



Painted for OUTDOOR by Hermann Simon.

AT FORTY-YARD RANGE. (p. 23.)

BEAR HUNTING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By Wm. Edward Coffin.



THE desire to kill a grizzly bear was almost a mania with me. Fair success in big game shooting and several disappointments when after the grizzly had only made me the keener, so when the last holiday drew near it was not strange that my mind was full of the great plantigrade.

Correspondence with residents of British Columbia

elicited the cheering information that Revelstoke was a promising point from which to start upon the hunt proper. In due time I reached the wonderful mountain region of which Revelstoke forms such a minute fragment.

My guide, Jack, and cook, Jim, announced with pride that with money I had forwarded they had purchased the provisions and camp outfit. These were already on board a little steamboat, the *Marian*, which would start early next morning bound down the Columbia River, and would leave us at Thompson's Landing, on the north-east arm of Upper Arrow Lake.

From Thompson's Landing to Trout Lake over the mountains, some twelve miles as the crow flies—at least thirty miles as a man walks—there is a rough trail, cut for the use of a pack train which carries flour, bacon, whisky and other supplies into a little mining camp at the head of Trout Lake. There we hoped to find a dug-out or boat of some description, in which we could paddle to the foot of the lake, some eighteen miles. Beyond that were the pathless mountains, and all our dunnage and supplies must be carried on our backs.

At Thompson's we were met by Charley, a packer, who proved to be a royal good fellow, faithful, even tempered, and with phenomenally good eyesight.

There are but two houses at Thompson's Landing, so on noticing the boxes, crates, and bags which were being unloaded from the steamer and piled on the lake bank, I inquired whom all these things were for. "Those are your provisions," said Jack the guide. "What, all these?" I said. "Yes, I thought you wanted to be comfortable, and expected me to spend the money," was the answer. Now, horses cannot be taken into the hunting ground. Forty pounds is all that a man can pack over the mountains. Twenty pounds, with gun, ammunition, and a rubber blanket, would be quite enough for me. Therefore our party, the guide, cook, packer and myself, could carry only one hundred and forty pounds.

There we were, thirty miles from a town, with tents, cooking utensils, and provisions weighing, as I afterward learned, thirteen hundred pounds. The situation was too absurd to be anything but laughable. Indeed, it is next to the best joke in my experience. The best comes later on. There was nothing to do but make the best of it, so a modest outfit was selected, and the balance left to be sent back at the first opportunity and sold for my account.

After making a bargain for Jack horses to carry our outfit to Trout Lake the next morning, I ate supper and went to bed. To bed, but not to rest. The room, eight by ten feet, with a seven-foot ceiling, contained two beds, no sheets, no pillow-cases, the only cover in a loose blanket. Two men were asleep in one bed; the other had been reserved for me. The one window was tightly closed. The night was hot and the atmosphere of the room was intolerable. I raised the window and the room filled with mosquitoes. They came in clouds. My room-mates tossed and muttered oaths in their sleep, but it was impossible to breathe with the window shut, so I tossed and muttered too. It was the last night spent under a roof that trip. Thereafter we pitched a tent, and behind mosquito netting slept in comfort.

Next morning we started on the twelve-mile tramp for Trout Lake. Declining the proffered hospitality of the

"Miner's Rest," we pitched our tent near the head of the lake, cooked supper and turned in. I was awakened at midnight by the noise of a pitched battle between two companies of prospectors, but I would not get up, even or a fight. We learned next morning that it was a drunken quarrel in which six or eight men had been engaged, several of whom were badly bruised. Gentle peace had been restored by the bartender, with a pick handle.

A prospector's life is full of hardship. An average kit contains one rough suit of clothing, worn by the man, no extra socks or shirts; one half of an ordinary blanket, used as a shelter in rainy weather, as a covering in cold; a small tin bucket, a tin cup, a revolver strapped to the waist, a miner's pick, a piece of bacon six inches square, one quarter pound of tea, two pounds of oatmeal, a little sugar, a little salt, and about thirty pounds of flour. Absolutely nothing else. This for two weeks.

