REPORTS OF CITY OFFICERS.

The City Clerk and Treasurer Make a Very Favorable Showing.

The City Indebtedness Reduced Over Four Thousand Dollars Since the First of of the Present Year.

The following is the financial statement of the City Clerk for May 12th, 1893:

DEBIT BALANCES.

Funding bonds	$ 30,000.00	
Sewer bonds	60,000.00	
W. L. Steinweg, city treasurer, cash on hand	8,644.30	
Special water, light and power fund	38.96	
		$98 683.26

CREDIT BALANCES.

General municipal fund	$1,116.23	
Road and bridge fund	2,071.00	
Special cemetery fund	39.57	
Special park fund	29.27	
Sewerage construction fund	5,158.10	
	$ 8,414.17	
Bills payable	90,269.09	
		$98,683.26

WARRANTS ISSUED SINCE JAN. 1, 1893.

General fund	$ 5,612.99	
Road and bridge fund	835.24	
Special cemetery fund	254.00	
Sewer expense fund interest coupons	1,800.00	
		$ 8,502.23

WARRANTS REDEEMED.

General fund	$ 10,283.41	
Special water, light and power fund	3,283.60	
Sewer expense fund	1,800.00	
Road and bridge fund	904.15	
Special cemetery fund	404.00	
	$ 16,675.16	
Interest paid on above	517.48	
		$17,192.64
Total warrants outstanding	244.45	
Total outstanding Dec. 31, 1892		$ 8,341.96

COMPARATIVE DEBT STATEMENT DEC. 31, 1892.

Total bonded and floating debt	$103,500.06	
Less cash in city treasury	11,802.04	
		$91,698.02

MAY 12, 1893.

Bonded debt	$ 90,000.00	
Due R. Schmidt, sewer account	5,158.10	
Warrants outstanding	244.45	
	$ 95,402.55	
Less cash in city treasury	8,644.30	
		$86,758.25
Net reduction in indebtedness of the city from Dec. 31, 1892, to May 12, 1893	$ 4,939.77	

Respectfully submitted,
GEO. W. RODMAN,
City Clerk.

City Treasurer's statement for term ending May 12th, 1893:

RECEIPTS.

Jan. 1, 1893—To cash on hand		$11,802.04
To city justice fees and fines	$ 32.90	
Feb. 7, 1893—To city justice fees and fines	98.40	
March 9, 1893—To city justice fees and fines	171.50	
To city justice fees and fines	98.80	401.60
Jan. 3, 1893—To Sexton Schwartze	40.00	
Feb. 28, 1893—To Sexton Schwartze	30.00	
March 28, 1893—To Sexton Schwartze	60.00	
April 8, 1893—To Sexton Schwartze	55.00	
May 2, 1893—To Sexton Schwartze	30.00	215.00
March 17, 1893—To saloon license		1,000.00
Feb. 6, 1893—To sales from pound		25.93
To general licenses—		
Feb. 11—Truck license,	20.00	
Jan. 21—"Exh" "	5.00	
Jan. 21—Museum "	10.00	
Jan 3—Dillon "	5.00	
May 5—Shooting gallery license	7.00	
May 11—Dog tax license	9.00	
Feb. 14—Chinese wash house license	15.00	71.00
Del. tax collected—		
By Mackinnon & Murane		1,168.78
By Marshal		1,279.28
By City Clerk		184.50
Collected on tax roll of 1892 by City Treasurer		10,150.63
Total receipts		$26,298.76

DISBURSEMENTS.

Jan. 1 to May 12—		
By cash on warrants redeemed on general fund as per schedule,		$10,577.54
By cash on warrants redeemed on road and bridge fund as per schedule		908.27
By cash on warrants redeemed on cemetery fund as per schedule,		411.23
By cash on warrants redeemed on sewer expense fund as per schedule		1,800.00
By cash on warrants redeemed on water, light and power fund as per schedule		3,495.60
By cash on treasurer's commission of 2 per cent on general fund receipts	$157.79	
By cash on treasurer's commission of 1 per cent on general fund disbursements	105.77	
By cash on treasurer's commission of 1 per cent on sewer expense disbursements	18.00	281.56
By cash on treasurer's commission of 2 per cent on cemetery fund receipts	4.30	
By cash on treasurer's commission of 1 per cent on cemetery fund disbursements	4.11	8.41
By cash on treasurer's commission of 2 per cent on road and bridge fund receipts	127.82	
By cash on treasurer's commission of 1 per cent on road and bridge fund disbursements	9.08	136.90
By cash on treasurer's commission of 1 per cent on water, light and power fund disbursements		34.95
May 12—By cash on hand		8,644.30
		$26,298.76

Cash on hand in the various funds is as follows on May 13, 1893:

General municipal fund	$1,337.33
Road and bridge fund	2,091.23
Cemetery fund	32.27
Park fund	29.27
Sewerage construction fund	5,158.10
	$8,648.20

CONTRA.

