

frighten them away for it is far from pleasant to hear grizzlies, weighing perhaps half a ton each, snuffing at one's door in the dead hours of the night.

Although my health had improved, I was still stiff in my joints, and could not walk for even fifty yards without pain. But my courage had risen, and before long I began to revolve plans for entrapping the bears.

Night after night, after barricading my door, I lay pondering projects for bringing them to grief. Finally I determined to entice them into the smaller log camp across the creek by baiting it with the offal of the elk.

This small camp, which stood about two hundred feet from the larger, was a strong structure fifteen by twenty feet on the ground, built of Douglas fir and cedar logs from a foot to fifteen inches in diameter. It was roofed with poles, covered with dry fir boughs, and had a door hewn plank, strongly cleated.

I took the door off its hinges and set it within, between two posts, one on each side of the doorway, so that it could be hoisted up and let down, like a gate in a water-slucice. For dropping it, I rigged a button with a wire extending back overhead to the other end of the camp.

In doing all this I spent a whole week, for I could work but little as yet. Almost every stroke with the axe put me to pain, and I was obliged to rest often; but I persisted till I had the door so strong that I felt sure no living creature smaller than an elephant could tear it out.

When it was ready for setting I scattered fresh bones about the doorway, and at the farther side of the camp attached a fore-quarter of my venison to the wire in such a way that a tug at it would let the trap-gate drop. From my camp across the creek I could see the door of the bear-trap, and know whether it was sprung or not.

On the second night after baiting the new trap I heard bears shuffling about it, and early next morning saw that the door had fallen. Arming myself with my pole-knife and an axe, I crossed the log bridge in considerable excitement. Had I caught a bear or a panther? I feared it might be nothing larger than a wildcat or a marten.

Near the trap I listened for some time. There was no sound from inside. I stole up and peeped in at a crack beside the door. The camp seemed empty, and I supposed the gate had fallen accidentally. But just then I made out a large dark mass in one corner, and presently caught the wicked, green light of a pair of eyes.

As I could not make sure what sort of beast it was, I went round to a little square hole left for a window on the south side, which I had stopped with a bit of log. Removing this, I looked in. No sooner had my face appeared than a roar caused me to jump backward in haste.

The bear was in there—no mistake about that! He had been lying quiet, not so much from fear, probably, as from sullenness or shame at having been trapped. His growl seemed to say, 'Just let me get a paw on you and I'll teach you better manners than to play tricks on me!' It was a large 'silvertip' bear, but not such a monster as the one that had knocked my camp door down in August.

I had caught my bear, but what to do with him was a problem. The best scheme I could think of was to get on the roof of the camp with a line, make a hole through the poles, and attempt to drop a slip-noose over the bear's head. If I could do that, I might be able to choke him.

Accordingly I went back to my camp for the rope I had used to lasso the elk, and

then clambered upon the roof of the camp-trap, while the bear growled in such a frightful manner below me that I did not at all like my plan. But I could think of nothing better. After I had crawled up near the ridge-pole and opened a hole three or four feet square, I attempted to lasso the animal.

There may have been other beasts as furious as that silvertip became, but I never saw one of them. He struck the noose aside with his paw, roared at me in a blood-curdling manner, and tried to climb the walls. But I was out of his reach and continued casting the noose.

At last, as if in disdain of me, the great creature sat down in one corner and let me throw the line, making no effort to ward it off. By a lucky cast I flung the noose over his head, jerked it tight and held fast. I had taken what I thought the precaution of tying the other end of the rope to the ridge-pole.

Then the battle began. The bear no sooner felt the rope tighten on his throat than he reared up, brought his paws against the line and leaped to the other side of the camp. The rope was jerked violently out of my grasp, and I fell face downward upon the roof. The bear wheeled, seemed to tangle himself in the line, and brought his whole weight to bear on it. Instantly I heard a loud crack and felt the ridge-pole settle down.

At that I forgot rheumatism and jumped handsomely to get off the roof, but I was too late. It went down in a heap, and I with it, right on top of the bear. There were only a few bits of pole and rotten brush between us.

