

"Yes, Ethel, and I will try to show him that the love that was so great in the long ago has but slumbered for lack of its object. God knows I tried my brother's soul as few men are tried!"

They found him at last in a hospital,

after long searching, but he was in a delirium, and his mind could not receive the truth. He shook his head when they tried to cheer him, and muttered, "I cannot escape my destiny." These were his last words.

## BEAR AND FOR BEAR.

BY ED. W. SANDYS.



ON the whole there has been a vast amount of fanciful rubbish written about bears and their ways—especially about the black bear. Many good people labor under the impression that even our best known bear, the black fellow, is a wicked, dangerous brute, given to prowling through the lonely forest wilds, seeking whom he may devour; a savage liable to attack inoffensive human beings and hug or claw the life out of them in short order. This is an entirely erroneous impression, for *Ursus Americanus* is a comparatively harmless and decent chap enough, and will let you severely alone providing you accord the same treatment to him. The black bear will only face a man under extraordinary conditions. A she black bear will fight gallantly for her cubs, and will hardly hesitate to charge a man, or a number of men, if she has reason to believe that her youngsters are in danger. Then she will in all likelihood prove an ugly customer. Any bear, if badly wounded, will generally make a show of fight, and now and again there may be a smack of real danger to its persecutors. In rare instances, perhaps, though I never heard of an authenticated case, an old he, or a bear that happened to be in a bad tem-

per at the time, might possibly attack, if approached too closely—even when neither molested nor wounded. But this would be an extraordinary case, only liable to occur if the animal was suddenly come upon and the route it desired to take had been cut off by its fancied assailant. As a rule the black bear avoids intimate association with man as carefully as the man could avoid the plague.

Keen of nose, quick of ear, and astonishingly handy at getting swiftly over rough ground or fallen timber, he is an exceedingly difficult animal to approach close enough for a sure shot—in fine, a wary, crafty quarry, harder to still-hunt successfully than a buck. His seemingly clumsy body is in reality remarkably supple and powerful; is short, heavy limbs are towers of strength, and he can use them as swiftly as a trained boxer uses his arms. He is wrestler, boxer and climber combined, but he does not care for fighting unless driven to it as a last resort. Start a row close to him suddenly, especially if a few dog-voices help the din, and he will generally climb's tree with amazing celerity. Give him time to run away and he'll put for his safest stronghold as fast as his flat feet can bear him, and you may catch a passing glimpse of a black body clambering frantically through a windfall or scuffling over rocks in most earnest endeavor to get safely away. If he happen to be lean, a condition most improbable, save in early spring, when his usual store of fat has been consumed during his long, mysterious hibernation, it will be a vain or a very long chase ere he can be driven to his den or to a tree, or to bay. Usually, however, he is laden with fat, and then dogs can keep up with him readily enough.

Hound him through his well-loved fastnesses, run him through one or more

water-courses and windfalls, and over rough rocks, with the maddening roar of the pack sounding in his ears, and every now and again a venturesome hound nipping him sharply on one of his fat hams; persecute him in this manner for a time until he is weary with urging his heavy body over obstacles, and hot and winded with mighty exertion, and then he'll fight. The lurking devil that is in every strong, wild brute asserts itself at last, and with blazing eyeballs and foaming jaws he faces about to settle the question. Backing against a convenient tree or rock so as not to be attacked from behind, he rises on his strong hams and grimly bides the onslaught of the yelling dogs; woe be unto them if they approach him too rashly. His great arms and claw-tipped fore-paws move wondrous quick, and he can box like a very Corbett.

An over-eager dog may plunge at him to test the thickness of his fur, but the ready paw launches out like lightning, and the dog receives a blow that may maim him for life or kill him outright—in any case he'll never "pile onto" any more bears. The strong claws and toes move independently after the manner of fingers, and should they once get a grip on a dog, that dog is in for an experience which he will never forget, no matter whether he lives five minutes or five years longer. He may snap and snarl and struggle, but the arms fold around him in a close, smothering embrace that would start the rivets in the Statue of Liberty and bring a blush to the face of Bartholdi's buxom lass if there's any female life in her.

