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A BEAR STORY OF THE WILD WEST.

How A Lone Miner Takes Honey from A Ledge of Rock and Gets in Close Quarters With A Grizzly Bear.

Mr. A. is one of the most successful mining men in California. It seems odd to some that a man of his wealth and influence should look back to the poverty and hardships of a prospector's life and say, "Those were good old days."

Like most men who have long roamed the mountains and deserts, he is an extremely interesting talker. Some years ago, when he came to visit a son who was a classmate of mine at Stanford University, I had the pleasure of meeting him. The following is his account of an experience with bees and bears.

I have what is sometimes called a "sweet tooth." About my only extravagance is to buy a dime's worth of chocolates occasionally, and eat them at one sitting. This fondness for sweets once made a bear family and a colony of bees and me a great deal of trouble.

When I was working a prospect in Shasta County I ran out of sugar. One day, after I had lived several weeks on the plainest of camp fare minus sweetening, I discovered a bee cave in a canon wall that overhangs Pitt River.

Working with a considerable degree of steadiness, but with little stomach for a hand-to-hand fight with a grizzly on the face of that precipice.

Apparently the bear did not approve of the place as a site for a battle-field, either; for just at this time, to my relief, she halted, and seemed in more than half a mind to back out. After a few moments she began moving forward again, although more slowly and warily.

She was seemingly drawn on quite as much by the sight and smell of the honey as by the desire to exterminate me. Reaching the "greased" approach, she stopped and began lapping greedily at the crushed honeycomb. She enjoyed the honey, that was evident; but my presence at the feast annoyed her, and she showed her displeasure by skinning her teeth and shooting me baleful glances. The slipperiness of the approach now appeared still more like a bait-line, and although nearly rigid with nervous tension, I began to feel a little foolish.

But in a few minutes it came out that, after all, the laugh was on the bear. She became very busy and worried in a search for a knob on which to rest her fore-foot, and a little later decided that she dared advance no farther. After polishing the cliff as far as the end of her tongue would reach, a very sour-visaged, disgruntled grizzly. I could have laughed her to scorn, but decided to postpone this until I was safe within the four walls of my cabin.

All this time the cub had been squatting above us, watching his mother lapping honey, his jowls dripping saliva. I have a sweet tooth myself, and holding nothing against the son of such a cross-grained brute of a parent, I tossed him up three slabs of honey-comb, each about the size of a home-made pumpkin pie.

A little later his joyful, honey-smeared countenance reappeared over the cliff. But this time he

convulsively under the shifting strain of my weight, whereupon his wise mother removed him from possible harm by a rough clout over the head that rolled him over and over, and made him whimper mournfully. The cub was a comical mixture of gravity and mischief, and I took a liking to him from the first.

As a finishing touch in making dangerous the trail of the bears, I improvised a swab by tying one of the smudge rags to the end of my crowbar, and with this implement smeared the approach with a slippery coat of crushed honeycomb. I thought this quite a stroke of genius, and was regarding my work with a grin of satisfaction, when the bear, obviously drawn on by the sight and smell of the sweet, hurried to the end of the trail and began to descend.

My face straightened out with a jerk. Like many a complacent theorist before me, I found myself filled with alarm at the prospect of my scheme being subjected to a practical test. I suddenly remembered that I knew little as to the clinging capacities of the bear family, and was not at all sure that the grizzly could not reach me.

A moment later, when I saw the nimbleness with which she advanced along the face of the cliff, I became quite sure that she could enter the cave on a trot. It was a trying moment for me. I noticed, as I tore off the sticky swab rag from the end of the crowbar, that my fingers were all in a flutter. This passed in a few seconds, though. I awaited the approach of the bear, bar in hand.

When I could stand it no longer, I ventured to uncover my head, and was rejoiced to find that the bees were pretty well "under the influence," and that there was a little stream of good air at the bottom of the cave. The moment I got my breath I reloaded my magazine with rags and pumped smoke into both of these fissures until the wrathful hum of the occupants became a low, drowsy murmur.

That I went to the entrance of the cave, cleared my lungs of burnt-rag fumes, and reconnoitered the bear family. Fortunate it was that with me bee stings cause little or no swelling, or I should have had no eyesight for reconnoitering.

There was no trouble in locating the bears. The old grizzly was peering over the edge of the cliff, about fifteen feet from the juniper-tree to which I had tied my rope. Apparently she was planning a descent upon me, but did not like the looks of the smoke pouring out of the mouth of my retreat. The cub was sitting near by, staring solemnly down into the chasm.

I now noticed for the first time that just below Mother Bruin there were some irregularities running along the slanting face of the cliff, which gave evidence of having been used by bears as footholds in gaining access to the cavern. I had a light crowbar with me, and I took the tool and knocked off some knobs, which, by their claw-worn surfaces, gave evidence of having aided generations of bears in entering the bees' storehouse. By hanging on to my rope with one hand and using the bar as a club, I managed to clear the cliff of projections for a distance of six feet from the mouth of the cave.

While I was doing this, Mother Bruin stalked back and forth just above me, eyeing my operations belligerently. The little fellow interested himself with the movements of the rope as it twisted

found me busy. I was working out a deep design against his mother.

Below the sharply slanting cliff, along which the bears for generations had worked their way to the cave, the cliff cut inward, leaving a sheer descent of nearly a hundred feet into one of the tank-line pools of Pitt River.