The length of a trip is limited by the amount of flour a man can carry. Probably four days of the time is consumed in going to and from the supply store. A prospector commences at the foot of a mountain, working up the bed of a stream, looking for float or outcroppings. Many claims are located above snow line. One-half the time a man is standing in water or snow. Over-heated in the middle of the day, chilled at night, half clothed, insufficiently fed, he struggles on for the few years which suffice to reduce him to a wreck.

With it all, the people are law-abiding. In the United States, a like community would be ruled by the revolver. Though all of the men were armed, there was no shooting during the fight at the "Miner's Rest." One man drew a revolver, but was instantly disarmed by the bystanders. Crimes of violence are almost unknown. Theft is rare.

Revelstoke had no Justice of the Peace or other officer of the law. By common consent, disputes or misdemeanors were usually submitted to Jack Kirkup, the Government Mining Agent. He was a handsome young giant of herculean strength, whose severest penalty was to take a man by the shoulders and kick him out of town, with a warning not to return. One transgressor remarked that he would rather serve a sixty days' sentence than take another such kicking.

The only boat available was of roughly made boards, cut from the log with a handsaw, the green timber twisted and warped, the cracks in the bottom a quarter of an inch wide, the oars whittled out of cedar splits. We caulked the cracks with a pair of overalls and an old sack, loaded the boat, and rowed down the lake, making frequent stops to shift cargo and to bail out. Five hours' hard work brought us to camping ground.

The tent was pitched at the foot of the mountain, on a cedar-covered point projecting into the lake. The afternoon was spent in fishing. In three hours I caught nine silver trout, weighing seventy-three and one-half pounds. The tackle was a bass pole, one hundred and fifty yards of line, and a pickerel trolling spoon. The fish lie deep in the water. The spoon was held down by a heavy lead, and must have been a hundred and fifty feet below the surface. The fish were very gamy, jumping clear of the water from four to seven times, and making rushes which strained both pole and line.

Trout Lake is eighteen miles long and from half a mile to a mile broad. It winds between the mountains, with densely wooded and precipitous banks. Above the timber line rise peaks covered with snow, beneath which show the dark green ice of four large glaciers. The depth of the lake is unknown, but it must be great, as the water fills the gorge, and has no shallow margins.

Surrounded as this lake is by mountains, it is subject to sudden storms which sweep down the gorges, sometimes from one side, sometimes from the other. Indeed, at times the wind blows from a different direction at each end of the lake. These storms are accompanied by hail, snow or rain, as the case may be. They blow out in a few hours, but will raise waves of surprising size, and in a surprisingly short time. We were four miles from camp, and on our way back ran into a storm of great severity. The guide wanted to go ashore, saying he had been "capsized in this lake three times and had to swim ashore," adding that "swimming in ice water was cold work." Like the ostrich in the story, I knew it all, and promising to steer with a cedar split, which had been used for a seat, insisted on going ahead.

In a few minutes the pounding of the waves loosened the caulking in the bottom of the boat, and I had to stop steering to bail out the water which poured in. A mighty gust of wind gave the boat a twist, and one of the cedar oars broke in the middle. For a moment things looked serious, but Jack rose to the occasion. Shouting to me to bail for our lives, he brought the boat around, stern to the waves, but not until we had shipped two seas and were kneeling in six inches of water. By skillful steering and hard bailing we managed to reach the shore.

Jack first built a fire, then whittled an oar out of a cedar snag, while I dried my legs and cooked our only remaining fish—a two-pound silver trout. About three o'clock in the morning the wind ceased, the waves quickly subsided, and we were able to row to camp.

Next morning we started up the mountain. The ascent was difficult in the extreme. The lower slopes were covered with immense cedars, the ground strewn with prostrate trunks from four to seven feet through, between which grew a thicket of "devil's club." Devil's club is a giant nettle often six feet high, the stem, branches and leaves covered with spines, a wound from which is painful and, I presume, somewhat poisonous, as it makes a festering sore. Hours were spent in forcing a way through and climbing over logs. This forest passed, we came to jackpines, "thick as the hair on a dog's back," to borrow Charley the packer's expression. Remember, we had packs on our backs, the guide and myself carrying guns.

