

## SLY CINNAMON BEARS.

UNLIKE THE GRIZZLY, HE FIGHTS  
MAN WITH HIS HEAD.

One That got a Wolf to Lure his Victim  
and Planted an Ambush—Tracts Worked  
out to Deceive Hunters—Cinnamon Bears  
to be Dreaded.

'It goes without dispute' said an old hunter of big game, 'that the grizzly bear is the largest wild beast in America, and it is another fact that he is always in fighting mood and does not know what fear is; but there is another member of his family who can teach him new dodges every day in the week. I refer to the cinnamon bear. Nature gave both species pretty near the same bulk and made them to eat of the same food and to take up their abodes in the same locality, and at first sight about the only difference seems to be in the color. It's only after you have studied the cinnamon that you know he has ten times the craft and cunning of the grizzly. His natural ferocity is something to be guarded against, but the hunter who matches his natural cunning has cause to pat himself on the back.

'Run across a grizzly where you may, the chances are nine-nine out of a hundred that he will utter a "wool!" and charge you. It's in him to be boss of the roost and to walk over everything that lives. If a hunter were forty feet above the earth, with no possible way to come at him, the grizzly would still charge. On the contrary, it is only one time in a hundred that the cinnamon will make an attack without having sized up the situation. He has no more fear of man than the other, and he will fight as gamely against odds, but he has his own way of doing things and he seldom departs from it. This way of his is full of tricks and has cost many a hunter grievous wounds or death. When a grizzly discovers a camp he sets forth to drive out the intruders. In his anger and determination he takes little pains to conceal his approach. He may thus expose himself to rifle fire long before he can do any damage. The cinnamon may be as fierce to attack, but he first spies out the ground and all the advantages, and he has a tender regard for his own skin while playing executioner.

'In the Colorado mountains, in the year 1880, we had a hunting party of five. Added to this number were a negro cook and a half-breed to care for the pack mules. The distance from the camp to the spring, in our first camp, was about twenty rods. This was over boulders and through underbrush and took one quite out of sight. We had seen no sign of grizzlies, but we came to know after a day or two that a cinnamon had spotted our camp. His way would be to ambush us as individuals, and all were ordered to be overcautious. Nothing was heard from him for three days and nights. Then he came down and went into ambush behind a big boulder close to the spring. Soon after daylight the cook turned out and went for water. The caution about the bear had been forgotten and it cost him his life. As he stopped over the spring with his pail the bear skulked upon him, and as he straightened up a blow on the head from one of those big paws killed him in his tracks. The bear then returned to his ambush to wait for another victim. After a quarter an hour the half-breed began to wonder what detained the cook. He had started for the spring when the mules gave notice that big game was about. A bit of breeze had come up and brought them the scent. The man had no idea that the bear was so near, but he was incited to vigilance. As he reached the boulder he paused, and after a minute he heard the hiding beast making a gurgling noise in his throat. Softly retreating to camp he quietly aroused the five of us. We got out without confusion, but the crafty cinnamon had taken himself off.

'After the tragedy we moved camp about three miles. About midnight of the first night a timber wolf took up his position in a mass of rock thirty yards away and began howling in a dismal manner. It was a pretty dark night with little chance to use a gun, and the half-breed picked up three or four stones and walked out to the mass and sent them crashing against it. The noise drove the wolf away and we heard no more of him that night. He returned on the second night, however, and set up the same song, and, again the half-breed pegged at him with stones. He hung on much longer this time and the man also went much closer. We regarded the matter as a trifling incident, even when the wolf returned on the third night. Most of us were awake when the half-breed went forth to drive the howler away. The man was mad and his idea was to get near enough to thump the wolf in the ribs with a rock. He advanced on tiptoes and was about to pass to the left of the big mass when he smelt bear and shouted an alarm. We roused out in time to hear both wolf and bear retreat. Next morning we found the tracks of the latter

and also the spot where had stood waiting. 'This was about the way of it: On the first night both bear and wolf were spooking about to size up the camp. The wolf howled and the half-breed went out to drive him away. That gave the bear his cue, and he made it up with the wolf to come and howl on the second and third nights. The idea was to draw the man from camp unarmed and ambush him. It was a put up job, and but for his sense of smell the man would have fallen into the trap.

'Next day we scattered over the mountain, each for himself. I had been out a couple of hours when I saw a cinnamon making across the open for a thick beyond. He was out of range, and as I watched him ambling along I saw him look back once or twice in a way which convinced me that he knew of my presence. I marked out the easiest approach to the thicket, believing that the old fellow had gone to his den, and I kept my eyes about me as I went along. I had covered half the distance when I found myself heading for a boulder as big as a house. I was within fifty feet of it when I got a feeling of danger and made a circuit to the right and under the shelter of the pines. When I had reached a point which enabled me to see the far side of the boulder I saw a cinnamon hiding there in ambush and waiting for me to walk into his embrace. I couldn't make out head or tail from where I was, but I let drive a bullet at his bulk and heard him grunt as he lumbered away. As he made straight for the same thicket I knew it to be the same bear I had seen before. In the first place, the cunning beast had shown himself to me to draw me on. He had gone into the thicket at one spot and come out at another, and had come half way to meet me. Perhaps you will charge me with lack of sand, but I did not follow up that bear. That little dodge of his made me uneasy.