The bear may not use his teeth; more likely he will stick his snout straight up and merely hug—a long, straining, hug-some hug, which breaks the dog's ribs or back or mainspring, or at least disarranges his works so seriously that he does not care for the glorious chase any more. Then the men appear on the scene, hot, perspiring, and yelling wildly, and they shoot the bear and attend to the patching of such dogs as have any pattern left to wear.

Mind you, reader, all this only applies to the black bear, and in nowise implicates his terrible, non-climbing relative plantigrade, the grizzly. Don't you ever go and "sick" a parcel of dogs on a grizzly, and then join in the madding crowd and expect to find healthy pleas-

ure and personal enjoyment in the glorious pursuit. If you *must* run a grizzly with hounds, pay the men for the dogs first, and then cheer on your gallant pack from the top of the very tallest tree you can find—and take provisions and water enough for at least two days up the tree with you, for a grizzly is "onsartin" in his moods, and might possibly couple your name with the movement, to afford him excitement.

Famous Ole Ephraim, the terrible king of the cañon, is no fit quarry save for men of iron nerve and practised skill to pursue. A wounded or enraged grizzly is perhaps the most dangerous animal for man to tackle of all the eat brutes. No cats that ever jumped, not even excepting Royal Leo or His Stripes of Bengal, possess his ferocious temper and desire to fight at close quarters. The African buffalo may rival the grizzly as an assailant when wounded, but it certainly does not claim the marvelous vitality which characterizes all bears, the grizzly in particular. You may riddle Ephraim with bullets, but unless you knock him off his feet outright, or be a varlet of his race, he will fight and charge as long as his limbs will carry his tremendous bulk in your direction. Sometimes, of course, a single ball will lay him dead, but more frequently he may be shot through and through, and receive wounds any one of which will ultimately prove fatal, and yet fight to the last gasp, and if he but get hold of an assailant, wreak a horrible vengeance ere giving up. One "swat" from his mighty fore-paw, armed with fearful scimitars of chisel-sharp born, may send a man into the happy hunting grounds, and should he be fairly struck and yet live, he will surely carry hideous scars to his ultimate grave.

The fierce vindictiveness of the grizzly, his giant strength, indomitable pluck and amazing tenacity of life are what make him such a terrible foe, and the Indian knew right well what best tested hunters' craft and individual bravery when he chose the necklet of grizzly claws as a token to prove a man.

And now or a few bear facts. I never shot a grizzly, though I have been in their haunts often enough, and upon several occasions really sought Ephraim with intent to do him bodily

harm. Some day I hope to score a kill to my own rifle, but for the present the grizzly can wait.

Black bears I do not consider to be really dangerous game, having followed them often, killed a couple to my own gun, and been with parties who killed more. More often still I have caught distant glimpses of black bear, and sought for their closer intimacy in vain. Once, at least, I met one when I didn't want to, and our interview was very brief.

A party of us were after deer in the Muskoka country, and one morning, a beautiful Indian summer's morning. I took a paddle in hand and trailed along the lake shore looking for a canoe which we had been told was beached somewhere near. Foolishly I left gun and rifle behind. Not a cloud marred the blue doom above, but there was a very black cloud shaped like unto a bear immediately beyond my limited horizon. Half a mile from camp a huge boulder blocked further view of the shore, and behind this boulder the canoe was supposed to be hidden. I reached it, walked around it on a narrow strip of wet sand, and almost ran foul of a splendid black bear.

The last forward step has never been completed. I dug my heels into the sand like a horse refusing a jump, while the bear shot back upon his hams and we stared at each other, each quivering in every muscle—two motionless figures of amazement. He was so close I might have touched him with the paddle, but I didn't. I looked at him and he looked at me. I saw his nostrils twitching and spreading as he got my smell; I saw his little eyes starting from the black mask and gaining a brighter lustre; I saw his tawny chops lift and wrinkle until there came a flash of gleaming white; I saw his little round ears slowly sinking backward like the ears of an angry cat; I saw two clots of wet sand drop from his raised fore-paws; I saw his hind feet gripping the sand more firmly and the white horseshoe on his breast slowly and steadily creeping upward, and I *knew that he wouldn't attack me.*

I came to first, and he didn't attack me. I made rather a wide turn round the big boulder, in fact actually stepped into the lake a few times in my carelessness, but my feet were quite dry when I reached camp. Later I went back to

get my paddle and only found about twenty foot-prints in about a quarter of a mile of wet sand—but he didn't even offer to attack me!

