

crush him to death. The hug of a bear, as some hunters know to their cost, is a warm embrace. Some, who, by the quick, skilful use of their knives, or by the prompt arrival of a rescue party, have been rescued from the almost deadly hug, have told me how their ribs have been broken and their breast-bones almost crushed in by the terrible hug. I know of several who have been in such conflicts, and although they managed to escape death by driving their knives into some vital spot, yet they had suffered so much from broken ribs and other injuries received that they were never as strong and vigorous afterwards. But with a good tree at his back, his trusty knife in his hand, and his brain cool, the advantage is all on the side of the hunter.

Among the many stories told of such conflicts, there is one by a Canadian Indian, which shows that even the women know how to successfully conquer in these encounters. This hunter was out looking for game, and had succeeded in killing a deer, which he left in the woods for his wife to skin, while he returned to his wigwam for his sled on which to drag it home. It was in the spring of the year, and there was still snow on the ground. A great, hungry bear that had just left his den after his long winter's sleep, while prowling about looking for food, got on the scent of the blood of the newly-killed deer. Following it up, he soon reached the spot where the Indian woman was skinning the animal. She had just time to spring up with the knife in her hand, and back up against a tree close at hand, ere the half-famished brute sprang on the deer and began devouring it. Seeing the woman so close, he seemed to think it best to get rid of her before eating his meat, and so, with a growl, he rushed at her. He raised himself up on his hind-legs, and tried to get his fore-paws around her and thus crush her to death. She was a brave woman, and knew what to do. Holding the knife firmly in her hand, she waited until his hot breath was in her face and he was trying to crowd his paws in between her back and the tree against which she was pressing herself with all her might. Then, with all her force, she plunged the sharp-pointed knife into his body in the region of his heart, and gave it a quick, sharp turn. So thoroughly did she do her work that the great,