With dark intentions against Mother Bruin's footing, I tossed her a piece of honeycomb, as I thought well beyond her reach. But instead of making a head-long dive for it, as I hoped, she carefully readjusted her footing, and reaching far over with her paw, hooked in the dainty morsel, and devoured it with great gusto. I threw her another piece somewhat farther from her, but this, she decided, after several cautious trials, was not worth the candle.

It was one of the pranks of my thoughtless boyhood to poke old Tige's bone with a long stick, and laugh to see the faithful, friendly old fellow bristle and snarl like a mad hyena. Reflecting that the untutored and violent grizzly might likewise forget herself, I threw a chunk of comb within easy reach of her and prodded it with the bar.

I hope never again to witness such an overboiling of malignity, at any rate, not at such close range. The brute's demonstration left me with a shaky feeling about the knees and no desire for further experimentation. It instantly occurred to me, however, that I was tired, to all intents and purposes, and that after my smudge rags gave out, the bees would question my intention of becoming a steady boarder.

This thought revived my courage. I tossed a generous slab of honeycomb on top of the piece she had considered not worth the candle, and with uplifted bar and taunting shout, made as if to drive her back. For a moment she stood dodging at my feints and snarling terribly; then, with blazing eyes fixed on the morsel, she dared too far, her front feet slipped, and over she went.

I had always thought that bears had the faculty of landing on their feet like a cat, and maybe they do; but this bear hit the water flat on her back, making a hole in the river that would have held a small cabin.

For a man it would have been a half-day's journey from the spot where she landed and disappeared in the brush to where the cub was at the top of the cliff. But fearing that the mother grizzly would return by some short cut, I delayed my departure only long enough to fill one of my buckets with honey. Abandoning all the rest of my outfit, I clambered up to the top of the cliff, said good-bye to the cub, and set off for camp in a swinging trot.

Written across Calvary is sacrifice; written across this age of ours is pleasure. On the lips of Christ are the stern words, I must obey. And it is when I think of the passion to be rich and the judgment of everything by money-standard; of the feverish desire at all costs to be happy, of the frivolity, of the worship of success—it is when I think of that, and then contrast it with the "pale and solemn scene" upon the hill that I know the offence of Calvary is not ceased.—G. H. Morrison.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup recommended by mothers for young and old is prompt relief for coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, whooping cough. Gently laxative and pleasant to take. Guaranteed. Should be kept in every household. Sold by J. W. Mepherson and Co.

Why the People Love Bryan. News and Observer.

How the anti-Bryan forces at Denver do juggle with the facts. Here just yesterday in their column of States that would vote against Bryan if it came to the scratch were 24 votes of North Carolina. Such figuring as this shows that the bottom has dropped out of the "allies" campaign against Mr. Bryan, for if the other States relied upon to vote against him are as certain to vote for him as North Carolina, then there is a genuine "it is to laugh" fight against him.

The truth is that there has never been a day since the present campaign began that there has been any other man in the Democratic party except Mr. Bryan who has had the ear of the voters. And that he has had this is remarkable only when viewed from one standpoint, and that is that he is a twice defeated candidate. Outside of that he has everything in his favor, and so greatly in his favor that the people expect to see him in the White House on the fourth of next March.

Mr. Bryan's strong hold upon the confidence of the people is that he is trusted by them, for they have learned that he is no trimmer, that he is not a politician simply swept along by the tide, but that he is a man of determined purpose, and that when he sees that a thing is right and for the people's good he will speak out in behalf of it. He is the champion of manhood all the time, and not alone for campaign purposes.

He is the foe of special privileges because he recognizes that the growth of the nation, and that while for a time they may seem of benefit they will in the end bring destruction. He is opposed to the aggressiveness of combined capital only when it is in such combinations that its success means that the masses are preyed upon, and that even the liberty of the country is in danger as these grow swollen from ill gotten gains, and for all these things the people love him.

And they love him because he is a fighter for the best; a clean, square, straight man, who does not hesitate to fight wrong and injustice wherever he finds it and under whatsoever name. In the forefront of conflicts with aggrandized wealth he would have been politically slaughtered years ago if the way to do it could have been found by those whom he opposed, but they have found no broken links in his armor through which to send the barb. His life has been examined and scrutinized with the most powerful magnifying glasses under the brightest of search lights but nowhere has there been found a blemish. His personal integrity is unquestioned and driven back from point to point his opponents are always forced to say, "Bryan is an honest man."

And that sums up the reasons why the people love Bryan and why they are going to nominate him and elect him. A wise man, a man of matured mind, a statesman, a Christian, a lover of home, of State, of Nation, the advocate of the people, an honest man, he is entitled to the love and allegiance which is given to him, and these are the things which endear him to all who would see the people protected from the assaults of those who look upon them merely as so many pawns to be moved here and there that wealth and power may come to those whose only desire is to be great, no matter how the greatness is attained. Standing for the whole people, worthy of every confidence due an honest man, equipped for the duties of the Chief Executive of the Nation, he is due the votes of all who desire to see this country go forward on the best lines of development, that it may attain to that high destiny for which God has allowed it to be established.

Vice President Kern. "Who is Kern?" is the question which formed itself on all lips yesterday afternoon when the bulletin went on the board announcing that he had been nominated, and which was passed around from one to another all evening. And nobody was able to answer. John Worth Kern, as is learned by reference to that unflinching mine of wealth, "Who's Who in America," is a lawyer of Indianapolis, was born in Howard county, Ind., December 20, 1849, and is therefore in his 59th year.

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