Water, light and power fund overdrawn	$ 3.90
Net cash on hand	$8,644.30

Respectfully submitted,
W. L. STEINWEG,
City Treasurer.

THE CITY COUNCIL ENDS ITS LABORS.

The Old Bonrd Approved Many Bills and Passed a New Ordinance Respecting Salaried Officers.

The only really important session of the city council for June was held in the council chambers Wednesday night. The previous meeting was mainly consumed in canvassing the vote at the last city election, when W. F. Prosser was chosen mayor, and Henry H. Allen, H. J. Keuchler, J. T. Kingsbury, T. J. Redmon, J. J. Carpenter, John Reed and W. I. Lince councilmen.

Monday evening was the regular meeting night, but the city clerk being sick, an adjournment was taken until Wednesday, when all the councilmen were present excepting Schorn.

Reports of the city marshal and city justice were read and approved.

The report from the city tax collector was read and filed, showing collections since last report amounting to $1,300.

A communication was read from Superintendent Prowell, of the Northern Pacific, relative to the opening of A street, to the effect that the railroad company would not agree to opening any street, and that if one of the streets across the railroad right-of-way was opened the effect and damage to the company would be the same as though they were all opened.

The application for the renewal of the license of Popovitch & Short was approved upon acknowledgement of the treasurer of the receipt of the required license.

The report of committeemen Schorn and Miller in favor of erecting a public fountain on Yakima avenue at a cost not exceeding $125 was approved.

Ordinance No. 196, amending the fire ordinance and defining the character of the buildings to be erected within the fire limits, was passed.

Ordinance No. 197, to regulate the salary and bond of the city treasurer was passed. It originally provided for a salary of $300 in lieu of all fees and compensation, but on motion of Chapman was increased to $500 per annum. The bond was placed at $20,000.

Ordinance No. 168, to regultate the salary and compensation of officers of the city and repealing all conflicting ordinances was passed after several amendments making the salaries per month as follows: City clerk, who is ex-officio assessor, $75; marshal $75; each deputy marshal $65; ditch tender $55; street commissioner $60; fire engineer $70; city attorney $41.66; civil engineer $6 per day when actually employed; civil engineer's help $2 per day when actually employed.

On motion of Chapman the compensation of the secretary of the fire department was not abolished, but remains at $5 per month.

The city attorney was instructed to proceed against those who had failed to comply with the council orders to make sewer connections.

Councilman Miller moved that all tools belonging to the city be turned over to the street commissioner and that an invoice of the same be taken for the benefit of the incoming council.

When M. G. Wills returned from eastern Oregon he reported that he had overheard details of a plot to release George McCarthy and Ras Lewis, who were confined in the Ellensburgh jail on the charge of robbing the Roslyn bank. Evidently no extra precautions were taken, for about 3 o'clock Sunday, while the prisoners had the freedom of the jail corridors after dinner, they drilled a hole along the side of the iron grating, through the soft and thin wall of brick, and with the aid of a crowbar were soon at liberty. On the outside they secured arms concealed by accomplices under the sidewalk, but Ed Grady and Mose Boleman, who realized what was up, opened fire on them. Six shots were exchanged. A crowd quickly collected, and a young man named Hughes was shot in the back by McCarthy. Lewis also received a wound, and a ball struck McCarthy's wrist, but no great harm was done. Seeing that their chances for escape had been balked, Lewis and McCarthy surrendered. The trial of the prisoners began on Monday, continuing through Tuesday and Wednesday, the arguments being made on Thursday. The defense was based mainly on the evidence given which led to the conviction of Cal Hale. H. J. Snively conducted the prosecution with masterly skill.

R. Strobach reports that the Burton grader and ditcher, which he is using on his irrigating ditch, has proven a most satisfactory and valuable machine. It is simple in mechanism, easy to operate and does excellent work. Mr. Strobach will be pleased to show and explain the working of the machine to all who are interested.

The Black Mountaineer

By DAN DEQUILLE.

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CHAPTER I.

"B'ar! B'ar, by de hokey! Hist! b'ar right hyar!" cried an old colored "pard," holding up to us a warning hand.

Half a dozen of us, mounted and on foot, were descending a sharp little pitch of ground that led down into a narrow gulch.

"Do you see him, Uncle Jerry?" asked Ben Arle, our leader, halting his mule and beginning to unsling his Henry rifle.

"Don't see him, sah," said Uncle Jerry, making a sort of speaking trumpet of his huge right hand and croaking in a hoarse half whisper. "Kain't see him, sah, but de tracks am mighty fresh!"

"Oh, is that all?" said Ben, swinging his gun back over his shoulder. "I thought you had him in sight."

"No, sah—hain't got him in sight an don't want him in sight dis time in de ebenin."

