

F  
596  
.1  
P8830

POWELL

—

OLD GRIZZLY ADAMS

BANCROFT  
LIBRARY



BANCROFT  
LIBRARY



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



# Beadle's BOY'S LIBRARY of Sport, Story and Adventure

Copyright, 1884, by Beadle & Adams. Entered at Post Office, New York, N.Y., as second class matter. June 11, 1899.

No. 23. *Published  
Every Week.*

M. J. IVERS & CO., Publishers,  
(James Sullivan, Proprietor.)  
379 Pearl Street, New York.

Price 5 Cents. Vol. II.  
\$2.50 a Year.

## OLD GRIZZLY ADAMS, THE BEAR TAMER; Or, "The Monarch of the Mountains."

BY DR. FRANK POWELL,



F596

11

P8830



12040

*H. Zacharunsky*

HALF  
DIME

# Beadle's BOY'S LIBRARY

of Sport, Story and Adventure

Copyright, 1884, by Beadle & Adams. Entered at Post Office, New York, N.Y., as second class matter. June 11, 1899.

No. 23. *Published  
Every Week.*

**M. J. IVERS & CO., Publishers,**  
(James Sullivan, Proprietor.)  
379 Pearl Street, New York.

Price 5 Cents. Vol. II.  
\$2.50 a Year.

## OLD GRIZZLY ADAMS, THE BEAR TAMER;

Or, "The Monarch of the Mountains."

BY DR. FRANK POWELL.



DOWN THE HILL WENT THE BEAR AT A TERRIFIC RATE, AND AFTER HIM, WITH GREAT BOUNDS,  
CAME GRIZZLY ADAMS, UNABLE TO STOP.

# Old Grizzly Adams,\*

## THE BEAR TAMER;

OR,

### "The Monarch of the Mountains."

Thrilling Adventures in the Life of the Famous

"Wild Hermit of the Rockies," and "Grizzly Bear Tamer," as he was known from Montana to Mexico, and whose deeds of daring, as Indian Trapper, Savage Beast Conqueror and Mountain Regulator, would fill volumes.

BY DOCTOR FRANK POWELL,

KNOWN ON THE BORDER AS "WHITE BEAVER,"  
"FANCY FRANK," AND "MEDICINE CHIEF  
OF THE WINNEBAGOES."

#### CHAPTER I.

THE AUTHOR MEETS OLD GRIZZLY.

"Did you know Old Grizzly Adams, White Beaver?"

The question was asked me one night as a party of us sat around a camp fire in the Big Horn mountains.

"Know him? Yes, I know him well," was my reply, and I added:

"I owe him my life, as he too owed me his, and from what I know of him, I am safe to say that no more daring man and strange character ever lived on Borderland."

The very question and answers, kind reader, suggest that I should tell to you, as I did for my comrades at the bivouac, some of the wild adventures of that strange being known as Grizzly Adams, the Monarch of the Mountains.

At the time I first met him I was a dweller in an Indian Tribe, and their Medicine Chief, which gave me almost unlimited power over my red associates, although I was a very young man.

I had gone with a couple of Indian companions, both famous hunters, into the Rocky Mountains on a hunt for grizzly bears and other large game.

One night, as we were encamped in a deep canyon, hugging the fire close, for a driving snow storm was prevailing, a huge grizzly threw himself suddenly upon us, and with one blow of his massive paw crushed in the skull

of one of the warriors, while, before the other could escape his grip, he had him in his deadly embrace.

I was sleeping but a few feet away, and barely escaped a blow made at me; but I did escape it, and succeeded in grasping my rifle and belt of arms, and I emptied every cartridge, thirteen, rapidly into the body of the brute ere he fell dead.

But his hug had crushed the bones of the second warrior, and I was alone in the mountains.

Never before did I pass such a dismal night, with the dead bodies of my comrades mangled near me, the wind howling through the canyon, and feeling utterly alone.

But the storm blew over, and with the sunrise the clouds were clear, the snow had been blown off as it fell, and my game lay at my feet, and was enough to be proud of, for it was a perfect monster.

I cooked my humble breakfast, buried my red-skin pards, cut the skin off of my grizzly, and went on my way with the four bears, for we had brought along an animal to carry back the skins.

I had not proceeded far before I heard a shot, followed by a savage growl.

Who was it that could be there in those wild mountains, I wondered?

The Indians then had few rifles, or firearms of any description, so it must be a white man.

Dismounting, I hitched my horses and moved cautiously on, while the growls continued with an occasional sound like a human voice.

Fearing that some one was in danger, I hurried forward, and there, in a little valley, I beheld a strange sight.

A man and a wild beast were engaged in a deadly encounter.

The former was clad in the skins of wild beasts, and when not seeing his face, hardly looked human, and the latter was a grizzly bear, even larger than the one I had slain the night before.

The bear had his fore legs around the man, and yet the latter was not helpless, for he drove his knife again and again into the huge, hairy body, and the ground was covered with blood.

In vain was it that the grizzly raised his hind claws to tear the bold hunter, for each time it was skillfully avoided, as was also the blows with the massive fore feet.

Yet the hunter suffered from numerous wounds, and was in a deadly embrace that must ere long crush him, unless his knife thrusts found the seat of life of his brute foe.

Hastily I ran down into the valley, and was raising my rifle to get a shot that would be were, when a deeper and harder stroke with the knife touched the monster's heart, and the man and beast fell together.

