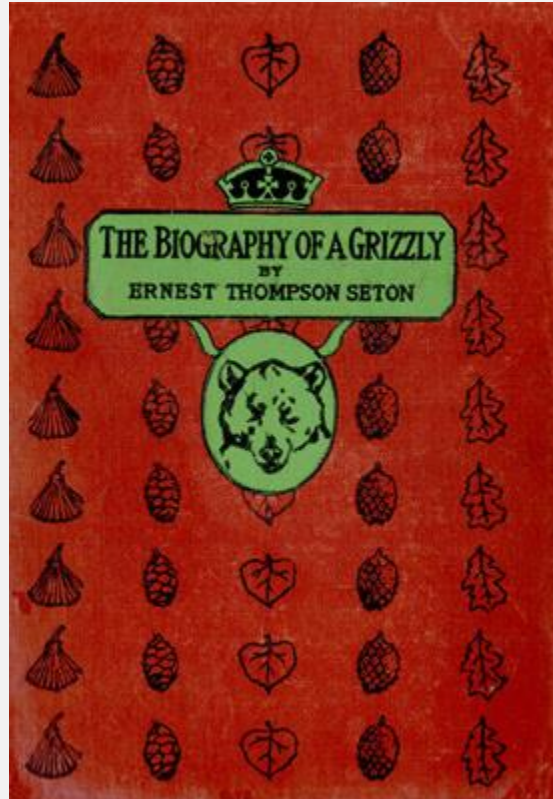
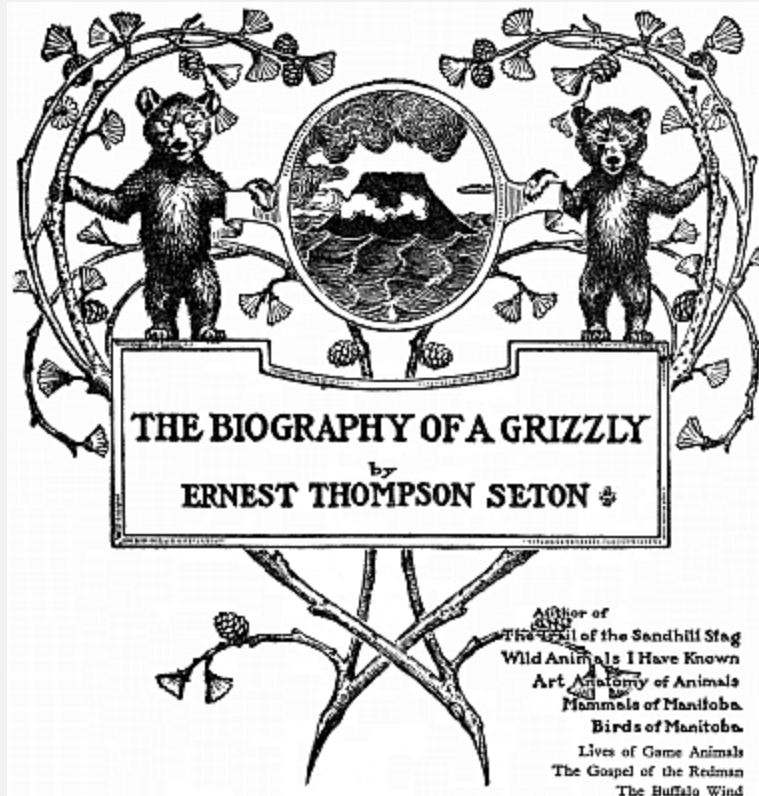


**Transcriber's****Note:**

Inconsistent spelling used in the original has been retained.





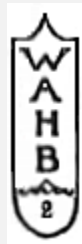
# THE BIO GRA PHY OF A GRI ZZL Y

by

**ERNES  
T  
THOM  
PSON  
SETON**

Author of  
The Trail  
of the  
Sandhill  
Stag  
Wild  
Animals I  
Have  
Known  
Art  
Anatomy  
of  
Animals  
Mammals  
of  
Manitoba  
Birds of  
Manitoba  
Lives of  
Game  
Animals  
The  
Gospel of  
the  
Redman  
The  
Buffalo  
Wind

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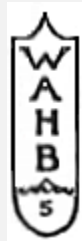
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.



## THE GRIZZLY

NEARLY  
half a  
century  
has gone  
since I  
lived  
among  
these

scenes and  
made my  
observations on the  
grand Old  
Bear of  
the  
Mountains  
.

Many new  
conditions  
have in  
that time  
developed  
, have  
changed  
the course  
of history.  
But the  
biggest,  
saddest  
change of  
all is that  
the  
Grizzly  
Bear, the  
most  
magnificent,  
dignified,  
and  
powerful  
beast of  
the wild,  
heroic  
West, is  
gone.

There may  
be a few  
individual  
s about  
Yellowsto  
ne Park or  
other great  
havens,  
but the  
Grizzly  
Bear as  
the wide-  
wandering  
monarch  
of the hills  
has gone  
the way of  
the Dodo.

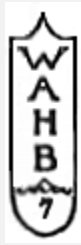
It is just  
possible  
that in this  
last and  
latest time  
a newborn  
strong and  
growing  
sentiment  
will come  
to the  
rescue,  
will  
prompt us  
to seek out  
and  
preserve  
the last  
remnant,

just as  
long-  
belated  
appreciation  
came at  
final  
stance to  
save for  
later  
generations  
the Great  
Sequoia  
Tree,  
when  
man's  
blind  
avarice  
had all but  
wiped it  
out. Good  
men are  
now at  
work with  
better  
thoughts,  
and  
reverence  
for the  
masterpieces,  
the  
giants of  
creation's  
world. It  
may be  
that this  
newer  
thought  
may come

in force  
and save  
the grand  
old Bear  
while yet  
it curbs his  
power for  
harm. This  
is my hope  
and  
prayer;  
this is the  
sentiment  
unwritten,  
but  
expressed,  
in my  
Story of  
the  
Grizzly.

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O  
M  
P  
S  
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E  
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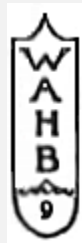
O  
N



LIST OF  
FULL-  
PAGE  
DRAWIN  
GS

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**PART  
I  
THE  
CUBH  
OOD  
OF  
WAHB**



|



E was  
born over  
a score of



years ago,  
away up in  
the  
wildest  
part of the  
wild West,  
on the  
head of  
the Little  
Piney,  
above  
where the  
Palette  
Ranch is  
now.

His  
Mother  
was just  
an  
ordinary  
Silvertip,  
living the  
quiet life  
that all  
Bears  
prefer,  
minding  
her own  
business  
and doing  
her duty  
by her  
family,  
asking no  
favours of  
any one  
excepting

to let her  
alone.

It was July  
before she  
took her  
remarkabl  
e family  
down the  
Little  
Piney to  
the  
Graybull,  
and  
showed  
them what  
strawberri  
es were,  
and where  
to find  
them.

Notwithst  
anding  
their  
Mother's  
deep  
conviction  
, the cubs  
were not  
remarkabl  
y big or  
bright; yet  
they were  
a  
remarkabl  
e family,  
for there  
were four

of them,  
and it is  
not often a  
Grizzly  
Mother  
can boast  
of more  
than two.



The  
woolly-  
coated  
little  
creatures  
were  
having a  
fine time,  
and  
reveled in  
the lovely  
mountain  
summer  
and the  
abundance  
of good  
things.  
Their  
Mother  
turned

over each  
log and  
flat stone  
they came  
to, and the  
moment it  
was lifted  
they all  
rushed  
under it  
like a  
lot of little  
pigs to  
lick up the  
ants and  
grubs  
there  
hidden.



"THEY ALL RUSHED UNDER IT LIKE A LOT OF LITTLE PIGS."

It never  
once  
occurred  
to them  
that  
Mammy's  
strength  
might fail

sometime,  
and let the  
great rock  
drop just  
as they got  
under it;  
nor would  
any one  
have  
thought so  
that might  
have  
chanced to  
see that  
huge arm  
and that  
shoulder  
sliding  
about  
under the  
great  
yellow  
robe she  
wore. No,  
no; that  
arm could  
never fail.  
The little  
ones were  
quite  
right. So  
they  
hustled  
and  
tumbled  
one  
another at  
each fresh

log in their  
haste to be  
first, and  
squealed  
little  
squeals,  
and  
growled  
little  
growls, as  
if each  
was a pig,  
a pup, and  
a kitten all  
rolled into  
one.

They were  
well  
acquainted  
with the  
common  
little  
brown  
ants that  
harbor  
under logs  
in the  
uplands,  
but now  
they came  
for the  
first time  
on one of  
the hills of  
the great,  
fat,  
luscious

Wood-ant,  
and they  
all  
crowded  
around to  
lick up  
those that  
ran out.  
But they  
soon  
found that  
they were  
licking up  
more  
cactus-  
prickles  
and sand  
than ants,  
till their  
Mother  
said in  
Grizzly,  
"Let me  
show you  
how."

She  
knocked  
off the top  
of the hill,  
then laid  
her great  
paw flat  
on it for a  
few  
moments,  
and as the  
angry ants



swarmed  
on to it she  
licked  
them up  
with one  
lick, and  
got a good  
rich  
mouthful  
to crunch  
without a  
grain of  
sand or a  
cactus-  
stinger in  
it. The  
cubs soon  
learned.  
Each put  
up both  
his little  
brown  
paws, so  
that there  
was a ring  
of paws all  
around the  
ant-hill,  
and there  
they sat,  
like  
children  
playing  
"hands,"  
and each  
licked first  
the right  
and then

the left  
paw, or  
one cuffed  
his  
brother's  
ears for  
licking a  
paw that  
was not  
his own,  
till the ant-  
hill was  
cleared  
out and  
they were  
ready for a  
change.

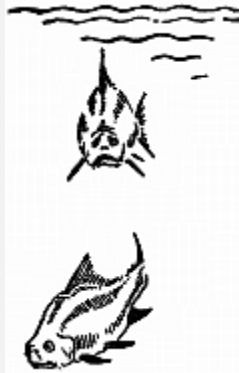


"LIKE CHILDREN PLAYING 'HANDS.'"

Ants are  
sour food  
and made  
the Bears  
thirsty, so  
the old  
one led  
down to

the river.  
After they  
had drunk  
as much as  
they  
wanted,  
and  
dabbled  
their feet,  
they  
walked  
down the  
bank to a  
pool,  
where the  
old one's  
keen eye  
caught  
sight of a  
number of  
Buffalo-  
fish  
basking  
on the  
bottom.  
The water  
was very  
low, mere  
pebbly  
rapids  
between  
these deep  
holes, so  
Mammy  
said to the  
little ones:

"Now you  
all sit  
there on  
the bank  
and learn  
something  
new."



First she  
went to  
the lower  
end of the  
pool and  
stirred up  
a cloud of  
mud  
which  
hung in  
the still  
water, and  
sent a long  
tail  
floating  
like a  
curtain  
over the  
rapids just  
below.  
Then she

went  
quietly  
round by  
land, and  
sprang  
into the  
upper end  
of the pool  
with all  
the noise  
she could.  
The fish  
had  
crowded  
to that  
end, but  
this  
sudden  
attack sent  
them off  
in a panic,  
and they  
dashed  
blindly  
into the  
mud-  
cloud. Out  
of fifty  
fish there  
is always a  
good  
chance of  
some  
being  
fools, and  
half a  
dozen of  
these

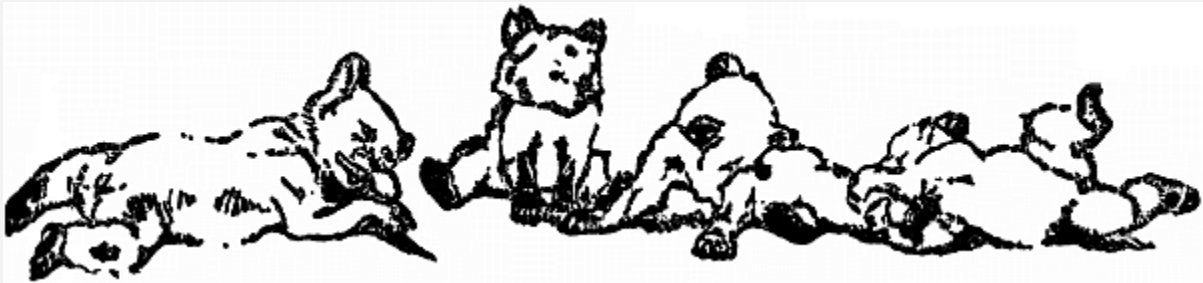
dashed  
through  
the  
darkened  
water into  
the  
current,  
and before  
they knew  
it they  
were  
struggling  
over the  
shingly  
shallow.  
The old  
Grizzly  
jerked  
them out  
to the  
bank, and  
the little  
ones  
rushed noi  
sily on  
these  
funny,  
short  
snakes  
that could  
not get  
away, and  
gobbled  
and  
gorged till  
their little  
bellies  
looked

like  
balloons.

They had  
eaten so  
much  
now, and  
the sun  
was so  
hot, that  
all were  
quite  
sleepy. So  
the  
Mother-  
bear led  
them to a  
quiet little  
nook, and  
as soon as  
she lay  
down,  
though  
they were  
puffing  
with heat,  
they all  
snuggled  
around her  
and went  
to sleep,  
with their  
little  
brown  
paws  
curled in,  
and their  
little black



noses  
tucked  
into their  
wool as  
though it  
were a  
very cold  
day.



After an  
hour or  
two they  
began to  
yawn and  
stretch

themselves,  
except  
little Fuzz,  
the  
smallest;  
she poked  
out her  
sharp nose  
for a  
moment,  
then  
snuggled  
back  
between her  
Mother's  
great  
arms, for  
she was a  
gentle,  
petted  
little  
thing. The  
largest,  
the one  
afterward  
known as  
Wahb,  
sprawled  
over on  
his back  
and began  
to worry a  
root that  
stuck up,  
grumbling  
to himself  
as he

chewed it,  
or slapped  
it with his  
paw for  
not  
staying  
where he  
wanted it.  
Presently  
Mooney,  
the  
mischief,  
began  
tugging at  
Frizzle's  
ears, and  
got his  
own well  
boxed.  
They  
clenched  
for a  
tussle;  
then,  
locked in a  
tight, little  
grizzly  
yellow  
ball, they  
sprawled  
over and  
over on  
the grass,  
and,  
before  
they knew  
it, down a  
bank, and

away out  
of sight  
toward the  
river.

Almost  
immediate  
ly there  
was an  
outcry of  
yells for  
help from  
the little  
wrestlers.

There  
could be  
no  
mistaking  
the real  
terror in  
their  
voices.

Some  
dreadful  
danger  
was  
threatenin  
g.



Up  
jumped  
the gentle  
Mother,  
changed  
into a  
perfect  
demon,  
and over  
the bank  
in time to  
see a huge  
Range-  
bull make  
a deadly  
charge at  
what he  
doubtless  
took for a  
yellow  
dog. In a  
moment  
all would  
have been  
over with  
Frizzle,  
for he had  
missed his  
footing on  
the bank;  
but there  
was a  
thumping  
of heavy  
feet, a roar  
that  
startled  
even the

great Bull,  
and, like a  
huge  
bounding  
ball of  
yellow  
fur,  
Mother  
Grizzly  
was upon  
him. Him!  
the  
monarch  
of the  
herd, the  
master of  
all these  
plains,  
what had  
he to fear?  
He  
bellowed  
his deep  
war-cry,  
and charg  
ed to pin  
the old  
one to the  
bank; but  
as he bent  
to tear her  
with his  
shining  
horns, she  
dealt him  
a stunning  
blow, and  
before he

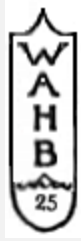
could  
recover  
she was on  
his  
shoulders,  
raking the  
flesh from  
his ribs  
with  
sweep  
after  
sweep of  
her terrific  
claws.

