GRIZZLY BEAR HUNTING.

EXPERIENCES WITH THE FIERCEST BEAST IN AMERICA.

A Talk with Elisha Stedman, who Has Been Killing Grizzlies for Thirty-eight Years—Habits, Tastes, and Ferocity of the Beast—Great Attractions of the Hunter's Life.

VENTURA, Cal., April 29.—Elisha Stedman, a famous professional hunter of wild beasts, has been in town for a week. He is about to take a party of sportsmen from Philadelphia and Brooklyn on a long tour for big game among the Sierras, between California and Nevada.

He is nearly 70 years old, but his out-of-door life, temperate habits, and freedom from care have kept him young and strong. He does not look to be more than 55. For thirty-eight years he has lived principally among the mountains, and has slept for weeks at a time where night has found him. He is a native of Litchfield, Conn., and was baptized by the Rev. Lyman Beecher. He was reared as a blacksmith, but from his early youth he was filled with a desire aroused by reading Fenimore Cooper's novels to live a trapper's life. He came across the plains to Oregon in 1854, mined gold for a year or two, and falling in with a party of men who made more money than he by hunting for the Astor Fur Company, he adopted that vocation. He is well read in standard English literature, and many stories are current in California of Eastern tourists who have been surprised to find that this grizzled, unkempt hunter, in a greasy suit of buckskin, moccasins of his own make, and an ancient sombrero should have ideas of his own about Shakespeare's plays and Webster's speeches. There is no one in this State who knows more accurately the ways of grizzly and black bears.

"I suppose I shall keep at bear hunting all my life," he said the other day. "I am just as fond of the pursuit as when I was a young chap. I am anxious now for my party of Eastern sportsmen to get together so that we can start right away for the mountains over near the Yosemite Valley. I've been as restless as a weasel this past fortnight to get away from these towns with their noise and dust to a lonely spot in the grand old mountains. I hate this living huddled up in towns where every one is bossed by laws, and no one can be independent and free as hunters are in the most beautiful regions that God has made for men. Last fall I located the stamping ground of some big grizzlies, and I shall lead my party there and give them a chance to have the wildest and most exciting shooting any of them ever knew. After I have done with the party of Eastern amateur hunters I expect to meet my partner, Joe Lawson, in the mountains and we shall hunt and trap all by ourselves, 200 miles from any white man's home, until the cold weather drives us out next fall. Oh, we'll get about a dozen grizzlies in the course of the summer, if we have good luck, besides an occasional black bear, some foxes, mountain lions, and such things.

"Are there many grizzlies left in California? Yes, plenty to keep the few remaining hunters busy for a good generation longer. In fact, I don't believe the greatest beast on the Western Hemisphere will be gone for many years to come—notwithstanding popular opinion to the contrary. Of course, there has been a powerful falling off in the number of grizzlies in the last few years. Grizzly Adams, the greatest hunter that ever lived, told me that he used to see bunches of fifty and more grizzlies in the Sacramento Valley and along the Russian River, in northern California. That was about 1846. I remember that in 1855 and 1856, when I was washing gold on the Trinity River, we heard every few days of grizzlies having been seen there. I myself saw fully 100 grizzlies a year in those days, and I did not make a business of going for them, either. The mining camps in northern and central California were full of stories of depredations by grizzly bears and the death of venturesome men who ran up against the maddened animals. Along about 1862, when Leland Stanford was Governor of California, a bounty of $25 was given by the State for every grizzly bear's scalp. I got about forty scalps myself in one year, and I believe that California paid for 800 scalps in two years. But now the grizzly has retreated to the inaccessible cañons, away back in the Sierras and coast range, and he ranges among mountains many miles remote from any white man's abode, indeed, far removed from where any human being goes for years at a time. There are probably about sixty grizzlies taken every year in California, and, judging from what hunters tell me and from my observations, there must be twice that number born every twelve months. Twins are not uncommon among grizzlies, and I've known personally of triplets. Grizzly and black bears have been increasing in the mountains of Kern and Mono counties. My partner says it is because the ranchmen and lumber companies have cleared away so much timber from the lower mountain sides. When the timber was thick the bears were forced to forage on roots and barks and on the rather scanty supplies which the pig pens and sheep corrals of the scattered settlers afforded them. The clearing away of the woods has been followed by the appearance in a very big area of all kinds of berry bushes, the fruit of which forms the favorite food of the bears. At the same time the cutting away of the timber has not disturbed the character of the dense chaparrals in the confines of which the bears find safe places for bringing forth and nursing their young, and the rocky ledges with their ravines and caverns still remain as of old, and there the bears find winter lairs as secure and comfortable as when the forest grew above them.

"The grizzly is the fiercest beast in America, but I can see that the temper of the animal has softened even in the years I have been hunting. The magazine rifles, the safe and sure steel traps and the increased accuracy of the hunters have done a vast deal to show the old monarch of the Sierras that he is no longer the power he was. The most formidable grizzlies I ever had any experience with were those up in Idaho, about twenty-five years ago, where the Northern Pacific Railroad now runs through the State. A dozen of us were paid to go up there in one year to pump lead into the bears that were a menace to miners and retarded the development of Idaho Territory. It has been a subject of endless discussion about our camp fires why the grizzly bears of the Idaho mountains should grow so much larger than the grizzly in the States, but a long and varied experience in hunting these animals has proved to me that such is the fact.

"No grizzly bear that I ever captured or that I ever knew to be captured south of Idaho measured more than 7½ feet from muzzle to tail or weighed more than 1,200 pounds. But it was no uncommon thing in the palmy days of grizzly bears in Idaho for the hunter to be confronted by one of these monsters 9 feet in length and with a bulk of 1,500 pounds or more. I have seen Idaho grizzlies that, when they threw themselves on their haunches and rose erect, towered five and six feet above me; and let me impress upon you that it takes a wholesale lot of A No. 1 nerve to stand in that tremendous presence and prepare to do battle coolly and with a level head. Grizzly bears, like all the rest of the bear family, have the curious habit of rising against a tree and reaching up as far as they can with their forepaws, making marks in the bark by digging it with their claws. I have more than once come across these measuring marks of the grizzly, as the marks on the bark are called, twelve feet above the ground. Imagine coming suddenly upon a beast like that in some deep ravine almost impassable owing to the timber heaped and tangled upon the ground. The sight of his great jaws, open and red, and his eyes flashing in fury at you from the enormous head that towers so far above you, is something only to be appreciated when seen.

"When there were buffaloes on the plains Idaho grizzly bears were keen and persistent hunters of them. When a grizzly and a buffalo met there was sure to be a fearful contest, although it seldom lasted long and the buffalo was usually the victim. The buffalo bull when confronted by a bear would invariably charge ferociously upon his big and ugly foe. This was just what the bear desired, and he waited, erect on his haunches, the onset of the buffalo. As the latter rushed forward, with lowered head, and was almost upon the bear, the immense grizzly would throw himself quickly to one side and with a blow as quick as lightning with one of his great forepaws seldom failed to break his antagonist's neck. An Idaho grizzly has been known to engage, in rapid succession, four and even five infuriated buffalo bulls and kill every one of them. It sometimes happened, though, that a bull, younger and more agile than his companions, succeeded in evading the fatal blow of the grizzly's terrible paw long enough to give in turn a deadly thrust of his horn into the bear's side, puncturing the vitals and making the contest a mutual slaughter.