It was about sunset, and the shadows under the dense pine forest and in the depths of the great canyons were fast deepening into dusk. Uncle Jerry had just before been sent ahead to look up a camping place, but at the foot of the first hill he descended after being dispatched on the congenial mission had struck his "b'ar tracks."

As we came up and gathered about the old man he pointed to the ground and said: "Look at dis ouct, Cap'n Ben," pointing to a track in the mud beside the brooklet. "See, sah, de water wat's a-trinklum into dis yere track hain't yit fill it up. No, sah. Dat track, sah, hain't been made not t'ree minit!"

"Is it a grizzly, think?" asked Uncle Bob Temple, preparing to dismount.

"No, not grizzly dis time, sah, but he's a big chunk of er cimmamom b'ar."

"He is only a little way up the gulch," said Ben Arle, "probably not three hundred yards away. On hearing us he would halt, rear up and stand listening to get our course."

The gulch was so narrow that the willows reaching out from its opposite banks almost met in the center. Seen in the gloaming, it was decidedly a pokerish looking place.

"Come, Jerry, let us have the bear story."

"By Jove!" cried Fred Towne, an ardent eighteen-year-old of our party. "By Jove! I'll go up and pop him over, Captain Arle, if he is so near us!" and he unshouldered a shotgun he was carrying.

"Nonsense!" said Ben Arle. "That is no good place into which to follow a bear in the dusk."

"Why, it is only a cinnamon bear, captain," said Fred, "and I'll bang into him two charges of big grouse shot. We need some fresh meat."

Uncle Jerry Hawk scowled as he eyed Fred over and then grunted: "Umph! Nuffin but a cimmamom b'ar, eh? So, boy, 'spect yer got the 'pinion dat you'd 'ay dat b'ar out in jis' no time wif yer grouse shot? Fresh meat indeed! De remains ob you'd be de on'y fresh meat we'd fine ef you went up dar ter fool wif dat ar b'ar!"

"Uncle Jerry Hawk is right," said Ben Arle. "It's no good place for a boxing match and rough and tumble with a bear."

"But, captain, he's only a bit of a cinnamon," persisted Fred.

"Bit of er cimmamom indeed!" cried old Jerry, scowling at Fred. "Bit of er cimmamom! Dar wan't less nor five hundred pound of b'ar went 'long yere while ago a-makin of dem tracks. I'ze had 'siderable 'sperience long of cimmamon b'ars an all kine of b'ar. De shootin at dem at a distance wif er good gun is one ting an wrastlin an bóxin wif 'em is annudder. Fo' de Lord, boy, I could tell yer 'bout a skrimmage dat I wunst hed wif er ole she cimmamom dat would make yer h'ar git up on end!"

To Fred's relief Uncle Bob Temple suddenly called out, "Well, Jerry, we have no fault to find with your bear tracks, but where are we going to camp?"

"Mistah Temple, why, de Lord help us, sah, I hain't hed time ter look. Dem ar b'ar tracks clean upsot me. Dey upsot all de calkerlations, sah. Hows'ebber, sah, I guess dat de b'ar tracks gwine ter set dat mattah all right, sah."

"How are the bear tracks to help us? We must find a meadow—must find grass for the animals."

"Mistah Temple, hab patience, sah. I spects we fine de medder an de grass ef we follers dem dar tracks back down de crick a little piece. I kinder 'spicions dat de b'ar been down dat away to fill hi'self wif wile clober an oder green truck in some medder, or maybe to ketch fish or bullfrog in some bit of er lake or pon."

Pushing down the brooklet we had gone no more than two hundred yards before we burst into a fine meadow, with several springs and in the center a lakelet. It was a glorious camping ground, and all hailed old Jerry Hawk as an oracle.

"I hain't hunted b'ar for nuffin dese mo'n twenty year," said the old man—"see de wile clober round yere, an de wile cabbitch!"

There was indeed a luxuriant growth of wild clover and wild kale, with mint and watercress about the springs. The meadow was surrounded with a dense growth of tamarack (larch) and young fir trees. Had we searched the mountains for days we could not have found a better camping place than this to which Jerry Hawk's bear tracks and mountain lore had led us.

We were a prospecting party from the California camps of Campo Seco and San Andreas. We were now headed for rich placer mines just discovered (1859) near Meono lake, on the eastern side of the Sierras. We were trying to follow a trail over which not a dozen persons all told had preceded us through the mountain wilds. All day we had been in the highest of the high Sierras, passing along the north side of the Yosemite valley high above all the falls and noted peaks.

From several points we had been able to look down into the valley itself. So deep was it that groves of pine and larch seemed patches of meadow, and the falls—such as we were able to make out—were so foreshortened as to be hardly discernible, except by their sparkle and the occasional flashes of light thrown out.

