed with tongues of flame. High up in air a wild swan's note sounded loud and shrill; the kittiwakes joined in with their mournful *Whree-e-ah! Whree-e-ah!* as they dipped and plunged in the bright waves, while innumerable flocks of dovekies hovered near, giving utterance to their plaintive cries.

Jon and Eirik Hjalmund watched the falling sun, the glowing berg, and crimson clouds with all the admiration of young Icelanders, who are proverbial for considering

their land of glaciers, deeply seamed lava-beds, geysers, and vapor-spouts the most beautiful the sun smiles upon; then, as the gorgeous beauty gradually faded out, they left their perch on the high fragments of lava overlooking the sea, and, gathering their sheep together, drove them to their cot or yard.

Making them safe for the night,—if so we may call the short twilight between sun and sun of the northern midsummer,—the boys went to their own little stone-and-turf hut which served them for lodgings, and, creeping among bags of eider-down, fell asleep.

This little islet, to which *bonder* (farmer) Hjalmund boated over his sheep every summer for the good herbage which grew upon its top, was at the entrance to the Eyja Fjord, on the northern coast of Iceland. Its shores were bounded by precipitous lava-cliffs, making the islet nearly or quite inaccessible excepting by a steep and rocky path leading up from a narrow strand on the side next the mainland. Up this path the boys first climbed with their pike-staff, then pulled up the sheep after them. When once on the top there was no fear of their straying, and during the short summer Jon and Eirik lived on this islet and guarded the flock from the attacks of the white-tailed sea-eagles, whose bold raids among the lambs alarmingly lessened their number. And, too, if a sheep or its young, venturing too far over the cliffs,

fell from the rocks into the sea, expert at climbing and rowing, the lads went immediately to the rescue. But, to avoid such falls, the sheep were not allowed to roam about the islet at night.

The byre (farm-house) of the bonder was on the mainland, and attached to it was a small hillside "run," on which he pastured his flock of cows and some sturdy, rugged little horses.

The morning was cool and damp, and fog-banks hung low about the islet and headland in the Eyja Fjord. After turning the sheep forth to graze, excepting three or four grandmothers of the flock whose ragged fleeces betokened overripeness, Jon and Eirik returned to the hut and ate their breakfast of cakes and *skier,* washed down by a stout draught of whey; then prepared to strip off the fleecy coats of the old ewes.

Taking them to a grassy knoll in front of the hut, the sheep were cast upon their backs by the combined efforts of the two boys, where they were held while the shearing was being performed.

The ewes were at last sheared and set at liberty, and the fleeces carefully rolled together and tied. Then, with the bundles of hay which already had been cut and dried, together with the wool, Jon and Eirik proceeded leisurely toward the east side of the island, where the boat lay on the narrow strand.

As they went across the island, Jon, hay-laden and completely enveloped, and Eirik, hidden under a mass of dirty-white wool, with nothing visible but a pair of sheepskin moccasins, Jon looked rather like a huge animated hay-cock crawling off behind its future devourer.

Hidden beneath their burdens, they were as yet unconscious of the approach of a guest whom all bonders of northern Iceland dread—the polar bear, which, floating from Spitzbergen or Jan Mayen upon berg or floe, makes a terrible onslaught upon their flocks and herds before his voracious appetite is sated or he can be discovered and killed.

As the lads threw off their loads at the crest of the path leading down to the boat, a deep roar caused them to turn quickly. Not two furlongs off from the northern shore of the island, and bearing down toward it, a small berg, with its hungry occupant, was just emerging from a fog-bank.

For a moment the brothers stood speechless with terror. Then, "The bjorn [white bear], brother!" cried Jon, almost breathless. "Fleu! Fleu! [Fly! Fly!]"

The berg drifted on, and it was evident to the boys, even before they reached the hut, that it would strand against the islet. They might save themselves by flitting across to the byre, but these flaxen-haired Norse lads had the blood of brave heroes in their veins, and

they prepared to do battle with the bear, and protect their father's flock as best they might; for well they knew that the bjorn would spare neither themselves nor the helpless sheep.