"This naturally leads to the subject of grizzly bears attacking human beings without cause. I don't suppose that question will ever be really settled by the countless discussions around campfires of hunters. The Forty-Niners in California used to tell how the grizzlies sometimes pounced upon men and killed them for deviltry, and the people who came across the plains and mountains told how they had grizzlies come into their wagons and camps at night and attack men. But I have never yet known personally of any bear so bold as that. On the contrary, I believe that any bear that can do so will get away from a hunter if he has the least chance and is not angered. But when the beast is angered by a wound or intrusion—look out. Animated nature has no fury like an angered grizzly's. I could sit here all day and tell of how grizzlies have charged straight for their pursuer when they have been wounded. There's nothing an angry grizzly bear will not attack. A heavy artillery battery in full action has no terrors for a maddened grizzly. Woe to the man who happens to be within reach of such a beast! The bear would tear him in shreds in a few seconds. I knew of a fellow once in El Dorado county who tripped and fell when he was getting away from a bear that he had shot in the head only enough to give the beast pain. Well, that poor chap was torn all to pieces in five minutes. He would not have been recognized by his partner.

"Old hunters have laid down the rule that if a man be set upon by a grizzly at close quarters, and there is no chance to use a rifle, it is folly to attempt to use a knife or to struggle in any way. They say that the best course is to keep still, to lie prostrate, face downward, and feign death, though the bear use teeth and claws. In one instance a hunter shot at and wounded a grizzly, who immediately rushed at him. He attempted to climb a tree, but the animal caught him by the foot and dragged him to the ground. He shrieked for help, struggled and tried to ply his knife, but with one furious stroke the bear tore out his vitals."

"What are the general rules for finding grizzly bears?"

"Hunters know their diet, and look for indications of their presence in the locality where certain toothsome articles for bears may be had. For instance, when the bears begin feeding in the early spring, they love to gnaw at the bark of trees, just as you have seen cats nibble grass in the spring. The juices of the bark when the sap is running are palatable to Bruin. We can tell by the shape of deer tracks when a herd of them have been fleeing as if in flight. Very often the fright given is by bears. Then we look for other signs, and we keep at it until we get or miss Bruin. In early summer bears live in the muddy, sloppy places at the head of the cañon streams, and about the springs that dry up along the middle of the summer. If the bears are plentiful the soft black mud along these places will be broken up, as if a herd of cows had been walking through it. Sometimes the mud will be hollowed out in spots eight or ten feet long, two or three feet wide, and as many deep. These are wallow holes made by the bears. In those holes the bears will lie and wallow and sleep, with their noses and eyes buried in the ooze. Some hunters watch these holes and shoot the bears as they come out of the swamp, but as at that time of the year their flesh is poor, and their fur isn't worth much, such killing of bears, unless the hunter is a tenderfoot or a ranchman abating a nuisance, is senseless and unprofitable. At that time of year, in looking for bear signs, we always study the trees along the cienegas and damp lands to find if any bear has been measuring himself. Bears the world over have a habit of getting up on their forepaws, tearing the bark off as high as they can reach, leaving sure and plain signs of their presence. Some old hunters believe that in doing this the bears are measuring their height to see if they have grown any during the winter.

"In the fall the signs for bears are more evident and the fur is the very best. At that season Bruin turns up stones, looking for crickets, bugs, grubs, slugs, and different insects. In the late summer and early fall they feed on the wild huckleberries and blackberries, and when frost comes they may be found having a high old time on their favorite fruit, the mountain sweet apples. When these are gone the hunters look among the scrub oak barrens for signs of bear, for then Bruin breaks down acres upon acres of these dwarf oaks and feeds on the acorns. Hornets' nests and yellow jackets' nests the bear never passes by in the fall, for of the lately hatched young of these insects he is particularly fond. Ant hills are a special delicacy with all bears. Bruin will suck up a whole community of ants in a few minutes.

"All bears have a great love for honey. Grizzlies will risk more to get at a honey tree than anything else, but, strange as it may seem, the sagacious old beasts cannot be baited with honey. I have known dozens of men who have tried it time and again and never successfully. Many a time my partner and I have lain in the brush or behind some boulder and watched how a bear (especially a she bear) can scent wild honey 300 or 400 rods away. We have seen a bear pick out a tree as accurately as a professional honey gatherer. Bruin is a most patient beast when he scents honey, and I have never known one to give up the chase until he got his fill of honey or went down to death. When the bee tree is found the bear begins to look for the place where the honey is stored. He gives the tree a thump with his paw every few feet until he strikes the hollow place. Then it is the work of a short time for him to tear away the wood with his sharp claws, until the rich stores of honey are laid bare and he feasts to his heart's content. No matter how angrily the bees may swarm about his head, he never budges until his appetite is satisfied. It is funny to see a great fat bear sitting gravely beside a hole in a honey tree while he alternately sops his massive furry paw in honey and sucks it off, while he shuts his eyes and with his free forepaw fights off the buzzing bees that envelop his shaggy head.

"The hibernation of grizzly bears is different from that of the black bears. The male grizzly seldom sleeps for more than a month at a time in the cold upper regions of the mountains. I have known some male grizzlies to go tramping about in the snows of the Sierras for a whole winter. They don't seem to care to eat much, and merely go trudging about because they are in no mood to sleep like the females and know not what else to do. The female grizzly provides herself with the carcass of some animal in a cave, and after an enormous meal falls asleep—sometimes for three months at a time. I have by vigorous pokes roused a female grizzly many times from her hibernation, and have found her then quite an amiable beast. She will waddle about for a few minutes in the cold air, lick her paws a bit, and then go back to her warm bed and sleep as soundly as ever. The fur of grizzlies is coarse and hard when they hibernate, and no hunter who has any sense will kill one of them then. When winter comes on the female grizzly bear either makes a den or selects some convenient cave. In the mountains of California, where caves are seldom found, the den is usually excavated in the side of a steep slope forming one of the walls of a cañon. The claws are efficient diggers, and tons of earth may be removed before the work is completed. A tunnel three or four feet in diameter is run a distance of six feet or more, and then a chamber is hollowed out with much labor, whose dimensions will be fully six feet in diameter and five feet in height, if the nature of the ground will permit of these proportions. The inner chamber is thickly carpeted with leaves. In this snug retreat the cubs are born. The litter usually consists of two, but sometimes there are three, and occasionally only one. The cubs are blind at birth, much resembling puppies. They begin to see when nine or ten days old. If captured at an early age they may be readily domesticated. Grizzly Adams trained two of these animals which he obtained as cubs and made them his constant companions. He kept them for fifteen years and travelled hundreds of miles with them as one would with dogs. He declared that they showed the perfection of animal good nature toward their master, though inclined to be surly with strangers. One of them set upon a large grizzly that had suddenly attacked Adams, and but for the beast's interference he would have lost his life.