The month was August, and all was green, blooming and delightful—the springtime of these grand mountain heights. Our camp was on a brook that lower down was probably a tributary of Indian canyon. We judged so, as from a hill we in the morning saw about opposite us—away on the south side of the Yosemite valley—points where flashed and sparkled the Vernal, Illiluouette and Nevada falls.

It was a superstition among miners in the early days that a colored man or a woman in a mining claim or a prospecting party brought good luck. For this reason and because he was a good cook, an experienced mountain man and a tireless prospector we had enlisted with us Jerry Hawk. Leaving the superstition to take care of itself, old Jerry was a desirable and valuable acquisition to such an expedition as that upon which we were engaged. He was over six feet in his stockings, handsomely featured, black as a coal and a perfect Hercules in strength. Jerry was good natured and the life of the campfire. His stories of life in Virginia in the old slave days were racy and apparently inexhaustible.

After supper, when pipes had been produced and all were reclining at ease around the campfire, Fred Towne, after eying Jerry for some time to study his humor, ventured to say to the old black mountaineer: "Uncle Jerry, this evening when I wanted to go and shoot the bear you said you could tell of a fight with a cinnamon bear that would make my hair get up on end. Suppose you give us that story; my hair feels pretty lively."

"Oh, pshaw, boy, I on'y wanted to skeer you outen goin up de gulch an gittin hurt wif de b'ar!"

"But, Uncle Jerry," persisted the young man, "you must just then have had in mind one of your old time bear fights, for you said it was an 'old she bear,' and it might be well for me to hear what a cinnamon bear can do."

"Yes, an den yer see dat yer go'n ter do jis' as yer please arter all and git yerse'f chawed up. 'Sides, boy, dis yere scrape w'at I had in mind don't 'mount ter much arter all—dat is on de side ob de b'ar. Come ter look it ober, I'ze radder shame of dat cimmamom. De critter oughter done better," said the old man with a sigh as he slyly watched Ben Arle out of a corner of his eye.

"Come, Jerry," said Ben kindly, "let us have the bear story."

This invitation from the leader of our party was just what Jerry had been skirmishing for.

"Sartin, Cap'n Arle, but I'ze feerd ye'll be disappinted, sah. De b'ar didn't do herse'f justice. I'ze done tole you boys 'bout all de biggest an best ob my b'ar fights."

"Well, never mind that, Jerry," said Uncle Bob Temple: "let us have the story."

"Mistah Temple, de b'ar didn't have a fair show, an maybe she didn't git fair play; still, sah, de skrimmage was a little cur'ous an radder outer de reg'lar line."

"No need to be backward, Jerry," said Uncle Bob.

This settled it with Jerry. The old man had been fishing to get critical Uncle Bob to commit himself by asking for the story.

"Arter all," hesitated the old man, who was like some singers and piano players—hard to start and difficult to stop. "Arter all, 'tain't har'ly a fit story to tell afore de boy. Kaise de ole b'ar didn't do herse'f justice; but sich as it is I turns it in."

CHAPTER II.

I mounts de log.

The story:

Lemme see. 'Long 'bout fifty-two, not a berry great while arter dey struck dem pow'ful rich diggin's on Scotchman's crick by de Souf Yuba, I went up dar from Yankee Jim's. I got wuck right away wif Cunnel Brookshire, a man from the souf an a rale gent'lum. Lord, Lord, de money we tuck outen dat man's claim! Dar was one time I members w'en de cunnel tuck forty pound ob clean gold on his back, an he climb de big mountain, 'bout a mile straight up, to de town of Alfer (Alpha), leabbin me to wuck de claim. In t'ree days de cunnel he come down de mountain. He ain't slept any an he ain't got er cent—all de gold gone at pokah. He take a nap, eat er mou'ful an den say to me, "Jerry, boy, han me out de sack." An he climb dat mountain ag'in. Dat's de way it go all de time. De cunnel he wur a rale gent'lum from de souf.

But let dat all go. Well, dar wur many big rich ravines comin into de Scotchman from de east—f'om de Oimega side. I wanted fur to git a claim ob my own, so on Sundays, w'en we keep de Sabbaf, I uster go prospectin up dem air big canyons.

One dese times I goes up w'at dey call de Ioway ravine—a awful canyon. I goes clare away to'ards de head of de ravine whar dar ain't anybody been. You see, 'bout two mile up de ravine dar sat in de awfules' canyon in all dem parts. On boff sides dar wur mons'us great cliffs. De cliff stan moas' straight as de walls of er brick house. Dese walls ain't on'y 'bout forty to fifty foot apart, an betwixt dem de watah of de crick dash an roar along like de tailrace of er mill. So de men ob de Scotchman crick dey all say w'en dey came up dat fur, "'Tain't no use lookin in dar fur gold. All de gold been swept outen de troff ob dat canyon same as wif a broom."

