

them, we trudged heavily up on foot. The yearling was in the top of a tall aspen. Lambert shot it with his rifle and we then put the dogs on the trail of the old she.

**The She Bear in the Spruce.**

The bear was some 30 or 40 feet up a tall spruce; it was a big she, with a glossy black-brown coat. I was afraid that at our approach she might come down; but she had been running hard for some four hours, had been pressed close, and evidently had not the slightest idea of putting herself off her own free will within the reach of the pack, which was now frantically baying at the foot of the tree. I shot her through the heart. As the bullet struck she climbed up through the branches with great agility for six or eight feet; then her muscles relaxed, and down she came with a thud, nearly burying herself in the snow. Little Skip was one of the first dogs to seize her as she came down; and in another moment he literally disappeared under the hounds as they piled on the bear. As soon as possible we got off the skin and pushed campward at a good gait, for we were a long way off. Just at nightfall we came out on a bluff from which we could overlook the rushing, swirling brown torrent, on the farther bank of which the tents were pitched.

The stomach of this bear contained nothing but buds. Like the other shea killed on this trip, she was accompanied by her yearling young, but had no newly born cub; sometimes bear breed only every other year, but I have found the mother accompanied not only by her cub but by her young of the year before. The yearling also had nothing but buds in its stomach. When its skin was taken off, Stewart looked at it, shook his head, and turning to Lambert said solemnly, "Alex, that skin isn't big enough to use for anything but a doily." From that time until the end of the hunt the yearlings were only known as "doily bears."

**A Visit From Cowboys.**

Next morning we again went out, and this time for 12 hours steadily, in the saddle and now and then on foot. Most of the time we were in snow, and it was extraordinary that the horses could get through it at all, especially in working up the steep mountain sides. But until it got so deep that they actually floundered—that is, so long as they could get their legs down to the bottom—I found that they could travel much faster than I could.

On this day some 20 good-natured, hard-riding young fellows from the ranches within a radius of a dozen miles had joined our party to "see the president kill a bear." They were a cheerful and eagerly friendly crowd, as hardy as so many young moose, and utterly fearless horsemen; one of them rode his wild, nervous horse bareback, because it had bucked so when he tried to put the saddle on it that morning that he feared he would get left behind, and so abandoned the saddle outright. Whenever they had a chance they all rode at headlong speed, paying no heed to the slope of the mountain side or the character of the ground. In the deep snow they did me a real service, for of course they had to ride their horses single file through the drifts, and by the time my

turn came we had a good trail.

After a good deal of beating to and fro, we found where an old she-bear with two yearlings had crossed a hill during the night and put the hounds on their tracks. Johnny and Jake, with one or two of the cowboys, followed the hounds over the exceedingly difficult hillside where the trail led; or rather, they tried to follow them, for the hounds speedily got clear away, as there were many places where they could run on the crust of the snow, in which the horses wallowed almost helplessly. The rest of us went down to the valley, where the snow was light and the going much easier. The bear had traveled hither and thither through the woods on the sidehill, and the dogs became scattered. Moreover, they jumped several deer, and four or five of the young dogs took after one of the latter.

**Three Bears at Once.**

Finally, however, the rest of the pack put up the three bears. We had an interesting glimpse of the chase as the bears quartered up across an open spot on the hillside. The hounds were but a short distance behind them, horse after horse getting down in the snow, and speedily heard the redoubled clamor which told us that something had been treed. It was half an hour before we could make our way to the tree, a spruce, in which the two yearlings had taken refuge, while around the bottom the entire pack was gathered, crazy with excitement.

We could not take the yearlings alive, both because we lacked the means of carrying them, and because we were anxious to get after the old bear. We could not leave them where they were, because it would have been well nigh impossible to get the dogs away, and because, even if we had succeeded in getting them away, they would not have run any other trail as long as they knew the yearlings were in the tree. It was therefore out of the question to leave them unharmed, as we should have been glad to do, and Lambert killed them both with his revolver; the one that was first hit immediately biting its brother. The ranchmen took them home to eat.