What a roar that brute let out then! I think I yelled, too—all I could. No doubt he was alarmed, but alarm is no name for my terror. He clawed wildly to get from under the ruins, but he was not quick enough to keep me from clambering over the log wall of the camp.

I hardly know how I did it, but in less than five seconds I was outside, heading for the bridge. I didn't stop to hobble, either, for I heard a frightful snort just as I dropped to the ground, and caught a glimpse of the bear going over the top log of the camp wall dragging a piece of the ridge-pole by the rope around his neck.

Till then I had not fully straightened my legs and back since I was crippled, but I braced up and ran the two hundred yards to my camp at top speed. The silvertip did not follow me, however. He took to the woods, and I never saw anything further of him.

No sooner had I gained my camp door than I was seized with such pains in my limbs and about my joints that I thought I should surely expire. Fever returned, and throughout that entire day, my suffering was great. I feared a long relapse, but the pain and fever subsided during the night, and I was much better the next morning. Now I could stand erect and walk without hobbling.

While twisting about in the night I thought that I would never more trouble the bears, but after I found myself better my ideas began to run upon trapping them again. The main difficulty I had now learned, was not so much to catch a bear as to deal with him afterward.

I cleared out the old camp, cut new poles and replaced the roof. Then I chopped a hole through one side of the log wall, cutting a short piece out of one large log, and leaving an aperture two feet long by about fifteen inches high. Through this a captive bear could thrust his head.

Next I set a post a little to one side of

the hole, on the outside of the camp, but close up to the log wall; indeed, I chopped into the wall and set it partly into the logs. To this post I attached a long, heavy lever by a wooden pin near the top end of it, so that the lever could be worked horizontally up and down like a pump-brake.

I mortised holes in the under side of this lever for inserting the heads of three old axes so that the blades would project downwards. My idea was to provoke some captive bear into thrusting out his head to seize me. Then I would shut the lever down across his back, catching it between the bottom log and the axe blades.

By throwing my entire weight upon the long arm of the lever I expected to be able either to behead the bear or speedily choke him to death. I estimated that I could easily bring a weight of a ton to bear on those axe blades.

In rigging this device I spent the better part of a week, and I do not think that I ever felt more confident of the success of anything; but I had still much to learn concerning grizzly bears, and my progress in this portion of my education was wonderfully rapid a few nights later.

(To be Continued.)

A Father and a Mother

(By Annie Flint, in 'The Independent'.)

The sun—a July sun, blazing hot—beat down upon the river and shone vertically along the palisades, throwing its blinding glare over the hills of the east shore and on the rails of the Hudson River Road. In the distance sounded the whistle of a train that had just passed. The man at the switch lifted his head to listen. One of the group by the river's edge came forward hastily.

'Look-a-here, Willet, what did you go back there for? That train ain't comin' this way. You're off duty; do you understand? It's my time now. That's all right, old feller; gimme here.'

Tears streamed down the speaker's face. The man at the switch turned to him inquiringly, then stared beyond at the others who drew together as if to screen something that he must not see. There was a fogginess in his head, which made understanding difficult. Of course, Mitchell could take the switch; it was Mitchell's time. He had a feeling that he would never be clear-headed again, never be worth anything more to the Road. He took an unsteady step in the direction of the men, and two of them sprang to his side in an instant, while one hung back before the something that he must not be allowed to see. Their features worked and their voices trembled in explaining how, at the little railway station and at the boat-house a few rods off, they, too, had heard the boy's cry, had seen his struggle in the water. Run as they would, they had not been in time to save him. Then they broke down utterly and sobbed, and the fog lifted somewhat from Willet's brain so that he could hear their voices, while his hand was wrung vigorously many times. The fog shut down again, and he was puzzled. What was it they kept saying had happened? What had he tried to do? Day in and day out the boy had ducked and splashed in the few feet of water near the bridge where his father had his post. There'd never any harm come to him. But now he'd cried aloud for help, and his father'd had to bear him, had to see him die! The horror of the thing, the terrible shock to the man's nervous system, isolated him for the time being from any appreciation of human sympathy. He attempted to walk and stag-