Well, de miners ob Scotchman dey all gives up an turns back w'en dey strikes dem big rocky walls. So on de sly I tackles dat big canyon. I goes up fro it mo' dan a mile. Lots ob places dar kain't be foun a patn dat's ober a foot wide—mot room to turn roun—den for good piece dar tol'ble wide kine ob shelf.

At las' I wucks my way clean above all de rocks, an den I comes to some nice bars an flats on de crick. I finds some mons'us rich diggins. I say nuffin to nobody. De nex' Sunday I goes up dar wif a hatchet to blaze out my claim an put my location notice on her.

I gits up froo de canyon all right. I sees no kine ob varmint 'cept a lot er big hoot owls. I plazes my claim on de trees, cuts an drives big stakes, den puts up de location notice. I make all plain an strong, kaise I wants no 'sputes about her.

Dis job done all safe an sure, I starts home down de canyon. I creeps along de little narrer shelves, sometimes fifty an oder times a hundred foot 'bove de roarin watah, an dem walls may be still mo' dan dat high 'bove my head. All dat time I ain't t'inkin ob no b'ar. I sometimes looks 'cross to de oder wall an I sees de big hoot owls. Dey settin a-winkin an blinkin in de aize ob de dark holes an cabberns ob de wall.

Well, while I wur a-wuckin my way down the canyon—sometimes hangin on to de bushes an rocks—I happens to look way ahead. Dar, a-slouchin roun a pint of de wall at er bend, I sees er big cimmamom bar. It wur ober t'ree hundred yard away an a-comin 'bout on a lebel wif de shelf I am on. He don't see me yit, and de nex' minit he swing roun de pint an go out ob sight. But I know he is comin—comin a-slouchin right along.

I don't feel oberly contented. Once I t'ink I'll turn an go back. Den I say, "Wat's de use?" I know dat de b'ar will obertake me. Nex' I look at the wall. It is straight up. Jis' by whar I stan, on a little patch of sile, dar stan four or five spruce trees, but all too big to clime. I hain't got no gun, no pistol—nuffin but er jackknife an de hatchet in my belt. I don't want no close fightin in sich place like dat. One lick of dat b'ar's paw will send me down a hundred foot inter de roarin millrace.

Outen de little bunch ob spruce trees one has got blowed down. I lays right 'cross de canyon. De top end rest on a flat ledge ob rock dat stick out ob de oder wall like er shelf. Dat log makes er bridge bout sixty foot long ober de awful roarin canyon.

I looks at it an I say: "Dar is my on'y chance. I'ze gotter stay hyar an fight de b'ar, or I'ze gotter tackle dat log an git ober to de oder side ob de canyon. De log goes!"

No sooner said dan done. I mounts de log. De log is not berry big, an de watah way down below dash dis side an dat side, an rush an splash an roar at sich a rate dat I done lose my head right away. Darfore in self defense I wur bleeged ter straddle dat log an try fer ter coon it ober. I ain't seen de b'ar sence he roun de p'int, an I say, "Bress de Lord, I'll git ober 'fore he comes in sight!"

I wur 'bout de middle ob de log w'en I say dis. Habin still consid'bul cur'os'ty 'bout de b'ar, I halts, turns roun an looks. 'Fore de Lord, dar wur de b'ar on de nex' p'int ob rocks, 'bout fifty foot below my log. He wur r'ared up on his hind feet an a-starin straight at me wif de moas' s'prized spression ob countenance dat I eber saw a b'ar divulge.

Feelin like dat one look gwine ter saterfy me pooty well till I git ober to de oder shore, I resume de march an hump myse'f tol'ble libely. Quick as I am ober on de shelf I take anoder look, an de b'ar is comin for de butt ob de log. I says: "Guess I'll jis' light outer hyar. Dar's no sense in standin hyar to 'tice de critter ober."

But de minit I begin ter look 'bout my heart turn to dish watah. Den nex' my kneepans rattle togedder. I am on a little shelf ob rock 'bout seben foot wide an ten foot long. At boff ends of de shelf dar comes de straight, smoove walls, an oberhead de same smoove rock stan forty foot high. Behin me is a sorter cabbern dat's all dark—a kine ob den fur de hoot owls. "Oh, de hebenly fader!" sez I, "I am cotch in er trap!" Den I t'ink maybe de b'ar got no bus'ness on my side. I look, an de b'ar is at de butt end of de log wif his nose in de air a-snuffin ober at me. Still I don't see dat he's got any call to come ober to my side. I t'ink he is on'y amusin hisse'f wif lookin at me an waitin to see w'at I'm gwine ter do nex'.

Den de b'ar reaches up an puts his paws on de log an gives a snort. Den dar he stan. Oh, de Lord above, an I ain't got no gun! Den he gives anoder snort. Den he turn to, an he make de awfulest faces wif his nose. I nebber afore or since see de like ob de b'ar. Den he start in an bawl. Jis' stan dar an bawl. "'Fore the Lord," sez I, "is de b'ar a-goin crazy?"