Hastily collecting stones, turf, and lava shims, they piled them near the edge of the cliff where, by its setting in, the berg seemed likely to touch, and then, getting the pike-staff and scythe (very short-bladed and not unlike the bush-hook used in New England), the courageous lads, with their few and rude weapons, stood waiting to receive the ice-giant.

His acute nostrils already had scented the flock; so, with muzzle distended and sniffing the air, he paced impatiently back and forth on the edge of the berg, and, as if impatient of its slow progress, he would now and then make feints of taking to the water and putting off to the islet, anxious to break his long fast.

The sheep were seemingly aware of coming danger, and, calling their lambs, hied them all to the cot and huddled together in its farthest corner.

The bear had now come within a few yards of the islet, the long, yellow-white hair of his shaggy coat undulating in the breeze. His hoarse growl sounded louder and more savage each moment.

"Save thyself quickly, brother! The bear is upon us!" shouted Eirik, grasping his scythe, as the berg ran

upon a shelf-like projection and hung swaying to and fro in the tide.

Fortunately, upon that side of the islet the cliffs were not very steep, but were higher by at least three fathoms than the berg itself, which sloped sharply away seaward; but, enraged by long-endured hunger, the bear reared himself upon the berg, and began clambering ponderously up the jagged rocks.

Jon and Eirik watched his slow progress with anxious hearts. As the huge creature came within a yard of the top, they leaped to the brink, and, tumbling a pile of great stones and turf down upon his head, followed it by a frantic assault with the pike-staff and scythe.

Under the suddenness and violence of the stone-shower the bear slipped back to the berg, and stood there for a moment, chafing and roaring; then, more savage than before, he made up the cliff again.

The bear succeeded in getting one great paw up over the cliff, and, striking its nails deep into the crevices and turf, clung there tenaciously, with glaring eyes and ears laid close—a pitiless monster before which the brave boys for a moment recoiled in terror. Then, rallying, they again assailed him; Eirik engaging the attention of the bear by plunging at his head, while Jon got a great stone and threw it down with all his strength directly upon the big, shaggy paw lying over the edge of the cliff.

With great, gruff howls of pain, Bjorn drew it hastily off, and began backing carefully down the cliff; but his courage returning as the pain abated, he once more began to scale the jagged rocks.

"Gae, Eirik! Gae! [Go! go!] Fetch the hay from the skiff!" cried Jon.

"Nai, nai [no, no], brother! Gae thyself. I am the stronger. I will stand in thy shoon here!" And with his blue eyes flashing, and his yellow hair flying in the breeze, Eirik stood on the cliffs and hurled great stones and turfs down into the very face of Bjorn, who, though somewhat exhausted, climbed steadily up, unmindful now of these slight missiles, his teeth showing angrily, and his eyes fixed grimly on the little Norse boy who was so bravely defying his great, fierce strength.

Again a huge paw, bleeding slowly from previous wounds, was thrust up over the cliff, and again a series of quick, energetic stabs from Eirik's pike-staff forced him to let go his hold. But only for a moment, and then the cruel white face was above the cliff, and with a quick stroke the pike-staff was whirled rods away, and the long claws were struck into Eirik's coarse *vadmal* trousers.

"Oh, speed thee! Speed thee, Jon!" shrieked Eirik, in great terror, wrenching himself free, as the sharp nails tore through the stout woolen cloth.

"Here I am, brother! Hold out! Hold out!" cried Jon, staggering up under the load of hay-bundles; and, casting them on the ground, he drew a match from a little leathern pouch worn about his neck, struck it on a lava shim, and applied it to one of the bundles. In a second it was ablaze, and, smoking, hissing, and flaming, it was tumbled into the big bosom of the bear, now well over the edge of the cliff.

This was too much. His long hair caught the flames, and they sped over his yellow-white coat like a flash; and, retreating too hurriedly, the great brute went tumbling and roaring down the cliff, bumping and bounding from ledge to ledge, the burning bundles falling after and upon him.