The small pines must be forced apart by main strength, the projecting branches catching the packs, and when released by the men ahead, slapping one in the face. Toward evening we started two black bear in a berry patch, but, owing to the thickness of the brush, did not get a shot.

A portion of our next day's journey was through a comparatively open forest, where we saw much bear sign. Above this forest we found running cedar, which lies flat on the ground and is very slippery and difficult to climb over. I had several hard falls here. Above the cedar were slides, places where avalanches had torn great gashes in the mountain side, which were over-

grown with the alder thickets so common in the Maine and Adirondack woods. To go through the crooked and intertwined branches was almost impossible. They must be bent down and climbed over. These passed, we came to the moraines—rising in some places a thousand feet—composed of slate and shaly rock, which a touch will start to sliding. There is little solid rock in these mountains, the ledges are slaty; large pieces can be pulled out with the hand. As a result of this formation, and of the moisture from the melting snow, the mountain sides are seamed and scarred by earthslides.

Not a day passed without the rumbling, grinding roar of an avalanche. Fortunately, this was always at a distance. Above the moraines the glaciers and snow-covered peaks form a continuous frame, boldly contrasting with the blue background of the sky.

Our tent was pitched in a little clump of gnarled and twisted cedars, the extreme edge of the timber line. We had planned to hunt mountain goat first; afterwards, to try for bear among the berry patches, and caribou on the lower levels. Naturally we camped on the best available ground, and some idea of the character of the country will be given by the statement that to pitch a tent eight by six feet in size, a rough platform was constructed, which, resting against the mountain on one side, was over six feet above ground on the other. The cook dug a place on the hillside for his fire. As he stood to work his feet were upon a little platform, the fire being level with his chest.

The mountain goat is found in several parts of the Western United States, but seems to especially thrive in British Columbia. It has long, white hair, the only spots of color being the black horns, eyes, nostrils and hoofs, and is about three times the size of the ordinary domestic goat, which it closely resembles in general structure. It lives on the snow-line of the highest peaks.

Some hunters will say that it is the easiest of animals to kill. Probably that is true in a country where there has been little or no shooting, or if the goats are surprised while crossing from one range to another. My own experience has been very different. The mountain sheep, generally conceded to be the wariest of animals, is no more keen and

alert than the goat we found. A stalk involved hours of arduous labor, and at the slightest evidence of danger the herd would take refuge in places where an approach without wings was well nigh impossible. For four days we hunted over the snow or watched from projecting points; then taking Charley, the packer, who carried four blankets, an axe, tin bucket, and three days' provisions, we started to work along the divide, keeping near the summit.

We surprised a brood of noisy ptarmigans, and the guide caught a little chicken, and handed it to me that I might feel the heat of its body. I have never seen greater courage than was shown by the mother, who flew straight at my face. Although repeatedly pushed away with the open hand, she would not desist, until in pity I put the chicken down in the snow and left her in peace.

About noon of the first day out, Charley, who had made a detour, reported goats upon the other side of what he called "Nigger-head Mountain." With the aid of a glass, the herd, plainly visible to his naked eye, was located. The guide, turning to me, said, "There is rough climbing on that mountain; do you think you can make it?"

Now for several days I had been writhing under a certain compassionate patronage in his manner, probably the result of my very poor showing at target shooting, or possibly because I insisted on always carrying two woolen shirts—one lasted him the entire trip. Here was my opportunity. "Can you make it, Jack?" I inquired. "Course," said he. "All right, then, I can, too; wherever you are man enough to lead, I am man enough to follow."

There was some nasty work in the first part of the climb, but after rounding the shoulder of the peak, we found a glacier, sloping from the summit at an angle of some forty-five degrees, and ending some hundreds of feet below in a precipice, over the edge of which could be seen the mist from a waterfall. From the brink of the precipice to the foot of the fall was, perhaps, a thousand feet.