The Bull  
roared  
with rage,  
and  
plunged  
and  
reared,  
dragging  
Mother  
Grizzly  
with him;  
then, as he  
hurled  
heavily  
off the  
slope, she  
let go to  
save  
herself,  
and the  
Bull rolled  
down into  
the river.

This was a  
lucky  
thing for  
him, for  
the  
Grizzly  
did not  
want to  
follow  
him there;  
so he  
waded out  
on the  
other side,  
and  
bellowing  
with fury  
and pain,  
slunk off  
to join the  
herd to  
which he  
belonged.







II



LD Colone  
l Pickett,  
the cattle  
king, was  
out riding  
the range.  
The night  
before, he  
had seen  
the new  
moon  
descendin  
g over the  
white  
cone of  
Pickett's  
Peak.

"I saw the  
last moon  
over  
Frank's  
Peak,"  
said he,  
"and the  
luck was

against me  
for a  
month;  
now I  
reckon it's  
my turn."



Next  
morning  
his luck  
began. A  
letter  
came from  
Washingt  
on grantin  
g his  
request  
that a  
post-  
office be  
establishe  
d at his  
ranch, and  
contained  
the polite  
inquiry,  
"What  
name do  
you  
suggest  
for the  
new post-  
office?"

The  
Colonel  
took down  
his new  
rifle, a 45–  
90  
repeater.  
"May as  
well," he  
said; "this  
is my  
month";  
and he  
rode up  
the  
Graybull  
to see how  
the cattle  
were  
doing.

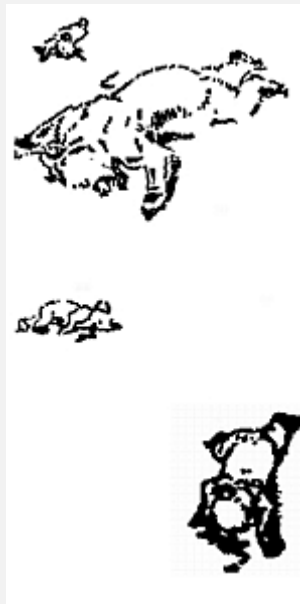
As he  
passed  
under the  
Rimrock  
Mountain  
he heard a  
far-away  
roaring as  
of Bulls  
fighting,  
but  
thought  
nothing of  
it till he  
rounded  
the point  
and saw

on the flat  
below a  
lot of his  
cattle  
pawing  
the dust  
and  
bellowing  
as they  
always do  
when they  
smell the  
blood of  
one of  
their  
number.

He soon  
saw that  
the great  
Bull, "the  
boss of the  
bunch," w  
as covered  
with  
blood. His  
back and  
sides were  
torn as by  
a  
Mountain-  
lion, and  
his head  
was  
battered as  
by another  
Bull.

"Grizzly,"  
growled  
the  
Colonel,  
for he  
knew the  
mountains  
. He  
quickly  
noted the  
general  
direction  
of the  
Bull's  
back trail,  
then rode  
toward a  
high bank  
that  
offered a  
view. This  
was across  
the  
gravelly  
ford of the  
Graybull,  
near the  
mouth of  
the Piney.  
His horse  
splashed  
through  
the cold  
water and  
began  
jerkily to  
climb the

other  
bank.



As soon as  
the rider's  
head rose  
above the  
bank his  
hand  
grabbed  
the rifle,  
for there  
in full  
sight were  
five  
Grizzly  
Bears, an  
old one  
and four  
cubs.

"Run for  
the  
woods,"

growled  
the  
Mother  
Grizzly,  
for she  
knew that  
men  
carried  
guns. Not  
that she  
feared for  
herself;  
but the  
idea of  
such  
things  
among her  
darlings  
was too  
horrible to  
think of.  
She set off  
to guide  
them to  
the  
timber-  
tangle on  
the Lower  
Piney. But  
an awful,  
murderous  
fusillade  
began.

*Bang!* and  
Mother  
Grizzly  
felt a

deadly  
pang.

*Bang!* and  
poor little  
Fuzz  
rolled  
over with  
a scream  
of pain  
and lay  
still.

With a  
roar of  
hate and  
fury  
Mother  
Grizzly  
turned to  
attack the  
enemy.

*Bang!* and  
she fell  
paralyzed  
and dying  
with a  
high  
shoulder s  
hot. And  
the three  
little cubs,  
not  
knowing  
what to  
do, ran  
back to

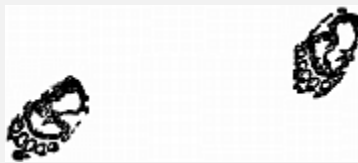


their  
Mother.



*Bang!*  
*bang!* and  
Mooney  
and  
Frizzle  
sank in  
dying  
agonies  
beside her,  
and Wahb,  
terrified  
and  
stupefied,  
ran in a  
circle  
about  
them.  
Then,  
hardly  
knowing  
why, he  
turned and  
dashed

into the  
timber-  
tangle,  
and  
disappeare  
d as a  
last *bang* l  
eft him  
with a  
stinging  
pain and a  
useless,  
broken  
hind paw.



THAT is  
why the  
post-  
office was  
called

Four-  
Bears. The  
Colonel  
seemed  
pleased  
with what  
he had  
done;  
indeed, he  
told of it  
himself.

But away  
up in the  
woods of  
Anderson'  
s Peak that  
night a  
little lame  
Grizzly  
might  
have been  
seen  
wandering  
, limping  
along,  
leaving a  
bloody  
spot each  
time he  
tried to set  
down his  
hind paw;  
whining  
and  
whimperi  
ng,  
"Mother!

Mother!  
Oh,  
Mother,  
where are  
you?" for  
he was  
cold and  
hungry,  
and had  
such a  
pain in his  
foot. But  
there was  
no Mother  
to come to  
him, and  
he dared  
not go  
back  
where he  
had left  
her, so he  
wandered  
aimlessly  
about  
among the  
pines.



Then he  
smelled  
some  
strange  
animal  
smell and  
heard  
heavy  
footsteps;  
and not  
knowing  
what else  
to do, he  
climbed a  
tree.

Presently  
a band of  
great,  
long-  
necked,  
slim-  
legged  
animals,  
taller than  
his  
Mother,  
came by  
under the  
tree.

He had  
seen such  
once  
before and  
had not  
been  
afraid of  
them then,  
because

he had  
been with  
his  
Mother.  
But now  
he kept  
very quiet  
in the tree,  
and the  
big  
creatures  
stopped  
picking  
the grass  
when they  
were near  
him, and  
blowing  
their  
noses, ran  
out of  
sight.

He stayed  
in the tree  
till near  
morning,  
and then  
he was so  
stiff with  
cold that  
he could  
scarcely  
get down.  
But the  
warm sun  
came up,  
and he felt

better as  
he sought  
about for  
berries  
and ants,  
for he was  
very  
hungry.

Then he  
went back  
to the  
Piney and  
put his  
wounded  
foot in the  
ice-cold  
water.



"HE STAYED IN THE TREE TILL NEAR MORNING."

He wanted  
to get back  
to the  
mountains  
again, but  
still he felt  
he must go  
to where



he had left  
his Mother  
and  
brothers.  
When the  
afternoon  
grew  
warm, he  
went  
limping  
down the  
stream  
through  
the timber,  
and down  
on the  
banks of  
the  
Graybull  
till he  
came to  
the place  
where  
yesterday  
they had  
had the  
fish-feast;  
and he  
eagerly  
crunched  
the heads  
and  
remains  
that he  
found. But  
there was  
an odd and  
horrid

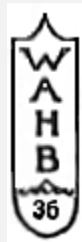
smell on  
the wind.  
It  
frightened  
him, and  
as he went  
down to  
where he  
last had  
seen his  
Mother  
the smell  
grew  
worse. He  
peeped  
out  
cautiously  
at the  
place, and  
saw there  
a lot of  
Coyotes,  
tearing at  
something  
. What it  
was he did  
not know;  
but he saw  
no  
Mother,  
and the  
smell that  
sickened  
and  
terrified  
him was  
worse  
than ever,

so he  
quietly  
turned  
back toward the  
timber-  
tangle of  
the Lower  
Piney, and  
nevermore  
came back  
to look for  
his lost  
family. He  
wanted his  
Mother as  
much as  
ever, but  
something  
told him it  
was no  
use.

As cold  
night  
came  
down, he  
missed her  
more and  
more  
again, and  
he  
whimpere  
d as he  
limped  
along, a  
miserable,  
lonely,

little,  
motherless  
s Bear—  
not lost in  
the  
mountains  
, for he  
had no  
home to  
seek, but  
so sick  
and  
lonely,  
and with  
such a  
pain in his  
foot and in  
his  
stomach a  
craving  
for the  
drink that  
would  
nevermore  
be his.  
That night  
he found a  
hollow  
log, and  
crawling  
in, he tried  
to dream  
that his  
Mother's  
great,  
furry arms  
were  
around

him, and  
he  
snuffled  
himself to  
sleep.



III



AHB had  
always  
been a  
gloomy  
little Bear;  
and the  
string of  
misfortun  
es that

came on  
him just as  
his mind  
was  
forming  
made him  
more than  
ever  
sullen and  
morose.



It seemed  
as though  
every one  
were  
against  
him. He  
tried to  
keep out  
of sight in  
the upper  
woods of  
the Piney,  
seeking  
his food  
by day and  
resting at  
night in  
the hollow  
log. But  
one  
evening  
he found it

occupied  
by a  
Porcupine  
as big  
as himself  
and as bad  
as a  
cactus-  
bush.  
Wahb  
could do  
nothing  
with him.  
He had to  
give up  
the log  
and seek  
another  
nest.



One day  
he went  
down on  
the  
Graybull  
flat to dig  
some  
roots that  
his

Mother  
had taught  
him were  
good. But  
before he  
had well  
begun, a  
grayish-  
looking  
animal  
came out  
of a hole  
in the  
ground  
and  
rushed at  
him,  
hissing  
and  
growling.  
Wahb did  
not know  
it was a  
Badger,  
but he saw  
it was a  
fierce  
animal as  
big as  
himself.  
He was  
sick, and  
lame too,  
so he  
limped  
away and  
never  
stopped



till he was  
on a ridge  
in the next  
cañon.

Here a  
Coyote  
saw him,  
and came  
bounding  
after him,  
calling at  
the same  
time to  
another to  
come and  
join the  
fun. Wahb  
was near a  
tree, so he  
scrambled  
up to the  
branches.

The  
Coyotes  
came  
bounding  
and  
yelping  
below, but  
their noses  
told them  
that this  
was a  
young  
Grizzly  
they had  
chased,  
and they

soon  
decided  
that a  
young  
Grizzly in  
a tree  
means a  
Mother  
Grizzly  
not far  
away, and  
they had  
better let  
him alone.

After they  
had  
sneaked  
off Wahb  
came  
down and  
returned  
to the  
Piney.  
There was  
better  
feeding on  
the  
Graybull,  
but every  
one  
seemed  
against  
him there  
now that  
his loving  
guardian  
was gone,

while on  
the Piney  
he had  
peace at  
least  
sometimes  
, and there  
were  
plenty of  
trees that  
he could  
climb  
when an  
enemy  
came.

His  
broken  
foot was a  
long time  
in healing;  
indeed, it  
never got  
quite well.  
The  
wound  
healed and  
the  
soreness  
wore off,  
but it left a  
stiffness  
that gave  
him a  
slight  
limp, and  
the sole-  
balls grew

together  
quite  
unlike  
those of  
the other  
foot. It  
particularly  
annoyed  
him when  
he had to  
climb a  
tree or run  
fast from  
his  
enemies;  
and of  
them he  
found no  
end,  
though  
never  
once did a  
friend  
cross his  
path.  
When he  
lost his  
Mother he  
lost his  
best and  
only  
friend.  
She would  
have  
taught him  
much that  
he had to  
learn by

bitter  
experienc  
e, and  
would  
have  
saved him  
from most  
of the ills  
that befell  
him in his  
cubhood  
—ills so  
many and  
so dire  
that but  
for his  
native  
sturdiness  
he never  
could  
have  
passed  
through  
alive.



The  
piñons  
bore  
plentifully  
that year,  
and the  
winds  
began to  
shower  
down the

ripe, rich  
nuts. Life  
was  
becoming  
a little  
easier for  
Wahb. He  
was  
gaining in  
health and  
strength,  
and the  
creatures  
he daily  
met now  
let him  
alone. But  
as he  
feasted on  
the piñons  
one  
morning  
after a  
gale, a  
great  
Blackbear  
came  
marching  
down the  
hill. "No  
one meets  
a friend in  
the  
woods,"  
was a  
byword  
that Wahb  
had

learned  
already.  
He swung  
up the  
nearest  
tree. At  
first the  
Blackbear  
was  
scared, for  
he smelled  
the smell  
of  
Grizzly;  
but when  
he saw it  
was only a  
cub, he  
took  
courage  
and came  
growling  
at Wahb.  
He could  
climb as  
well as the  
little  
Grizzly, or  
better, and  
high as  
Wahb  
went, the  
Blackbear  
followed,  
and when  
Wahb got  
out on the  
smallest

and  
highest  
twig that  
would  
carry him,  
the  
Blackbear  
cruelly  
shook him  
off, so that  
he was  
thrown to  
the  
ground,  
bruised  
and  
shaken  
and half-  
stunned.  
He limped  
away  
moaning,  
and the  
only thing  
that kept  
the  
Blackbear  
from  
following  
him up  
and  
perhaps  
killing  
him was  
the fear  
that the  
old  
Grizzly



might be  
about. So  
Wahb was  
driven  
away  
down the  
creek  
from all  
the good  
piñon  
woods.

There was  
not much  
food on  
the  
Graybull  
now. The  
berries  
were  
nearly all  
gone;  
there were  
no fish or  
ants to get,  
and Wahb,  
hurt,  
lonely,  
and  
miserable,  
wandered  
on and on,  
till he was  
away  
down  
toward the  
Meteeetsee

.

A Coyote  
came  
bounding  
and  
barking  
through  
the sage-  
brush after  
him.

Wahb  
tried to  
run, but it  
was no  
use; the  
Coyote  
was soon  
up with  
him. Then  
with a  
sudden  
rush of  
desperate  
courage

Wahb  
turned and  
charged  
his foe.

The  
astonished  
Coyote  
gave a  
scared  
yowl or  
two, and  
fled with  
his tail  
between  
his legs.

Thus  
Wahb  
learned  
that war is  
the price  
of peace.

But the  
forage  
was poor  
here; there  
were too  
many  
cattle; and  
Wahb was  
making  
for a far-  
away  
piñon  
woods in  
the  
Meteetsee  
Cañon  
when he  
saw a  
man, just  
like the  
one he had  
seen on  
that day of  
sorrow. At  
the same  
moment  
he heard  
a *bang*,  
and  
some sage  
-brush

rattled and  
fell just  
over his  
back. All  
the  
dreadful  
smells and  
dangers of  
that day  
came back  
to his  
memory,  
and Wahb  
ran as he  
never had  
run  
before.

He soon  
got into a  
gully and  
followed  
it into the  
cañon. An  
opening  
between  
two cliffs  
seemed to  
offer  
shelter,  
but as he  
ran toward  
it a Range-  
cow came  
trotting  
between,  
shaking  
her head at

him and  
snorting  
threats  
against his  
life.

He leaped  
aside upon  
a long log  
that led up  
a bank,  
but at once  
a savage  
Bobcat  
appeared  
on the  
other end  
and  
warned  
him to go  
back. It  
was no  
time to  
quarrel.  
Bitterly  
Wahb felt  
that the  
world was  
full of  
enemies.  
But he  
turned and  
scrambled  
up a rocky  
bank into  
the piñon  
woods  
that

border the  
benches of  
the  
Meteeetsee



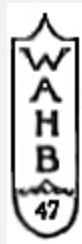
"A SAVAGE BOBCAT ... WARNED HIM TO GO BACK."

