frame, though his closely clipped whiskers showed patches of white.

As we sat down on a log in front of his little log-cabin, the old hunter said that he was going out on a chase early the next morning, and if I could join him by five o'clock at his camp we would start together. The old man had followed hunting as a business since the early days of California, and during this time had had many strange experiences. Not a few of his adventures occurred in parts of the country with which I was familiar, and as he recited them I was deeply interested.

The dogs came in for their share of criticism and praise, and he called up several for me to look at. They were all gaunt and thin, for their only food was bear's meat, of which they ate their fill only as often as a bear was killed. They had been without food now for nearly a week, and all were more or less lame. Their last hunt had been long and unsuccessful. A little brown bear, weighing not over seventy-five pounds, had led them a lively chase for eight hours up and down canyons, twisting and turning, till finally the dogs, tired and discouraged, gave up the chase. The whole pack wore muzzles to keep them from killing sheep. The two trackers, who were powerful dogs (a cross between mastiff and hound), on returning home from unsuccessful hunts, have often killed whole bands of sheep. One would seize the sheep by a hind leg, the other by the shoulder, tearing the creatures to pieces. As soon as one was killed they attacked another, killing for killing's sake. There were a dozen dogs in all, of various sizes and breeds. Among them were three or four little terriers, whose duty it was to bring the bear to bay when the larger dogs failed to tree him. Their modus operandi was to run up and bite the soles of the bear's hind feet when he started to run. Bruin would then turn around and strike at them; but the active little dogs were as quickly out of reach, only to bite his soles again as soon as he attempted to go on.

Phelan and I were no longer strangers when, after three hours of talking, I mounted my horse and cantered off to the ranch where I was staying, some three miles distant. A pair of spurs and the thought of a good feed in store for him helped my mustang along wonderfully, and in twenty minutes I was alongside the bars of the corral. Giving my animal some water and a plentiful supply of hay, I left him for the night.

The next thing was to clean and oil my Winchester, and this done, it was time for supper. I retired early, setting my alarm for four o'clock. When it went off, and wakened me, I was in the midst of a desperate encounter with a bear, which was hugging me with all his strength. Just as I had abandoned all hope, and given up the battle, he let go his grip somewhat, and began to snarl terribly. I was wondering who it could be coming to my rescue, when I awoke, the alarm-clock ringing as if possessed.

After a light breakfast I was off, the hired hand on the ranch coming along with me, to see the fun, and by five o'clock we were on the hunt with Phelan. The dogs were all animation, and showed their delight unmistakably.

A half-hour's slow riding brought us to a bear-track crossing the road, and as quick as a flash the trackers were off and away, the other dogs following, save two or three that we kept with us. The cries of the dogs rang out loud and musical that still glorious morning, as the hounds followed Bruin's tracks through the dense forest of pines and oaks. Echoing and re-echoing among the dark canyons and timber-clothed ridges, the sounds acted upon us like an inspiration. Having tied our horses we followed the dogs, keeping on the ridges above them, and guided by their music.

About an hour after we started, the character of the baying suddenly changed; it grew faster, louder. "They've started him," said Phelan; "he'll soon be treed," and then he said that I might shoot the bear if it wasn't a big one, but would have to treat if I fail to kill him the first shot. But as it happened, Phelan didn't get his whiskey nor I my bear.

After the dogs we went as fast as legs could carry us, for the music betokened a hot chase.