There was no berg to intercept his speedy exit, for it had again drifted out to sea, and was some distance away. It was fortunate, too, for the bear, as a sudden plunge into the sea *put him out.*

Emerging above the waves, he struck out for the berg, while Jon and Eirik watched his departure with deeply thankful hearts.

But, wedged into a crevice of the cliff, a long, sharp claw was left to them, either wrenched from the brute's paw by his hasty departure or crushed off by the big stones hurled upon it—an ugly souvenir of the siege of Bjorn.

THE BOYS RESORT TO A DESPERATE PLAN

THE COYOTE AND THE BEAR[1]

(*From "The Man who Married the Moon"*)

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

ONCE upon a time Ko-íd-deh (the Bear) and Too-wháy-deh (the Coyote) chanced to meet at a certain spot, and sat down to talk. After a while the Bear said:

"Friend Coyote, do you see what good land this is here? What do you say if we farm it together, sharing our labor and the crop?"

The Coyote thought well of it, and said so; and after talking, they agreed to plant potatoes in partnership.

"Now," said the Bear, "I think of a good way to divide the crop. I will take all that grows below the ground, and you take all that grows above it. Then each can take away his share when he is ready, and there will be no trouble to measure."

[1] The Coyote, you must know, is very stupid about some things, and in almost all Pueblo fairy stories is the victim of one joke or another. The Bear, on the other hand, is one of the wisest of animals.

The Coyote agreed, and when the time came they plowed the place with a sharp stick and planted their potatoes. All summer they worked together in the field, hoeing down the weeds with stone hoes and letting in water now and then from the irrigating-ditch. When harvest-time came, the Coyote went and cut off all the potato-tops at the ground, and carried them home, and afterward the Bear scratched out the potatoes from the ground with his big claws and took them to his house. When the Coyote saw this his eyes were opened, and he said:

"But this is not fair. You have those round things, which are good to eat, but what I took home we cannot eat at all, neither my wife nor I."

"But, friend Coyote," answered the Bear, gravely, "did we not make an agreement? Then we must stick to it like men."

The Coyote could not answer, and went home; but he was not satisfied.

The next spring, as they met one day, the Bear said:

"Come, friend Coyote, I think we ought to plant this good land again, and this time let us plant it in corn. But last year you were dissatisfied with your share, so this year we will change. You take what is below the ground for your share, and I will take only what grows above."

This seemed very fair to the Coyote, and he agreed. They plowed and planted and tended the corn; and when it came harvest-time the Bear gathered all the stalks and ears and carried them home. When the Coyote came to dig his share, he found nothing but roots like threads which were good for nothing. He was very much dissatisfied; but the Bear reminded him of their agreement, and he could say nothing.

That winter the Coyote was walking one day by the river (the Rio Grande), when he saw the Bear sitting on the ice and eating a fish. The Coyote was very fond of fish, and coming up, he said:

"Friend Bear, where did you get such a fat fish?"

"Oh, I broke a hole in the ice," said the Bear, "and fished for it. There are many here." And he went on eating, without offering any to the Coyote.

"Won't you show me how, friend?" asked the Coyote, fainting with hunger at the smell of the fish.

"Oh, yes," said the Bear. "It is very easy." And he broke a hole in the ice with his paw. "Now, friend Coyote, sit down and let your tail hang in the water, and very soon you will feel a nibble. But you must not pull it till I tell you."

So the Coyote sat down with his tail in the cold water. Soon the ice began to form around it, and he called:

"Friend Bear, I feel a bite! Let me pull him out."

"No, no! Not yet!" cried the Bear. "Wait till he gets a good hold, and then you will not lose him."

So the Coyote waited. In a few minutes the hole was frozen solid, and his tail was fast.

"Now, friend Coyote," called the Bear, "I think you have him. Pull!"

The Coyote pulled with all his might, but could not lift his tail from the ice, and there he was—a prisoner. While he pulled and howled, the Bear shouted with laughter, and rolled on the ice and ha-ha'd till his sides were sore. Then he took his fish and went home, stopping every little to laugh at the thought of the Coyote.