"The strength of grizzly bears is almost beyond belief. I have read about the powerful muscles in the arms of African gorrillas, but none can compare with those in the arms and shoulders of big grizzly bears. I have seen a grizzly bear with one fore paw shot into uselessness pull its own 1,100 pounds of meat and bone up precipices and perform feats of muscle that trained athletes could not do. I have seen grizzly bears carrying the carcasses of pigs that must have weighed seventy pounds several miles across a mountain side to their lair, and I have heard bear hunters tell of having seen cows knocked down as if by a thunderbolt with one blow of the forepaw of a bear. Three summers ago I spent the season in the coast mountains up in Monterey county, and one moonlight night I saw a big she grizzly bear in the act of carrying a dead cow home to her cub. I had a position on the mountain side where I could see every movement of the bear in the sparsely timbered valley below me. The critter carried that dead cow in her fore paws for at least three miles, across jagged, sharp rocks ten feet high, over fallen logs, around the rocky mountain sides, where even a jackass could not get a foothold, to a narrow trail up the steep mountain. She never stopped to rest for a moment, but went right along. I followed, and just about half a mile from the beast's lair I laid her low. The heifer weighed at least 200 pounds, and the bear would have weighed about 450 pounds."

"There are several items of money making from bears nowadays that were not worth anything thirty years ago. A good-sized black bear killed in the fall of the year now is worth from $40 to $75. It all depends upon how the slayer takes care of the carcass and markets the salable parts of bruin's anatomy. The skin, if it is full, glossy and heavy with fat, will bring $20 to $30. I have sold some in San Francisco for $45 and the furrier has made them up with glass eyes and a lot of fancy woollen trimmings in rugs that sold at $125 each. The grease from a bear, if properly tried out so as to make it pure and sweet, will bring from $8 to $12 anywhere on the coast. The miners buy it in great quantities for cooking purposes and for use on their bodies for rheumatism, bruises and wounds. Five-gallon cans of the stuff are sent back to New York and London for hair preparations, so I am told. Then there are the claws that are bought by the hundreds by dealers in curios in every town where the Eastern tourists flock in the winter season. There is no fixed value on bear claws, because some people would not have them for a gift, while others want them for ornaments at home or for some museum or some private collection of curiosities and will pay big money for them. I generally get about $1.50 a paw for my bear claws, but have sometimes got $3 and $4 apiece for them. A good fat bear that is killed so near a town or a mining or ranch camp that the meat can be cut up and sold while it is fresh, is worth anywhere from $4 to $7 for meat alone. There are thousands of the old-timers among the mountains and in the mining camps of California that would rather have bear steak for a meal than any ducks and quails that were ever bagged. I have sold the bones of four of the bears I have killed to persons who wanted them for skeletons in museums."

MARKSMEN ON HORSEBACK.

THE VALUE OF MOUNTED INFANTRY PROVED IN THE CIVIL WAR.

Possible Opportunities for Mr. Roosevelt's Regiment of Cowboys—Use of Mounted Sharpshooters in Sherman's Army—Telling Shot of an Illinois Woodsman Before Corinth.

"Mr. Roosevelt's idea of a regiment of mounted riflemen," said a veteran of Sherman's army, "has a good deal of merit. Both Grant and Sherman found use for regiments of mounted infantry, armed with something heavier than the cavalry carbine and without the sabre, but Sherman had the greater opportunity to find their value. The same reason that led Grant to depart from the traditional European methods in employing a thin skirmish line—the lack of roads and the rougher country with its heavy underbrush—made the opportunity for such an irregular arm as the mounted infantry. My own regiment had the good fortune, after fighting as infantry in many heavy battles, to be mounted. The men had, at their own expense, gradually armed themselves with the Henri (sixteen-shooter) rifle. This put them under constant call for the skirmish line, which was their first object in buying the guns. Being irregular, they were not assigned to a place in the marching columns, except that they were to be well at the front. In the Atlanta campaign they straggled a good deal, getting off the line and invading country where the main body never went. Some of them picked up horses and mules and became self-constituted scouts. This led to the mounting of the whole regiment, the men finding their own animals. They did work that could hardly have been done by the cavalry with their equipments.

"Their rifles were effective, and they could feel of the enemy in spots where it would be unsafe for troops otherwise equipped to go. Often it was touch and go, and sometimes they created consternation by appearing between two columns of the enemy and giving rise to the belief that he was outflanked, it could not be supposed that anything less than a large force would venture in such quarters. To have infantry fire and infantry organization on wings proved to be an important advantage. The regiment was especially useful on the march to the sea, as it must always be when an army cuts loose from its source of supplies and depends largely on the country for support. The men were scouts, skirmishers, and foragers, according to circumstances, and when they found the enemy away from the main columns they dismounted and served as infantry. In this way they aided in keeping the line of march of their corps, and sometimes of a corps on another road, free from obstacles. Among other enemies they encountered were the Georgia Home Guards, made up of Confederates who were at home on account of wounds and of all the various men who for any reason were not in the field. At times these home guards made trouble by destroying bridges on the approach of the Federals, and sometimes they showed fight. But the best service of the mounted infantry in that campaign was in guarding forage trains when it was necessary to gather supplies at a long distance from the main body. The first of Sherman's 'bummers' were stragglers from such irregulars.

"In the case of such troops there was no better marksmanship than in the army generally. Their guns were lighter and better, but the chief advantage was in the rapidity of their fire. There were, however, infantry regiments here and there in which most of the men were crack shots. One Illinois regiment in particular, the Sixty-sixth, I think, was recruited from men who were experienced hunters, capable of hitting the bullseye at a distance that would tax the skill of the ordinary soldier to hit the target at all. The regiment had more old men than any other that I ever saw, and it was almost conspicuous for its lack of style in drill. The men looked the hunters they were—men of the woods mostly, with the long stride and rounded shoulders of the traditional woodsman. Their dress was distinguished from that of the other men by green braid. Probably everybody knows that the braid of the cavalry is yellow, of the artillery red, and of the infantry light blue. Most of them were armed with their own rifles, perhaps used long before the war, of many patterns, and not so well adapted to the manual of arms as the army musket, but much better for fine shooting. This was not a new arm of the service, but probably regiments of sharpshooters, as distinguished from squads and individuals, were rare before the American civil war. In the main they performed the same service as other infantry regiments, but they had the preference on the skirmish line. The Confederates made more use of sharpshooters than the Federals. Wherever it was possible in an engagement the enemy posted sharpshooters where they would command certain points, for the purpose of picking off gunners and conspicuous officers. Such a sharpshooter killed Gen. Sedgwick when in apparent safety he was examining the ground in front of his command. It was this service that was most often required of the Confederate soldier whose aim was true. The Federals, on the other hand, trusted to the ordinary pickets, most of whom were not marksmen, to prevent Confederate Generals from approaching too close to our lines in search of information. In the event of a charge on a line of Confederate works there was always a sharpshooter on duty to pick off anybody who appeared to lead and give dash to the enterprise.