When the sun shines, the snow with which the glacier is covered softens sufficiently to afford fair traveling, if the foot is stamped in at each step. If the sun is obscured, even for a few moments, this snow freezes, and to cross is difficult if not impossible.

The goats were quietly feeding near the waterfall on the opposite side of the canyon. We moved rapidly along, the packer in advance some fifty feet below me, the guide following.

Incautiously stepping into the shadow of the peak, where the surface was a glare of ice, I fell heavily and slid down the steep incline. The alpenstock in my hand broke like a twig. Instinctively swinging around, feet foremost, I pressed both heels and elbows against the frozen surface. Charley, the packer, heard the fall, and with a look of horror sprang out to catch me, but by that time I was going pretty fast, and his courage failed.

Down I went, faster and faster, the wind whistling by my ears, the loose snow flying in a cloud around me. Straight ahead was the precipice; away below the canyon.

In a few moments I had slid four hundred feet. Fortunately the lower edge of the glacier was slightly cupped, and the loose snow from above had lodged in that little depression until it was about eighteen inches deep.

My speed slackened as this loose snow was reached, and digging my heels in for a last effort, I came to a stop, not fifty feet from the edge. Lying there, fearing to move, lest the snow banked in front of me should be loosened, I could look over the edge down into the depths of the canyon. If I close my eyes now I can hear the distant roar of the waterfall as it sounded then.

The two men soon worked down to a point whence they could cut footholds in the ice, and so, one on each side, they brought me out. The seat was out of my trousers and underclothing, the sleeves torn from my arms to the elbow, the snow stained with the blood slowly dropping from the bruised and lacerated flesh. My trousers and coat were so distended by the snow gathered on the way that I appeared to be blown up like a football.

So far as my own observation goes, it is the anticipation, not the danger, which unnerves a man. There is an exhilaration in the crisis itself which drowns all other feelings. The first impression was of amusement at the panorama of horror, resolution, and fear shown by Charley's face, as he saw me falling, started to catch me, and then jumped out of the way. Next, an almost impersonal thought that this would

be my last hunt; then a recollection of the "Uncle Remus" story, in which the terrapin complains that the buzzard taught him how to fly but not how to alight; and a thought as to how it would feel when I struck the bottom of the canyon. Last of all, as the trousers gave way, the absurdity of my appearance, coasting down the incline on nature's cushions. This seemed so very funny that I broke into peals of hysterical laughter, which lasted until, working along the ice, solid footing was reached; then I sank on the snow in complete collapse, shaking like a leaf. Fortunately the gun was slung on my back, and my hat lodged in the snow, but my pipe went over the edge.

Disrobing sufficiently to dislodge the snow packed into my clothing, I rubbed my honorable scars with gun grease, and carefully caulked the hole in my trousers with a towel. The goats had disappeared.

Upon the mountain over which we started to follow them was an enormous moraine, or slide, perhaps fifteen hundred feet high, composed of small pieces of shale, and extending a quarter of the way round the mountain to impassable cliffs. This we must climb up and around. Once started, we must keep on or fall. Carefully working the foot in, a step forward was taken. As the weight was thrown on this foot, the slate would commence to slide. Another step must be made at once. As the foot was raised a mass of the loose material would slide down the mountain with a rumble, raising a cloud of dust.

Three hours were consumed in the painful ascent, with but a single rest. In one place, where the bed-rock projected, I threw myself down, and clasping the little crag with both arms, panted for breath. Nothing but pride kept me from crying—I felt like it; but the shortest way out was over the summit, so on we struggled.

At the top of the slide we found a difficult cliff. At one place we could only work around a corner by clasping extended hands, as a protection against a misstep. Then we clambered up a twenty-foot snow wall, in which the guide cut steps as he advanced, until we gained the summit. We followed the trail over the snow for perhaps a quarter of a mile, then stopped for lunch, a rest and a smoke.