But I don't ax dat question twice, for jis' den I hears a-whimperin an a-whinin behin me. I turns, an dar, in de dusky doah ob de cabbern, I sees stan'in two fine young cub b'ars.

"Outer de fry pan inter de fire," sez I. "Oh, de debil an Tom Walker! I'ze done gone got inter de den ob a ole she b'ar, an de b'ar holds de fort!"

De "he" was a "she." Now I seed w'at all de bawlin was 'bout. Dat pore ole mudder b'ar wus so 'stonished at my imperdence she don't know w'at ter do. Dat w'at make her bawl so. She beller jis' like a yearlin calf. God's truf, Cap'n Arle! Nebber see de like! She don't like to tackle de log wif me at de oder end.

"Come, come, Jerry," said Ben Arle, "the bear didn't stand bawling at the butt of the log all day!"

Ob cou'se not, sah. All dis w'at I'ze tellin 'bout r'ally happen in 'bout six winks, an I was a-t'inkin 'bout twice dat fas'. * * *

Well, w'en de ole mudder b'ar bawl dat a-way few time an de baby b'ars whine an whimper, she mount de log an start 'cross. I say: "Now, Mistah Jerry Hawk, look out, sah! Take care ob yo'se'f!"

I'ze berry libely 'bout den. Fust I grab up er spruce limb 'bout yard long. Den I pulls de hatchet outer my belt, spits on my han's an den squar myse'f at my end ob de bridge. I mistrus' dat dar's gwine ter be a fight.

Quick as ebber I looks at de end ob de tree whar it res' on de shelf ob rock dar come inter my head er strategy—I'll cut it off. Whar it res' on de shef de tree got two fork, an one ob dese is crack mos' in two. I draps my club handy, den goes at de sound branch wif my hatchet. Wif one eye on de b'ar I makes de chips fly berry libely. I sinks de hatchet inter de wood up to de eye at ebbery lick. Dis choppin so 'stonish de b'ar dat she stop an look. She t'ink dat my way ob showin w'at I kin do in a fight. I chops all de faster.

De ole b'ar don't stop long. She comin ag'in. I reach behin me, git bit of rock an fling dat at her. She stop, lif' one paw and git ready to box. I'ze choppin wood like de berry ole Harry. De sound branch ain't much t'icker dan my thigh, an I has it 'bout half off. But de b'ar is comin ag'in. I fro more little stone, but dey don't stop her long. I kin on'y git in one, two lick wif de hatchet till I mus' fro anodder stone. But de bridge is now gittin berry narrow; she gotter look out fer ter keep her balance an kain't box at de stones. She gittin cunnin, but she kain't come berry fas'.

Jis' when I almos' got de soun fork cut off de b'ar is dar. She is lookin at me wif er smile dat mean bizness. Now I gotter let de choppin go an fight de b'ar.

In my lef' han I takes de spruce club to use for false motion an make b'lieve. In my right han I takes de hatchet—an dat is for bis'ness.

De b'ar is in reach. I lif' de club wif my lef' han an whacks her on de nose. She lif' up one paw to push de club away, kaise I hole it on her nose right afore her eyes. Quick as de flash ob lightnin down comes de sharp hatchet, an de paw dat's on de log is cut off smack smoove. De b'ar is almos' fall in offin de log, but she sabe herse'f an draw back outer reach. Den she lif' up de stump ob de leg an look at it. As she is lookin she begin to bawl.

"De debil is in dat bawlin!" sez I, kaise it set de cubs to whimperin. When de cubs begin to whine an squall de ole one start for me agin. She comes a-moanin along on tree legs. She kain't now put up a paw to box. She gotter hev de well paw to walk on, an ef she comes ashore to her babies she gotter put dat well paw out to me. She hate awful to do it. She feels like she kain't truss me.

Well, she look at me in de face er while jis' as if she tryin ter see w'at's passin in my mind an ef I'll let her come ashore to de babies. Den she creep, creep for'ard on de log. Den she reach out dat paw, but she got her eye on de hatchet ready to pull de paw back ef I am goin to strike. Slowlike I lif' de club ober her head. She roll up her eye to look at de club. Quick as wink I whacks off de oder paw at one stroke ob de hatchet.

Dat time she pooty near fall off'n de log. She come down on her breas', but her fore legs sorter straddle de log an she ketch some way wif her hind feet an pull herse'f back berry quick outer reach ob de hatchet. Den she set up on her hind quarters, hole up an look at de stumps, an begin to cry. My, my, how she do cry! Den de little ones dey come outside ob de cabbern an sot up by me on de shelf, and dey boff begin to cry awful when dey see dar mammy. Dat make de ole one cry all de harder.

