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THE FUN OF TRAPPING A GRIZZLY BEAR.

Trapping grizzlies, says Forest and Stream, has its perils and excitements also. The trap employed is of the double-spring pattern, with steel jaws, and weighs complete 28 pounds. The springs are very powerful and have to be bent with levers. It is quite an art to set and place a trap cunningly, and trapper vary in their methods and are chary of explaining them. I will then pass this branch of the subject. Let us suppose, therefore, that the hunter has made his camp in a neighborhood redolent of grizzlies, and that he has his traps set in a like place for hours. At the end of the trap chain is a ring about five inches in diameter, and this is driven about half a foot over the end of a heavy stick or log five inches through and six or eight feet long. The object of this "clog," as it is called, is to make a trail which can be readily followed, and to hamper the bear sufficiently to prevent his going to a great distance away before the hunter can arrive. Great care must be taken that the chain be fastened to the extreme end of the log in such a way that it cannot get across two trees, and so give the brute a chance to use his enormous strength to tear himself loose. Neither must the log be too large and heavy, or the same result will follow. It may be accepted as a maxim that a grizzly caught in such a trap will eventually get loose, and ordinarily in a few hours. He is generally caught by the extremity of the forepaw, just above the claws; the hold on him is not very great; his exertions to get away are tremendous, and result in cutting and lacerating the foot that sooner or later he will tear out of the trap altogether. Two grizzlies that I caught got away; one, who was probably taken by the claws alone, leaving some hair only to tell the tale; the other leaving a small piece of his foot as a souvenir. Many had all but torn themselves loose. In one case the foot was almost cut through, and only a small piece of skin the thickness of a man's little finger remained to hold the terribly infuriated monster to the much-detected clog.

The traps are set back in dense and gloomy forests near the tangled swamps, where grizzlies love to make their lair. The ground is covered with fallen timber, and travel must be stout and is slow and difficult. The bear, on being caught, starts off on a tremendous rush for the swamp, which is close by. Here he catches on a rotten log for a second and plows a path through wide enough for a cart; there he hangs on two fallen trees fifty feet long, but hangs for an instant only, moves the tree to one side and rushes on. Next he strikes against a tree, and in his rage turns and eats the whole side of it, leaving the fresh white pine red with blood stains from his grans. Now he reaches the swamp and plunges deep into its recesses, venting his rage on the balsams and poplars, absolutely chewing them up, and even gnawing them into lengths like stove wood. All this time he is slowly but surely tearing his foot loose from the trap, and surely but not slowly he is working himself up into the most tremendous degree of rage and ferocity.

When you have thus trapped a thousand-pound grizzly you have not caught a bear; you have simply caught the devil incarnate! Indeed, the question sometimes is whether you have caught the bear, or whether you have not given him a first-class opportunity to catch you! Now let us see how this is. The grizzly thus caught, and thus worked up into the most formidable ferocity, has to be followed up foot, first through a dense forest, and then carefully and laboriously into the heart of a tangled swamp, where one cannot see ten steps ahead, and where, if the monster should suddenly rise directly in front and charge, trap, clog and all, retreat would be absolutely impossible. Add to this that the grizzly of the hunter's arrival the bear may have just succeeded in tearing his foot loose, or may have just managed to break his chain, or may have just finished eating up the clog bodily, all of which things have happened in my experience. He would then be in a beautiful state of frenzy, and would be perfectly delighted to wipe out a hunter or two if only to quiet down his nerves.

How a Lady Lawyer Acted.

Joaquin Miller writes from Washington to the Philadelphia Press: "She came with a whirr, a snap, consciousness and self-assertion that at once was a sort of challenge to battle. "She ran around among the chairs and tables, and men like a little speckled hen that had lost her last little chicken. "Then she fluttered down beside the clerk, slammed down some books, and saying, 'I am here to make a speech this morning,' proceeded to unroll papers and write furiously. "The chairman called to order, the lady lawyer was at once on her feet, and, shouting out her purpose to be heard on the momentous Mormon question, on motion of some one, fifteen minutes was allotted for her speech. Catching up her books, bag and manuscript, hastening to the far end of the room, and laying down the papers, she crossed her pretty hands and looked at us tranquilly, triumphantly, a long time under her gold-rimmed glasses. This woman, famous in the annals of this city, standing there with folded hands, had it all her own way at once. She was pretty, to begin with. No bangs, no frizzles, no foolishness at all, in dress or address. Her heavy gray hair was combed back in the old classic fashion, and showed a splendid brow and fine, earnest face. All leaned forward and listened eagerly as she began, and as she went on for the first few minutes her English, her articulation, her elocution, all seemed perfect. I doubt if any man in congress could use better language, or use it with more grace and precision. For the first fifteen minutes no man moved or spoke, but at twenty minutes she began to fail, flounder about and blunder. She had forgotten her

piece. And then, poor dear, she had undertaken to settle the whole stupendous Mormon question, the morally and immorality of it, to expound the constitution, compare congress to King George, all in fifteen minutes!"

