

A BRAVE LITTLE DIANA

WHO IS AS CLEVER AS THE NOVA SCOTIA HUNTRER.

She Lives in a Cabin on a Cliff With Her Dogs and Her Cats and Her Birds and Her Bears—Love Caused Her Retirement.

Among the daring hunters, who for years have tramped the fastnesses of the Cascade and Rocky mountains, Dave Solberg is acknowledged chief. He is of modest demeanor and no boaster, and yet he has killed in his solitary wanderings more cougars, California lions, wolves, and grizzly bears than would suffice to stock all the menageries in the United States. Unlike his fellows, he is a college-bred man, is a versatile talker, and tells a good story.

During the past five years Solberg's range has been through northern California, eastern Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. His present hunting grounds comprise a wide expanse of rough country on the western slope of the Rockies, near the headwaters of the Salmon river.

Wonderful and thrilling as have been his past exploits, his last "big find," as he calls it, beats them all. To a correspondent who recently met Solberg in Spokane Falls the hunter told the following queer story.

"It was early in September last that I started out to fill a Chicago order for a lot of cougar, black lynx, and cinnamon bear-skins. Having heard from remote settlers that game of all kinds had been driven down from the mountains by the severity of the past winter and sweeping forest fires I directed my course toward the upper Salmon River, my objective point being 200 miles southeast of Pierce City. Besides Ben, a stout Lapwai half-breed, my faithful hired man of all work, caterer, tent-maker, &c., my outfit consisted of two Indian ponies for packing services, three old hounds, camp fixtures, to rifles, a shotgun, revolvers, and plenty of provisions and ammunition. Ben carried his own shotgun and belt knives.

"Monday, Sept. 24, will always be a memorable day in my experience. Leaving Ben and one dog in camp I started early in the morning for an all-day trip, directing my steps toward the head waters of the little stream near which we were camped. We had gone about two miles from camp when Tige and Fan struck a scent and bounded off through the dense thicket. I quickened my pace in the direction the dogs had taken and soon came upon the tracks of what I knew must be those of a large grizzly bear. Presently, as I anticipated, the hounds brought the bear to bay a hundred yards ahead. This was clearly evident from the altered tone of their cries. When I came up with the dogs there sure enough was a big grizzly sitting on his haunches and complacently taking in the situation.

"I poised my rifle and was about to fire, when to my utter surprise I saw a stout leather strap about the bear's chubby neck, while from the brass ring under his throat dangled a rosette and tassel made of red, white and blue ribbons. Besides, the animal's coat was so sleek and clean as if he had just come from a tub of soap and water. So long as I allowed the dogs to bark at a safe distance he sat bolt upright, perfectly still, with other sniffling and growling, and with an air of stolid indifference.

"Was the brute an escaped one from some menagerie? Was he a household pet, or was I dreaming? None of these, surely. We were in the heart of a mountain wilderness, more than thirty miles from the nearest border settlement, and 200 miles from the nearest town ever visited by circus or menagerie. Besides family pets are not made of grizzly bears weighing half a ton. Moreover, I was wide awake, and I had not tasted my brandy since leaving my camp.

"I called off the dogs and put them in leashes. Strangely enough the huge beast plunged instantly into the thicket and stumbled off up the creek, while I followed as fast as I could lead the hounds. At a point about half a mile further up the bear forded the stream, scaled the opposite bank, and was soon lost in the brush. I followed, still leading the dogs, now furiously barking and madly trying to get loose. I could hear the cracking of dry twigs under the bear's feet, and, quieting the dogs in order to catch his course, I heard a human voice, the shrill, treble cry of a woman.

"Ho, Dio! Dio! Dio-o!" it came. "Once more I was dazed. All the fairy stories of bears and wolves I had ever heard or read came back to me, and I was beginning to distrust the reliability of my senses, when the cry came again, a good deal nearer and louder, 'Dio! Dio! Dio, Dio-o-o-o!'"

