

Again Huley kicked him. This time the bear snuffed suspiciously, then went a little distance up and down the trail, and finally disappeared. Huley lay motionless for what to him seemed an eternity, then he arose to his feet thankful for the wonderful deliverance, when instantly the copse near him was swept asunder, and the ebony demon seized him again. Only for an instant was he conscious, and during that interval he says that he experienced a sensation of being twirled round and round. The boys came up the path, and almost stumbled over the battered and bloody body of their father. The bear had torn and mangled him fearfully, stripped him of every rag of clothing and fled. They carried the inanimate form to the boat, and as speedily as possible reached the revenue cutter Adams, then moored in the bay. The ship's surgeon found that besides numerous flesh wounds Huley's skull was fractured, and one leg was broken. With competent treatment and careful nursing he eventually recovered.

When you go to Sitka you will doubtless see a stalwart man, with a decided limp, a badly scarred head and face, and an impediment in his speech. You may know that is Nicholas Huley, a pioneer, a capitalist, a good fellow—and over and above all, a bear-hater.

The native men of Southeastern Alaska, are of a taciturn disposition, but they are indefatigable hunters, making long journeys into the interior on foot, through the mountain defiles and over passes, using their light canoes chiefly for crossing rivers and lakes. They build