"It was in the battle of Corinth in Mississippi that I first saw an effective shot by one of the Illinois sharpshooters. It was just before the final desperate and unavailing assault on Battery Robinet. It was said that the Confederates who made the charge were a forlorn hope—men who had volunteered for an almost hopeless undertaking which no officer would order his men to attempt. Unless the battery could be silenced Price and Van Dorn could never enter Corinth. The men knew where they were going and why, and could have little doubt of their fate. They were all veterans, and the courage required of them was as reckless as that displayed by the Light Brigade at Balaklava. The most desperate of all was the chaplain of a Texas regiment, who charged pistol in hand. The enemy had posted sharpshooters in the trees nearest the battery for the obvious purpose of picking off gunners when the assault should be made. We were lying, many infantry regiments, in the rear of the battery, to be used or not, according to the success or failure of the attack. While waiting for the movement, a sharpshooter in our front amused himself by shooting at conspicuous mounted men, such as aides and orderlies, who came riding up the hill. He was a very uncommon marksman. The distance seemed too great for effective shooting, yet he had wounded two officers, shot the horse of an aide, and sent his bullets whistling so close to the ears of two other officers that they dismounted in haste, though they must have known they would be chaffed by the idle soldiers, as they were.

"An infantry officer who sat on a cracker box with his back against the earthworks, smoking his pipe, undertook to warn mounted officers who came that way. Soon he called one of his men and instructed him to go to the next regiment, the Sixty-sixth Illinois, I think, for a crack shot. The soldier returned with a man whose stooped shoulders made him appear anything but soldierly. This sharpshooter carried his rifle, not a musket, in his hand, like a careful hunter, instead of on his shoulder. As he stopped to talk with the officer, who now stood and pointed with his pipe toward a clump of distant trees, he took out a piece of chamois and slowly rubbed his gun sights like a man about to shoot for a prize.

"While the officer and the sharpshooter were talking an orderly, mounted on a big horse, came tearing up from the town. Obviously he had a message, was in haste, and was uncertain where to go. He had stopped below to ask a question, then dug a showy Mexican spur into his horse, which almost leaped up the slope. The rider stopped him with a jerk, to speak to the officer with the pipe, but his question was never asked. He raised his hand to a salute, gave a gasp, clutched at the air, and fell over, to be dragged with one foot in the stirrup down the slope by the frightened horse.

"After a single glance at the body of the orderly bounding away over the rough ground, the sharpshooter adjusted his sights with deliberation, rested his gun on the earthworks and fired at a spot where a puff of smoke indicated the marksman who had shot the orderly. It was a long shot and the chances seemed all against its being effective, at least at a first attempt. After the shot a cheer went up along the line back of him, the men rising in disorder. Something had rolled out of a tree across the open space.

"A mounted officer in brilliant trappings came up and stopped, but no shot disturbed him. There was no doubt that the something that had rolled out of the tree was the Confederate sharpshooter.

"Without looking again in the direction of his great shot and without paying any attention to the cheers, the old marksman took out his pipe with ostentatious indifference, lighted it and walked slowly back to his regiment.

"Such shooting is for the born marksman. It was discovered that most soldiers did not shoot well. They were unable to resist the temptation to fire too high. This was the case with both Federals and Confederates, and it partly accounted for the comparatively few men who were hit in battle. It was only when there was work at close quarters that the danger was really great, and even then the proportion of killed was surprisingly small. In recent years the regulars have had to do target practice, a thing positively unknown in the volunteer army. There were thousands upon thousands of men who never fired a gun until they were in battle. The example of the regulars has been followed by the National Guard in many States. The Continentals knew how to shoot, but a majority of the volunteers in the civil war knew nothing about the elevation of their pieces for long-distance firing. Except in close quarters war between the armies of the sixties was not nearly as dangerous as the roar of the battlefield seemed to indicate. The loss of life and limb, too, from shells was insignificant among men in line of battle.

"The invasion of Cuba might make the Roosevelt regiment useful, but nearly half of the 36,000 Cubans in arms are mixed cavalry and mounted infantry, acclimated and familiar with the country. That remarkable triumphant march of Gomez and Maceo in the autumn and winter of 1895 made them acquainted with most of the territory where there is likely to be any inland fighting. Still, it is well that this arm of the service should be maintained. Mounted men have received too little encouragement in the State military service, considering the proof they gave during the civil war of their usefulness. There are a good many riflemen in this country whose aim is true. In every town, nearly, there are rifle clubs with a long-distance range on which the record would not disgrace the crack shots of Creedmoor. There are also many horsemen, although the English field sports have never been popular enough to make rough riding an object of ambition. A modern army, with its bicycle corps and balloon apparatus, is incomplete without mounted riflemen armed with something heavier than the light cavalry carbine and capable of hitting things at which they shoot. In our former war it was the rarest thing for a man on the skirmish line to be hit, although the line was in advance of the line of battle. Only a sharpshooter who could hit an object no larger than a single man was a menace to the skirmisher."

TROUT AND OUANANICHE FISHING.

Notes from the Sporting Clubs Where the Anglers Gather.

Fly fishing is on now at the sporting clubs on Long Island and at other places throughout the State. At the South Side Sportsmen's Club, at Oakdale, the trout are lustier and more combative than in some seasons, and there is every prospect that more fish will be landed than in 1896, when 16,000 trout, weighing 6,600 pounds, were caught. The same story of good catches is reported from the trout preserves at other parts of Long Island. There are so many fish in the ponds and brooks that, since the rations of chopped liver have been stopped, they will rise to any lure offered, from a salmon fly to a red rag, and fly fishing is not the art it should be. Whoever tries for trout in the open waters that still are left on Long Island, however, will find it takes all that one knows about fly casting and fly tying to bring a fair string to the landing net. In these waters the fish are few and very wary. Unless the fly fisherman is proof against many disappointments and trials he will be tempted to bait with worm, the way the country boys do.

At the Tuxedo Club the trout fishing is up to the mark, but the ouananiche are not taking the fly as quickly as they did last season. The Tuxedo hatcheries are equal to any in the country, and the club's waters always teem with trout. From the day when they are turned out as fingerlings, the trout have to forage for themselves, and they are game from gills to tail. The stint to each member's basket on the brooks is fifty or on the lakes twenty-five, for here the fish run larger, and any skilful angler may get his quota in a couple of hours.

The first ouananiche, the genuine "landlocked" salmon, were obtained from the United States hatchery in Maine some five years ago, but they have since been hatched out at Tuxedo from the spawn of the first specimens. The deep pools of the large lake at Tuxedo have afforded to the ouananiche the cool retreats they require to thrive in the hot summer of this latitude, which varies so greatly from their native habitats in Maine and Canada, and they have grown to great size and strength, sometimes touching the five and six pound mark. This year the ouananiche have the clubmen guessing. The lake over the deep pools seems to be alive with them, for, as the anglers whip the waters with their casts, glimpses of gleaming bodies and of dorsal or caudal fins may be seen on every side, as the salmon rush to and fro to feed on the insect life, but the artificial lines are ignored. It makes no difference what flies are used, from Jock Scott to coachman, for, when a fish has occasionally deigned to rise, it has been at a different pattern each time.

