

# THE BATTLE OF THE BEARS

## CHAPTER I.

### THE BATTLE OF THE BEARS.

'CHIST! Oomah! Look there!'

Thus whispered Curlyhead in two languages.

My gazing had been in another direction, and so before I could see what had excited my Indian canoemen, they, with their strong paddles, had arrested the onward movement of our canoe, and had paddled back behind a great rock.

'What is the matter now?' I asked; for, from my lack of alertness or duller vision, I had failed to observe anything unusual. But these keen-eyed hunters, whose very existence often depended upon their alertness, had caught the one glimpse for which they had been eagerly looking. It was that of a great black bear far ahead of us, sunning himself on the shore.

We had had signs of bear during the last two or