Last autumn a friend, chance-met during a tour of the Pacific coast, asked me to tarry for a few days with him near the summit of the magnificent Selkirk Range of British Columbia, I had previously halted there and studied the Great Glacier and its greater rivals the Asulkan and Dawson Glaciers, and the marvelous mountains and gorges which make that locality world-famous, but my friend wanted to devote a few days to the glaciers and scenery, and so I gladly agreed to halt with him.

One night—such a moonlit night as one but seldom enjoys—we left the chalet-like hostelry, and wandered perhaps for a mile along the smooth path leading to the forefoot of the Great Glacier. There we sat upon a log to enjoy the most beautiful prospect it had ever been our fortune to witness. We smoked steadily, hardly uttering a dozen words in an hour. Before us lay the Great Glacier, a river solidified, a mighty torrent chilled in its grand descent from the peaks above and manacled there to the mountain side, its huge forefoot and moraine of rounded boulders but a few yards from us, its gleaming length flashing in the moonlight—a quivering highway of light, a silver stairway leading to unknown space of deepest blue. Behind us rose the densely-forested shadowy ascent of Asulkan Mountain; far away to the right the sharp summit peaks glistened like silver spears. Upon the opposite side of the narrow V-shaped valley towered mighty Sir Donald, so close that his dazzling helmet of snow seemed almost bending over us. Beyond the westward limit of the valley the sharply serrated crests of the Hermit Range gleamed like icebergs against a sea of blue, while on all the lower steppes and valley slopes were piled the black masses of forests that only grow upon Pacific slopes.

Not a sound broke the solemn stillness save the whimpering and growling of the new-born Illicilliwaet River as it fussed and struggled among the crowding boulders below, with true infantile audacity noisily asserting itself, where men but looked in silent admiration or spoke in whispers. The majesty of the

surroundings, the power of the grand peaks stretching far above, like mighty interrogation points mutely questioning the sky, filled our souls with humble adoration. Words ceased—pipes died out unnoticed. We were drinking in the sermon Nature preaches.

“Woof!”

A sudden, frightful, grunting snort clove the sacred stillness, and shot us bolt upright with the convulsive movement born of genuine fright.

“Woof! Woof!”

It came from the black heights above, from how far we could not tell—it seemed horribly close. My comrade was no sportsman, and knew naught of the wild inhabitants of those mountains. In a long gasping whisper he asked:

“Wha-a-at the dev-il’s tha-at?”

“Keep still. It’s a bear.”

“What! ! !”

This time his voice sounded quick and sharp as a pistol shot, and had it been a starter’s pistol he could hardly have got away quicker.

“Hold on, old man, keep still!”

“You’re a foo—,” but the rest of it was lost, and I could hear his feet pattering like a snare-drum along the homeward path. I had, of course, been thoroughly startled, but had no intention of running, though the situation grew more and more lonesome with strange rapidity.

Suddenly from above came a volley of fierce cries, snorts of rage, grunts and wild snarls, all mingled in one grand explosion of wrath. Pebbles rattled, bushes rustled and snapped, and I seemed to hear the strong scraping of claws on rocks, and the thud of heavy blows struck rapidly. Then came a sounding crash of branches, a final rattle of stones; then dead silence. Two bears had evidently met on a narrow ledge, fought, clinched and rolled down to a lower level.

“Woof!”

The victor sounded his triumph in a soul-scaring, hog-like snort. The sound appeared to be no closer than when we first heard it. But what was that second sound—certainly much nearer? The bear that got the worst of it was coming my way! For one instant I heard him rustling in the brush and grunting and complaining at his hard luck, then the thought flashed through my mind—“What if he be a grizzly? *Ephraim*

*fresh from a set-to in which he was worsted!*” My feet answered the query; I had declared to myself that I wouldn’t run—nor did I—I *flew!*

The first black bear I ever shot at was encountered under most peculiar conditions. Sixteen years ago business took me to sojourn for a time in Michigan, my headquarters being in Oceana County, which then contained some rare good shooting grounds. Deer were very plentiful, and bear fairly numerous. Grouse could be flushed almost anywhere on the beech ridges and-afforded rattling sport, and countless myriads of wild pigeon frequented certain parts of the county—if I remember aright, Oceana County contained both a nesting place and a “roost” during the years 1875-76. We seldom shot pigeon, as the grouse furnished better sport; but the former were netted by thousands, At that time I shot a muzzle-loading, double, fourteen-gauge gun, a beautiful weapon, which had been built to order by a celebrated English maker. It was as good a gun as man ever leveled, I believe, and a couple of seasons later was regretfully laid aside for a more modern style. My rule was to load the left barrel with nine small buckshot over three drachms of powder, keeping this load for any big game that might show, meantime shooting grouse with the right barrel, loading with number seven shot, and occasionally pressing the ramrod down the left barrel to guard against a possible loosening of the wads.