During the cold spell last week, which, with the high wind, temporarily cleared the lake of the hovering insects and flies, the ouananiche went at the hook in spirited style. The Tuxedo men hope that they will no longer have to lie awake o' nights thinking out new flies to try for the ouananiche in the morning.

WORSE THAN A NIGHTMARE.

The Thing That Makes a Chicago Man Roll Over and Groan.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Mr. McSwat groaned in his sleep, rolled over, and awoke.

He sat bolt upright in his bed.

"What is the matter, Billiger?" asked Mrs. McSwat, whom his uneasy motions had aroused from her slumbers.

"Nothing much," he answered. "I had something like a nightmare, I think."

"Were you rolling off the roof of a house, and did you wake up just before you bit the ground?" queried Mrs. McSwat, becoming interested at once. "Do you know some people think that if you don't wake before you do reach the ground you——"

"I think I'd like to go to sleep again, Lobelia," mumbled Mr. McSwat, lying down and emitting a large and lugubrious yawn.

"But what was your nightmare, Billiger?" persisted Lobelia.

"I didn't say it was a nightmare. I said it was something like a nightmare."

"Something terrible looking at you over the footboard of the bed, and you tried to scream and couldn't? Was it like that?"

"No, and it wasn't a big fish with horns and a contralto voice trying to swallow me. Suppose you quiet down now and go to sleep."

"I think that's as mean as it can be. You wake me up, tell me you've had a nightmare——"

"Great Scott, Lobelia——"

"Something like a nightmare—that's what you said. It was enough to wake you up, and you woke me, and now you won't tell me what it was! You must have some reason for it. How do you suppose I can go to sleep again when you act like that? Was it a note coming due? Have you been running into debt without saying anything to me about——"

"If you'll not say anything more I'll tell you as nearly as I can——"

"There's no use in your saying that. You know exactly what it was. I want the whole story."

"Suffering Socrates! There isn't any whole story. All there is to tell is that I seemed to be oppressed by some premonition of coming evil—a vague sort of feeling that something weird and unearthly was about to happen—do I make myself clear, Lobelia?"

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"There was an indefinable sensation of dread, an uncanny, creepy kind of impression that seemed to portend some mysterious calamity or untoward event of whose precise nature I was ignorant save that it was inevitable and was swiftly impending—are you quite sure you follow me?"

"Yes, yes! What else?"

"So strong was this impression upon me that I awoke. I awoke, Lobelia, to the immediate realization of the calamity whose shadowy—or foreshadowy—horror had weighed upon me! It is present now, Lobelia! Does not your soul sink beneath its——"

"Don't talk that way, Billiger! You frighten me! What is it?"

"What is it? That everlasting dog-goned smell from the stock yards! Where's your nose? You're nearest the window. Oblige me by getting up and putting it down. Thanks. Now will you have the goodness, Lobelia, to consider this a closed incident, and let me go to sleep again?"

Silence settled down once more upon the McSwat household, and Billiger's deep bass snore was the only sound that disturbed the heavily laden atmosphere.

Women to Make War on French Costumes and Wines.

From the Philadelphia Record.

WASHINGTON, April 30.—The foremost society women of Washington are about to organize the "Women's Patriotic League," for the purpose of retaliating on France for her unfriendly attitude toward our Government in the crisis.

The members pledge themselves to buy no more articles of any description imported from France, and they hope to secure the co-operation of all the women of the United States. This would mean an annual loss to the French of $50,000,000, as these figures are given by the Bureau of Statistics as the amount of French goods which we purchase each year. They will issue a circular letter explaining the purpose, and inviting all the women of America to join, and copies will be sent to all prominent women's clubs and societies and to female colleges.

It is proposed to hold a mass meeting when affairs are in shape and appoint a committee to wait on the local merchants dealing in French goods. Those ladies who have been purchasing French wines will also be asked to forego them and use only native wines, at least until the war is over. Mrs. Hobart, it is said, will become an active member.

BOX, A BULLDOG AND HERO

A WOLF HUNTER RAN UP AGAINST A BALL-FACED GRIZZLY.

The High-Priced Bear Hounds and Grey Hunters Stood Around and Looked On at the Fight, but the Brindle Bulldog Was Intensely Practical When He Reached the Scene.

KEG HANDLE RANCH, Yellowstone county, Mon., April 22.—Keg Handle Archie will hunt no more wolves this season. He took a pack of dogs the other day and started for the Bull Mountains to hunt wolves. The State pays $3 bounty on every wolf killed, and at this time of the year, when the wolf pups are small, hunting them is regarded as a remunerative occupation. Keg Handle Archie is the most redoubtable hunter on the Musselshell. The reason he came to grief on his latest expedition is that he met a ball-faced grizzly bear instead of the wolves he expected to find. He had three bear hounds, two greyhounds, all of them blooded, high-priced dogs, and Box, a plain brindle bulldog.

Just after crossing the Swimming Woman River at the Flying V ford the hounds started off at a pace that left the cayuse and his rider far behind. The hounds chased the game into the Wall of Rocks, and when Archie came through the narrow pass at full speed he met a small, insignificant-looking bear. Bruin was standing on his haunches and seemed to be surprised when none of the hounds came close enough to give him battle. The big dogs howled and pranced around the bear, but they were careful to keep out of the reach of his paws.

When the race began the bulldog was one of those that also ran, and when Archie overtook the bear, Box was fully four miles behind. This particular ball-faced grizzly was probably the only representative of his species in the Bull Mountains. Archie had never seen one of the kind before. The grizzly was smaller than the brown bear and not even so large as the common black bear, but he had an ugly look about him. Archie's usual method of treating a bear is to throw a club or stone at him. Black and brown bears will invariably run, and as Archie was hunting wolves he did not care to have his valuable time taken up by fooling with an undersized, measly-looking grizzly. There was something so insolent about the bear's attitude, however, that Archie determined to show Bruin that he was not afraid of him. So, swinging the reins over his cayuse's head, a signal for the horse to wait for his master, he picked up a stone and threw it at the brute. The gray wolf is a cunning animal, and if firearms are discharged in his vicinity, he will immediately change his place of abode. Archie thought there were plenty of wolves in the Wall of Rocks, and he did not care to scare them away by shooting at the grizzly.

An angry snarl was the only effect produced by the missile, which passed close to the bear's head. Archie expected to see him run when he threw the next stone, and Bruin did run, but he ran toward Archie. Unlimbering his six-shooter, the hunter contrived to wound the bear twice before the combat was reduced to a hand-to-hand struggle. The big hounds fumed and fretted, but not one of them offered any material assistance to his master. Archie was cold and numb from his long ride, and found it impossible to get his knife out of its sheath.