The Pine  
Squirrels  
seemed to

resent his  
coming,  
and  
barked  
furiously.  
They were  
thinking  
about their  
piñon-  
nuts. They  
knew that  
this Bear  
was  
coming to  
steal their  
provisions  
, and they  
followed  
him  
overhead  
to scold  
and abuse  
him, with  
such an  
outcry that  
an enemy  
might  
have  
followed  
him by  
their  
noise,  
which was  
exactly  
what they  
intended.

There was  
no one  
following,  
but it  
made  
Wahb  
uneasy  
and  
nervous.  
So he kept  
on till he  
reached  
the timber  
line,  
where  
both food  
and foes  
were  
scarce,  
and here  
on the  
edge of  
the  
Mountain-  
sheep land  
at last he  
got a  
chance to  
rest.





IV



AHB never  
was  
sweet-  
tempered  
like his  
baby  
sister, and  
the  
persecutio  
ns by his  
numerous  
foes were

making  
him more  
and more  
sour. Why  
could not  
they let  
him alone  
in his  
misery?  
Why was  
every one  
against  
him? If  
only he  
had his  
Mother  
back! If he  
could only  
have  
killed that  
Blackbear  
that had  
driven  
him from  
his  
woods! It  
did not  
occur to  
him that  
some day  
he himself  
would  
be big.  
And that  
spiteful  
Bobcat,  
that took  
advantage

of him;  
and the  
man that  
had tried  
to kill  
him. He  
did not  
forget any  
of them,  
and he  
hated  
them all.

Wahb  
found his  
new range  
fairly  
good,  
because it  
was a  
good nut  
year. He  
learned  
just what  
the  
Squirrels  
feared he  
would, for  
his nose  
directed  
him to the  
little  
granaries  
where  
they had  
stored up  
great  
quantities

of nuts for  
winter's  
use. It was  
hard on  
the  
Squirrels,  
but it was  
good luck  
for Wahb,  
for the  
nuts were  
delicious  
food. And  
when the  
days  
shortened  
and the  
nights  
began to  
be frosty,  
he had  
grown fat  
and well-  
favored.

He  
traveled  
over all  
parts of  
the cañon  
now,  
living  
mostly in  
the higher  
woods,  
but  
coming  
down at

times to  
forage  
almost as  
far as the  
river. One  
night as he  
wandered  
by the  
deep  
water a  
peculiar  
smell  
reached  
his nose. It  
was quite  
pleasant,  
so he  
followed  
it up to the  
water's  
edge. It  
seemed to  
come  
from a  
sunken  
log. As he  
reached  
over  
toward  
this, there  
was a  
sudden *cl*  
*ank*, and  
one of his  
paws was  
caught in a  
strong,  
steel

Beaver-  
trap.



"WAHB YELLED AND JERKED BACK."

Wahb  
yelled and  
jerked  
back with  
all his  
strength,  
and tore  
up the  
stake that  
held the  
trap. He  
tried to  
shake it

off, then  
ran away  
through  
the bushes  
trailing it.  
He tore at  
it with his  
teeth; but  
there it  
hung,  
quiet,  
cold,  
strong,  
and  
immovabl  
e. Every  
little while  
he tore at  
it with his  
teeth and  
claws, or  
beat it  
against the  
ground.  
He buried  
it in the  
earth, then  
climbed a  
low tree,  
hoping to  
leave it  
behind;  
but still it  
clung,  
biting into  
his flesh.  
He made  
for his

own  
woods,  
and sat  
down to  
try to  
puzzle it  
out. He  
did not  
know  
what it  
was, but  
his little  
green-  
brown  
eyes  
glared  
with a  
mixture of  
pain,  
fright, and  
fury as he  
tried to  
understan  
d his new  
enemy.





He lay  
down  
under the  
bushes,  
and, intent  
on  
deliberately crushing  
the thing,  
he held it  
down with  
one paw  
while he  
tightened  
his teeth  
on the  
other end,  
and  
bearing  
down as it  
slid away,  
the trap  
jaws  
opened  
and the  
foot was  
free. It  
was mere  
chance, of  
course,  
that led  
him  
to squeeze  
both  
springs at  
once. He  
did not  
understan

d it, but he  
did not  
forget it,  
and he got  
these not  
very clear  
ideas:

"There is a  
dreadful  
little  
enemy  
that hides  
by the  
water and  
waits for  
one. It has  
an odd  
smell. It  
bites one's  
paws and  
is too hard  
for one to  
bite. But it  
can be got  
off by  
hard  
squeezing.  
"

For a  
week or  
more the  
little  
Grizzly  
had  
another  
sore paw,  
but it was

not very  
bad if he  
did not do  
any  
climbing.

It was now  
the season  
when the  
Elk were  
bugling on  
the  
mountains  
. Wahb  
heard  
them all  
night, and  
once or  
twice had  
to climb to  
get away  
from one  
of the big-  
antlered  
Bulls. It  
was also  
the season  
when the  
trappers  
were  
coming  
into  
the mount  
ains, and  
the Wild  
Geese  
were  
honking

overhead.  
There  
were  
several  
quite new  
smells in  
the woods,  
too. Wahb  
followed  
one of  
these up,  
and it led  
to a place  
where  
were some  
small logs  
piled  
together;  
then,  
mixed  
with the  
smell that  
had drawn  
him, was  
one that he  
hated—he  
remember  
ed it from  
the time  
when he  
had lost  
his  
Mother.  
He sniffed  
about  
carefully,  
for it was  
not very

strong,  
and  
learned  
that this  
hateful  
smell was  
on a log in  
front, and  
the sweet  
smell that  
made his  
mouth  
water was  
under  
some  
brush  
behind. So  
he went  
around,  
pulled  
away the  
brush till  
he got the  
prize, a  
piece of  
meat, and  
as he  
grabbed it,  
the log in  
front went  
down with  
a  
heavy *cho*  
*ck*.

It made  
Wahb  
jump; but

he got  
away all  
right with  
the meat  
and some  
new ideas,  
and with  
one old  
idea made  
stronger,  
and that  
was,  
"When  
that  
hateful  
smell is  
around it  
always  
means  
trouble."



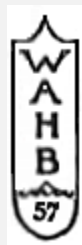
As the  
weather  
grew  
colder,  
Wahb  
became  
very  
sleepy; he  
slept all  
day when  
it was  
frosty. He  
had not

any fixed  
place to  
sleep in;  
he knew a  
number of  
dry ledges  
for sunny  
weather,  
and one or  
two  
sheltered  
nooks for  
stormy  
days. He  
had a very  
comfortab  
le nest  
under a  
root, and  
one day,  
as it began  
to blow  
and snow,  
he  
crawled  
into this  
and curled  
up to  
sleep. The  
storm  
howled  
without.  
The snow  
fell deeper  
and  
deeper. It  
draped the  
pine-trees

till they  
bowed,  
then  
shook  
themselves  
clear to  
be  
draped anew. It  
drifted  
over the  
mountains  
and  
poured  
down the  
funnel-  
like  
ravines,  
blowing  
off the  
peaks and  
ridges,  
and filling  
up the  
hollows  
level with  
their rims.  
It piled up  
over  
Wahb's  
den,  
shutting  
out the  
cold of the  
winter,  
shutting  
out itself:  
and Wahb



slept and  
slept.



V



Else slept all  
winter  
without  
waking,  
for such is  
the way of  
Bears, and  
yet when  
spring  
came and  
aroused

him, he  
knew that  
he had  
been  
asleep a  
long time.  
He was  
not much  
changed  
—he had  
grown in  
height,  
and yet  
was but  
little  
thinner.

He was  
now very  
hungry,  
and  
forcing his  
way  
through  
the deep  
drift that  
still lay  
over his  
den, he set  
out to look  
for food.

There  
were no  
piñon-nuts  
to get, and  
no berries  
or ants;  
but

Wahb's  
nose led  
him away  
up the  
cañon to  
the body  
of a  
winter-  
killed Elk,  
where he  
had a fine  
feast, and  
then  
buried the  
rest for  
future use.



Day after  
day he  
came back

till he had  
finished it.  
Food was  
very  
scarce for  
a couple  
of months,  
and after  
the Elk  
was eaten,  
Wahb lost  
all the fat  
he had  
when he  
awoke.  
One day  
he  
climbed  
over the  
Divide  
into the  
Warhouse  
Valley. It  
was warm  
and sunny  
there,  
vegetation  
was well  
advanced,  
and he  
found  
good  
forage. He  
wandered  
down  
toward the  
thick  
timber,

and soon  
smelled  
the smell  
of another  
Grizzly.

This grew  
stronger  
and led  
him to a  
single tree  
by a Bear-  
trail.

Wahb  
reared up  
on his  
hind feet  
to smell  
this tree. It  
was strong  
of Bear,  
and was  
plastered  
with mud  
and  
Grizzly  
hair far  
higher  
than he  
could  
reach; and  
Wahb  
knew that  
it must  
have been  
a very  
large Bear  
that had  
rubbed

himself  
there. He  
felt  
uneasy.  
He used to  
long to  
meet one  
of his own  
kind, yet  
now that  
there was  
a chance  
of it he  
was filled  
with  
dread.

No one  
had shown  
him  
anything  
but hatred  
in his  
lonely,  
unprotecte  
d life, and  
he could  
not tell  
what this  
older Bear  
might do.  
As he  
stood in  
doubt, he  
caught  
sight of  
the old  
Grizzly

himself  
slouching  
along a  
hillside,  
stopping  
from time  
to time to  
dig up the  
quamash-  
roots and  
wild  
turnips.

He was a  
monster.  
Wahb  
instinctive  
ly distrust  
ed him,  
and  
sneaked  
away  
through  
the woods  
and up a  
rocky  
bluff  
where he  
could  
watch.

Then the  
big fellow  
came on  
Wahb's  
track and  
rumbled a  
deep  
growl of

anger; he  
followed  
the trail to  
the tree,  
and  
rearing up,  
he tore the  
bark with  
his claws,  
far above  
where  
Wahb had  
reached.  
Then he  
strode  
rapidly  
along  
Wahb's  
trail. But  
the cub  
had seen  
enough.  
He fled  
back over  
the Divide  
into the  
Meteeetsee  
Cañon,  
and  
realized in  
his dim,  
bearish  
way that  
he was at  
peace  
there  
because  
the Bear-



forage  
was so  
poor.

As the  
summer  
came on,  
his coat  
was shed.  
His skin  
got very  
itchy, and  
he found  
pleasure  
in rolling  
in the mud  
and  
scraping  
his back  
against  
some  
convenient  
tree. He  
never  
climbed  
now: his  
claws  
were too  
long, and  
his arms,  
though  
growing  
big and  
strong,  
were  
losing that  
suppleness  
of wrist

that makes  
cub  
Grizzlies  
and all  
Blackbear  
s great  
climbers.  
He now  
dropped  
naturally  
into the  
Bear habit  
of seeing  
how high  
he could  
reach with  
his nose  
on the  
rubbing-  
post,  
whenever  
he was  
near one.





He may  
not have  
noticed it,  
yet each  
time he  
came to a  
post, after  
a week or  
two away,  
he could  
reach  
higher, for  
Wahb was  
growing  
fast and  
coming  
into his  
strength.

Sometime  
s he was at  
one end of  
the  
country

that he felt  
was his,  
and  
sometimes  
at another,  
but he had  
frequent  
use for the  
rubbing-  
tree, and  
thus it was  
that his  
range was  
mapped  
out by  
posts with  
his own  
mark on  
them.

One day  
late in  
summer  
he sighted  
a stranger  
on his  
land, a  
glossy  
Blackbear  
, and he  
felt  
furious  
against the  
interloper.  
As the  
Blackbear  
came  
nearer

Wahb  
noticed  
the tan-red  
face, the  
white spot  
on his  
breast, and  
then the  
bit out of  
his ear,  
and last of  
all the  
wind  
brought a  
whiff.  
There  
could be  
no further  
doubt it  
was the  
very  
smell: this  
was the  
black  
coward  
that had  
chased  
him down  
the Piney  
long ago.  
But how  
he had  
shrunk!  
Before, he  
had  
looked  
like a  
giant; now

Wahb felt  
he could  
crush him  
with one  
paw.

Revenge  
is sweet,  
Wahb felt,  
though he  
did not  
exactly  
say it, and  
he went  
for that  
red-nosed  
Bear. But  
the Black  
one went  
up a small  
tree like a  
Squirrel.

Wahb  
tried to  
follow as  
the other  
once  
followed  
him, but  
somehow  
he could  
not. He  
did not  
seem to  
know how  
to take  
hold now,  
and after a  
while he

gave it up  
and went  
away,  
although  
the  
Blackbear  
brought  
him back  
more than  
once by  
coughing  
in  
derision.  
Later on  
that day,  
when the  
Grizzly  
passed  
again, the  
red-nosed  
one had  
gone.





As the summer waned, the upper forage-grounds began to give out, and Wahb ventured down to the Lower Meteetsee one night to explore. There was a pleasant odor on the breeze, and following it up, Wahb came to



the  
carcass of  
a Steer. A  
good  
distance  
away from  
it were  
some tiny  
Coyotes,  
mere  
dwarfs  
compared  
with those  
he  
remember  
ed. Right  
by the  
carcass  
was  
another  
that  
jumped  
about in  
the  
moonlight  
in a  
foolish  
way. For  
some  
strange  
reason it  
seemed  
unable to  
get away.  
Wahb's  
old hatred  
broke out.  
He rushed

up. In a  
flash the  
Coyote bit  
him  
several  
times  
before,  
with one  
blow of  
that great  
paw,  
Wahb  
smashed  
him into a  
limp, furry  
rag; then  
broke in  
all his ribs  
with a  
crunch or  
two of his  
jaws. Oh,  
but it was  
good to  
feel the  
hot,  
bloody  
juices  
oozing  
between  
his teeth!

The  
Coyote  
was  
caught in  
a trap.  
Wahb

hated the  
smell of  
the iron,  
so he went  
to the  
other side  
of the  
carcass,  
where it  
was not so  
strong,  
and had  
eaten but  
little  
before *clank*, and his  
foot was  
caught in a  
Wolf-trap  
that he had  
not seen.

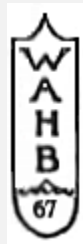
But he  
remembered  
that he  
had once  
before  
been  
caught  
and had  
escaped  
by  
squeezing  
the trap.  
He set a  
hind foot  
on each  
spring and

pressed  
till the trap  
opened  
and  
released  
his paw.  
About the  
carcass  
was the  
smell that  
he knew  
stood for  
man, so he  
left it and  
wandered  
down-  
stream;  
but more  
and more  
often he  
got whiffs  
of that  
horrible  
odor, so  
he turned  
and went  
back to his  
quiet  
piñon  
benches.

---

## PART II

# THE DAYS OF HIS STRE NGTH



I



AHB'S third summer  
had  
brought  
him the  
stature of  
a large-  
sized  
Bear,  
though not  
nearly the  
bulk and  
power that

in time  
were his.  
He was  
very light-  
colored  
now, and  
this was  
why  
Spahwat,  
a  
Shoshone  
Indian  
who more  
than once  
hunted  
him,  
called him  
the  
Whitebear  
, or Wahb.



Spahwat  
was a  
good  
hunter,  
and as  
soon as he  
saw the  
rubbing-  
tree on the  
Upper  
Meteetsee  
he knew  
that he  
was on the  
range of a  
big  
Grizzly.  
He  
bushwhac  
ked the  
whole  
valley,  
and spent  
many days  
before he  
found a  
chance to  
shoot;  
then  
Wahb got  
a stinging  
flesh-  
wound in  
the  
shoulder.  
He  
growled  
horribly,

but it had  
seemed to  
take the  
fight out  
of him; he  
scrambled  
up the  
valley and  
over the  
lower hills  
till he  
reached a  
quiet  
haunt,  
where he  
lay down.