'Next day two Indian hunters came into camp, and after hearing about the bear they put us up to a trick which resulted badly for him. We believed the bear I had seen behind the boulder to be the same beast that had killed the cook at our first camp, and of course we thirsted for revenge. We first cut a down a tree about the size of a man's body. Then we made a cut which gave us a piece six feet long. Ropes were fastened to one end, and the short but heavy log was swung from a limb at a height of two feet from the ground. Later in the day when a deer had been killed, the big wooden pendulum was spattered with blood and a portion of the meat hung ten feet above it. When we had finished we returned to camp and lay by until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour we softly approached the scene of our labors, and we were not five minutes ahead of the bear. He would have surely have heard or winded us but for his curiosity about that pendulum. It moved back and forth as he licked at the blood, and when he sought to seize the meat above he went rolling over and over. It was not long before he got mad and the way he did go for that pendulum was funny. When he got it to swinging fairly there was weight enough to knock him off his feet, and every blow seemed to increase his fury. At the last he would have tackled the whole crowd had we shown ourselves, but when we had enjoyed the circus for a quarter of an hour we ended it with a volley. The bullet which I had fired into him as he lay in ambush had struck him in the right hand quarter and was found embedded in the meat. It would have made a sore spot for three or four days, but nothing for a bear to bother about.

'We saw no more cinnamon until we

moved our camp over the foothills and up the side of the mountain. We there built a stout hut of tree trunks and roofed it with poles and bark. Provisions for the winter were sent up to us and properly stowed away, and when the first snow came the three of us who were to stay the winter through were as snug as you please. The snow began falling at dusk and ceased at about midnight, and next morning we discovered that a cinnamon had paid us a call. He had circled the hut until he had made a hard path in the snow. He had also approached it closely from front and rear. Now catch on to the trick he attempted to work. He first started off to the west, leaving a plain trail going toward a big ravine. After going forty rods he made a circuit, came back to the hut and took a departure due south. He traveled a quarter of a mile, made another circuit and returned to make another departure.

'At first we thought three bears had left their trails, but it so happened that the sly old fellow had met with some sort of accident to one of his feet and a peculiar track was the result. We presently got on to this and then made sure that one bear had made three trails. Why did he do it? We figured it out that his object was to divide our force in case of pursuit, and to enable him to ambush the single man who hit the true trail. Being busy with affairs at the hut, we did not follow up the third trail to afternoon, and then we had not gone above a mile when we discovered that Bruin had gone into ambush behind a bush and had likely remained there for some hours. He had departed before we came up, however, having got tired of waiting. He had purposely left a broad trail as far as the bush, out in his further progress he had taken every pains to conceal it.

'We made up our minds to hunt for nothing else until we had taken the pelt off that cinnamon. Next day we hunted in company, but did not turn him up. We had no luck on the second day, but on the morning of the third we found that he had paid us another night call. This time he left only one trail, and after breakfast my companions took it up. I remained behind on account of a lame leg. At about 10 o'clock I took a pail and started for a creek about a hundred feet away, leaving the door of the hut open. I had covered half the distance when I heard the snow crunch I looked up to see the cinnamon not thirty feet away. He had made a circuit of fully twelve miles over a rough country and returned and gone into hiding in rear of the hut.

'He had me cut off when I caught sight of him, and with knowing what I did I dropped the pail and swarmed up a small pine close at hand. It was thirty feet to the first limb, but the bear did not rush me. On the contrary, he did not advance to the tree until I had a leg over the limb. Then he came slowly up and sat down and looked at me as if he had never seen a man before. I knew he couldn't climb up after me and for a time felt perfectly easy. I didn't know that he had made such a long circuit and it would be hours before my friends showed up. Indeed, I expected them to appear very soon, and my idea was to keep the bear from making off. I shouted at him, pelted him with bark and sought to stir him up. He growled a little, but it also struck me that he grinned as well. He kept his place for about ten minutes and then started for the hut. I yelled at him and made as if I would come down, but he never turned his head.

'The cinnamon was in the hut about half an hour. I dared not leave my perch and he had things his own way. He simply cleaned out the shanty. Nothing which he could destroy escaped him. Our winter's outfit of clothing, bedding and provisions was hatched up in first class style, and when there was nothing left for his claws and teeth to work on he came out and took a look at me. I was still there, half frozen and mad enough to eat my hat, and after a squint at me the beast made off. He was in no hurry, and looked back now and then, but I waited a good half hour before sliding down. Besides fooling us as he did, the bear did about \$200 worth of damage and made no end of trouble. We got up a new outfit after a heap of bother and delay, and then we each took a solemn vow never to return to our homes till the cinnamon's scalp went with us. It is one thing to vow and an-



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other to kill a bear. We found the old fellow's trail a dozen times over, and we followed it for scores of miles, but we never got sight of him.