There on the ice the Coyote had to stay until a thaw liberated him, and when he got home he was very wet and cold and half starved. And from that day to this he has never forgiven the Bear, and will not even speak to him when they meet, and the Bear says politely, "Good morning, friend Too-whây-deh."

AT RECESS. THE DANCING BEAR

BEAR SAYINGS

CROSS AS A BEAR, cross over anything or nothing.

AS SAVAGE AS A BEAR, unreasonably savage; savage without sufficient provocation.

A BEAR-GARDEN, or **IT IS A BEAR-GARDEN**, a place full of noise and confusion, of growlings and quarrelings over nothing.

It was once very generally the custom to lead bears around the streets, making them dance to music or perform tricks. They were also kept in gardens for public amusement. Children and even unkind grown people teased these poor creatures unmercifully, just to see what they would do, forgetting that the bear was an unhappy captive. It was not long before the disposition of even the best-natured bear was ruined by cruel treatment, and the sight of any person approaching drove him into a fury, apparently over nothing. Hence arose the sayings which are really more discreditable to people than they are to the unfortunate animal himself.

TO TAKE A BEAR BY THE TOOTH, a needless danger, therefore foolhardiness and not true courage, because it will lead to certain injury or death.

EVEN BEARS ARE CAUGHT BY HONEY. This saying arose from the fondness of bears for sweets, particularly honey; applied to people, it means that even the crossest will be attracted by kindness.

A BEAR SUCKING HIS PAWS. It is said that when a bear can get nothing to eat it sucks its paws and thus keeps itself from starving—which is of course impossible. The bear works to no purpose. Hence the phrase has come to signify *industrious idleness,* or work to no purpose.

IT IS A CASE OF THE BEAR AND THE TEA-KETTLE. This is applied to a person who injures himself by foolish rage, and comes from the following story: One day a bear entered a hut, in Kamchatka, where a tea-kettle was on the fire. Master Bruin went to the kettle, and smelling it, burnt his nose; being greatly irritated by this, he seized the kettle with his paws and squeezed it against his breast. This, of course, made matters worse, for the boiling water scalded him terribly, and he growled in agony till some of the neighbors put an end to his life with their guns.

LICKED INTO SHAPE. When bears are born they are hairless and very small, not much larger than kittens; their eyes are closed and their ears are only two small lumps; they look very little like bears. For many days their mother licks them over continually. They grow fast, becoming more and more like their parents. Many people who have witnessed the mother bear licking her queer little cubs have supposed that she licked them into proper shape, and that without it they would not grow up to be well-formed bears. This statement was made by Aristotle about two thousand years ago; hence the saying " licked into shape," which has come to mean worked over with great care and interest, and is often applied to pupils whose teachers are trying hard to make something out of them.

IT IS THE UNEXPECTED THAT HAPPENS

BY E. W. KEMBLE

I

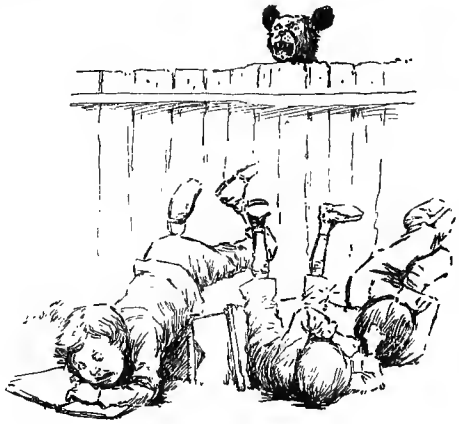
"NOW, TOMMY, I WANT YOU TO DELIVER THIS TO MR. JONES, AND SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO IT"

II

TOMMY STARTS ON HIS JOURNEY, NOT WISHING TO FRIGHTEN ANY ONE

III

BUT THE LITTLE BROWN BOYS ARE DEEPLY
INTERESTED IN A THRILLING
BEAR STORY, WHEN—



IV

—THE BEAR APPEARS!