His  
knowledg  
e of  
healing  
was  
wholly  
instinctive  
. He licked  
the wound  
and all  
around it,  
and  
sought to  
be quiet.  
The  
licking  
removed  
the dirt,  
and by  
massage  
reduced



the  
inflammation, and it  
plastered  
the hair  
down as a  
sort of  
dressing  
over the  
wound to  
keep out  
the air,  
dirt, and  
microbes.  
There  
could be  
no better  
treatment.



"HE STRUCK ONE FEARFUL, CRUSHING BLOW."

But the  
Indian  
was on his  
trail.  
Before  
long the  
smell  
warned

Wahb that  
a foe was  
coming,  
so he  
quietly  
climbed  
farther up  
the  
mountain  
to another  
resting-  
place. But  
again he  
sensed the  
Indian's  
approach,  
and made  
off.

Several  
times this  
happened,  
and at  
length  
there was  
a second  
shot and  
another  
galling  
wound.

Wahb was  
furious  
now.

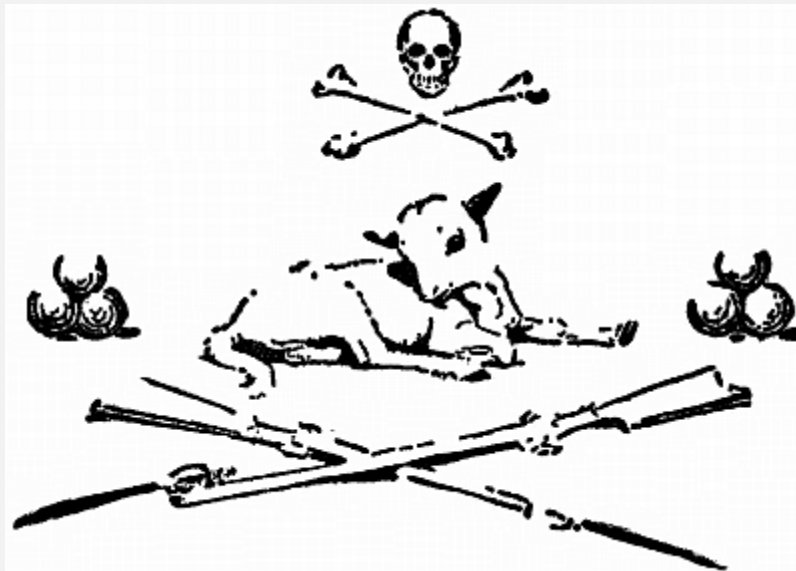
There was  
nothing  
that really  
frightened  
him but  
that

horrible  
odor of  
man, iron,  
and guns,  
that he  
remembered  
from  
the day  
when he  
lost his  
Mother;  
but now  
all fear of  
these left  
him. He  
heaved  
painfully  
up the  
mountain  
again, and  
along  
under a  
six-  
foot ledge,  
then up  
and back  
to the top  
of the  
bank,  
where he  
lay flat.  
On came  
the Indian,  
armed  
with knife  
and gun;  
deftly,  
swiftly

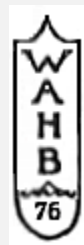
keeping  
on the  
trail;  
gloating  
joyfully  
over each  
bloody  
print that  
meant  
such  
anguish to  
the hunted  
Bear.  
Straight  
up the  
slide of  
broken  
rock he  
came,  
where  
Wahb,  
ferocious  
with pain,  
was  
waiting on  
the ledge.  
On  
sneaked  
the  
dogged  
hunter; his  
eye still  
scanned  
the bloody  
slots or  
swept the  
woods  
ahead, but

never was  
raised to  
glance  
above the  
ledge.  
And  
Wahb, as  
he saw  
this shape  
of Death  
relentless  
on his  
track, and  
smelled  
the hated  
smell,  
poised his  
bulk at  
heavy cost  
upon his  
quivering,  
mangled  
arm, there  
held until  
the  
proper ins  
tant came,  
then to his  
sound  
arm's  
matchless  
native  
force he  
added all  
the weight  
of  
desperate  
hate as

down he  
struck one  
fearful,  
crushing  
blow. The  
Indian  
sank  
without a  
cry, and  
then  
dropped  
out of  
sight.  
Wahb  
rose, and  
sought  
again a  
quiet nook  
where he  
might  
nurse his  
wounds.  
Thus he  
learned  
that one  
must fight  
for peace;  
for he  
never saw  
that Indian  
again, and  
he had  
time to  
rest and  
recover.



\_\_\_\_\_



||







HE years  
went on as  
before,  
except  
that each  
winter  
Wahb  
slept less  
soundly,  
and each  
spring he  
came out  
earlier and  
was a  
bigger  
Grizzly,  
with fewer  
enemies  
that dared  
to face  
him.  
When his  
sixth year  
came he  
was a very  
big,  
strong,  
sullen  
Bear, with  
neither  
friendship  
nor love in  
his life  
since that  
evil day

on the  
Lower  
Piney.



No one  
ever heard  
of  
Wahb's m  
ate. No  
one  
believes  
that he  
ever had  
one. The  
love-  
season of  
Bears  
came and  
went year  
after year,  
but left  
him alone

in his  
prime as  
he had  
been in his  
youth. It is  
not good  
for a Bear  
to be  
alone; it is  
bad for  
him in  
every  
way. His  
habitual  
morosenes  
s grew  
with his  
strength,  
and any  
one  
chancing  
to meet  
him now  
would  
have  
called him  
a  
dangerous  
Grizzly.

He had  
lived in  
the  
Meteetsee  
Valley  
since first  
he betook  
himself

there, and  
his  
character  
had been  
shaped by  
many little  
adventure  
s with  
traps and  
his wild  
rivals of  
the  
mountains  
. But there  
was none  
of the  
latter that  
he now  
feared and  
he knew  
enough to  
avoid the  
first, for  
that  
penetratin  
g odor  
of man  
and iron  
was a  
never-  
failing  
warning,  
especially  
after an  
experienc  
e which  
befell him

in his sixth  
year.

His ever-  
reliable  
nose told  
him that  
there was  
a dead Elk  
down  
among the  
timber.

He went  
up the  
wind, and  
there, sure  
enough,  
was the  
great  
delicious  
carcass,  
already  
torn open  
at the very  
best place.  
True,  
there was  
that  
terrible  
man-and-  
iron taint,  
but it was  
so slight  
and the  
feast so  
tempting  
that after  
circling

around  
and  
inspecting  
the  
carcass  
from his  
eight feet  
of stature,  
as he  
stood  
erect, he  
went  
cautiously  
forward,  
and at  
once was  
caught by  
his left  
paw in an  
enormous  
Bear-trap.  
He roared  
with pain  
and slashe  
d about in  
a fury. But  
this was  
no  
Beaver-  
trap; it  
was a big  
forty-  
pound  
Bear-  
catcher,  
and he  
was surely  
caught.



Wahb  
fairly  
foamed  
with rage,  
and madly  
grit his  
teeth upon  
the trap.  
Then he  
remember  
ed his  
former  
experienc  
es. He  
placed the  
trap  
between  
his hind  
legs, with  
a hind paw  
on each  
spring,  
and  
pressed  
down with

all his  
weight.  
But it was  
not  
enough.  
He  
dragged  
off the  
trap and  
its clog,  
and went  
clanking  
up the  
mountain.  
Again and  
again he  
tried to  
free his  
foot, but  
in vain, till  
he came  
where a  
great  
trunk  
crossed  
the trail a  
few feet  
from the  
ground.  
By  
chance, or  
happy  
thought,  
he reared  
again  
under this  
and made  
a new



attempt.

With a  
hind foot  
on each  
spring and  
his mighty  
shoulders  
underneath  
the tree,  
he bore  
down with  
his titanic  
strength:  
the great  
steel  
springs  
gave way,  
the jaws  
relaxed,  
and he  
tore out  
his foot.  
So Wahb  
was free  
again,  
though he  
left behind  
a great toe  
which had  
been  
nearly  
severed by  
the first  
snap of the  
steel.

Again  
Wahb had

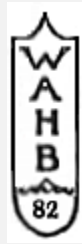
a painful  
wound to  
nurse, and  
as he was  
a left-  
handed  
Bear,—  
that is,  
when he  
wished to  
turn a rock  
over he  
stood on  
the right  
paw and  
turned  
with the  
left,—one  
result of  
this  
disableme  
nt was to  
rob him  
for a time  
of all  
those  
dainty  
foods that  
are found  
under  
rocks or  
logs. The  
wound  
healed at  
last, but he  
never forg  
ot that  
experienc

e, and  
thenceforth  
had the  
pungent  
smell of  
man and  
iron, even  
without  
the gun  
smell,  
never  
failed to  
enrage  
him.

Many  
experiences  
had  
taught him  
that it is  
better to  
run if he  
only  
smelled  
the hunter  
or heard  
him far  
away, but  
to fight  
desperately  
if the  
man was  
close at  
hand. And  
the cow-  
boys soon  
came to  
know that

the Upper  
Meteeetsee  
was the  
range of a  
Bear that  
was better  
let alone.

---



III



NE day  
after a  
long  
absence  
Wahb  
came into  
the lower  
part of his  
range, and  
saw to his  
surprise  
one of the  
wooden  
dens that

men make  
for  
themselves. As he  
came  
around to  
get the  
wind, he  
sensed the  
taint that  
never  
failed to  
infuriate  
him now,  
and a  
moment  
later he  
heard a  
loud *bang*  
and felt a  
stinging  
shock in  
his left  
hind leg,  
the old  
stiff leg.  
He  
wheeled  
about, in  
time to see  
a man  
running  
toward the  
new-  
made shanty. Had  
the shot  
been in his

shoulder  
Wahb  
would  
have been  
helpless,  
but it was  
not.

MIGHTY a  
rms that  
could toss  
pine logs  
like  
broomstic  
ks, paws  
that with  
one tap  
could  
crush the  
biggest  
Bull upon  
the range,  
claws that  
could tear  
huge slabs  
of rock  
from the  
mountain-  
side—  
what was  
even the  
deadly  
rifle to  
them!

WHEN the  
man's  
partner  
came  
home that  
night he  
found him  
on the  
reddened  
shanty  
floor. The  
bloody  
trail from  
outside  
and a  
shaky,  
scribbled  
note on  
the back  
of a paper  
novel told  
the tale.



It was Wahb done it.  
I seen him by the  
spring and wounded  
him. I tried to git on  
the shanty, but he  
ketched me. My  
God, how I suffer!  
JACK.

It was all  
fair. The

man had  
invaded  
the Bear's  
country,  
had tried  
to take the  
Bear's life,  
and had  
lost his  
own. But  
Jack's  
partner  
swore he  
would kill  
that Bear.



He took  
up the trail  
and  
followed  
it up the  
cañon, and  
there  
bushwhac



ked and  
hunted  
day after  
day. He  
put out  
baits and  
traps, and  
at length  
one day he  
heard  
*a crash, clatter, thump,* and a  
huge rock  
bounded  
down a  
bank into  
a wood,  
scaring  
out a  
couple of  
deer that  
floated  
away like  
thistle-  
down.  
Miller  
thought at  
first that it  
was a  
land-slide;  
but he  
soon knew  
that it was  
Wahb that  
had rolled  
the  
boulder

over  
merely for  
the sake of  
two or  
three ants  
beneath it.

The wind  
had not  
betrayed  
him, so on  
peering  
through  
the bush  
Miller saw  
the great  
Bear as he  
fed,  
favoring  
his left  
hind leg  
and  
growling  
sullenly to  
himself at  
a fresh  
twinge of  
pain.  
Miller  
steadied  
himself,  
and  
thought,  
"Here  
goes a  
finisher or  
a dead  
miss." He

gave a  
sharp  
whistle,  
the Bear  
stopped  
every  
move,  
and, as he  
stood with  
ears  
cocked, the  
man fired  
at his  
head.

But at that  
moment  
the great  
shaggy  
head  
moved,  
only an  
infuriating  
scratch  
was given,  
the smoke  
betrayed  
the man's  
place, and  
the  
Grizzly  
made  
savage,  
three-  
legged  
haste to  
catch his  
foe.

Miller  
dropped  
his gun  
and swung  
lightly  
into a tree,  
the only  
large one  
near.

Wahb  
raged  
in vain  
against the  
trunk. He  
tore off  
the bark  
with his  
teeth and  
claws; but  
Miller was  
safe

beyond  
his reach.  
For fully  
four hours  
the  
Grizzly  
watched,  
then gave  
it up, and  
slowly  
went off  
into the  
bushes till  
lost to  
view.

Miller  
watched

him from  
the tree,  
and  
afterward  
waited  
nearly an  
hour to be  
sure that  
the Bear  
was gone.  
He then  
slipped to  
the  
ground,  
got his  
gun, and  
set out for  
camp. But  
Wahb was  
cunning;  
he had  
only *seem*  
*ed* to go  
away, and  
then had  
sneaked  
back  
quietly to  
watch. As  
soon as  
the man  
was away  
from the  
tree, too  
far to  
return,  
Wahb  
dashed

after him.  
In spite of  
his  
wounds  
the Bear  
could  
move the  
faster.  
Within a  
quarter of  
a mile—  
well, Wah  
b did just  
what the  
man had  
sworn to  
do to him.

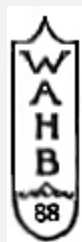
Long  
afterward  
his friends  
found the  
gun and  
enough to  
tell the  
tale.

The  
claim-  
shanty on  
the  
Meteeetsee  
fell to  
pieces. It  
never  
again was  
used, for  
no man  
cared to

enter a  
country  
that had  
but few  
allurement  
s to offset  
its evident  
curse of ill  
luck, and  
where  
such a  
terrible  
Grizzly  
was  
always on  
the war-  
path.



---





HEN they  
found  
good gold  
on the  
Upper  
Meteetsee  
. Miners  
came in  
pairs and  
wandered  
through  
the peaks,  
rooting up  
the ground  
and  
spoiling  
the little  
streams—  
grizzly old  
men  
mostly,  
that had  
lived their



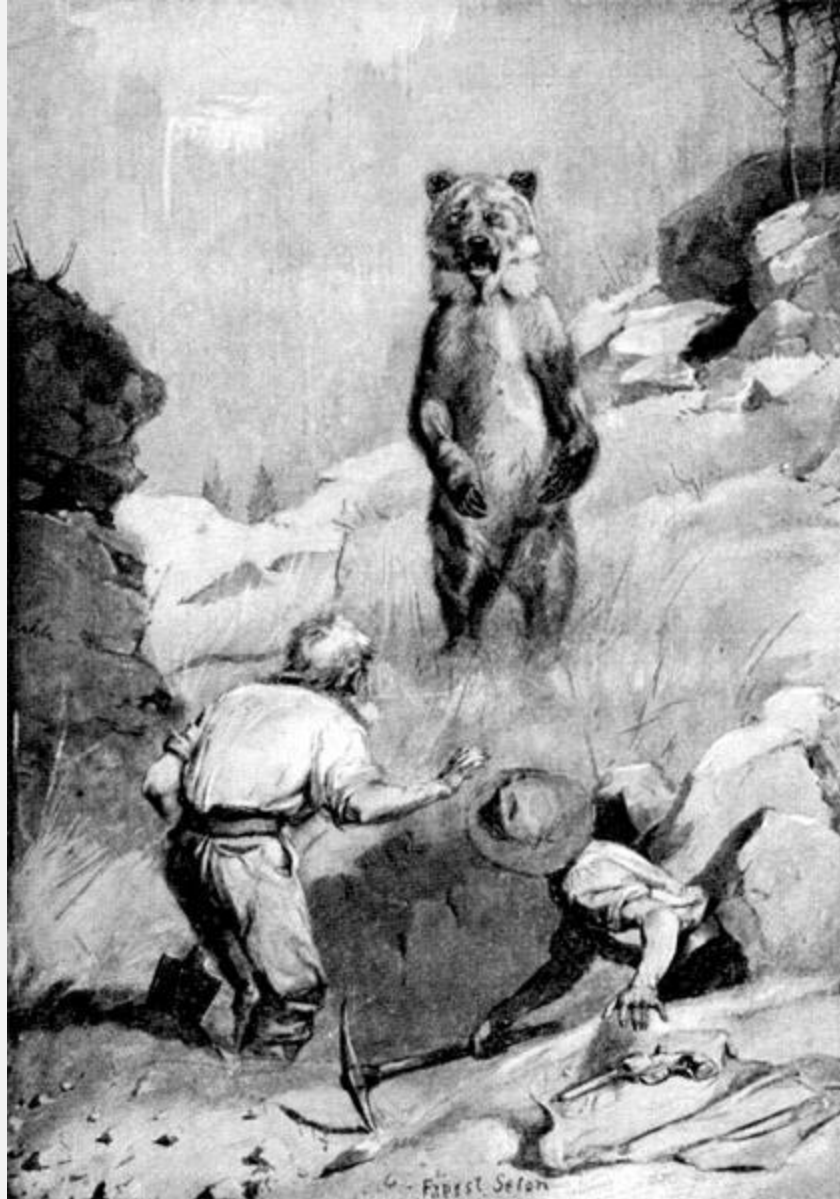
lives in the  
mountain  
and were  
themselves  
slowly  
turning  
into  
Grizzly  
Bears;  
digging  
and  
grubbing  
everywhere,  
not for  
good,  
wholesome  
roots,  
but for  
that shiny  
yellow  
sand that  
they could  
not eat;  
living the  
lives of  
Grizzlies,  
asking  
nothing  
but to be  
let alone  
to dig.