This bear was a surprise to him in more ways than one. For instance, he proved to be a boxer. A vigorous cuff like the scratch of a wild cat, combined with the kick of a mule, sent the man spinning into a clump of sage brush. The grizzly followed him and crunched Archie's forearm between his teeth. Archie thought it was all over with him and his chief regret was that the cowardly dogs did not have to die with him. Then a gleam of hope gave him renewed strength and courage. He remembered Box was coming.

Away back in the distance the brindle bulldog was following as fast as his bowlegs could carry him. His pace was like that of a slow freight compared to the lightning express gait of the other dogs, but Archie knew something would happen when the bulldog got there. It was only a question as to whether or not Box would arrive in time. Meanwhile the man and the bear were rolling over cactus, sage brush, and sand. Archie thought that the grizzly had inherited all the fighting qualities of the wild cat and the strength of a big grizzly. His clothes were torn and his body was bleeding from countless scratches. Every now and then the warm breath of his antagonist was blown in his face, but, with a desperate courage, he fought and awaited the arrival of his ally.

The sharp claws of the bear tore a fearful gash in his breast, and he was about to lose consciousness when a brindle streak shot around the projecting butte and he began his fight all over again. Not a moment was wasted. The bulldog may not possess extraordinary intelligence, but he is intensely practical. The example of the other dogs had no effect on Box. Many times he had been compelled to realize that he was sadly inferior to them in speed, and it seemed as if he desired to show them that a despised, plebeian bulldog was of some use after all. He did not slacken his pace until he paused for the final jump. He had never seen a ball-faced grizzly before, but when his master was in trouble he would have tackled an elephant.

The bear realized that something was about to happen and stuck his nose in the air, growling a fierce warning, which in no way intimidated Box. It was the opportunity he wanted. He grabbed the bear by the lower jaw, and Bruin had no chance to inflict any more injuries upon Archie. He struck at the dog and every blow left a bloody mark. The hide was being torn from Box's back and sides, but the bulldog held on. The grizzly seemed surprised that he could not shake him off. He lifted him off his feet and swung him back and forth, meanwhile mutilating him with his claws, but Box was still a fixture of Bruin's anatomy. He seemed to have grown there like a painful ulcer and nothing but a surgical operation could have loosened his hold. Death itself would not have separated the dog from the bear.

Archie jumped to his feet, and in an instant was probing with his hunting knife for the bear's heart. The ribs of a bear are so close together and the adipose tissues so tough that it is a difficult matter to kill a bear with a knife. A less experienced hunter, although assisted by his brave ally, might not have been able to put an end to the struggle. Archie, however, is as conversant with the anatomy of a bear as a surgeon with that of a man, and less than one minute after Box arrived the grizzly was dead.

During all the combat the hounds had kept at a safe distance. Now, when no danger menaced them, they were eager to attack the dead bear. A growl from the brindle bulldog coming from between teeth still fastened in the bear's jaw warned them to keep away. Sundry kennel experiences had taught them to respect Box's wishes. Archie busied himself bandaging up his wounds as best he could. Then, before mounting his cayuse, he patted Box on the head and told him to let go. Smarting with pain from a dozen wounds, the bulldog still tugged and pulled at the dead bear. It had been a fearful battle, and Box seemed afraid that his enemy was not dead. Archie commanded, cursed, and coaxed, but Box still held on. The hunter was confronted with a new dilemma. He saw that the dog, although badly wounded, seemed to regard it as his duty to hold that bear there for an indefinite length of time. Archie was getting weak from loss of blood and realized that no time was to be lost in getting back to the Keg Handle cabins. Box had always been his favorite dog, and now that he had just saved his life he hesitated to abandon him, well knowing that the bulldog would probably conceive it his duty to keep hold of the bear until somebody came for him. While he was studying the problem Box rolled up his eyes and let go. He had fainted from loss of blood.

The hunter, weak as he was, picked up the ugly bulldog tenderly, made hideous by his gaping wounds, and staggered toward the cayuse that was standing, an impassive spectator, a few rods away. The bulldog never weighed more than forty pounds, and Archie says the bear had torn off five pounds of flesh. Box's present appearance corroborates this statement. Archie managed to get the dog across the pommel of the saddle and then mounted. As swiftly as the cayuse could carry them they returned to the Keg Handle cabins.

Archie is in his bunk covered with court plaster and his wounds neatly sewn up by a surgeon summoned from Billings, ninety miles away. Box is in a box full of sawdust, his injuries having been attended to by Lester Moffett, the owner of the ranch. Both man and dog will recover unless blood poisoning sets in. They will not be able to go hunting again, though, during the present season.

Braved Death for Her Pet Mule.

From the Cleveland Leader.

Through her efforts to save a pet mule from being burned to death, Mrs. Fred Martin of 18 Camden street received serious burns about the head and face. Shortly after 10 o'clock Tuesday morning flames were seen issuing from the barn in the rear of the Martin house. Mr. and Mrs. Martin immediately rushed into the yard in their endeavor to extinguish the flames. It was found, however, that the fire had gained too much headway and Mr. Martin hurriedly called the fire department.

While her husband was thus engaged Mrs. Martin heard the mournful bray of her pet mule, which was in the barn at the time the fire started. Without considering what the results would be she heroically braved the flames and forced her way into the barn. Her husband returned, and, missing his wife, came to the conclusion that she was in the barn. He rushed in after her and succeeded in dragging her out into the open air. She fainted at this juncture, and by the time she had recovered the fire had been extinguished and nothing but the charred remains of the mule were left.

A physician was called and her injuries were given attention. It was found that her face, head, and shoulders were badly burned and that she had evidently inhaled considerable smoke.

HOSPITALS IN THE FIELD.

Treatment of the Wounded According to the Plans of Army Surgeons.

In the United States Army the hospital corps is divided into two detachments, one for service in the field hospitals, the other to man the ambulances and litters for the removal of the wounded from the field. The plan of a field hospital, as outlined by Col. Forwood, Assistant Surgeon-General, provides for four lines, separated by distances which will be determined by the character of the battlefield. The first line of hospital service is coincident with the line of battle, and includes the regimental surgeons, orderlies, and company bearers. On the second line are the first dressing stations, at the nearest point beyond range of the enemy's fire. Here ambulance surgeons attend to the wounds, and ambulances and litter bearers of the hospital corps convey the wounded to the third line. This is called the ambulance station. Reception, operating, and dressing tents are erected, where the wounded can be attended until they can be removed to the division hospitals at the base of supplies.

None of the hospital corps serves in the line of battle. The wounded are conveyed to the first dressing stations by privates from the ranks. The army regulations provide that four privates from each company shall be designated as company bearers. They are taught how to handle wounded men and in first aid, in addition to their regular duties as armed combatants. They fight in the line until their services are required to attend the wounded, whom they convey to the first dressing places. There the injured are turned over to the hospital corps, and the company bearers return to their places. They are under the direction of their own officers, and have nothing to do with the dressing of wounds. Their only care is to convey the wounded beyond the reach of the enemy's fire.