"Chaining the hounds to a sapling, I plunged forward. I soon overtook the bear, which paid attention to me whatever, but lazily walked along as if his business was his own and nobody else's halting now and then to munch a few berries from the bushes. As Bruin and I emerged from the thicket into a partially open space, what was my amazement to suddenly meet face to face a woman—a real live woman! The apparition was clad in buckskin frock and leggings, with high brogans buckled over her feet, and her head covered with a brown slouch hat, from beneath which streamed her long hair. She was a blonde of the most perfect type. She snapped her thumb and finger, and the bear walked to her side, reared up on his hind feet, and licked her cheek while she stroked his shaggy coat.

"Now, sir," said the woman, "will you walk home with me and see where I live with Dio and his family."

"A twenty minutes' walk on a well-beaten trail brought us to a limestone cliff a few rods from the stream. This cliff was nearly perpendicular, forty or fifty feet high, and in its face on a level with the bank of the creek, there was a broad opening or cave, perhaps ten feet high and

thirty or forty deep. Just within was a snugly built log cabin, its front gable end extending outside far enough to catch the sunlight and permit the escape of the smoke from a stick-and-clay chimney. This retreat was the home of the women, while a family of bears occupied the further end of the cave.

"Upon our arrival Mrs. Grizzly Bruin and two half-grown cubs made their appearance, all exhibiting the same docile characteristics as the great Dio. A big Newfoundland dog also bounded forth to greet us. The cabin contained three airy and well-lighted rooms, a studio or parlor, a bedroom, and kitchen.

"Retiring to her bedroom a few minutes, the lady reappeared attired in her 'reception suit,' as she laughingly called it. While we sat at luncheon she told me her history, and I assure you it was only the old story, with romantic variations and illustrations. The gist of the whole matter was a love sorrow caused by the interference of unwise parents, and resulting in the abandonment of a comfortable home for the precarious life of a recluse. Only two or three trusted friends know the secret of her whereabouts and mode of living.

"Backwoodsmen built her the cabin five years ago, and about that time she bought a pair of grizzly cubs from the Indians and reared them on condensed milk. To this simple diet and kindest treatment the philosophical lady attributes the wonderful docility of her grizzly pets. Frontiersmen hired for the purpose make monthly visits to the cabin, bringing upon pack animals every comfort and many luxuries.

"The hermitess maintains that mercy between man and man and kindness to the lower animals must constitute the great panacea which is to redeem animated nature, bring back the golden age, and hasten the millennium. Growing enthusiastic she sighted many interesting facts in her own experience. It was a common thing every summer for humming birds to come through the open window, build their nests, and rear their young in the ever-green foliage that decorated her little parlor. The parent birds would come in at her call, and eat honey from the palm of her hand. Large birds built their nests under the eaves of her cabin, while grouse nested in the neighboring trees and brought back their chicks to pick up the crumbs that she threw to them from her kitchen window. A couple of well-bred tabby cats share the house with their mistress and keep the storeroom free from mice. Volumes might be written upon what she has already done with the larger animals. While she does not believe in a charmed life, she declares that there is not a creature in the mountain forests round about that would harm her."

THE PLEASURE OF SMUGGLING.

A Little Trip Across the Rio Grande from El Paso to Paso del Norte.

"There may be other international horse railroads in the world," said a traveller, "but the only one I ever rode on is the one that runs between El Paso, Tex., and Juarez, formerly Paso del Norte, in Mexico, arose a bridge over the Rio Grande River. I don't know how they run now, but some years ago the trains on the Southern Pacific road from San Francisco to New Orleans used to arrive at El Paso in pretty good season in the morning and remain until early afternoon. The passengers used to take advantage of this wait to go to some El Paso hotel for breakfast and for a change and to pay a visit to a foreign country very near at hand.

"The change from El Paso to Paso del Norte is very much greater than, for instance that between Detroit and Windsor, Canada, on the other side of the Detroit River. There you see the British flag and other things that are different, but in architecture and things in general the difference to the eye is not very great. Here, however, it is. There are some old structures in El Paso, to be sure, characteristic of the country before it became a part of the United States, but what most engages the attention is the newer modern buildings and you pass on the horse railroad from among these modern buildings across the Rio Grande to find yourself among old adobe buildings, of one story in height, in a town with a garrison of Mexican troops; a town with some modern buildings, but with an atmosphere, appearance, people, manners and surroundings as different from those of the town on the other bank of the river as could be imagined.

