

But, to the surprise of everybody, the black object bobbed up again! In spite of the general fusilade, the bear made the shore, climbed the bank and disappeared among the bushes, about 50 feet above the water level.

Everybody looked foolish, H—— especially so. It did not seem possible that a bear could be shot through the head, killed, drowned, and yet come to life again!

We finished gaffing our black bear, and went to the place the crippled bear had escaped. H—— and I were both wearing soft moccasins, and the stones did not look very good to us. As we hesitated, Showan came down the gangplank with Stanton's .303 and lightly tripped off into the brush after the crippled bear. We heard three shots in quick succession, and then two of the grinning "breed" deckhands started off on a run with a tracking line. A few moments later the odd spectacle might have been seen of an enormous black bear being yanked down hill at the end of a tracking line, dumped into the river, and towed like a York boat to the side of the steamer! That, however, is the way they do it on the Peace River. I doubt if, in accumulating bears, the like is to be seen in any other country.

The novices of our party, of course, thought Showan had "killed the bear," and very soon the teeth had been hammered out as trophies. When it came to the skinning the bear by light of the deck lantern, however, the story was different, although most singular. The skull of the bear was not scratched, broken or cracked, but the neck, shoulders and head, underneath the hide, were badly suffused with blood. Close examination showed two little holes, one each side of the head, passing through the big muscle which lies far back on the top of the head. At a distance of 650 to 700 yards the bullet of the .405 had just raked the top of the skull, a mark perhaps only three or four inches in diameter. Showan came down to see the skinning of the bear. Another native pointed out this wound to him, and like the gentleman and sportsman he was, he at once grinned and held out his hand to the man whose shot had first taken effect.

"Among my people," he finally said, by means of an interpreter, "the man who

first wounds an animal gets it. When I went after this bear, I saw that it was hit, because it had to stick its toes in to climb up the bank. It tried to get up the bank again when I saw it, and I shot it two times, missing it once. It was lying there, acting foolish. I think it would have died before morning. I don't think it would ever have gone away from there if I had not come on it."

Of course, a bear here or there did not mean much to Showan. But the little incident will show that sportsmanship can come in red colors as well as white. My friend took the robe of this bear also, and the deckhands took the meat, which disappeared with great rapidity. This also was a large bear, and all the three which we had taken aboard were enormously fat. As we had now started four bears from this island, and H—— had killed two, the H. B. captain formally named this H—— Island, and so it will always remain. We were in a country the maps of which are not yet finished.

We were precisely at the season when the Indians like best to kill these bears. They get great quantities of oil from the fat, and we noticed that in skinning the bear they would take off two or three inches or more of fat with the hide, skinning down to the meat closely instead of skinning to the hide, as we do. They said the Indian women would rather flesh the hide when it is skinned with a lot of fat on it. All the fat and parings of the hide are boiled for grease.

Arrived again at Peace River Landing, our party divided. Two were obliged to start for the settlements. The greater portion of the party, accompanied by two agricultural experts, Professors Bull and Pettit, took wagons for the Grand Prairie country. My friend H—— and I concluded to stop for more bear hunting, as the others would not return to the Landing inside of a week.

It is something of a comfort to get into a country where there are no professional guides. Now, the "breeds" at Peace River Landing make their living killing moose and bears, but so far as we were able to determine, we were the first sportsmen to hire "guides" or to outfit for a sporting trip at this point. Mr. Cornwall found us an old friend of his, Moise Richard, a