Courtesy of Alene Nuggetts.

The best trail at present is the Trout creek, though other claimants are liable to have the preference at any time.

Probably not less than \$10,000 changes hands daily at the different fair games. The banks were losers at first, but are winning now.

"Keno" has been introduced by the enterprising proprietors of "The Comstock," and the mellifluous cry and response nightly startle the classic air of Placer street.

Town property is in great demand and is selling at booming prices; lots bringing from \$200 to \$2,000, and offers of \$10,000 have been rejected for one or two established business houses.

Postage stamps sell at the rate of six or eight for twenty-five cents, and cases are not rare of two or three bringing fifty cents. There is a great scarcity, no one seeming to have thought to lay in a supply.

W. H. Allen, an old Virginia City speculator, was the first man to die at Eagle. In his day he had been worth half a million and traveled in Europe. He was a 32d degree member of the Scottish Rite Masons.

Stoves and windows are the highest priced commodities in camp. Sibley stoves, only a conical piece of sheet iron, bring from \$30 to \$40. Sheet iron box stoves are from \$20 to \$30, and any sort of an ordinary cooking stove brings from \$75 to \$150.

Dr. Campbell has a claim three miles below Eagle, with lines of sluices set on the bedrock. He worked the claim about two weeks last fall, and is authority for the statement that it paid ten dollars per day to the man, and will pay twenty dollars to the man as soon as a drain ditch is out.

An enterprising baker put up a furnace above town, and got his first batch of bread in the oven just as a pine tree was cut, which fell on the oven and furnace, completely crushing it. The matter was compromised, however, by the luckless woodchoppers handing over \$75 as damages for the injury caused.

The largest nugget known to have been taken from the mines was picked up on the Wyan claim. It is said to have weighed about \$140. Several have been found weighing from \$20 to \$54, and specimens worth from \$3 to \$5 are frequently seen. All the gold is very coarse, and no quicksilver is used in saving it.

A good many consider the polar system a mistake. If patients throughout the land were allowed to go wherever they wished in special steamers fitted out for them at government expense, the increase of insanity would be something appalling. The general belief among unscientific people seems to be that the Arctic main is simply a desperate resort for achieving notoriety. Now, if the victims of this fatal ambition were confined in some well-guarded asylum instead of being shipped to the north pole, it would be infinitely better for them, although, perhaps, a disappointment to the newspapers and a few polar bears. By allowing them to sleep in the home and limiting their diet to decayed meat and old boots, they could freeze a few noses and feet, develop a fair amount of soury and consumption, and, in fact, experience many of the delights of Arctic travel, with the immense advantage of being able to give it up when they had enough.

Charles Barrett, of Ashburnham, Mass., is 95 years old. In 1846, when he was 58 years old, he insured for \$1,000 in one of the best-known life insurance companies. The policy was payable at death only, but within a few days Mr. Barrett received from the company a check for the full amount of the policy, together with the dividend for the current year. In transmitting the check the president of the company writes that Mr. Barrett is the only member of that company who ever outlived the mortality table, and that there has not been a similar instance of longevity in any other company in this country.

General Sherman, at a recent banquet in St. Louis, said: "The west is obliterated from our geography, and our country is divided like a great army into a right, center and left. The right end of the Alleghenies, the center embracing the valley of the Mississippi and tributaries, and the left the country west of the Rockies." And Sherman might have added that in national legislation the Pacific states justify their claim to his title by getting left with great regularity.

"Hatched, matched, dispatched," was a sufficiently flippant paraphrase of "born, married, died," but it was reserved for an Australian journal, the Melbourne Bulletin, to suffice the simple record with sentiment, and under the general heading of "The Garden of Life," to enumerate "Buds," "Blossoms," and "Cypresses."

Not a Particle.

Mr. Louis K. Hall, Washington D. C., states that he suffered agonizing tortures and could hardly bend or straighten himself. Two applications of St. Jacobs Oil, the wonderful pain-cure, cured him and he has not had a particle of the old pain since.

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