The hounds were immediately put on the trail of the old one and disappeared over the snow. In a few minutes we followed. It was heavy work getting up the mountain side through the drifts, but once on top we made our way down a nearly bare spur, and then turned to the right, scrambled a couple of miles along a slippery sidehill, and halted. Below us lay a great valley, on the farther side of which a spruce forest stretched up toward the treeless peaks. Snow covered even the bottom of the valley, and lay deep and solid in the spruce forest on the mountain side. The hounds were in full cry, evidently on a hot trail, and we caught glimpses of them far on the opposite side of the valley, crossing little open glades in the spruce timber. If the crust was hard they scattered out. Where it was at all soft they ran in single file.

We worked our way down toward them, and on reaching the bottom of the valley, went up it as fast as the snow would allow. Finally we heard the pack again barking treed and started toward them. They had

treed the bear far up the mountain side in the thick spruce timber, and a short experiment showed us that the horses could not possibly get through the snow. Accordingly, off we jumped and went toward the sound on foot, all the young ranchmen and cowboys rushing ahead, and thereby again making me an easy trail. On the way to the tree the rider of the bareback horse pounced on a snowshoe rabbit which was crouched under a bush and caught it with his hands.

It was half an hour before we reached the tree, a big spruce, up which the bear had gone to a height of some 40 feet. I broke her neck with a single bullet. She was smaller than the one I had shot the day before, but full grown. In her stomach, as in those of the two yearlings, there were buds of rose bushes and quaking aspens. One yearling had also swallowed a mouse. It was a long ride to camp, and darkness had fallen by the time we caught the gleam from the lighted tents, across the dark stream.

With neither of these last two bear had there been any call for prowess; my part was merely to kill the bear dead at the first shot, for the sake of the pack. But the days were very enjoyable, nevertheless. It was good fun to be 12 hours in the saddle in such wild and beautiful country, to look at and listen to the hounds as they worked, and finally to see the bear treed and looking down at the maddened pack baying beneath.

**Down With a Touch of Fever.**

For the next two or three days I was kept in camp by a touch of Cuban fever. On one of these days Lambert enjoyed the longest hunt we had on the trip, after an old she-bear and three yearlings. The yearlings treed one by one, each of course necessitating a stoppage, and it was seven in the evening before the old bear at last went up a cottonwood and was shot; she was only wounded, however, and in the fight she crippled Johnny's Rowdy before she was killed. When the hunters reached camp it was 13 hours since they had left it. The old bear was a very light brown; the first yearling was reddish-brown, the second light yellowish-brown, the third dark black-brown, though all were evidently of the same litter.

Following this came a spell of bad weather, snow storm and blizzard steadily succeeding one another. This lasted until my holiday was over. Some days we had to stay in camp. On other days we hunted; but there was three feet of new snow on the summits and foothills, making it difficult to get about. We saw no more bear, and, indeed, no more bear tracks that were less than two or three weeks old.

We killed a couple of bobcats. The chase of one was marked by several incidents. We had been riding through a blizzard on the top of a plateau, and were glad to plunge down into a steep sheer-sided valley. By the time we reached the bottom there was a lull in the storm and we worked our way with considerable difficulty through the snow, down timber, and lava rock, toward Divide creek. After a while the valley widened a little, spruce and aspen fringing the stream at the bottom while the sides were bare. Here we struck a fresh bobcat trail leading off up one of the mountain

sides. The hounds followed it nearly to the top, then turned and came down again, worked through the timber in the bottom, and struck out on the hillside opposite.

**A Chase for a Bobcat.**

Suddenly we saw the bobcat running ahead of them and doubling and circling. A few minutes afterward the hounds followed the trail to the creek bottom and then began to bark treed. But on reaching the point we found there was no cat in the tree, although the dogs seemed certain that there was; and Johnny and Jake speedily had them again running on the trail. After making its way for some distance through the bottom, the cat had again taken to the sidehill, and the hounds went after it hard. Again they went nearly to the top, again they streamed down to the bottom and crossed the creek.