It was a great trip to take for a horse car fare, and everybody enjoyed it immensely, and almost everybody bought some trinket there as a souvenir of a visit to a foreign country. Smokers took the opportunity to buy cigars, because they are cheaper there than in the United States; many crossed the river with this intention, the chance having been brought to their minds by more experienced travellers. Many of the cigars even of low grade and cheap were packed separately in tin foil, which added greatly to their attractiveness, because it was attractive in itself and because we had been accustomed to seeing only high-grade cigars packed in that manner.

"Almost all the smokers bought some cigars, and they seemed to have different views as to the propriety of bringing them into the United States without paying duty on them. Few seemed to know how many might be brought in without paying duty. I know, for instance, that I didn't, though my impression was that the law says a box, or anything under that, when for the personal consumption of the person bringing them. But as few seemed to know definitely, precautions were taken that were doubtless in most cases entirely unnecessary, which may indeed, have been thought to be so by those who took them, but which were taken to avoid as far as possible any risk, or which were taken because they carried with them the spice of smuggling which, within certain limits, appears to afford to many otherwise well-regulated minds the keenest possible enjoyment.

One man, who bought two boxes of cigars and who knew he was smuggling,

took the cigars out of their boxes and distributed them about in his several pockets. Others, who bought a box or less, did the same; some because it was a natural thing to do, others for purposes of concealment. The number really smuggled, in the eyes of the law, was very small; the number whose buyers had a more or less vague idea that they were smuggling them was considerably greater, but not great after all. There were customs inspectors at either end of the bridge, and sometimes they rode on the cars; perhaps always. Sometimes the bulging pocket of a passenger would reveal the presence of cigars which their owner believed were completely hidden from view; but perceptible as these bulges might be they were caused by cigars really far within the lawful limit; they interested the other passengers in like situation, but not the customs inspector, who was looking for people who were really smuggling; he was accustomed to this sort of thing, and he betrayed no interest in it whatever. But there was one passenger on the horse car in whom every person became interested, and at whom everybody smiled; they couldn't help it. This was a middle-aged man of dignified appearance and bearing who sat conversing with a friend. Shifting his position slightly as he talked, his coat fell back from over his trousers pocket, the mouth of which was partly open, held so by the bulk of something within. Those who sat opposite could see in the pocket the rolls of white tin foil; he had his trousers pocket full of the silver-plated cigars; and even the customs inspector smiled at this, for he was only human, after all."

AN HISTORICAL PRIZE.

Which is Much Greater Than the One Offered in Canada.

It has been said that the historian in 1900, commencing the task of chronicling the events of the last decades of the nineteenth century, will be able to allude to it as an era of advertising and an age of prize-giving. There is no doubt a deal of truth to be found in the statement and readers of Tit-Bits, from its first numbers, will be able to say that the prizes offered by that journal during its existence amount to an exceedingly large sum, whilst an enumeration of the objects for which they were offered would furnish some very interesting reading.

But all these rewards, great in number and value as they have been, fade into insignificance by the side of one which will

be offered at the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century, for in the year 1925,

and on the last day of December that year, there will be offered at St. Petersburg the greatest prize ever known to be given for a literary production. The judges are to be a committee of the St. Petersburg Academy of Science, and the award is to be made to the writer of the best history of the reign of Alexander I.

The money for this gigantic prize will be derived from the investment of 50,000 roubles in gold by Asanjevich, founder of the military colonies of Novgorod, and who was the great friend and adviser of the late Czar. The money was, in 1883, banked with the Imperial Bank, with the conditions that it should remain there at 4 per cent interest until the year 1925, in which year, and on the centenary of the death of Alexander I., the accumulated

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Prayer and Work.

In a letter to the Sydney (Australia) Telegraph a missionary on the Fiji Islands writes thus, apropos of the recent hurricane: "I most firmly believe that the best thing a man can do in a hurricane is to keep on praying and nailing up diagonal braces."

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