The barking changed again. "He's bayed now," said our old hunter, and by a gesture he sent off the dogs that were with us to join their fellows. We hurried on after them, hoping to reach the spot while the bear was still there. But as we drew near the place we heard the pack going over the ridge above us, and we could do nothing but follow.

On and on we went, from the north Yager, over the divide into the cañon of the middle Yager. But no sound of dogs could be heard, and we knew not where to go. However, we climbed a lofty butte some distance off, and when we reached the top could faintly hear the dogs far beyond. The chorus grew louder as the pack approached, and luckily before long the bear was bayed quite near us. Down the steep we went at break-neck speed, through poison-oak and chaparal, till we reached the bottom of the cañon; but, alas! Bruin was off again. We followed the chase along the bed of the creek, tracking the animals by the splashes on the rocks, but finally lost all traces of bear and dogs alike. For three miles or more we were compelled to travel thus, for the banks were so high and steep that we couldn't get out.

At length out we came into open country and quit the stream, seeking the tops of the ridges, as before. Hungry and tired, we rested often before we reached the crest. Their bark was unlike anything we had heard hitherto, and Phelan said the bear must finally have "treed." Yelling to the dogs and firing our rifles we hurried toward them. They kept barking in the same place, and we felt sure we were near our reward. Slowly and softly we approached the spot. From the sounds it seemed as if the dogs must be lying around a tree and barking first at one and then another. But we could see no bear, and great was our puzzlement. They couldn't have killed him themselves, for they had on their muzzles. The problem was finally solved as we came fully up to the dogs, for there they lay ranged around the carcass of a huge bear; but, alas! one that Phelan had killed four days before. In chasing their bear they had come across the dead one, and having eaten all they could (their muzzles not preventing this) felt no further inclination to continue the chase.

Collecting the dogs we began the journey homeward, with the satisfaction, however, of knowing we had the dogs; for had they continued on their unprofitable chase we would have followed them, had it been to the Pacific Ocean. The ten miles before us seemed long enough, but we plodded slowly on, up over the divides and down into the cañons, every step bringing us nearer the horses.

We stopped once to play with a rattlesnake that got in our way. He escaped, however, and we took up our march again.

What a relief it was to be once more in the saddle, resting our tired legs. "We'll get that scoundrel yet," said Phelan. "I'm going to try again Monday, and maybe you would like to come along." There was a tone of uncertainty in his voice as he spoke these last words. He probably imagined that we had that day all the hunting we wanted for the present. We told him, however, that we would be there by daylight on Monday, ready for another chase; and saying good-night, we left for the ranch as fast as our hungry mustangs could carry us. It was after six when we got back, and supper was ready; the reader may imagine the rest.

Our hunt on Monday was supremely satisfactory, as we killed our bear by nine o'clock. It was the same one that led us the wild chase of a few days before, as we could see by a peculiarity of his track.

At breakfast next morning we felt fully avenged for the trouble he had given us, as we ate numberless tender and juicy steaks from the flank of his bearship.

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A FRESHMAN'S DEATH-SONG.

Little drops of acid,
Little grains of salt,
Make the loud explosions
And dreams of burial-vault.

—H. S. World.