Soon afterward we saw the cat ahead of them. For the moment it threw them off the track by making a circle and galloping around close to the rearmost hounds. It then made for the creek bottom, where it climbed to the top of a tall aspen. The hounds soon picked up the trail again, and followed it full cry; but unfortunately just before they reached where it had treed they ran on to a porcupine. When we reached the foot of the aspen, in the top of which the bobcat crouched, with most of the pack baying beneath, we found the porcupine dead and half a dozen dogs with their muzzles and throats filled full of quills. Before doing anything with the cat it was necessary to take these quills out. One of the terriers, which always found porcupines an irresistible attraction, was a really extraordinary sight, so thickly were the quills studded over his face and chest. But a big hound was in even worse condition; the quills were stuck in abundance into his nose, lips, cheeks and tongue, and in the roof of his mouth they were almost as thick as bristles in a brush. Only by use of pincers was it possible to rid these two dogs of the quills, and it was a long and bloody job. The others had suffered less.

The dogs seemed to have no sympathy with one another, and apparently all that the rest of the pack felt was that they were kept a long time waiting for the cat. They never stopped baying for a minute, and Shorty, as was his habit, deliberately bit great patches of bark from the aspens, to show his impatience, for the tree in which the cat stood was not one which he could climb. After attending to the porcupine dogs, one of the men climbed the tree and with a stick pushed out the cat. It dropped down through the branches 40 or 50 feet, but was so quick in starting and dodging that it actually rushed through the pack, crossed the stream, and doubling and twisting, was off up the creek through the timber. It ran cunning, and in a minute or two lay down under a bush and watched the hounds as they went by, overrunning its trail. Then it took off up the hillside; but the hounds speedily picked up its track, and running in single file, were almost on it. Then the cat turned down hill, but too late, for it was overtaken within 50 yards. This ended our hunting.

One Sunday we rode down some six miles

from camp to a little blue school house and attended service. The preacher was in the habit of riding over every alternate Sunday from Rifle, a little town 20 or 25 miles away; and the ranchmen with their wives and children, some on horseback, some in wagons, had gathered from 30 miles round to attend the service. The crowd was so large that the exercises had to take place in the open air, and it was pleasant to look at the strong frames and rugged, weather-beaten faces of the men; while as for the women, one respected them even more than the men.

On the last day we rode down to where Glenwood Springs lies, hemmed in by lofty mountain chains, which are riven in sunder by sheer-sided, cliff-walled canyons. As we left ever farther behind us the wintry desolation of our high hunting grounds we rode into full springs. The green of the valley was a delight to the eye; bird songs sounded on every side, from the fields and from the trees and bushes beside the brooks and irrigation ditches; the air was sweet with the spring-time breath of many budding things. The sarvice bushes were white with bloom, like shadblow on the Hudson; the blossoms on the Oregon grape made yellow mats on the ground. We saw the chunky Say's ground squirrel, looking like a big chipmunk, with on each side a conspicuous white stripe edged with black.

In one place we saw quite a large squirrel, grayish, with red on the lower back. I suppose it was only a pine squirrel, but it looked like one of the gray squirrels of southern Colorado. Mountain mockers and the handsome, bold Arkansas king birds were numerous. The black-tail sage sparrow was conspicuous in the sagebrush, and high among the cliffs the white-throated swifts were soaring. There were numerous warblers, among which I could only make out the black-throated gray, Audubon's and McGillivray's. In Glenwood Springs itself the purple finches, house finches, and Bullock's orioles were in full song. Flocks of siskins passed with dipping flight. In one rapid little stream we saw a water ouzel. Humming birds—I suppose the broad-tailed—were common, and as they flew they made, intermittently and almost rhythmically, a curious metallic sound; seemingly it was done with their wings.