Seein dem all busy cryin, I sot in ag'in wid de choppin. De ole one see w'at I was 'bout, but she kain't help it. She got all she kin do to stay on de log. But, my, how she do beller!

I ain't mindin de cryin. I whacks away on fust one fork ob de tree, den on de oder. Wif de weight ob de b'ar de tree is crackin. Whack, whack goes de hatchet. Den rip she goes! Down goes de tree, b'ar an all, inter de roarin canyon a hundred foot below. Down, down dey go inter dat rushin millrace. As she go—as she is leabin de babies—de ole mudder b'ar she gib one awful bawl dat roar in my ears—dat sound high 'bove all de ragin ob de watahs—den I hear her no mo'.

Leanin ober de shelf of rock an lookin far down below I seed de ole b'ar git wrench off'n de log. Den she was whirl ober an ober, an tossed dis a-way and dat a-way, for she kain't swim. So de swift watahs catch her an dey sweep her down froo dat roarin millrace ob er canyon. Down, down, an away she go, tossin an whirlin to'ards de Scotchman.

"And do you pretend to say, Jerry," cried Uncle Bob Temple, "that all this murdering work went on in the deliberate and heartless way in which you have given it to us? My God, man, you've so told your story that all our sympathies are with the bear! It makes us wish that the good old bear—the kind and loving mother that you butchered by inches—had killed you; makes us wish that in the very start she had got a fair lick at you and knocked you off your shelf into the roaring canyon!"

For de Lord sake, don't talk dat a-way, sah! I wur on'y tellin ob dat fight de way it 'pears to me now—de way dat I 'members it, sah. I specks dat r'ally and truly all dat cuttin an slashin an all dat bawlin an bellerin wur ober in 'bout ten winks.

"Jerry is not to be blamed for what he did, situated as he was," said Ben Arle. "Let any one among us suppose himself up a tree with a hatchet in his belt and a black tree-climbing bear after him, wouldn't he hack off that bear's paws the moment they came within his reach?"

I lif' de club wif my lef' han an whacks her on de nose.

Yes, t'ank you, Cap'n Arle. De fac' is ef I hain't cut an slash like I do dat nasty sabbage ob she b'ar would er got on de shelf an rip me inter ribbons in jis' half er minit. I jis' nat'rally hab to take de 'vantage like you see me do. Ef Mistah Temple gwine ter git mad wif me 'bout doin what I kain't help I better not go on wif de story, kaise dar's a lot mo' of t'ings what happen afore I git outer dat scrape dat make me feel bad to dis day.

"Well, Jerry," said Uncle Bob, "go on and tell the story in your own way."

Yes, sah, Mistah Temple, t'ank you. Dat am de on'y way I kin tell it, but I s'picions dat yer gwine ter be mad wif me ag'in afore I gits froo.

CHAPTER III.

Well, I lef' off dar whar de ole mudder b'ar wur a-floating away down de big canyon, a-rollin ober an ober in de dashin an roarin watahs.

Little while ago I feel bad for de ole b'ar when I hear her cry, now I gotter feel bad for myself. I am in a bad fix—in a reg'lar foot fix. I've done cut down de on'y bridge dat could er got me safe away from de spot. Dat I may excape de b'ar I leave myse'f on de shelf ob rock a hundred foot above de roarin watah. It am de secon time dat I jump outer de fry pan inter de fire.

I kain't git away from dat little shelf. If I go to de right all is smoove rock; if I go to de lef' dar is more smoove rock; if I look ober head it is de same, and behin me is de dark cabbern—de den of de b'ars.

I looks up de canyon an looks down de canyon. All is steep wall ob rock an dashin, roarin watahs. What am I gwine ter do? I don't know. De thunder dat roll up out'n de canyon won't let me t'ink. It boom, boom all de time till my ears get deaf. Dar I sets on de shelf wif my chin in my han's—sets dar rollin my eyes across de canyon an up de canyon an down de canyon. I am stupid; my head ain't no acco'nt; I kain't tell w'at ter do. I ketch myself sayin ober an ober, "Oh, mudder, mudder!" an a-cryin all de same like I wur a little boy back home in ole Virginny. I t'ink I gone fer sure.

Jis' dat minit I feels suffin rub up ag'in me. I looks roun an it is one of de little b'ars. De fix I wur cotch in hab make me clean fo'git de little baby b'ars. I looks at the cabbern an de oder little one is a-comin out. Den I say, "Hyar is two mo' ob us w'at ain't go no mudder."

De oder little feller comes out to me, an I takes boff up an sets dem on my knees. Dey is hungry. One of them begin a-suckin my little finger an de oder try a button on my jacket. Dey wur mighty cunnin little rascals, an I wish wif all my heart dat I could give dem suffin to eat. Dat sot me to t'inkin bout myse'f. I were awful hungry an pow'ful dry. It tease me mo' dan a little to hear all de watah roarin so near, an I kain't git a drop.