They  
seemed to  
understand  
Grizzly  
Wahb.  
The first

time they  
met,  
Wahb  
reared up  
on his  
hind legs,  
and the  
wicked  
green  
lightnings  
began to  
twinkle in  
his small  
eyes. The  
elder man  
said to his  
mate:

"Let him  
alone, and  
he won't  
bother  
you."

"Ain't he  
an awful  
size,  
though?"  
replied the  
other,  
nervously.



"AIN'T HE AN AWFUL SIZE, THOUGH?"



Wahb was  
about to  
charge,  
but  
something  
held him  
back—a  
something  
that had  
no  
reference  
to his  
senses,  
that was  
felt only  
when they  
were still;  
a  
something  
that in  
Bear and  
Man is  
wiser than  
his

wisdom,  
and that  
points the  
way at  
every  
doubtful  
fork in the  
dim and  
winding  
trail.

Of course  
Wahb did  
not  
understand  
what the  
men said,  
but he did  
feel that  
there was  
something  
different  
here. The  
smell of  
man and  
iron was  
there, but  
not of that  
maddening  
kind,  
and he  
missed the  
pungent  
odor that  
even yet  
brought  
back the  
dark days

of his  
cubhood.

The men  
did not  
move, so  
Wahb  
rumbled a  
subterranean  
an growl,  
dropped  
down on  
his four  
feet, and  
went on.



Late the  
same year  
Wahb ran  
across the  
red-nosed  
Blackbear  
. How that  
Bear did  
keep on  
shrinking!  
Wahb  
could  
have  
hurled

him across  
the  
Graybull  
with one  
tap now.

But the  
Blackbear  
did not  
mean to  
let him  
try. He  
hustled his  
fat, podgy  
body up a  
tree at a  
rate that  
made him  
puff.

Wahb  
reached  
up nine  
feet from  
the  
ground,  
and with  
one rake  
of his  
huge  
claws tore  
off the  
bark clear  
to the  
shining  
white  
wood and  
down  
nearly to

the  
ground;  
and the  
Blackbear  
shivered  
and  
whimpere  
d with  
terror as  
the  
scraping  
of those  
awful  
claws ran  
up the  
trunk and  
up his  
spine in a  
way that  
was  
horribly  
suggestive  
.





What was  
it that the  
sight of  
that  
Blackbear  
stirred in  
Wahb?  
Was it  
memories  
of the  
Upper Pin  
ey, long  
forgotten;  
thoughts  
of a  
woodland  
rich in  
food?

Wahb left  
him  
trembling  
up there as  
high as he  
could get,  
and  
without  
any very  
clear  
purpose  
swung  
along the  
upper  
benches of  
the  
Meteetsee  
down to  
the  
Graybull,  
around the  
foot of the  
Rimrock  
Mountain;  
on, till  
hours later  
he found  
himself in  
the  
timber-  
tangle of  
the Lower  
Piney, and  
among the  
berries  
and ants of  
the old  
times.

He had  
forgotten  
what a  
fine land  
the Piney  
was:  
plenty of  
food, no  
miners to  
spoil the  
streams,  
no hunters  
to keep an  
eye on,  
and no  
mosquitoes  
or flies,  
but plenty  
of open,  
sunny  
glades and  
sheltering  
woods,  
backed up  
by high,  
straight  
cliffs to  
turn the  
colder  
winds.

There  
were,  
moreover,  
no  
resident  
Grizzlies,  
no signs

even of  
passing  
travelers,  
and the  
Blackbear  
s that were  
in  
possession  
did not  
count.

Wahb was  
well  
pleased.  
He rolled  
his vast  
bulk in an  
old  
Buffalo-  
wallow,  
and  
rearing up  
against a  
tree where  
the Piney  
Cañon  
quits the  
Graybull  
Cañon, he  
left on it  
his mark  
fully eight  
feet from  
the  
ground.



In the days  
that  
followed  
he  
wandered  
farther  
and  
farther up  
among the  
rugged  
spurs of  
the  
Shoshones  
, and took  
possession  
as he  
went. He  
found the  
sign-  
boards of  
several  
Blackbear  
s, and if  
they were  
small dead  
trees he  
sent them  
crashing  
to earth  
with a  
drive of  
his giant

paw. If  
they were  
green, he  
put his  
own mark  
over the  
other  
mark, and  
made it  
clearer by  
slashing  
the bark  
with the  
great  
pickaxes  
that grew  
on his  
toes.

The Upper  
Piney had  
so long  
been a  
Blackbear  
range that  
the  
Squirrels  
had  
ceased  
storing  
their  
harvest in  
hollow  
trees, and  
were now  
using the  
spaces  
under flat

rocks,  
where the  
Blackbear  
s could not  
get at  
them; so  
Wahb  
found this  
a land of  
plenty:  
every  
fourth or  
fifth rock  
in the pine  
woods  
was the  
roof of a  
Squirrel or  
Chipmunk  
granary,  
and when  
he turned  
it over, if  
the little  
owner  
were  
there,  
Wahb did  
not  
scruple to  
flatten  
him with  
his paw  
and  
devour  
him as an  
agreeable  
relish to

his own  
provisions  
.

And  
wherever  
Wahb  
went he  
put up his  
sign-  
board:

Trespassers beware!

It was  
written on  
the trees  
as high up  
as he  
could  
reach, and  
every one  
that came  
by  
understood  
that the  
scent of it  
and the  
hair in it  
were those  
of the  
great  
Grizzly  
Wahb.







If his  
Mother  
had lived  
to train  
him,  
Wahb  
would  
have  
known  
that a  
good

range in  
spring  
may be a  
bad one in  
summer.  
Wahb  
found out  
by years  
of  
experience  
that a  
total  
change  
with the  
seasons is  
best. In  
the early  
spring the  
Cattle and  
Elk  
ranges,  
with their  
winter-  
killed  
carcasses,  
offer a  
bountiful  
feast. In  
early  
summer  
the best  
forage is  
on the  
warm  
hillsides  
where the  
quamash  
and the

Indian  
turnip  
grow. In  
late  
summer  
the berry-  
bushes  
along the  
river-flat  
are laden  
with fruit,  
and in  
autumn  
the pine  
woods  
gave good  
chances to  
fatten for  
the winter.  
So he  
added to  
his range  
each year.  
He not  
only  
cleared  
out the  
Blackbear  
s from the  
Piney and  
the  
Meteetsee  
, but he  
went over  
the Divide  
and killed  
that old  
fellow that

had once  
chased  
him out of  
the  
Warhouse  
Valley.

And, more  
than that,  
he held  
what he  
had won,  
for he  
broke up a  
camp of  
tenderfeet  
that were  
looking  
for a ranch  
location  
on the  
Middle  
Meteeetsee  
; he  
stampeded  
their  
horses,  
and made  
general  
smash of  
the camp.  
And so all  
the  
animals,  
including  
man, came  
to know  
that the  
whole

range  
from  
Frank's  
Peak to  
the  
Shoshone  
spurs was  
the proper  
domain of  
a king  
well able  
to defend  
it, and the  
name of  
that king  
was  
Meteetsee  
Wahb.

Any  
creature  
whose  
strength  
puts him  
beyond  
danger of  
open  
attack is  
apt to lose  
in  
cunning.  
Yet Wahb  
never  
forgot his  
early  
experience  
with the  
traps. He

made it a  
rule never  
to go near  
that smell  
of man  
and iron,  
and that  
was the  
reason  
that he  
never  
again was  
caught.

So he led  
his lonely  
life and  
slouched  
around on  
the  
mountains  
, throwing  
boulders  
about like  
pebbles,  
and huge  
trunks like  
matchwood,  
as he  
sought for  
his  
daily food  
. And  
every  
beast of  
hill and  
plain soon  
came to

know and  
fly in fear  
of Wahb,  
the one  
time  
hunted,  
persecuted  
Cub. And  
more than  
one  
Blackbear  
paid with  
his life for  
the ill-  
deed of  
that other,  
long ago.  
And many  
a cranky  
Bobcat  
flying  
before  
him took  
to a tree,  
and if that  
tree were  
dead and  
dry, Wahb  
heaved it  
down, and  
tree and  
Cat alike  
were  
dashed to  
bits. Even  
the proud-  
necked  
Stallion,

leader of  
the  
mustang  
band,  
thought  
well for  
once to  
yield the  
road. The  
great, grey  
Timberwo  
lves, and  
the  
Mountain  
Lions too,  
left their  
new kill  
and  
sneaked in  
sullen fear  
aside  
when  
Wahb  
appeared.  
And if, as  
he hulked  
across the  
sage-  
covered  
river-flat  
sending  
the scared  
Antelope  
skimming  
like birds  
before  
him, he  
was faced



perchance  
 , by some  
burly  
Range-  
bull, too  
young to  
be wise  
and too  
big to be  
afraid,  
Wahb  
smashed  
his skull  
with one  
blow of  
that giant  
paw, and  
served  
him as the  
Range-  
cow  
would  
have  
served  
himself  
long years  
ago.



"WAHB SMASHED HIS SKULL."



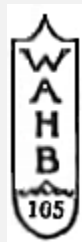
The All-  
mother  
never fails  
to offer to  
her own,  
twin cups,  
one gall,  
and one of  
balm.  
Little or  
much they  
may drink,  
but  
equally of

each. The  
mountain  
that is  
easy to  
descend  
must soon  
be  
climbed  
again. The  
grinding  
hardship  
of Wahb's  
early days  
had built  
his mighty  
frame. All  
usual  
pleasures  
of a  
grizzly's  
life had  
been  
denied  
him  
but *power*  
bestowed  
in more  
than  
double  
share.

So he  
lived on  
year after  
year,  
unsoftene  
d by mate  
or

companion,  
sullen,  
fearing  
nothing,  
ready to  
fight, but  
asking  
only to be  
let  
alone—  
quite  
alone. He  
had but  
one keen  
pleasure  
in his  
sombre  
life—the  
lasting  
glory in  
his  
matchless  
strength—  
the small  
but never  
failing  
thrill of  
joy as the  
foe fell  
crushed  
and limp,  
or the  
riven  
boulders  
grit and  
heaved  
when he  
turned on

them the  
measure  
of his  
wondrous  
force.



V



VERYTHIN  
G has a  
smell of  
its own for  
those that  
have  
noses to

smell.  
Wahb had  
been  
learning  
smells all  
his life,  
and knew  
the  
meaning  
of most of  
those in  
the  
mountains  
. It was as  
though  
each and  
every  
thing had  
a voice of  
its own for  
him; and  
yet it was  
far better  
than a  
voice, for  
every one  
knows  
that a  
good nose  
is better  
than eyes  
and ears  
together.  
And each  
of these  
myriads of  
voices  
kept on

crying,  
"Here and  
such am  
I."

The  
juniper-  
berries,  
the  
rosehips,  
the  
strawberri  
es, each  
had a soft,  
sweet  
little  
voice,  
calling,  
"Here we  
are—  
Berries,  
Berries."

The great  
pine  
woods had  
a loud,  
far-  
reaching  
voice,  
"Here are  
we, the  
Pine-  
trees," but  
when he  
got right  
up to them  
Wahb  
could hear

the low,  
sweet call  
of the  
piñon-  
nuts,  
"Here are  
we, the  
Piñon-  
nuts."

And the  
quamash  
beds in  
May sang  
a perfect  
chorus  
when the  
wind was  
right:  
"Quamash  
beds,  
Quamash  
beds."

And when  
he got  
among  
them he  
made out  
each  
single  
voice. Each  
root had  
its own  
little piece  
to say to  
his nose:  
"Here am  
I, a big



Quamash,  
rich and  
ripe," or a  
tiny, sharp  
voice,  
"Here am  
I, a good-  
for-  
nothing,  
stringy  
little  
root."

And the  
broad, rich  
russulas in  
the  
autumn  
called  
aloud, "I  
am a fat,  
wholesom  
e  
Mushroo  
m," and  
the deadly  
amanita  
cried, "I  
am an  
Amanita.  
Let me  
alone, or  
you'll be a  
sick  
Bear."  
And the  
fairy  
harebell of

the cañon-  
banks  
sang a  
song too,  
as fine as  
its thread-  
like stem,  
and as soft  
as its  
dainty  
blue; but  
the  
warden of  
the smells  
had  
learned to  
report it  
not, for  
this, and a  
million  
other  
such, were  
of no  
interest to  
Wahb.



So every  
living  
thing that  
moved, and  
d every  
flower  
that grew,  
and every  
rock and  
stone and  
shape on  
earth told  
out its tale  
and sang  
its little  
story to  
his nose.  
Day or  
night, fog  
or bright,  
that great,  
moist nose  
told him  
most of  
the things  
he needed  
to know,  
or passed  
unnoticed  
those of  
no  
concern,  
and he  
depended  
on it more  
and more.  
If his eyes  
and ears

together  
reported  
so and so,  
he would  
not even  
then  
believe it  
until his  
nose said,  
"Yes; that  
is right."



But this is  
something  
that man  
cannot  
understan  
d, for he  
has sold  
the  
birthright  
of his nose  
for the  
privilege  
of living  
in towns.

While  
hundreds  
of smells  
were  
agreeable  
to Wahb,

thousands  
were  
indifferent  
to him, a  
good man  
y were  
unpleasant  
, and some  
actually  
put him in  
a rage.

He had  
often  
noticed  
that if a  
west wind  
were  
blowing  
when he  
was at the  
head of  
the Piney  
Cañon  
there was  
an odd,  
new scent.  
Some  
days he  
did not  
mind it,  
and some  
days it  
disgusted  
him; but  
he never  
followed  
it up. On

other days  
a north  
wind from  
the high  
Divide  
brought a  
most  
awful  
smell,  
something  
unlike any  
other, a  
smell that  
he wanted  
only to get  
away  
from.



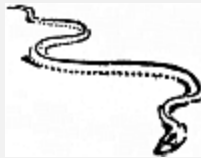
WAHB wa  
s getting

well past  
his youth  
now, and  
he began  
to have  
pains in  
the hind  
leg that  
had been  
wounded  
so often.  
After a  
cold night  
or a long  
time of  
wet  
weather h  
e could  
scarcely  
use that  
leg, and  
one day,  
while thus  
crippled,  
the west  
wind  
came  
down the  
cañon  
with an  
odd  
message  
to his  
nose.  
Wahb  
could not  
clearly  
read the

message,  
but it  
seemed to  
say,  
"Come,"  
and  
something  
within  
him said,  
"Go." The  
smell of  
food will  
draw a  
hungry  
creature  
and  
disgust a  
gorged  
one. We  
do not  
know  
why, and  
all that  
any one  
can learn  
is that the  
desire  
springs  
from a  
need of  
the body.  
So Wahb  
felt drawn  
by what  
had long  
disgusted  
him, and  
he



slouched  
up the  
mountain  
path,  
grumbling  
to himself  
and  
slapping  
savagely  
back at  
branches  
that  
chanced to  
switch his  
face.