But the thing that interested me most in the way of bird life was something I saw in Denver. To my delight I found that the huge hotel at which we took dinner was monopolized by the pretty, musical house finches, to the exclusion of the ordinary city sparrows. The latter are all too plentiful in Denver, as in every other city, and, as always, are noisy, quarrelsome—in short, thoroughly unattractive and disreputable. The house finch, on the contrary, is attractive in looks, in song, and in ways. It was delightful to hear the males singing, often on the wing. They went right up to the top stories of the high hotel, and nested under the eaves and in the cornices. The cities of the southwestern states are to be congratulated on having this spirited, attractive little songster as a familiar dweller around their houses and in their gardens.

**BIG ORDER SENT EAST FOR CANDY**

Vale Trading Company Purchases Ton and a Half—Trappers Busy.

(Staff Correspondence)

Vale, Dec. 14.—What is probably the largest single order for candy ever given by a retail establishment in eastern Oregon was that of the Vale Trading company of Vale, when its manager, Leo Schmidt, telegraphed recently to New York for a ton and a half of mixed candies. The Vale Trading company does a big business with the many freighting outfits that come here to trade from points over 200 miles in the interior of Oregon.

**Hundreds of Coyotes Caught.**  
The trappers in the vicinity of Vale are having a profitable season this winter. They get a \$1.50 bounty from the county for every coyote killed, and then they get \$2.50 and upwards for the pelt. The market for furs is excellent this winter, due to a big shortage in the big fur centers. F. B. Glenn, the fur dealer, has already shipped from Vale this season 600 coyote pelts, 100 wild cats, 50 badgers and 600 muskrats. Half these furs, the best grades, were shipped to New York, and the other half to Denver. Mr. Glenn now has 400 more coyote pelts on hand.

The county treasurer's office at Vale has this season already paid out over \$1000 in bounties for coyotes and wild cats.

**Thousands of Ties.**  
The Vale railroad yards are jammed full with thousands and thousands of ties, many piles of new 75-pound steel rails, etc., for the extension of the Oregon & Eastern through Malheur canyon.

\$7700 From Three Licenses. Effective Dec. 20, 1912, three new au-

loon licenses were issued by the Vale council, one each to Hunt & Dolan for \$2600, James Harvey \$2600, and Gartin \$2500. The \$2600 licenses are for wholesale and retail malt liquors, and the \$2500 license is for retail only. These licenses are for one year, payable in advance. The city council has already collected the full \$7700 for these licenses. This money goes into the general fund.

**New Marshal.**

J. J. Dolan resigned as marshal of Vale to enter into partnership with A. S. Hunt in the operation of a saloon. Dan Eno was appointed marshal to take Dolan's place.

**Seven-Year-Old Bet Paid.**

Leo Schmidt paid a bet to Judge George W. Hayes, made seven years ago. At that time Mr. Schmidt bet Mr. Hayes a Stetson hat that if ever Roosevelt again ran for president, Roosevelt would be elected. On Thanksgiving day of this year Mr. Schmidt paid off his seven-year-old bet by giving Mr. Hayes a fine \$7 Stetson hat.

**Man's Record of Coyotes and Cats.**

A Jordan valley man named Hurtle has the distinction of receiving the largest bounty for coyotes and wild cats from the Malheur county treasurer's office that has been paid for this purpose to one man in at least five years. Wednesday, Dec. 11, Mr. Hurtle brought to the treasurer's office the pelts from 122 coyotes for which he got a bounty of \$1.50 each, and 18 wild cats for which the county paid a bounty of \$2 each, making a total bounty of \$219. Each coyote pelt, in addition to the bounty, is worth at least \$2.50, and each wild cat \$3, so that Mr. Hurtle will get from his coyotes and wild cats a total, including the bounty, of at least \$517.

Hucker Bros. of Westfall on Thursday morning brought to the county treasurer's office 32 coyotes and five wild cats, and got their bounty.

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