One day I strolled along the shore of Lake Michigan, at a point where for about forty yards in breadth the loose sand was almost level, while between this and the dense woods rose a rather high barrier of sand-dunes. Through this row of dunes at intervals, narrow ravine-like openings, presumably caused by rushing water, allowed passage to and from the woods, and deer frequently made use of them.

It was hard work walking in the sand of the beach, and I turned into one of these openings, intending to beat up a few grouse in the cover inside. The particular ravine selected curved in its course somewhat like a letter S, and as I rounded the second curve my eyes fell upon something that made my heart leap into my throat. A few yards ahead (not more than five at most),

sitting half upright, his back supported by the sun-baked wall of earth, and he himself forming a perfect picture of lazy contentment, was a good-sized black bear. He had evidently heard uncertain indications of my approach, and was gazing intently at the opening toward the woods. His pose and whole appearance was so comical that had I been less startled I should probably have laughed outright. Then he slowly turned his head around in my direction, his pointed snout sniffing, sniffing, sniffing until his eyes fastened upon his guest and also stared into the sightless orbits of the leveled gun.

He gave a soft "phit!" of startled recognition, pricked up his ears and turned his head askew in a quaintly-puzzled fashion, while his forehead seemed to wrinkle with thought, exactly as one may notice the head turn and wrinkles come on the forehead of a big Newfoundland pup if some noise is made which he cannot understand.

There was no show of fierceness about him—in fact, he seemed to be the very soul of good-humor; possibly his thoughts and his comfortable sunbath had been thoroughly enjoyable. However, that was none of my business, and I didn't even wait to apologize for my intrusion. One instant after his head turned the gun covered the space between his eyes, there was a roar and a cloud of smoke, and if the gun had kicked me clean out of the ravine I could not have left it quicker.

Reaching the entrance I faced around like a flash, trembling all over with excitement. No sign of pursuit, and keeping a watchful eye in the direction of my black friend, I hastily began reloading. To my surprise, I found that the right barrel was empty. In my astonishment, or fright, at our unexpected encounter, I had forgotten all about the buckshot in the left barrel, had hurriedly cocked the most convenient hammer

and had dosed bruin with an ounce of number seven shot. Needless to say, both barrels were charged with buckshot when I again ventured to enter the ravine. There was not a sound to betray his presence, nothing but a powdery smell in the air to hint of the great event, until I neared the spot where I had made my involuntary stand. There I saw great splashes of red upon the parched sand, a row of long gashes in the dusty surface, and above these gashes a black arm and paw thrust stiffly out, the wide-spread toes and claws still quivering with that straining tremor that thrills the muscles of a brute but once.

The number seven shot had worked terrible damage. A hole almost as large as one's fist showed in the head, both eyes had been forced out from their sockets—in fine, the upper portion of the skull and most of the brain appeared to have been entirely blown away. The head presented confirming evidence of what three drachms of good powder and an ounce of small shot will do at close range. I cut off the two fore-paws and put them in my shooting coat as trophies, and later in the day returned with a native for the skin (in poor fur, of course), and the meat and the much-prized fat. It was only a small bear compared with many I have seen, but the glory was great. Yet sometimes I have communed with myself and propounded these questions:

"Supposing that bear had been looking in your direction when you first saw him; supposing he had not given you that moment to recover your nerve, and supposing his face and movements had not so reminded you of a big black pup, would you, or would you not have dashed out of there, and run clean up to your neck in Lake Michigan before you noticed whither you were drifting?"

And conscience whispers—"I don't know."





Painted for *OUTING* by Hermann Simon.

(See "Bear and For Bear," *p.* 416.)

"OUR INTERVIEW WAS VERY BRIEF."