At the first dressing stations, where the wounded receive their first attention, aside from such hasty bandaging as the regimental surgeons may be able to provide, there is a completely equipped field hospital in miniature. In the United States Army the main medical stores are carried in army wagons, but as these cannot keep up with the line of battle, it is proposed that pack mules be employed to carry supplies to these dressing stations. A medical case or pannier, so built as to fit the back of the mule, contains all the materials required, a variety of antiseptics, medicines for the relief of pain, bandages, splints, plasters, and operating instruments. A cook accompanies each of the divisions, carrying a case of portable cooking utensils. As soon as this detachment reaches its station tents are put up, the medical cases are opened, and their contents placed in readiness for use; an operating table is improvised by placing two of the folding panniers together, so that they will afford a place on which to lay the wounded while the surgeon is working over them, while the cook sets up his tent and makes ready to prepare light nourishment.

The dressing places are intended to be only temporary stopping places for the wounded. As soon as their immediate wants are attended to they are conveyed back to the ambulance stations in light bamboo stretchers carried by the litter bearers of the hospital corps. Thence the ambulances carry them back to the division hospitals. The hospitals proper are near enough the base of action so that they may be transported in army wagons and are equipped with a full outfit of medical and surgical supplies, comfortable cot beds, and other conveniences which are necessarily lacking in the field. Here the wounded are supposed to rest until they can be transferred to permanent hospitals or to the hospital ships, as will probably be the case in the Cuban campaign. In case the army moves so rapidly that the army wagons cannot keep up, or the country is so rough that they cannot easily make their way, a flying detachment of the field hospital will be organized, consisting of light ambulance and medical wagons, which can go wherever troops can march. They will carry everything that the heavier supply trains contain, only in smaller quantities.

CAISSON DISEASE.

Gouverneur Physicians Having Opportunities to Study a Rare Ailment.

The doctors at Gouverneur Hospital have had, since the beginning of the work on the East River Bridge, at the foot of Delancey street, exceptional opportunities for studying that rare ailment known as caisson disease or divers' paralysis. Four very serious cases have been treated there, as well as a great many in the incipient stage.

"The first symptoms," said Dr. Huber, the house surgeon, "are very similar to those of apoplexy. In one case the man came into the hospital with every outward symptom of having had an apoplectic stroke. He was unconscious, the pupils of his eyes were unequally distended, his respiration was stertorous. He remained unconscious for fifteen minutes and then recovered only partially. When he did recover there was anæsthesia extending all through the lower half of his body. This is a symptom usually betokening spinal trouble. For short periods he became utterly unconscious. During the time he was conscious he seemed to be perfectly rational. I questioned him, and found that he remembered nothing whatever that had happened since he had been attacked by the disease half an hour after he left the caisson. After he died we had an autopsy, and about the only thing we gained from it was that there had been a hemorrhage into the heart muscles.

"The manifestations of the disease are varied. In one case a patient's right arm became absolutely rigid in such a position that the hand was bent back near the chin. Meantime, his left arm was working in spasmodic convulsions that could not be controlled. The commonest symptom is that of intense pain at the ears. Our treatment here is to administer stimulants, and to induce perspiration as copiously as may be. In most cases this works very well. I have heard that over on the Brooklyn side, where similar work is being done, the workmen undertake to treat one another by plunging the affected man into a hot bath. It is their ignorant way of applying the same remedy that we do here, but I hardly think that the depressing effect of a hot bath is a good thing for the men in the state in which victims of caisson disease are usually found to be when they are picked up. The theory of the disease is that the air pressure in the caisson prevents the system from throwing off the injurious gases of the body, particularly the nitrogenous compounds. The pressure prevents the various organs of the body from discharging their functions toward one another, and congestion, with the symptoms of paralysis, results."

It will be remembered that Col. Washington A. Roebling was obliged to give up his work on the Brooklyn Bridge for a long time because of an attack of caisson disease, and that his life was endangered by it. Three hundred or more men are employed from time to time in the caissons at the foot of Delancey street, and there have been twenty-five or thirty applications for treatment at the hospital since the work began.

THEIR "RUBBER STRING GAME."

Boys Who Deceived the Ticket Choppers of the Bridge in Rush Hours.

An old-time trick has enabled several boys to ride over the Brooklyn Bridge for several months free of charge. Perhaps this would still be going on were it not for a boyish desire to brag. Several boys were seated near the door in the rear of a bridge car recently talking in an undertone. One was telling his open-mouthed listeners what great things he was doing in the "rubber string game." A brakeman who stood by the half-open door became interested and listened to find out just what the "rubber string game" was.

The conversation didn't last long enough for the brakeman to become acquainted fully with the workings of the game, but he heard a word here and there that convinced him that it wasn't an honest game and that in some way the boys were cheating the bridge authorities by it. He told several of the ticket choppers about it and they agreed to keep a lookout for the boys. The lads came over only in rush hours and that made the task of watching more difficult. After several days the only thing the choppers discovered was that the boys came along with the crowd, held a ticket close over the top of the box, opened their fingers and the ticket disappeared, but whether it went into the box or not they couldn't say, because so many tickets were dropped in the box at once.

Finally one of the choppers decided to risk holding up one of the suspected boys. Accordingly the next night just as the boy raised his hand over the box the chopper grabbed him. With a look of surprise the boy asked what the matter was. The chopper said something about a ticket when the boy raised his other hand and deposited a ticket in the box, and, grinning, walked on. Still the choppers decided to watch, and one night last week their patience was rewarded. This night about 6 o'clock, during the heaviest rush, a chopper saw a boy stop a few paces from the box, fumble with his coat sleeve a moment and then walk up and apparently drop a ticket in the box. The man grabbed him by the wrist and held up the arm. In the sleeve was a bridge ticket attached to an elastic band. The ticket had a hole punched in it and the elastic was tied to it. The other end of the elastic was fastened to the boy's wrist, so that when he opened the fingers which held the ticket it snapped up his sleeve out of sight.

The boy struggled hard to get away when he saw that the game was discovered, but the chopper held on and handed him over to a policeman. They with tears the youngster told how he and other boys had been cheating the bridge people for months. The boy was let go, but not before the policeman had given him a shaking. His companions have reformed.

PIKE COUNTY'S TREASURE.

A CAVE UNDER A MOUNTAIN FILLED WITH GOLD AND SILVER.

Its Entrance Sought in Vain by Generations of White Settlers Who Have Heard of the Indian Tradition About It—Indians Searching for It, Too—A Pike County Scare.

"If I could find the entrance to a cave which the old residents believe lies under the mountain somewhere between the head and the foot of Shohola Glen," said a man from that interesting corner of Pike county, Pa., "I wouldn't ask to be a Gould or a Vanderbilt, for, according to the tradition, that cave is a storehouse of unheard riches. We have from time to time found many promising openings in the rocky ledges that tower above the creek on both sides of the glen for a mile or more, but somehow none of them taps that cave. The Helm family, the founder of which was the first white man to come into that region, has charge of the tradition. The story is that the family's pioneer ancestor had occasion to do a kindness to an Indian chief, and was rewarded by being blindfolded and led to the entrance of the cave and into it. When he was well within the cave, the bandage was removed from his eyes, and the Indian, flashing a pine knot torch on the walls, led Helm through almost endless chambers and galleries, stored in heaps in all of which were glittering chunks of gold and silver and other things the nature of which he did not know. After permitting him to feast his eyes on all this hidden treasure, the Indian blindfolded Helms again and led him out of the cave, but not by the way they had come in.