The odd  
odor grew  
very  
strong; it  
led him  
where he  
had never  
been before—  
up a  
bank of  
whitish  
sand to a  
bench of  
the same  
color,  
where  
there was  
unhealthy-

looking  
water  
running  
down, and  
a kind of  
fog  
coming  
out of a  
hole.

Wahb  
threw up  
his nose  
suspicious  
ly—such a  
peculiar  
smell! He  
climbed  
the bench.

A snake  
wriggled  
across the  
sand in  
front.

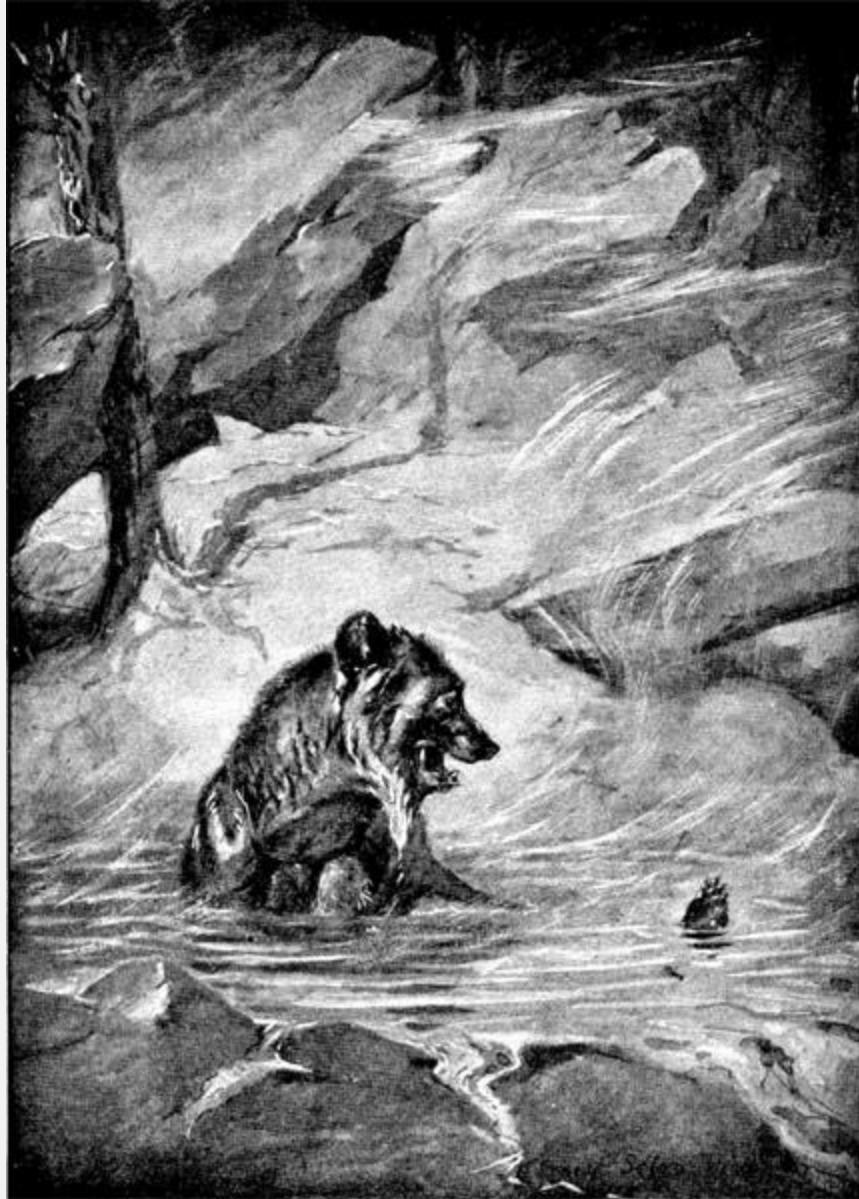
Wahb  
crushed it  
with a  
blow that  
made the  
near trees  
shiver and  
sent a  
balanced  
boulder  
toppling  
down, and  
he  
growled a

growl that  
rumbled  
up the  
valley like  
distant  
thunder.

Then he  
came to  
the foggy  
hole. It  
was full of  
water that  
moved  
gently and  
steamed.

Wahb put  
in his foot,  
and found  
it was  
quite  
warm and  
that it felt  
pleasantly  
on his  
skin. He  
put in both  
feet, and  
little by  
little went  
in farther,  
causing  
the pool to  
overflow  
on all  
sides, till  
he was  
lying at  
full length

in the  
warm,  
almost  
hot,  
sulphur-  
spring,  
and  
sweltering  
in the  
greenish  
water,  
while the  
wind  
drifted the  
steam  
about  
overhead.



"CAUSING THE POOL TO OVERFLOW."



There are  
plenty of  
these  
sulphur-  
springs in  
the  
Rockies,  
but this  
chanced to  
be the  
only one  
on Wahb's  
range. He  
lay in it  
for over an  
hour; then,  
feeling  
that he had  
had  
enough,  
he heaved  
his huge

bulk up on  
the bank,  
and  
realized  
that he  
was  
feeling  
remarkabl  
y well and  
supple.  
The  
stiffness  
of his hind  
leg was  
gone.

He shook  
the water  
from his  
shaggy  
coat. A  
broad  
ledge in  
full sun-  
heat  
invited  
him to  
stretch  
himself  
out and  
dry. But  
first he  
reared  
against the  
nearest  
tree and  
left a mark  
that none

could  
mistake.  
True,  
there were  
plenty of  
signs of  
other  
animals  
using the  
sulphur-  
bath for  
their ills;  
but what  
of it?  
Thencefor  
th that tree  
bore this  
inscription  
, in a  
language  
of mud,  
hair, and  
smell, that  
every  
mountain  
creature  
could  
read:

My bath. Keep  
away!  
(Signed) WAHB

Wahb lay  
on his  
belly till  
his back  
was dry,  
then



turned on  
his broad  
back and  
squirmed  
about in a  
ponderous  
way till  
the  
broiling  
sun had  
wholly  
dried him.  
He realized  
that he  
was really  
feeling  
very well  
now. He  
did not say  
to himself,  
"I am  
troubled  
with that  
unpleasant  
disease  
called  
rheumatism,  
and  
sulphur-  
bath  
treatment  
is the  
thing to  
cure it."  
But what  
he did  
know was,  
"I have

dreadful  
pains; I  
feel better  
when I am  
in this  
stinking  
pool." So  
thenceforth  
he came  
back  
whenever  
the pains  
began  
again, and  
each time  
he was  
cured.

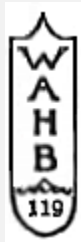




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**PART  
III**

# THE WANI NG



EARS went  
by. Wahb  
grew no  
bigger,—  
there was  
no need

for that,—  
but he got  
whiter,  
crosser,  
and more  
dangerous  
. He really  
had an  
enormous  
range  
now. Each  
spring,  
after the  
winter  
storms  
had  
removed  
his notice-  
boards, he  
went  
around  
and  
renewed  
them. It  
was  
natural to  
do so, for,  
first of all,  
the  
scarcity of  
food  
compelled  
him to  
travel all  
over the  
range. The  
re were  
lots of

clay  
wallows at  
that  
season,  
and the  
itching of  
his skin,  
as the  
winter  
coat began  
to shed,  
made the  
dressing  
of cool,  
wet clay  
very  
pleasant,  
and the  
exquisite  
pain of a  
good  
scratching  
was one of  
the finest  
pleasures  
he knew.  
So,  
whatever  
his  
motive,  
the result  
was the  
same: the  
signs were  
renewed  
each  
spring.



At length  
the Palette  
Ranch  
outfit  
appeared  
on the  
Lower  
Piney, and  
the men  
got  
acquainted  
with the  
"ugly old  
fellow."  
The Cow-  
punchers,  
when they  
saw him,  
decided  
they  
"hadn't  
lost any  
Bears and  
they had  
better  
keep out  
of his way  
and let  
him mind  
his  
business."

They did  
not often

see him,  
although  
his tracks  
and sign-  
boards we  
re  
everywher  
e. But the  
owner of  
this outfit,  
a born  
hunter,  
took a  
keen  
interest in  
Wahb. He  
learned  
something  
of the old  
Bear's  
history  
from  
Colonel  
Pickett,  
and found  
out for  
himself  
more than  
the  
colonel  
ever  
knew.

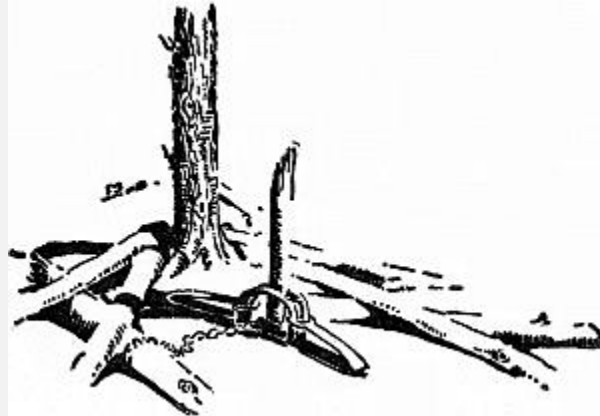
He  
learned  
that Wahb  
ranged as  
far south



as the  
Upper  
Wiggins  
Fork and  
north to  
the  
Stinking  
Water,  
and from  
the  
Meteetsee  
to the  
Shoshones  
.

He found  
that Wahb  
knew  
more  
about  
Bear-traps  
than most  
trappers  
do; that he  
either  
passed  
them by or  
tore open  
the other  
end of the  
bait-pen  
and  
dragged  
out the  
bait  
without  
going near  
the trap,

and by  
accident  
or design  
Wahb  
sometimes  
sprang the  
trap with  
one of the  
logs that  
formed  
the pen.  
This  
ranch-  
owner  
found also  
that Wahb  
disappeare  
d from his  
range each  
year  
during the  
heat of the  
summer,  
as  
completel  
y as he did  
each  
winter  
during his  
sleep.



II



ANY years  
ago a wise  
governme  
nt set  
aside the  
head  
waters of  
the  
Yellowsto  
ne to be a  
sanctuary  
of wildlife

forever. In  
the limits  
of this  
great  
Wonderla  
nd the  
ideal of  
the Royal  
Singer  
was to be  
realized,  
and none  
were to  
harm or  
make  
afraid. No  
violence  
was to be  
offered to  
any bird or  
beast, no  
ax was to  
be carried  
into its  
primitive  
forests,  
and the  
streams  
were to  
flow on  
forever  
unpolluted  
by mill or  
mine. All  
things  
were to  
bear  
witness

that such  
as this was  
the West  
before the  
white man  
came.



The wild  
animals  
quickly  
found out  
all this.  
They soon  
learned  
the  
boundarie  
s of this  
unfenced  
Park, and,  
as every  
one  
knows,  
they show  
a different  
nature  
within its  
sacred  
limits.  
They no  
longer  
shun the

face of  
man, they  
neither  
fear nor  
attack  
him, and  
they are  
even more  
tolerant of  
one  
another in  
this land  
of refuge.

Peace and  
plenty are  
the sum of  
earthly  
good; so,  
finding  
them here,  
the wild  
creatures  
crowd into  
the Park  
from the  
surroundi  
ng country  
in  
numbers  
not  
elsewhere  
to be seen.





The Bears  
are  
especially  
numerous  
about the  
Fountain  
Hotel. In  
the woods,  
a quarter  
of a mile  
away, is a  
smooth  
open place  
where the  
steward of  
the hotel  
has all the  
broken  
and waste  
food put

out daily  
for the  
Bears, and  
the man  
whose  
work it is  
has  
become  
the  
Steward  
of the  
Bears'  
Banquet.  
Each day  
it is  
spread,  
and each  
year there  
are more  
Bears to  
partake of  
it. It is a  
common  
thing now  
to see a  
dozen  
Bears  
feasting  
there at  
one time.  
They are  
of all  
kinds—  
Black,  
Brown,  
Cinnamon  
, Grizzly,  
Silvertip,



Roachbacks, big and small, families and rangers, from all parts of the vast surrounding country. All seem to realize that in the Park no violence is allowed, and the most ferocious of them have here put on a new behavior. Although scores of Bears roam about this choice resort, and sometimes quarrel among themselves, not one

of them  
has ever  
yet  
harmed a  
man.



Year after  
year they  
have come  
and gone.  
The

passing  
travellers  
see them.  
The men  
of the  
hotel  
know  
many of  
them well.  
They  
know that  
they show  
up each  
summer  
during the  
short  
season  
when the  
hotel is in  
use, and  
that they  
disappear  
again, no  
man  
knowing  
whence  
they come  
or whither  
they go.

One day  
the owner  
of the  
Palette  
Ranch  
came  
through  
the Park.

During his  
stay at the  
Fountain  
Hotel, he  
went to  
the Bear  
Banquet  
Hall at  
high meal-  
tide. There  
were  
several  
Blackbear  
s feasting,  
but they  
made way  
for a huge  
Silvertip  
Grizzly  
that came  
about  
sundown.

"That,"  
said the  
man who  
was acting  
as guide,  
"is the  
biggest  
Grizzly in  
the Park;  
but he is a  
peaceable  
sort, or  
Lud  
knows

what'd  
happen."

"That!"  
said the  
ranchman,  
in  
astonishm  
ent, as the  
Grizzly  
came  
hulking  
nearer,  
and  
loomed up  
like a load  
of hay  
among the  
piney  
pillars of  
the  
Banquet  
Hall.

"That! If  
that is not  
Meteetsee  
Wahb, I  
never saw  
a Bear in  
my life!  
Why, that  
is the  
worst  
Grizzly  
that ever  
rolled a  
log in the

Big Horn  
Basin."

"It ain't  
possible,"  
said the  
other, "for  
he's here  
every  
summer,  
July and  
August,  
an' I  
reckon he  
don't live  
so far  
away."

"Well,  
that settles  
it," said  
the  
ranchman;  
"July and  
August is  
just the  
time we  
miss him  
on the  
range; and  
you can  
see for  
yourself  
that he is a  
little lame  
behind  
and has  
lost a claw  
of his left

front foot.  
Now I  
know  
where he  
puts in his  
summers;  
but I did  
not  
suppose  
that the  
old  
reprobate  
would  
know  
enough to  
behave  
himself  
away from  
home."

The big  
Grizzly  
became  
very well  
known  
during the  
successive  
hotel  
seasons.  
Once only  
did he  
really  
behave ill,  
and that  
was the  
first  
season he  
appeared,

before he  
fully knew  
the ways  
of the  
Park.

He  
wandered  
over to the  
hotel, one  
day, and  
in at the  
front door.  
In the hall  
he reared  
up his  
eight feet  
of stature  
as the  
guests fled  
in terror;  
then he  
went into  
the clerk's  
office.