Dem little b'ars coming up dat a-way kinder wake up some of de senses in my head an sot me to lookin 'bout. Fust, I see dat de sun almos' down. Dat skeer me, for I hain't t'ink 'bout de night afore. "Oh, de Lord a-massy!" sez I, "am I lef' here by de sun an by de light ob day to sleep in de b'ar den?"

Dat notion rouse me mighty quick. Hopin dat somebody might hear me, I begin to holler. I puts boff han's roun my mouf, an I jis' raise up on my tiptoes an yells, "Hello!" I listens, an all up an down from de walls of de canyon comes back, "Hello! hello! hello!"

Den I don't know for sure if it is somebody or de rocks dat answer me, so ag'in I raise de mighty yell, "Jerry Hawk in de b'ar cave!" All up an down de canyon den I hears de cry, "Jerry Hawk in de b'ar cave! — in de b'ar cave!—de b'ar cave!" Den dar comes a laugh dat makes my blood run cold for 'bout er minit. It say, "Oh, o-o-o-ho! ah, ha, ha!" It is de rocks dat talk back—nuffin but de rocks—an dat laffin is on'y a debilish squeach owl, so I hollers away. I holler in ebber kin ob way—to'ards de las' like a hoot owl, like a painter and like a kioter. De little b'ars looks at me quite s'prized—dey t'ink I am goin crazy, an dey ain't fur wrong.

Nex' de cabbern comes inter my head. Dar may be some way out dat way or up froo it. So I goes in, an all is dark—no light ob de sky shinin in anywhar. I strikes a match. De cave is ten foot 'cross, nearly roun, an smoove on all sides. Not a hole fur a rat to git out. I sees dat de baby b'ars gotter mighty fine nes' in dar. It is big pile ob leaves an grass dat de ole one have carried from de goodness know how fur away. While I am lookin de two babies come in an curl down in de nes'.

I go out on de shelf, an it is gittin dark. I stan an hello, hello, hello till my froat git sore. De on'y answer I kin git is from de rocks—dat debil in de rocks—an de hoot owls. On one side de shelf is pile up moas' ob de top ob de spruce tree. It have struck de face ob de cliff, smash up an tumble down in a heap. I git some ob dis, build bonfire, and den I hollers more—some de boys from de Scotchman crick may be lookin fer me. All I kin hear is dem debilish rocks an de "Woo-hoo-hoo-hoo-wow!" ob de hoot owls. Dar is plenty ob dat goin on all up an down de canyon. Lord a-massy, how I did wish I had wings!

Nex' I gits down on my knees dar by de fire on dat shelf, in plain sight of de Lord, an I ax him fer ter consider de sitervation an do de berry bes' he kin fer me. I prays to him good and strong—tryin to lif' up my voice above de roarin watahs.

W'en I kin t'ink ob no mo' to say—de case bein pooty well kivered—I cries out wif a mighty voice, "Oh, Lord, look down on me, de sinner, an hab mercy!" Dat minit—pop—de full moon comes up. Dar is de great smilin face lookin at me from between de forks ob de peaks of de big Fall Crick mountain! Dat so excite an cheer me dat I cry out, "It is de face ob de Lord!" I takes comfurt ob it bein a sign dat de Lord he see me an whar I am.

'Bout den it comes inter my head dat de ole mudder b'ar gwine ter be de means ob savin me. I am sartin dat she is drowned. Den she will float down froo de canyon to de Scotchman, whar all de boys is minin. Nex' she gwine ter git lodged in one ob de big flumes, an de boys will find her an say, "Somebody bin habbin a awful b'ar fight!" Den de cunnel—ef he ain't up on de mountain—will speak up an say, "For a hundred ounces dat's de wuck of my missin boy, Jerry Hawk!" Den dey call de dogs, and all han's come up de canyon an git me.

Dis kalkerlation 'pears ter me so sure dat I sez, "De good Lord he have whispered it to me!" W'en I gits dat notion I goes right inter de cabbern an crawl inter de b'ar's nest, for I wants ter be up berry airly in de mornin, kaise de boys gwine ter be coming. De baby b'ars dey snuggles up to me, an I puts an arm roun each of dem; den, wif dar heads on my breas', I falls asleep.

W'en I wakes up nex' mornin de sun am high. De light moas' blind me when I fust comes out on de shelf. I don't see de boys. Dey ain't come yit. I wait er while for dem, den pitch in an hollers. De debilish rocks holler back at me, an dat is all. Well, I git some wood an make big smoke, den set down to wait. De baby b'ars dey come out an play 'bout in de sun. Dey don't like de fire an smoke—dey is 'stonish at it fust off. I ain't got mo'n a dozen matches, so I carries lot ob dir