

would make an effort to climb, but sooner to drop back than before. If I could only get Fanny out, perhaps she might bring the Indians, I thought. Then I would try, and try, to get her out, but of no avail.

Wearied out, I was lying prostrate at the bottom, thinking over some other way of escape, when a chill of horror ran through me to my very marrow and hair roots, at a thought that flashed through my already agonized mind—what of the he-bear? He ain't killed. If this is the den of the bears we killed, and they were the she-bear and the two big cubs, where is the he-bear? He will be coming to his den, now, as they were. Soon he will be here. How am I to defend myself? Oh! gracious. He will kill me and eat me! I shook and trembled as with the ague. I chilled all over, with the hole at oven heat. I burst out into a cold, deathly, clammy perspiration. I got sick and faint at the horrible fate. The more I thought of it, the more inevitable seemed the certainty of my death. To be eaten up in a horrid den like this, by a bear! Or, should my suspicion not be correct, die a slow, lingering death from starvation, after I had eaten all I could of my faithful Fanny, whom I would have to sacrifice, and eat uncooked.

What next? Though in Rome you are to do as the Romans do, in a bear's den one cannot do as the bear does—sit down and suck your thumb. I would starve to death before long. My bones would never be found. My darling wife, and boys and girls, what was to become of them? My life and career would be untimely ended. My scientific manuscript, still incomplete, the loving labour of years, on the Mineral Resources of Canada, with which I had hoped, as a patriotic Canadian, to do so much for my country, by telling the wealthy men of Europe what a wealth of minerals we had—all gone! All lost! Oh! miserable man, I cried, in my despair!

But soon I was aroused to a sense of my immediate danger.

Hush! What was that? I listen. It is nothing. Should the old he-bear return what must I do? What could I do? Helpless, weaponless, in a narrow hole, what chance had I? Oh! for a knife! I cried, from the bottom of my heart. If I must fight, I must prepare, and I took off my smock and belt of testing acids and bottles, and loosened my clothes. I will sell my life as dearly as I can. In the midst of my anguish and preparation, a thought, like a brilliant flash of light, gleamed through the darkness of my despair. I can fight him with my acids. Perhaps *they* will keep him off. With this thought lighting up my mind, faint hope that was almost dead, returned, revived, and gathered strength. As I dwelt on the effects of these powerful acids on living tissue of any kind, my courage returned, and with



"DO YOU SEE, NOW, GIGLAMPS?"

the most anxious feelings I thought out what I could do with the wretched weapons on which depended my life.

Presently Fanny pricked up her ears and barked. I listened. Hush! I hear plainly the steps of some one on the tree. My heart jumped into my mouth. At the thought, "it is the Indians following my trail," wildly I scream—

"Pete, hallo—I'm here! hallo!"

No reply. I call again. I look up at the circle of light. It darkens! Ah, he is there! He will hear me now.

"Pete! Hallo--Potash! I'm down the hole! Hallo!"

But still no reply. Gracious mercy! I will go mad.

"Pete! Pete! Hallo!" again I yell to them, and the light is closed. Fanny shrinks trembling behind me. Ah--Merciful Heaven! It is not Pete! It is not Potash! It must be the bear! I hear a scratching, grunting noise up the tube. With horror my fears are realized. It is the old he bear!

"Now, God be my helper, and I'll meet you!" I cried, and jumped my full stretched length to meet and fight my dreaded antagonist. Brave little Fanny climbs eagerly past me, full of fight. Slowly the bear comes down. I hold the dog up my arm's-length, and draw an acid bottle from my belt, and take out the glass-cork with my teeth. Down slowly approaches the bear. Nearer and nearer he comes. I can hear the sound of his huge claws on the sides of the hole.

"Which will it be--head or tail first?" I wonder now, for in the presence of the danger I had become cool, and could think and act fast.

"Let him come, Fan," I said, as I drew her down to my shoulder.

"Keep still, Fan."

"Here he is, at last—and stern first!" Up Fan, on to his back! Here is a big hind claw! Douse goes the acid on it. I catch his tail. Douse goes the acid over it and his back. I empty that bottle, and grasp my belt for another; but he feels it, starts, grunts, squeals, as Fanny, on his back, bites at his ears, and scratches up the hole. I hold on fast to his tail. Fan is doing grand work on his back, going for his lugs courageously. Up the hollow he starts. The load is heavy, and he strains and grunts, and works his paw that was being eaten by the acid, humps his back, and twitches his tail. I hold on like grim death. This is my only chance. The brute wriggles and squeals with the pain of the burning acid, as well as the fear which now possesses him at such a reception in his own den. He scratches up and up. He wants to get out. He makes terrific struggles. I hang on and help all I can, but I have all I can do to



"PETE! HALLO!"