Charley, who had started off for a reconnaissance, returned, breathless, to report a goat in sight.

It was an easy stalk to about two hundred yards above where the animal was lying. That is a longer shot than I like to risk, and shooting downhill at a white object lying on a snow bank is not easy; but there seemed to be no way of getting nearer without alarming the game. I fired, and missed. As the goat jumped I fired again, the ball striking just above the kidneys.

The goat ran across a knife ridge, dividing the chasm between two peaks. Down we rushed, the guide in advance, Charley hurrying back for his pack. Blood on the snow showed that the goat was hard hit, and Jack sprang upon the ridge, balancing himself with outspread arms as he jumped from rock to rock as lightly as a bird. "Come on!" he cried. I looked at the ridge. A tight rope would have seemed easier to walk, for that would have been comparatively straight. This ridge was broken, uneven, and looked sharp enough to split wood upon. On one side was a steep slide. A man falling would be torn to pieces by the sharp-pointed slate. On the other side was a glacier. It was too much. Humbled at last, I shouted across: "Jack, perhaps I could go wherever you lead, but I am not fool enough to try this. Please accept my apologies."

"Well, you run round the glacier. He may go straight through." This was called over his shoulder as he disappeared among the rocks.

With many misgivings I started around the mountain, on the glacier, which was some two miles in length, half encircling the mountain, and completely filling the canyon. Its surface descended in rolling benches, like a giant toboggan slide. The afternoon sun shone full upon it, and the crevasses were the only danger. There were many of these, but none too broad to be easily crossed.

The goat came in sight, slowly limping around the mountain side, half a mile away. As rapidly as possible, I followed. Although steadily gaining ground, I was still a quarter of a mile behind when the goat clambered around the shoulder of a cliff, which I could only pass by a partial descent of the mountain. Jack and Charley were both

in sight, and as the sun was setting we decided to camp and to follow the trail next morning.

When we reached timber line, a pile of cedar boughs was cut for a bed, the ground being everywhere soaked with water from the melting snow. A few boughs were stuck upright for a wind break, and I sank into a dreamless sleep which the mountains always give me.

The night was very cold and our covering scanty, but the two men kept up a roaring fire, and I was greatly surprised next morning to find the ground frozen solidly.

We took up the trail at daybreak, and within three hundred yards we found the goat dead. He was a large buck, a perfect specimen in every respect. Although the carcass had lain over night without being bled, as a seeker after experiences, I decided to take the fore-shoulder that we might taste the meat.

To reach the camp, we had to cross the mountains, and a hard day's work it was. The sun shining full in my eyes as we climbed, together with the glare from the snow, produced a painful inflammation. We were much concerned for the guide, who had an attack of vertigo, probably resulting from drinking the ice-cold water and exposure to the intense heat of the mid-day sun.

At last camp was reached and the goat meat cooked for supper. My curiosity was easily satisfied. One mouthful was enough. It tasted like a menagerie smells.

The next day I was compelled to spend in the tent with my swollen eyes covered with a wet bandage, which at last reduced the inflammation.

As bear was the main object of the trip, and time was limited, cam was moved back to the waterfall, half-way down the mountain. The tent was pitched in a place shaded by large trees, and with a background of rock covered with wild raspberries. On the benches near were many blueberry bushes, laden with ripe fruit, which was of two kinds—the ordinary mountain blueberry, and a species as large as a grape and tasting a little like a plum.

Charley started off to scout for promising ground. Jack and myself hunted to the left. We soon separated, following parallel lines, about three hundred yards apart, I taking the lower level.

By an enormous boulder I paused to look. I heard the crack of a twig on the other side, and rushing around saw a medium-sized black bear disappearing in the bushes. The distance was not over forty yards. The bullet struck in front of the hind leg, and ranged forward through the body. The animal fell at once. Feeling sure it was a mortal wound, and not wishing to spoil the hide, I approached, holding the gun ready for another shot. With a snarl and glare of rage, the bear tried to rise, then fell back dead.