"Helm, blindfolded as he was, knew by the sound of the waters that they had entered from the wild Shohola ravine. When the bandage was taken from his eyes after leaving the cave he saw that they were in the vale a mile north of the Shohola, in fact, in what is now Panther Brook Glen, showing that the main gallery of the cavern ran clear through the mountain. Helm tried to find the entrance or exit to that cave for years, on the sneak, but couldn't, and he even married a squaw of the tribe, thinking that she might give him the tip, but she was afraid to do so until she was on her deathbed. Then she started in to tell him how to find the treasure trove, but he had grown a little hard of hearing by that time, and in her efforts to make him hear she exhausted herself and died before she could give him the proper steer. This was a great disappointment to Helm, and his descendants to this day declare that if the cave is ever found they will put in a claim for a share of its contents, on the ground that their ancestor saw it first.

"There are endless stories, handed down by early white settlers, of how the Indians of that part of the Delaware Valley used bullets and arrowheads made of silver in their battles with the whites and their raids on the settlements. There used to be a great many of these silver bullets and arrowheads in the old families, preserved as relics of those stirring days. There are many descendants of the settlers still living who are old enough to remember having seen plenty of them, but the relics seem to have all got away somehow, as there is none of them left. The silver came from the Shohola Glen cave. The hoard was never all used up. If it had been descendants of the aboriginal custodians wouldn't to this day be coming among us from Canada every once in a while and acting so mysteriously that we got on to them long ago. They came to find the entrance to that cave—that's what they do. But we're keeping an eye on 'em.

"A well-marked Indian path may be seen to this day leading through the woods parallel with the Delaware River, and crossing the Shohola Creek at the entrance to the glen, within a quarter of a mile of the Erie Railroad. Now, what keeps that old path open? The inhabitants around there have no use for it. Hunters and fishermen? Some folks pretend to think so. But that isn't it at all. It's Indians that keep that old path from growing over—descendants of the original people treading it stealthily and secretly. What for? Searching for that treasure cave. The instructions that their forefathers handed down as to the location of that cave and how to find it have slipped a cog somehow, and they've lost the clue. So these present day Indians are sliding down there every little while, following the old Indian path and keeping it open.

"Some folks up there pooh-pooh and say 'Fudge,' but why doesn't that old path disappear, then? And what did the Indian say the time he stopped at Valentine Hipsman's tavern and ordered nine hard-boiled eggs, ate them, and said he wanted to get train No. 6, going east? Why, he said that an ancestor of his was in the battle of Minisink under Brant, the famous Indian chief. That battle was fought in 1779, three miles up the Delaware from Shohola, on the York State side. Although the Indians were successful in the battle, this ancestor of the reminiscent Indian saw that the days of the red man in the valley were numbered. He was one of a few who knew of the existence of a cave in the Shohola ravine, this Indian said, and after the battle he followed the old Indian trail to the Shohola, entered the cave at that side, walled the entrance up from within, then passed through to Panther Brook, came out of the cave at that side, and walled up the entrance there. This was to destroy all probability of the white settlers stumbling upon the cave and securing the treasure it contained. This thoughtful warrior subsequently went to Canada, where all the Indians went when they were driven from the region. He died shortly afterward, and left only meagre directions to his family as to the finding of the hidden caves—so meagre, said the Indian who ate the nine hard-boiled eggs at Hipsman's, that none of them had any hope of ever finding it. That's what the Indian said. But did he leave on train No. 6 that day? No, sir, he didn't! And he has never been seen since. Some folks say that he found the cave, got into it, got lost there, couldn't find his way out again and died. I don't know about that, but he was only trying to throw us off by what he said and wasn't there for any other purpose than to hunt for that cave. That's what! And it's Indians like him that are keeping that old Indian path open, and what we want to do up in that corner of Pike county is to watch out. A fellow from New York came near throwing us all into fits last summer by advancing a theory he had about that Indian path being so fresh.

"'It's because Indians are using it on the sly,' he said. 'But they're not looking for that cave. They're not looking for that cave because they've found it. They've found the cave and they're keeping that path fresh now by carrying out the treasure they've found in the cave and lugging it away!'

"We had never thought of the possibility of such a thing and I tell you we were worked up to the top notch for a while. Then I took a look at the old path and found that the New York man's theory couldn't be true and told our folks so.

"'There's nothing in it,' I said. 'There ain't any tracks in the path. If them Indians were lugging the silver and things out of that cave the backloads they'd carry would sink their feet into the path up to their ankles.'

"So that settled that alarming theory, and all we've got to do now is to watch out. They're looking for that cave all right and we want to be there when it's found."

AS TO NATIONAL DEBTS.

Spain's Financial Condition Compared with That of Other Nations.

A table has been published which shows that Spain owes about one-third as much as England, about one-half as much as Italy and about one-quarter as much as France in the way of national debt, and while the debt per capita of Spain is $73, that of Great Britain is $87, of Italy $76 and of France $116. These figures are misleading, for they do not take into account two important elements—first, the wealth of the country, and second, its credit. For instance, the debt per capita of Holland is $95.56. That of Italy is $76.06. Ostensibly the burden of debt is heavier in Holland than in Italy, but the facts are otherwise. Holland is a wealthy country; the people are thrifty; the internal taxes are light; the commerce is large and the profits of its colonial possessions are enormous. Italy is a poor country; it has few manufactures and it has practically no money invested abroad. The aggregate wealth of Italy, including land, live stock, merchandise, ships, gold and silver, railways, buildings and personal effects, averages about $500 for each inhabitant. In Holland the average wealth is $1,500 for each inhabitant, and the Dutch can therefore much better sustain the national debt of $95 each on the average than can the Italians the debt of $76.

In the matter of interest on debt obligations, England's position has long been an enviable one among European nations. English consols paying 2¾ per cent. sell at about 112, and it may be said roughly that the English Government can borrow all the money it needs and a good deal more, no doubt, at an average rate of 2½ per cent. The Spanish Government loans pay ostensibly 4 per cent., but Spanish bonds are selling at less than one-third their face value. Actually, therefore, the Spanish Government is paying 12 per cent. on the money borrowed—a ruinous rate when compared with England's 2½. Spain's total debt is equivalent to about $1,250,000,000 and England's to $3,300,000,000, but the wealth of Great Britain is four times greater and its credit is five times as good.

In all computations of national debt still another error has come to be general. France's debt per inhabitant is now $116, while that of Germany is only $1.37. This disparity would be very difficult to explain were it not known that each of the countries or political divisions making up the German Empire has a separate debt of its own. For instance, Bavaria has a debt of $400,000,000 (1,730,000,000 marks) and Würtemberg has a debt of $90,000,000, both larger than the debt of the empire, which is only $77,000,000.