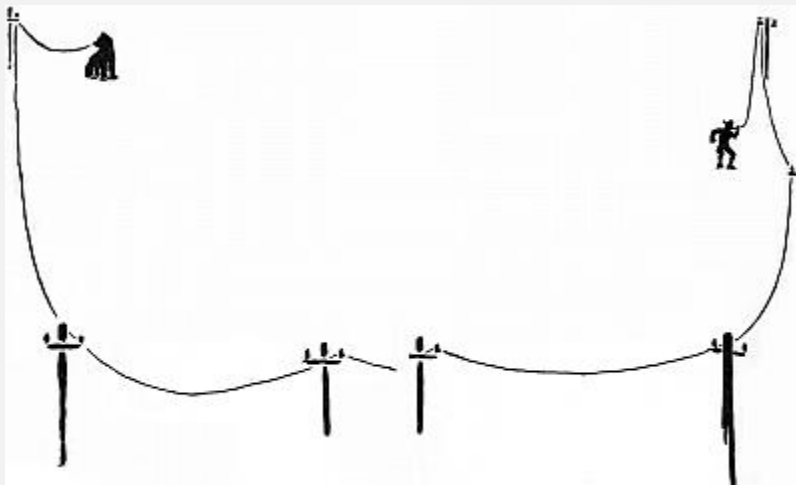
The man  
said: "All  
right; if  
you need  
this office  
more than  
I do, you  
can have  
it," and  
leaping  
over the  
counter,  
locked



himself in  
the  
telegraph-  
office to  
wire the  
superinten-  
dent of the  
Park: "Old  
Grizzly in  
the office  
now,  
seems to  
want to  
run hotel;  
may we  
shoot?"

The reply  
came: "No  
shooting  
allowed in  
Park; use  
the hose."  
Which  
they did,  
and,  
wholly  
taken by  
surprise,  
the Bear  
leaped  
over the  
counter  
too, and  
ambled  
out the  
back way,  
with a

heavy *thud-*  
*thudding*  
of his feet,  
and a  
rattling of  
his claws  
on the  
floor. He  
passed  
through  
the  
kitchen as  
he went,  
and,  
picking up  
a quarter  
of beef,  
took it  
along.





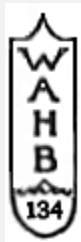
This was  
the only  
time he  
was  
known to  
do ill,  
though on  
one  
occasion  
he was led  
into a  
breach of  
the peace  
by another  
Bear. This  
was a  
large she-  
Blackbear  
and a  
noted  
mischief-  
maker.  
She had a  
wretched,  
sickly cub

that she  
was very  
proud  
of—so  
proud that  
she went  
out of her  
way to  
seek  
trouble on  
his behalf.  
And he,  
like all  
spoiled  
children,  
was the  
cause of  
much bad  
feeling.  
She was  
so big and  
fierce that  
she could  
bully all  
the other  
Blackbear  
s, but  
when she  
tried to  
drive off  
old Wabh  
she  
received a  
pat from  
his paw  
that sent  
her  
tumbling

like a  
football.  
He  
followed  
her up,  
and would  
have  
killed her,  
for she  
had  
broken the  
peace of  
the Park,  
but she  
escaped  
by  
climbing a  
tree, from  
the top of  
which her  
miserable  
little cub  
was  
apprehens  
ively  
squealing  
at the  
pitch of  
his voice.  
So the  
affair was  
ended; in  
future the  
Blackbear  
kept out of  
Wahb's  
way, and  
he won the

reputation  
of being a  
peaceable,  
well-  
behaved  
Bear.

Most  
persons  
believed  
that he  
came from  
some  
remote  
mountains  
where  
were  
neither  
guns nor  
traps to  
make him  
sullen and  
revengeful  
.





VERY one  
 knows  
 that a  
 Bitter-root  
 Grizzly is  
 a bad  
 Bear. The  
 Bitter-root  
 Range is  
 the  
 roughest  
 part of the  
 mountains  
 . The  
 ground is  
 everywher  
 e cut up  
 with deep  
 ravines  
 and  
 overgrow  
 n with  
 dense and  
 tangled  
 underbrus  
 h.

It is an  
 impossibl  
 e country  
 for horses,  
 and  
 difficult  
 for

gunners,  
and there  
is any  
amount of  
good Bear  
-pasture.  
So there  
are plenty  
of Bears  
and plenty  
of  
trappers.

The  
Roachbac  
ks, as the  
Bitter-root  
Grizzlies  
are called,  
are a  
cunning  
and  
desperate  
race. An  
old  
Roachbac  
k knows  
more  
about  
traps than  
half a  
dozen  
ordinary  
trappers;  
he knows  
more  
about  
plants and



roots than  
a whole  
college of  
botanists.  
He can tell  
to a  
certainty  
just when  
and where  
to find  
each kind  
of grub  
and worm,  
and he  
knows by  
a whiff  
whether  
the hunter  
on his trail  
a mile  
away is  
working  
with guns,  
poison,  
dogs,  
traps, or  
all of them  
together.  
And he  
has one  
general  
rule,  
which is  
an endless  
puzzle to  
the hunter:  
"Whateve  
r you

decide to  
do, do it  
quickly  
and follow  
it right  
up."

So when a  
trapper  
and a  
Roachbac  
k meet,  
the Bear at  
once  
makes up  
his mind  
to run  
away as  
hard as he  
can, or to  
rush at the  
man and  
fight to a  
finish.



The  
Grizzlies  
of the Bad  
Lands did  
not do  
this: they

used to  
stand on  
their  
dignity  
and growl  
like a  
thunder-  
storm, and  
so gave  
the  
hunters a  
chance to  
play their  
deadly  
lightning;  
and  
lightning  
is worse  
than  
thunder  
any day.  
Men can  
get used to  
growls  
that  
rumble  
along the  
ground  
and up  
one's legs  
to the little  
house  
where  
one's  
courage  
lives; but  
Bears  
cannot get

used to  
45–90  
soft-nosed  
bullets,  
and that is  
why the  
Grizzlies  
of the Bad  
Lands  
were all  
killed off.



So the  
hunters  
have  
learned  
that they  
never  
know  
what a  
Roachbac  
k will do;  
but they  
do know  
that he is

going to  
be quick  
about it.

Altogether  
these  
Bitter-root  
Grizzlies  
have  
solved  
very well  
the  
problem  
of life, in  
spite of  
white  
men, and  
are  
therefore  
increasing  
in their  
own wild  
mountains  
.

Of course  
a range  
will hold  
only so  
many  
Bears, and  
the  
increase is  
crowded  
out; so  
that when  
that slim  
young  
Bald-

faced  
Roachback found he  
could not  
hold the  
range he  
wanted, he  
went out  
perforce  
to seek his  
fortune in  
the world.

He was  
not a big  
Bear, or  
he would  
not have  
been  
crowded  
out; but he  
had been  
trained in  
a good  
school, so  
that he  
was  
cunning  
enough to  
get on  
very well  
elsewhere.  
How he  
wandered  
down to  
the  
Salmon  
River

Mountains  
and did  
not like  
them; how  
he  
traveled  
till he got  
among the  
barbwire  
fences of  
the Snake  
Plains and  
of course  
could not  
stay there;  
how a  
mere  
chance  
turned  
him from  
going  
eastward  
to the  
Park,  
where he  
might  
have  
rested;  
how he  
made for  
the Snake  
River  
Mountains  
and found  
more  
hunters  
than  
berries;

how he  
crossed  
into the  
Tetons  
and  
looked  
down with  
disgust on  
the  
teeming  
man  
colony of  
Jackson's  
Hole, does  
not belong  
to this  
history of  
Wahb. But  
when  
Baldy  
Roachbac  
k crossed  
the  
Gros Vent  
re Range  
and over  
the Wind  
River  
Divide to  
the head  
of the  
Graybull,  
he does  
come into  
the story,  
just as he  
did into  
the



country  
and the  
life of the  
Meteetsee  
Grizzly.



The  
Roachbac  
k had not  
found a  
man-sign  
since he  
left  
Jackson's  
Hole, and  
here he  
was in a  
land of  
plenty of  
food. He  
feasted on  
all the  
delicacies  
of the  
season,  
and  
enjoyed  
the easy,  
brushless  
country

till he  
came on  
one of  
Wahb's  
sign-  
posts.

"Trespass  
ers  
beware!"  
it said in  
the  
plainest  
manner.  
The  
Roachbac  
k reared  
up against  
it.

"Thunder!  
what a  
Bear!"  
The nose-  
mark was  
a head and  
neck  
above  
Baldy's  
highest  
reach.  
Now, a  
simple  
Bear  
would  
have gone  
quietly  
away after  
this

discovery;  
but Baldy  
felt that  
the  
mountains  
owed him  
a living,  
and here  
was a  
good one  
if he could  
keep out  
of the way  
of the big  
fellow. He  
nosed  
about the  
place, kept  
a sharp  
lookout  
for the  
present  
owner,  
and went  
on feeding  
wherever  
he ran  
across a  
good  
thing.

A step or  
two from  
this  
ominous  
tree was  
an old  
pine

stump. In  
the Bitter-  
roots there  
are often  
mice-nests  
under  
such  
stumps,  
and Baldy  
jerked it  
over to  
see. There  
was  
nothing.  
The stump  
rolled  
over  
against the  
sign-post.  
Baldy had  
not yet  
made up  
his mind  
about it;  
but a new  
notion  
came into  
his  
cunning  
brain. He  
turned his  
head on  
this side,  
then on  
that. He  
looked at  
the stump,  
then at the

sign, with  
his little  
pig-like  
eyes. Then  
he  
deliberatel  
y stood up  
on the  
pine root,  
with his  
back to the  
tree, and  
put his  
mark  
away up, a  
head at  
least  
above that  
of Wahb.  
He rubbed  
his back  
long and  
hard, and  
he sought  
some mud  
to smear  
his head  
and  
shoulders,  
then came  
back and  
made the  
mark so  
big, so  
strong,  
and so  
high, and  
emphasize

d it with  
such claw-  
gashes in  
the bark,  
that it  
could be  
read only  
in one  
way—a  
challenge  
to the  
present  
claimant  
from some  
monstrous  
invader,  
who was  
ready, nay  
anxious,  
to fight to  
a finish for  
this  
desirable  
range.



"HE DELIBERATELY STOOD UP ON THE PINE ROOT."

Maybe it  
was  
accident  
and  
maybe des  
ign, but  
when the  
Roachbac

k jumped  
from the  
root it  
rolled to  
one side.  
Baldy  
went on  
down the  
cañon,  
keeping  
the  
keenest  
lookout  
for his  
enemy.



It was not  
long  
before  
Wahb  
found the  
trail of the  
interloper,  
and all the  
ferocity of  
his

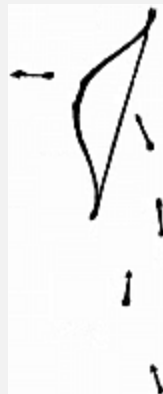


outside-  
the-Park  
nature was  
aroused.

He  
followed  
the trail  
for miles  
on more  
than one  
occasion.  
But the  
small Bear  
was  
quick-  
footed as  
well as  
quick-  
witted,  
and never  
showed  
himself.  
He made a  
point,  
however,  
of calling  
at each  
sign-post,  
and if  
there was  
any means  
of  
cheating,  
so that his  
mark  
might be  
put higher,

he did it  
with a  
vim, and  
left a big,  
showy  
record.

But if  
there was  
no chance  
for any  
but a fair  
register,  
he would  
not go  
near the  
tree, but  
looked for  
a fresh  
tree near  
by with  
some log  
or side-  
ledge to  
reach  
from.



Thus  
Wahb  
soon

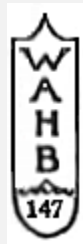
found the  
interloper'  
s marks  
towering  
far above  
his own—  
a  
monstrous  
Bear  
evidently,  
that even  
he could  
not be sure  
of  
mastering.  
But Wahb  
was no  
coward.  
He was  
ready to  
fight to a  
finish  
anyone  
that might  
come; and  
he hunted  
the range  
for that  
invader.  
Day after  
day Wahb  
sought for  
him and  
held  
himself  
ready to  
fight. He  
found his

trail daily,  
and more  
and more  
often he  
found that  
towering  
record far  
above his  
own. He  
often  
smelled  
him on the  
wind; but  
he never  
saw him,  
for the old  
Grizzly's  
eyes  
had grown  
very dim  
of late  
years;  
things but  
a little  
way off  
were mere  
blurs to  
him. The  
continual  
menace  
could not  
but fill  
Wahb  
with  
uneasiness  
, for he  
was not  
young

now, and  
his teeth  
and claws  
were worn  
and  
blunted.

He was  
more than  
ever  
troubled  
with pains  
in his old  
wounds,  
and  
though he  
could  
have risen  
on the  
spur of the  
moment to  
fight any  
number of  
Grizzlies  
of any  
size, still  
the  
continual  
apprehens  
ion, the  
knowledg  
e that he  
must hold  
himself  
ready at  
any  
moment to  
fight this  
young

monster,  
weighed  
on his  
spirits and  
began to  
tell on his  
general  
health.





HE Roach  
back's life  
was one of  
continual  
vigilance,  
always  
ready to  
run,  
doubling  
and  
shifting to  
avoid the  
encounter  
that must  
mean

instant  
death to  
him.

Many a  
time from  
some  
hiding-  
place he  
watched  
the great  
Bear, and  
trembled  
lest the  
wind  
should  
betray  
him.

Several  
times his  
very  
impudenc  
e saved  
him, and  
more than  
once he  
was nearly  
cornered  
in a box-  
cañon. On  
ce he  
escaped  
only by  
climbing  
up a long  
crack in a  
cliff,  
which  
Wahb's

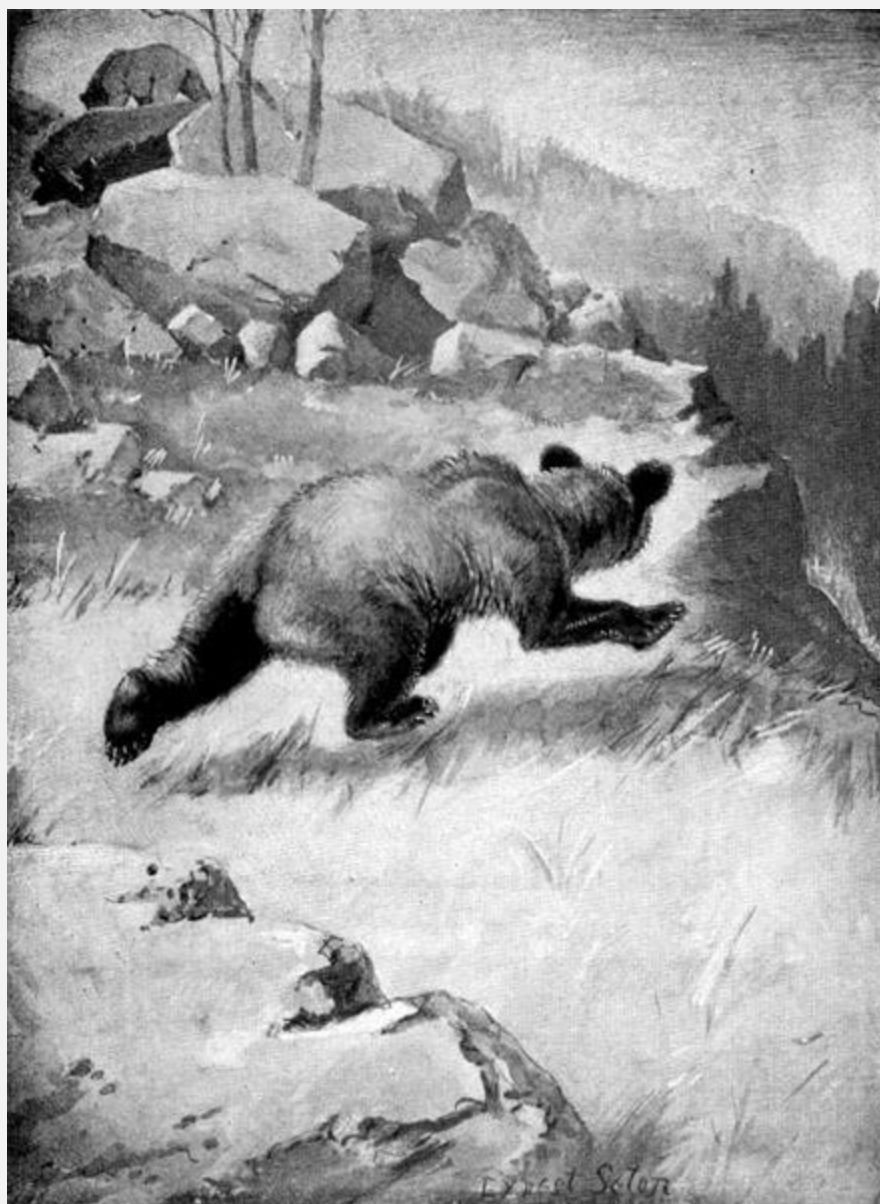


huge  
frame  
could not  
have  
entered.  
But still,  
in a mad  
persistenc  
e, he kept  
on  
marking  
the trees  
farther  
into the  
range.