It was a three-year-old female, my first bear, not as big as it might be, and a black, not a grizzly; but still a sure-enough bear. While bleeding the carcass I noticed the peculiarly vicious expression, the eyes bloodshot, the lips curled in a snarl, with a feeling of pity for the gentleman bear who had such a vixen for a mate. Charley, the eagle-eyed, reported a distant view of a grizzly, for whom the succeeding day was spent in fruitless search.

On the third day we worked in the opposite direction. Two bear were started, black, as we found from the tracks; but the underbrush was so thick that we could not see them. Later in the day, while walking along the mountain side alone, I heard the cracking of a twig. In a moment a loose atone rolled, and I rushed through the "dense bushes toward the sound. Unfortunately I looked the wrong way, for on examination I found the track of a black bear which had half-circled me. When my rush was made he had jumped at least ten feet, and made off up the mountain.

For convenience in reaching different points, we now moved camp to our old ground on the lake border.

During the next two days, while on scouting expeditions, the packer saw two black bear, and the guide a grizzly. From the lake we saw a large black bear away up on the mountain side. While ascending the mountain in parallel lines—the guide on one side, the packer on the other, myself in the center—we started two black bear, one running each way, quite near the men, but not within sight of me. The major part of these two and the succeeding day were spent in watching "wallows," places where the bear roll in the water, which showed signs of frequent use by both black and

grizzly bear. On the last day the guide thought he heard a splash below us. Working cautiously down we found a pool completely hidden by the thicket, in which a large black bear had just been wallowing.

All this was most exasperating. To understand the difficulties under which we labored, imagine the mountain side, seamed by canyons and gullies, and densely covered with underbrush. There had been no real rain for ninety days, the occasional light showers blowing over in a few moments. Each twig, leaf, and the very ground itself, was so brittle and dry as to make movement without noise impossible. I have heard my guide moving through the brush a quarter of a mile away, and, of course, a bear's hearing is much better than mine. We had to depend entirely upon still hunting, as berries were so plentiful that the bear would not touch a bait. This may sound strange to an old hunter, but the fore-quarters of the goat, carried down the mountain with infinite labor, lay untouched, although the track of a bear passed within fifty yards. The carcass of the female bear had not been disturbed five days after it was killed. Nearly all the tracks and sign found among the berry patches were of black bear, and I think it safe to say that with a plucky and well-trained dog, we could have killed eight.

Watching bear wallows is dull work. For hours the hunter must sit perfectly quiet. To pass the time I commenced to study ants, watching their efforts to carry off, and their battles over, crumbs of bread or dead flies. Mosquitoes were not troublesome, but the flies were very bad. Ranging in size from a large species called "bull-heads," whose bite would bring blood, to a tiny midge, they were omnipresent and persistent. The bull-heads seemed to hunt in packs of three or five. At each change of location we were attacked, but after three to five had been killed, were left in peace.

Beyond a few "fool-hens," and an occasional "snow-grouse," we saw no members of the partridge family. The streams near the lake were full of brook trout; but the overhanging underbrush made fly-fishing impossible. Fishing with the three-foot pole and six-foot line with which the cook kept the table supplied had no attractions for me.

Thinking that the grizzly bear might

be living upon fish, we decided to move camp some four miles to the opposite side of the lake, near a creek which was resorted to every second year by countless numbers of a small, red fish, the name of which I did not learn. By this creek ran a well-beaten trail, upon which two years before my guide had within two days killed two grizzly and a black bear.

To give the berry patch one more trial, we mounted a little knoll to closely examine the mountain side. Hardly had Jack raised the glass to his eyes, when he put his hand on my knee, saying, "There is our grizzly. I saw his nose back of that clump of bushes." We hurried through a small swamp and up the opposite hillside. Moving with the utmost caution we approached the spot. The bear had gone. To our left lay a shallow ravine, filled with underbrush, extending for half a mile up the mountain.

"He must be in there. You run to the upper end. I will try to drive him out," said Jack. Up I ran with heart thumping and breath coming in gasps, from the exertion of running up hill in that thin air. At the head of the ravine was a large rock. Climbing on this I could see over the bushes.

