

creature he never knew, but he fell upon something soft. He was quite unhurt, when, at his frightened call and the accidental discharge of the rifle, the two alarmed creatures ran into the woods.

Last week a man on a ladder had a good opportunity of watching a large, cautious old bear approach his oat field. Every few yards, as he came down the lumber road toward the open, the bear halted and, sniffing the air, rose upon his haunches to make sure that the coast was clear. That there might be danger from above never seemed to strike the wary brute, though a glance upward must have revealed his enemy silhouetted against the moonlit sky. On he came, and after a long final survey made a dash for the fields. As he came into full sight the hunter fired, aiming between the shoulders of the bear, which swerved enough from its path to upset the ladder and bring the man to the ground.

The fall was somewhat broken by the underbrush, but as the man fell the bear pounced upon him. After a full minute spent in utter stillness the man, unable to endure the weight upon his chest, groaned aloud. As the creature made no movement, he took heart to wriggle from under the huge hairy load, and after much exertion had the satisfaction of standing over the lifeless carcass of the bear. His bullet had sped true to its aim, and had done its work in just the nick of time upon which his life depended.

Dan Pretty, a well-known guide, once, under similar circumstances, watched a bear nosing his way to a grain field, but in that case Bruin raced back into the woods, making Dan feel certain that some unlucky movement had betrayed his presence. In a few minutes, however, the bear reappeared, walking before and escorting with many gruntings a handsome, larger animal, which followed shyly, keeping its nose to the ground. A fortunate shot sent the first bear into its death flurry, whereupon the second

arose upon its hind-quarters and turned around and around screaming in a piteous manner. With the help of a comrade, Dan killed the second bear. The reason for the courtesy of its companion was made clear by the discovery that it was blind. The extraordinarily plump condition of its body showed that kind friends must have kept it amply provided with food.

This same Dan Pretty was once the witness and referee of a terrible fight between two bears. He was following the trail of one he had wounded in an oat field one afternoon, when he came upon such a sight as very few men have witnessed. In a little opening in the woods an immense brown bear and a so-called silver-tip were engaged in a life and death struggle, which, from the torn up condition of the ground, had already lasted a long time. As Dan put it, they bit at each other like dogs, clawed like cats, boxed like prize fighters and wrestled like Cornish miners, as nearly as possible at one and the same time. The brown bear, which had escaped from captivity after severely injuring its dancing master some months before, was no match in agility for the native, but had an immense superiority in weight and strength. After numberless vain attempts the big fellow at last managed to get in a terrible swing upon the side of his enemy's head, with sent the silver-tip reeling. Evidently considering the fight won by this blow the brown bear sat down and began to examine his wounds, when, like a flash, the other rushed in again and, fixing his teeth into the brown bear's stomach, rent and tore him in a frightful manner.

Dan felt himself called upon to object to such foul play, and took a hand in the scrap just then, pumping enough lead into the silver-tip to keep him quiet forever. In spite of wounds the big brown bear slipped away and was not seen again.