'I have told only of the cunning of the cinnamon, but let no reader imagine that he lacks courage. He prefers to steer clear of a man with a gun in his hands, but when brought to bay he is more to be dreaded than the grizzly. He is quicker in his movements and as hard to kill, and the fleetest-footed Indian stands no chance of escaping him over a rough country.'

## COLLEGE EXPENSES

What it Cost Depends on the College and the Student.

What does it cost to go to college? No exact answer can be given. A great deal depends on the college, and more on the young man or woman. One man does not even regard it as a sacrifice to dispense with certain things which another deems indispensable. A graduate of a New England college, filling out the blank in a list of questions asking him what he meant to do after leaving, wrote: 'Nothing but to spend money.' Perhaps he was not quite serious; but a young man who could give such an answer even jestingly, probably had more money to spend than was good for him.

Inquiries about the expenses of students were recently made at thirty representative colleges. The answers show a wide range, from two hundred and fifty dollars a year to one thousand dollars; and at women's colleges from three hundred and fifty dollars a year at Mount Holyoke to five hundred at Radcliffe or Vassar. Clothing is not included; but the figures are supposed to represent the average expenditures of students who have a serious purpose, but who also enter heartily into college life, belonging to societies and supporting student organizations.

On one point all the answers agree. Not even at the largest universities, where there is most extravagance among some students, is a student who works for his own support looked down upon by the others. Colleges are highly democratic, and that form of snobbishness which despises a man because he is poor is almost unknown in them. Most colleges remit the tuition fees or give other aid to needy students, and many take special measures to help them to employment. Endowments and scholarship funds have been so increased that there probably never was a time when a really earnest young man or woman could go through college with less money, do better work or have more enjoyment than now.

## Endless.

An Irish man who served on board a man-of-war, says Oxford Democrat (Maine), was selected by one of the officers to haul in a tow line of considerable length that was dragging over the taffrail.

After pulling in forty or fifty fathoms of the line which put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, but loud enough to be overheard by an officer: 'Sure it's as long as to day and to-morrow! It's a good week's work for any five in the ship. Bad luck to the leg or arm it will have last! What! More of it? Och, murther! They say it's mighty deep to be sure!'

After continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labor, he suddenly stopped short, and looking up to the officer on the watch, he exclaimed: 'Bad luck to me, sorr, if I don't believe somebody's cut off the other end of this line!'

## Women and Tips.

A woman once said that the biggest proof of moral courage was not to see an unsatisfactory porter. She had risen to that height just once in a long, brave and useful life. 'Tipping in return for good service is a holy joy and privilege,' she said, 'but when we give a tip that we know is undeserved we're acting from mean, cowardly vanity. We can't face the idea of what that miserable wretch will think of us. We're afraid he'll consider it stinginess rather than a just punishment, and so we put up money for his approval if we can't conscientiously pay him for anything else, and he laughs at us inside as he pockets the coin and gives us a flip or two of his whisk broom to help us delude ourselves into the idea that he was not undeserving.'

'And it's the same way in cafes. I've had a waiter bring me my meal any old

## The August Number of the Delineator.

It is called the midsummer number and presents a complete analysis, by illustration and description, of all that is latest and most fashionable in the world of dress. The special articles of the magazine are characterized by a high literary tone, and the household, social and departmental discussions are on the usual distinctive plane of excellence. In this number appear two Turn Pike Sketches by Sarah Norcliffe Cleghorn, marked by a delightfully quaint New England flavor. Beata, S. E. A. Higgins, tells the sweet sad story of the first nun of California, who found relief from crushing sorrow by devoting her life to others. Something of the halo of romance and mysticism that surrounds women of the east is dispelled in veiled women of the orient by Laura B. Starr. Coming events in the academic world make College News, by Carolyn Halsted, an agreeable chapter. In club women and club life, by Helen M. Winslow, the history of the club movement in Georgia is accurately sketched. Girls' interests and occupations by Lafayette McLaws forms a newsy mélange of pertinent notes and hints. Two sprightly home entertainments are embraced in A psychological Game, by Edith Dickson, and a proverb party by Ida Kenniston. Of particular household value are the domestic subjects: The children in summer, by Phoebe W. Humphreys, Salads without oil, by Nina Gordon and emergency dinners, by Elma Witherspoon. In addition is the entertaining and instructive monthly miscellany: The departments fancy stitches and embroideries, Emma Haywood, social observances, by Mrs. Frank Learned, the milliner, the dressmaker, knitting, crocheting, among the newest books, etc., etc.

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The one who fails in character, has made the greatest failure.

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