At last he  
scented  
and  
followed  
up the  
sulphur-  
bath. He  
did not  
understan  
d it at all.  
It had no  
appeal to  
him, but  
hereabout  
s were the  
tracks of  
the owner.  
In a spirit  
of  
mischief  
the  
Roachbac

k  
scratched  
dirt into  
the spring,  
and then  
seeing the  
rubbing-  
tree, he  
stood  
sidewise  
on the  
rocky  
ledge, and  
was thus  
able to put  
his mark  
fully five  
feet above  
that of  
Wahb.  
Then he  
nervously  
jumped  
down, and  
was  
running  
about,  
defiling  
the bath  
and  
keeping a  
sharp  
lookout, w  
hen he  
heard a  
noise in  
the woods  
below.

Instantly  
he was all  
alert. The  
sound  
drew near,  
then the  
wind  
brought  
the sure  
proof, and  
the  
Roachbac  
k, in  
terror,  
turned and  
fled into  
the woods.



"THE ROACHBACK FLED INTO THE WOODS."





It was  
Wahb. He  
had been  
failing in  
health of  
late; his  
old pains  
were on  
him again,  
and, as  
well as his  
hind leg,  
had seized  
his right  
shoulder,  
where  
were still  
lodged  
two rifle-  
balls. He  
was  
feeling  
very ill,  
and  
crippled  
with pain.  
He came  
up the  
familiar  
bank at a  
jerky  
limp, and

there  
caught the  
odor of the  
foe; then  
he saw the  
track in  
the mud—  
his eyes  
said the  
track of  
a *small* Be  
ar, but his  
eyes were  
dim now,  
and his  
nose, his  
unerring  
nose,  
said, "Thi  
s is the  
track of  
the huge  
invader."  
Then he  
noticed  
the tree  
with his  
sign on it,  
and there  
beyond  
doubt was  
the  
stranger's  
mark far  
above his  
own. His  
eyes and  
nose were

agreed on  
this; and  
more, they  
told him  
that the  
foe was  
close at  
hand,  
might at  
any  
moment  
come.



Wahb was  
feeling ill  
and weak  
with pain.  
He was in  
no mood  
for a  
desperate  
fight. A

battle  
against  
such odds  
would be  
madness  
now. So,  
without  
taking the  
treatment,  
he turned  
and swung  
along the  
bench  
away from  
the  
direction  
taken by  
the  
stranger—  
the first  
time since  
his  
cubhood  
that he had  
declined  
to fight.

That was a  
turning-  
point  
in Wahb's  
life. If he  
had  
followed  
up the  
stranger  
he would  
have



found the  
miserable  
little  
craven  
trembling,  
cowering,  
in an  
agony of  
terror,  
behind a  
log in a  
natural  
trap, a  
walled-in  
glade only  
fifty yards  
away, and  
would  
surely  
have  
crushed  
him. Had  
he even  
taken the  
bath, his  
strength  
and  
courage  
would  
have been  
renewed,  
and if not,  
then at  
least in  
time he  
would  
have met  
his foe,

and his  
after life  
would  
have been  
different.  
But he had  
turned.  
This was  
the fork in  
the trail,  
but he had  
no means  
of  
knowing  
it.

He limped  
along,  
skirting  
the lower  
spurs of  
the  
Shoshones  
, and soon  
came on  
that horrid  
smell that  
he had  
known for  
years,  
but never  
followed  
up or  
understood. It was  
right in his  
road, and  
he traced

it to a  
small,  
barren  
ravine that  
was  
strewn  
over with  
skeletons  
and dark  
objects,  
and Wahb,  
as he  
passed,  
smelled a  
smell of  
many  
different  
animals,  
and knew  
by its  
quality  
that they  
were lying  
dead in  
this  
treeless,  
grassless  
hollow.  
For there  
was a cleft  
in the  
rocks at  
the upper  
end,  
whence  
poured a  
deadly  
gas;

invisible  
but heavy,  
it filled the  
little gulch  
like a  
brimming  
poison  
bowl, and  
at the  
lower end  
there was  
a steady  
overflow.  
But Wahb  
knew only  
that the air  
that  
poured  
from it as  
he passed  
made him  
dizzy and  
sleepy,  
and  
repelled  
him, so  
that he got  
quickly  
away from  
it and was  
glad once  
more to  
breathe  
the piny  
wind.

Once  
Wahb

decided to  
retreat, it  
was all too  
easy to do  
so next  
time; and  
the result  
worked  
double  
disaster.  
For, since  
the big  
stranger  
was  
allowed  
possession  
of the  
sulphur-  
spring,  
Wahb felt  
that he  
would  
rather not  
go there.  
Sometime  
s when he  
came  
across the  
traces of  
his foe, a  
spurt of  
his old  
courage  
would  
come  
back. He  
would  
rumble

that  
thunder-  
growl as  
of old, and  
go  
painfully  
lumbering  
along the  
trail to  
settle the  
thing right  
then and  
there. But  
he never  
overtook  
the  
mysteriou  
s giant,  
and his  
rheumatis  
m,  
growing  
worse  
now that  
he was  
barred  
from the  
cure, soon  
made him  
daily less  
capable of  
either  
running or  
fighting.

Sometime  
s Wabh  
would

sense his  
foe's  
approach  
when he  
was in a  
bad place  
for  
fighting,  
and,  
without  
really  
running,  
he would  
yield to a  
wish to be  
on a better  
footing,  
where he  
would  
have a fair  
chance.  
This better  
footing  
never led  
him nearer  
the  
enemy, for  
it is well  
known  
that the  
one  
awaiting  
has the  
advantage  
.

Some  
days

Wahb felt  
so ill that  
it would  
have been  
madness  
to have  
staked  
everything  
on a fight,  
and when  
he felt  
well or a  
little  
better, the  
stranger  
seemed to  
keep  
away.



Wahb  
soon



found that  
the  
stranger's  
track was  
most often  
on the  
Warhouse  
and the  
west slope  
of the  
Piney, the  
very best  
feeding-  
grounds.  
To avoid  
these  
when he  
did not  
feel equal  
to fighting  
was only  
natural,  
and as he  
was  
always in  
more or  
less pain  
now, it  
amounted  
to  
abandonin  
g to the  
stranger  
the best  
part of the  
range.

Weeks  
went by.  
Wahb had  
meant to  
go back to  
his bath,  
but he  
never did.  
His pains  
grew  
worse; he  
was now  
crippled in  
his right  
shoulder  
as well as  
in his hind  
leg.



The long  
strain of  
waiting  
for the  
fight  
begot  
anxiety,

that grew  
to be  
apprehens  
ion,  
which,  
with the  
sapping of  
his  
strength,  
was  
breaking  
down his  
courage,  
as it  
always  
must  
when  
courage is  
founded  
on  
muscular  
force. His  
daily care  
now was  
not to  
meet and  
fight the  
invader,  
but to  
avoid him  
till he felt  
better.

Thus that  
first little  
retreat  
grew into  
one long

retreat.  
Wahb had  
to go  
farther  
and  
farther  
down the  
Piney to  
avoid an  
encounter.  
He was  
daily  
worse fed,  
and as the  
weeks  
went by  
was daily  
less able  
to crush a  
foe.

He was  
living and  
hiding at  
last on the  
Lower  
Piney—  
the very  
place  
where  
once his  
Mother  
had  
brought  
him with  
his little  
brothers.  
The life he

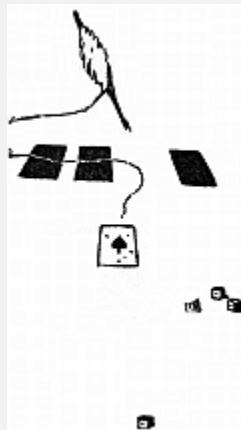
led now  
was much  
like the  
one he had  
led after  
that dark  
day.

Perhaps  
for the  
same  
reason. If  
he had had  
a family of  
his own all  
might  
have been  
different.

As he  
limped  
along one  
morning,  
seeking  
among the  
barren  
aspen  
groves for  
a few  
roots, or  
the wormy  
partridge-  
berries  
that were  
too  
poor to  
interest  
the  
Squirrel  
and the

Grouse, he  
heard a  
stone  
rattle  
down the  
western  
slope into  
the woods,  
and, a  
little later,  
on the  
wind was  
borne the  
dreaded  
taint. He  
waded  
through  
the ice-  
cold  
Piney,—  
once he  
would  
have  
leaped  
it,—and  
the chill  
water sent  
through  
and up  
each great  
hairy limb  
keen pains  
that  
seemed to  
reach his  
very life.  
He was  
retreating

again—  
which  
way?  
There  
seemed  
but one  
way  
now—  
toward the  
new  
ranch-  
house.



But there  
were signs  
of stir  
about it  
long  
before he  
was near  
enough to  
be seen.  
His nose,  
his  
trustiest  
friend,  
said,  
"Turn,

turn and  
seek the  
hills," and  
turn he did  
even at the  
risk of  
meeting  
there the  
dreadful  
foe. He  
limped  
painfully  
along the  
north bank  
of the  
Piney,  
keeping in  
the  
hollows  
and  
among the  
trees. He  
tried to  
climb a  
cliff that  
of old he  
had often  
bounded  
up at full  
speed.  
When  
half-way  
up his  
footing  
gave way,  
and down  
he rolled  
to the



bottom. A  
long way  
round was  
now the  
only road,  
for  
onward he  
must go—  
on—on.  
But  
where?  
There  
seemed no  
choice  
now but to  
abandon  
the whole  
range to  
the  
terrible  
stranger.



And  
feeling, as  
far as a  
Bear can  
feel, that  
he is  
fallen,  
defeated,

dethroned  
at last, that  
he is  
driven  
from his  
ancient  
range by a  
Bear too  
strong for  
him to  
face, he  
turned up  
the west  
fork, and  
the lot was  
drawn.

The  
strength  
and  
speed were  
gone  
from his  
once  
mighty  
limbs; he  
took three  
times as  
long as he  
once  
would to  
mount  
each well-  
known  
ridge, and  
as he went  
he glanced  
backward  
from time

to time to  
know if he  
were  
pursued.  
Away up  
the head  
of the little  
branch  
were the  
Shoshones  
, bleak,  
forbidding  
; no  
enemies  
were  
there, and  
the Park  
was  
beyond it  
all—on,  
on he must  
go. But as  
he  
climbed  
with  
shaky  
limbs, and  
short  
uncertain  
steps, the  
west wind  
brought  
the odor of  
Death  
Gulch,  
that  
fearful  
little

valley  
where  
everything  
was dead,  
where the  
very air  
was  
deadly. It  
used to  
disgust  
him and  
drive him  
away, but  
now  
Wahb felt  
that it had  
a message  
for him;  
he was  
drawn by  
it. It was  
in his line  
of flight,  
and he  
hobbled  
slowly  
toward the  
place. He  
went  
nearer,  
nearer,  
until he  
stood  
upon the  
entering  
ledge. A  
Vulture  
that had

descended  
to feed on  
one of the  
victims  
was  
slowly  
going to  
sleep on  
the  
untouched  
carcass.

Wahb  
swung his  
great  
grizzled  
muzzle  
and his  
long white  
beard in  
the wind.  
The odor  
that he  
once had  
hated was  
attractive  
now.

There was  
a strange  
biting  
quality in  
the air.  
His body  
craved it.  
For it  
seemed to  
numb his  
pain and it  
promised

sleep, as it  
did that  
day when  
first he  
saw the  
place.



Far below  
him, to the  
right and  
to the left  
and on and  
on as far  
as the eye  
could  
reach, was  
the great  
kingdom  
that once  
had been

his: where  
he had  
lived for  
years in  
the glory  
of his  
strength;  
where  
none had  
dared to  
meet him  
face to  
face. The  
whole  
earth  
could  
show no  
view more  
beautiful.  
But Wahb  
had no  
thought of  
its beauty;  
he only  
knew that  
it was a  
good land  
to live in;  
that it had  
been his,  
but that  
now it was  
gone, for  
his  
strength  
was gone,  
and he  
was flying

to seek a  
place  
where he  
could rest  
and be at  
peace.

Away  
over the  
Shoshones  
, indeed,  
was the  
road to the  
Park, but  
it was far,  
far away,  
with a  
doubtful  
end to the  
long,  
doubtful  
journey.

But why  
so far?  
Here in  
this little  
gulch was  
all he  
sought;  
here were  
peace and  
painless  
sleep. He  
knew it;  
for his  
nose,  
his never-  
erring



nose, said,  
*"Here!*  
*here*  
*now!"*

He paused  
a moment  
at the gate,  
and as he  
stood the  
wind-  
borne  
fumes  
began  
their  
subtle  
work. Five  
were the  
faithful  
wardens  
of his life,  
and the  
best and  
trustiest of  
them all  
flung open  
wide the  
door he  
long had  
kept. A  
moment  
still Wahn  
stood in  
doubt. His  
lifelong  
guide was  
silent  
now, had

given up  
his post.  
But  
another  
sense he  
felt  
within.  
The Angel  
of the  
Wild  
Things  
was  
standing  
there,  
beckoning  
, in the  
little vale.  
Wahb did  
not  
understand. He had  
no eyes to  
see the  
tear in the  
Angel's  
eyes, nor  
the pitying  
smile that  
was surely  
on his lips.  
He could  
not even  
see the  
Angel.  
But  
he *felt* him  
beckoning  
,

beckoning

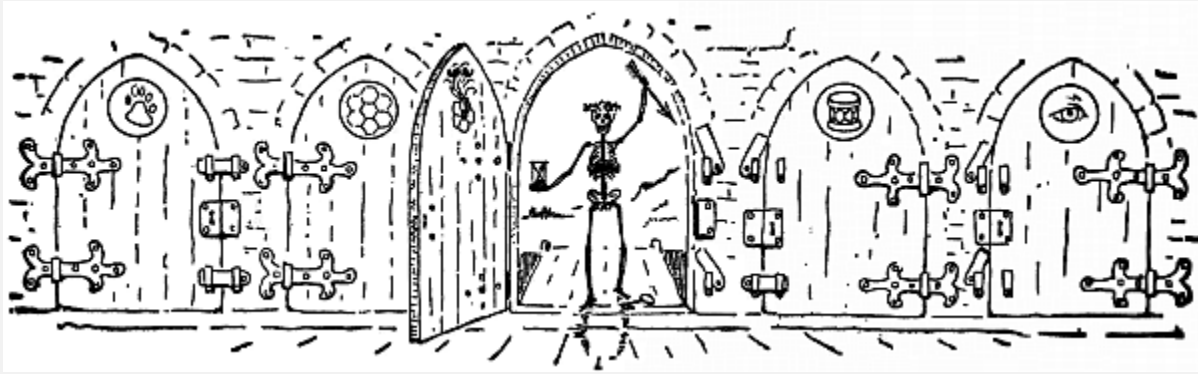
.



"HE PAUSED A MOMENT AT THE GATE."

A rush of  
his ancient  
courage  
surged in  
the  
Grizzly's

rugged  
breast. He  
turned  
aside into  
the little  
gulch. The  
deadly  
vapors  
entered in,  
filled his  
huge chest  
and  
tingled in  
his vast,  
heroic  
limbs as  
he calmly  
lay down  
on the  
rocky,  
herbless  
floor and  
as gently  
went to  
sleep, as  
he did that  
day in his  
Mother's  
arms by  
the  
Graybull,  
long ago.



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