

strength than nimbleness, and therefore is not in the habit of climbing small trees. This fact has saved many men from being torn to pieces, and is a consolation to the pursued.

Bear stories are less frequent in camp than formerly, but still we have, now and then, an adventure with the mountain monster. One of our party, Capt. P., once went out prospecting for a quartz lode. With pick in hand he commenced climbing the mountain, closely scanning every rock showing indications of mineral. At last he came to a large fallen cedar lying across his course. Fastening his pick on the top of the log he hoisted himself up so he could look over it. Just then a large grizzly raised himself up. They met face to face, each staring into the other's eyes, with nothing but the cedar log between them. The Captain says the bear showed him his teeth. He thinks there was a full set and in excellent condition. He does not know how long this pantomime lasted, but he remembered letting all hold go from that log and sliding down, and making for a tree near by, which he went "up in a jiffy." Just as he was leaving the log he says he saw a big paw reach over on his side of it, and give a terrible scratch. He felt thankful that he was not there to get that scratch, and it was a "bare scratch" that he was not there.

Up that tree the Captain felt safe for the time being, and could look down and see Mr. Grizzly, who was standing on the opposite side, with his paws resting leisurely on the log, looking straight up the tree, evidently studying the situation for an offensive as well as defensive operation. Grizzly soon got down and went off a short distance, then turning around took another glance at the man up the tree, then went into the bush, and was soon out of sight.

After some delay the Captain ventured down from the tree, and, finding a smooth, narrow gulch, where he sat down, gave a wriggle or two, and soon found himself on the banks of the Columbia River, going down at 2.15 speed. He came into camp alone and without his hat, and related his adventure. The captain thinks that grizzly went after reinforcements.

Now, this interview between the Captain and the grizzly is the Captain's side of the story. The other side has not been heard from. As both sides of a story ought to be heard, the writer would suggest that it is quite reasonable to suppose that the cause of the grizzly's leaving the field first was that he had become tired of the monotony and disgusted with the non-combativeness of his intruder, and that he went in search of more agreeable and exciting amusement, but as it stands the Captain claims the victory because he left the field last. It was a noticeable fact that the Captain preferred standing to sitting while partaking of his camp meals for several days.

The day of this adventure some Indians passed, and they were informed of it. They pursued grizzly with their dogs, and on the following day a large grizzly was killed in that vicinity. Notwithstanding the evidence being conclusive the identical animal has been killed, the Captain thinks that some of the kindred might still be living, and that he has no desire, personally, to dispute a grizzly's claim to a quartz ledge.

The Texas Cowboy.

The Texas cowboy is yet to be described. They have had no Bret Harte to write their histories, as the Californians of 1849 had, and no man who has not been among them, seen their lawlessness, their bravery, their heroism, their reckless

disregard of human life, can have an idea of what they really are. The cowboy is a law unto himself. I was a cowboy myself for five years before I bought a ranch and made some lucky ventures in cattle, and I know them and like them. The cowboy's dress is usually a shirt, a pair of Mexican cloth pants, with belt around the waist, in which is carried a couple of pistols, generally of the Smith & Wessons, a broad white sombrero, a pair of heavy top-boots, into which his pants are stuffed, and a rifle swung over his back. They are in the saddle fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, and are the finest horsemen in the world. The stories told of their marksmanship are not exaggerated. I have seen them snuff a candle at fifty and seventy-five yards with a rifle and think nothing of it. The quickness with which they can draw and fire is something wonderful. I saw Black John Adams, a notorious character who roams about the western part of the State, shoot a man five times before his victim fell. When they examined him they found that the five shots had entered into his breast in a space hardly larger than a dollar, and all the five bullets had passed through his heart. The man had thrown a glass of whiskey at Adams's head. These men know no law and respect no law. They have a strange kind of system of ethics among themselves. One will always take the part of another in a row. A man who gets whipped is held almost in the same light as a man would be held here who would depart with his employer's money. Murder, open, fearless murder, is to a cowboy's credit. I saw one of them with a notched knife. There were fifteen notches, and each notch represented a dead man. He was but twenty years old. They are paid about twenty dollars per month, and, as they generally work far from the haunts of men, they have no opportunity to spend much of this money. When they come to town they usually come in crowds, and with plenty of money. Then woe to the man who insults or cheats them. They usually get drunk on such occasions, and, among other methods of amusing themselves, they have a way of going into a bar-room and shooting the corks off bottles, and other little eccentricities of that kind.

Like all Americans on the border of civilization, they have a strong sense of humor and of sentiment. No matter how drunk a cowboy is, he is always ready to appreciate a joke; and a woman never has to appeal to a him in vain for protection. It is true, if he fancies her particularly he may express his devotion in an uncouth way, but I have seen some instances of rare delicacy among them. I knew one of these men to give almost a year's salary to help a poor Massachusetts girl who had stranded in a frontier town, without friends or clothes or money, to get her back to her people. Of course, these men have their leaders, their heroes—men who can drink more whiskey, shoot faster and surer, risk their lives more recklessly, be first in at a dance and at a death, more chivalrous, more generous than the common herd. If I would tell you of some of the noted desperadoes I have met, and repeat the stories that are told of their lawlessness, deeds of heroic ruffianism, you would hardly believe me. But the cowboy is fast losing caste. The law is becoming supreme. The great ranches are being divided up, towns are becoming more numerous and their police more efficient. The cowboy like the Forty-niner will soon be a thing of the past.—*W. G. Gates.*

Edison is credited with saying, "It requires just as much ingenuity to make money out of an invention as to make the invention."