Hardly had I looked at my gun to be sure it was all right, when in the ravine below a twig snapped. A moment later the bushes parted about two hundred yards away, and a large black bear started to climb over the edge of the ravine. My disappointment was keen, but there was something to take it out on, and aiming back of his shoulder, I fired. He fell, but immediately jumping up, commenced to run. Three more shots were fired at the black object, glancing through the bushes, one bullet going through the fleshy part of his leg.

I started in pursuit. The bear ran up hill about three hundred yards, then, circling, started down directly toward me. I could hardly believe my eyes. Had the bear been a grizzly, I would have understood it. Could it be that a black bear would show fight!

Some thirty yards above was a clump of small trees, which were directly between the bear and myself. Waiting until he emerged from these, I heard him crash into the underbrush; then a gasping roar, and all was still. When I approached the trees a black paw stood

up in the air. My bear was dead. What I had imagined to be a charge was only a blind rush down hill in the death agony.

He was a magnificent animal, large and very fat; the body coal black, the nose, from eyes down, a light brown. It was the brown nose that had deceived the guide.

After helping to skin the bear, and cut off the head, feet and hams, I started off for the lake, some two miles distant. The packer was to meet us with the boat at a point four miles from camp. Traveling light, I was to hurry on and send Charley back to help Jack with his heavy load.

The packer was fishing from the boat, far out in the lake. I fired a shot as a signal, then sat down to rest. It was a thoughtless act, for when hunting large game I never shoot either at small game or without an object, nor do I take the odd chance of firing at running animals if distant. During this entire trip, aside from a little preliminary target shooting, my gun was discharged but nine times. The men with me knew this.

Now, after my slip on the glacier, Jack's former condescension was exchanged for parental solicitude. Evidently he had doubts as to my safe return to civilization. In an incredibly short time I heard his shout, and he burst through the bushes, hatless, the perspiration streaming down his face.

"Thank God," he said, as he saw me standing on a log, "when I heard that single shot I was sure you had stumbled on a grizzly, and he had got the best of you." His concern was so genuine, and his relief so apparent, as to make quite an impression on me.

The day's incidents were not through with yet. Leaving New York in a time of great business depression, I did not think it prudent to be entirely beyond the reach of a message. Having arranged for two telegrams to Revelstoke each Friday, one from my family, the other from the office, I engaged a man to bring them into the mountains. At

an agreed-upon spot on the lake shore directions were to be left as to where we could be found. The plan worked well. When the second messages were received I inquired quite casually as to the expense, and was horrified to learn that I was paying sixty-five dollars for each trip, and was therefore liable for one hundred and thirty dollars. This was harrowing, but it was too late to save that money, so telegrams were written to the office and to my wife, who was in Chicago, asking them not to wire unless the urgency was imperative. This I had explained to the messenger, telling him it was hardly probable that any other message would be received, but if one came to bring it through regardless of expense.

After the return of the men with the bearskin and meat, we rowed toward camp. Imagine my horror as we neared the tent at seeing the messenger standing on the lake shore, waving two telegrams in his hand. My heart stood still as I sprang ashore and tore open the familiar brown envelopes.

The first was from the Western Union office at Chicago, a printed form, stating that the party to whom my message was addressed could not be found at 4761 Lake Avenue. The second, also a printed form, stated that the party addressed had been found, and the message delivered at 4671 Lake Avenue.

All that mental agony and the sixty-five dollars because of the transposition of a single figure. I keenly appreciate a good joke, and that was the best joke in my experience. The reaction from painful apprehension reconciled me to the loss of money, and we had a jolly evening after a royal supper on roast fool-hen, trout of two kinds, and bear paws. The last tasted like pigs' feet, but were much more dainty.

After moving our camp as proposed, we found that the red fish were not in the creek yet, and there was no fresh bear sign. I spent two days in an unsuccessful hunt for caribou, and then my time was up. Caribou are plentiful at times, but I saw none.

