

that fear came over me. What was this maniac going to do? But to show apprehension would be fatal, so I faced him boldly and exclaimed, "Holloa, Mathews! what are you doing here? Why are you not in the airing-grounds with the others?"

He turned a wild and flashing eye upon me, and glared like a wild beast. Then he howled out, rather than said "Let me out of this!"

"What do you mean?" I replied, resolving if possible to gain time, and trusting that presently an orderly might pass and relieve me from the terrible dilemma in which I stood.

"Let me out!" he repeated. "I have been too long in this vile place. I want to rejoin my regiment, to see my poor old mother and Mary, my sweetheart. Why am I here? I am not mad, like the others. God knows that, so do you. But if I am kept much longer I shall be stark-staring mad. Let me out, I say!"

He was now boiling over with frenzy. Still I kept my ground. "Mathews," I said, "I know that you are not mad, so listen a moment. How can I get you out? I am not the mad doctor. I can't act without his orders. Your removal has been recommended by him. I'll go and consult him now."

"No, you won't indeed."

"Well, I can't release you. It would be as much as my commission is worth to connive at your escape. I should be tried by court-martial and cashiered, if not worse. That you must be aware of."

"That's no matter to me. 'I'll make you. See this?' He opened the loose gray pea-jacket he wore, and, to my horror, took from within it a round paving stone of some pounds in weight, such as the court-yard of the building was paved with. How he had managed to obtain and to secrete it was another mystery.

A cold perspiration broke out upon me. My life seemed to be hanging by the slenderest of threads. I had no means of defence. The rules prevented my taking into the interior of the asylum even a walking-stick, and man to man the maniac was taller and stronger than I.

The soldier raised the stone in his uplifted hands and held it over my head, which was protected only by my regulation forage cap. I expected every instant that I should be crushed beneath it but still the man seemed irresolute to strike. Then while, Damocles-like, the missile hung above me, a sudden idea flashed across my mind: "What if I try to dodge him?"

"Put down that stone!" I cried out.

"Let me out, then!" he answered.

"Put down that stone and I will. But first declare that you will tell no one who did it or how it was done."

"Doctor, I swear!" And then, to my inexplicable relief, he lowered his raised hands.

I looked around once again, really to spy if any official was in sight, but in such a shy, covert way as to make Mathews believe that I feared an eavesdropper.

"You know the locality outside the barracks?"

"Yes. I was stationed here some years ago with my regiment."

"Well, this door (pointing to one which was close to us) leads down a very short passage to another exit opening on to the Denes."

He was all ears—every nerve strained to hear what I had to tell him.

"Here, take this key." I put into his stretched-out hand one that I happened to have in my pocket, I forgot to what

it belonged, but I knew that it would fit no lock inside the asylum. He grasped it eagerly, and at the same time dashed the paving-stone on the floor.

"What then sir?" he asked in less excited tones.

"This: With my pass-key I shall let you into the passage. Grope your way for a yard or two down, feel for the lock of the outer door, open it with this key and escape!"

"You will tell no one that I am gone—take no steps to have me caught? Remember this if I am brought back I'll murder you!"

"Mathews, if you escape by the method I have pointed out, no one shall know it."

"You are the soldier's friend!" he replied. "Let me shake hands with you, sir."

I did not feel happy when I found my palm wrung within his, but I quickly opened the door alluded to, and without the least shadow of suspicion he entered immediately. Once he was fairly in, I pulled it to with a bang which shook the very wall. He was enclosed in a bath-room.

The strain of excitement over, reaction came on. I felt sick and faint, and knew no more until I saw one of the officials and my servant stooping over me. The former, going his rounds, had found me lying on the floor; and as soon as I came to my senses I told them what had happened, and steps were taken to have Mathews so watched that in future paving-stones would never again be in his possession. I took care never again to perambulate the asylum without my orderly escort.

About Bears:

In early times on the Pacific slope, says a correspondent of the *Portland Oregonian*, adventures with the grizzly bear were very common, and it was always a favorite theme around a camp-fire. No doubt many of these stories were lies from end to end. But many true ones were never penned. There were many poor fellows who carried unmistakable marks of having had a dreadful encounter with a grizzly bear. These stories naturally created a desire, especially among those who love the excitement of the chase, to have a skirmish with a grizzly. But the first sight of one of these monsters usually produces a kind of paralysis, a cooling off of the ardor engendered around a camp-fire, and the first desire experienced is personal safety, and, suiting the action to the desire, a place of safety is generally sought in a hurry.

Grizzly bears are not yet ranked among an extinct race of animals, for they are frequently found in the Selkirk Mountain and still farther south. They are the genuine stock, too, weighing from one to two thousand pounds, and have all the native ferocity of those formerly found in Southern Oregon and California. There are several other varieties of the bear family found—the cinnamon, brown, and black bear. Their tracks are frequently seen in the sand and mud on the banks of the rivers and creeks where they go to catch salmon. The Indians say they have killed three grizzly bears this season—two very large ones. We must not always reckon on the size of the track. The black bear, the smallest of the family, makes sometimes the largest track. He is very loose-jointed, his paws spread out, and he leaves an impression on the sand and mud very large for the size of his body. The nimbleness of his joints permits him to handle his legs, particularly his fore legs, with a great deal of dexterity. He can climb a tree faster than a man. Not so with a grizzly. He stands more erect on his legs. He is built more for