\*Old Grizzly Adams, and what he called his "menagerie," were secured by Barnum as an attraction; but the old hunter's health was failing him from the numerous wounds he had received, and he died in Nepsisset, Mass., where he now lies buried, far from the scenes of his wild adventures.—THE AUTHOR.

There was a twitching of the muscles, an angry roar, and the grizzly was dead.

But across his hairy, knife-torn body lay the man, and, as I then feared, also dead.

Springing forward I drew him away, and found that he had become unconscious from loss of blood.

He was fearfully torn with the sharp claws, but they had touched no vital point, and his strength, agility and presence of mind had enabled him to avoid the glittering teeth of the monster, so that I had hopes of saving his life when I gazed upon his iron frame, which I knew could stand much.

Having been a surgeon in the army, I never went without my case of instruments and bandages, even though living as wild a life as an Indian, and I hastily stopped the bleeding, sewed up the wounds, and in a very short while the hunter opened his eyes.

"Waal, you isn't a b'ar," were his first words.

"No; your bear lies there," I answered, pointing to the grizzly.

He glanced indifferently at the bear, and said:

"Yas, he were a tough customer, an' he'd 'a' got me ef my knife-blade hadn't 'a' been a trifle longer then his claws.

"But maybe I owes ter you thet I hain't a stiff now?"

"No, you killed the bear with your last thrust; but you would have bled to death had I not have come along by accident."

"Pard, it wa'n't no accident, but blind Providence, as sent yer heur, fer it tain't writ down yet thet Old Grizzly are ter die."

"But the old grizzly is dead."

"I doesn't mean him but me, fer I are named Old Grizzly Adams."

I started, for the name of the old hunter all on the border had heard, and I knew I stood before one who had won deservedly a great fame.

"Grizzly Adams?" I asked, in surprise.

"Yas; don't I look it?"

He certainly did, with his darkly-bronzed, weather-beaten face, grizzly beard, suit of the skins of wild beasts, moccasins and wolf hat, which had the head on top and the tail hanging down his back, and which had not been torn off in his deadly struggle.

He was stained with blood, his face scarred, his broad breast torn, his arms cut, and legs with huge gashes in them.

I had bathed his face and wounds, bound them up, and yet he looked as though he had been through a thrashing-machine.

That he suffered greatly, I well knew, and yet he had not spoken of his pain, and sat with seeming indifference upon the ground, as though interested in knowing what I was doing there more than in himself.

"Yes, you do look it, and I am glad to have served so famous a hunter as Old Grizzly Adams," I replied.

"Thankee, pard; now I has interdooced myself ter you, s'pose yer do lik' wise."

"My name is Powell, and I am at present living among the Indians, and known as their Medicine Chief."

"Yas, I hes heerd o' yer; in ther settle-mints they calls yer Fancy Frank."

"Yes."

"You is a medicine doctor?"

"Yes."

"Waal, yer hev done me up prime, an' no mistake.

"What is yer doin' heur?"

"I was hunting for grizzlies and other game."

"Has you found any?"

"Yes; I killed a bear last night nearly as large as that one."

"Is yer alone?"

"Now I am; but I had two Indian companions, whom the bear killed."

"Like as not; Injuns don't know how ter tackle grizzlies."

"Which way is you going?"

"First to see you to your cabin, for my horses are near and you are badly hurt."

Grizzly Adams attempted to get up, and at once saw the truth of my assertion, and said:

"Durned ef I hain't nearly did ter, an' a leetle more thet old b'ar would hev made wolf-fodder out o' my carkiss."

"Pard, I is obleeged ter yer, an' tho' I hes never tuk a man ter my caving afore, I'm durned ef I don't ax yer ter go, an' thar soj'rn as long as yer wants ter."

I got the horses, and aided him to mount my own animal, and springing upon the back of one of the Indians' mustangs, I rode along with him, but not, I may as well add, until I had secured the fine skin of the grizzly he had slain.

## CHAPTER II.

### GRIZZLY ADAMS AT HOME.

THE HOME of Old Grizzly was in the deepest recesses of the mountains, and where even an Indian would not care to go, unless lured there by hopes of a scalp or big game.

The way was tortuous and dangerous in the extreme, and though I had been long accustomed to taking daily risks on life, I shuddered at the peril presenting itself, for we had to ride around a cliff on the mountain-side, upon a rocky shelf barely wide enough for the horse, and which forced us to sit sideways, so that the animal could press hard against the wall to keep his equilibrium.

"This are as hard ter travel as the road ter Heaven," said Old Grizzly, who led the way, and speaking back to me over his shoulder.

"Yer see I wounded a grizzly an' foller'd him along heur, when I come ter yonder bend, an' thar I see below me a leetle valley as were jist prime

"I seen in it running streams, green trees, grass thet were like ther feather-beds as we hed in ther ole house at home, an' says I thet are ther place for me ter locate.

"An' I seen also thet it were a kind o' Garding o' Eding, fer thar were b'ars, wolves, deers an' a panther friskin' about thar, an' ther woods were jist lively with birds.

"It were ther home o' ther grizzly I were arter, an' he were makin' fer it ter git reinforcement, so I quickens my gait, comes up with him jist whar he struck a firmer foundation than this are, an' jist follow'd him right inter ther Garding of Eding, by a way I'd 'a' found it hard ter diskiver myself, an' it are ther only way out an' in, onless a feller hes wings.

"My comin' war a surprise party ter ther varmint, thar, an' at first I felt I hed made a mistake, fer ther whole gang seemed comin' arter me; but I lets in with my rifle an' pistula, an' they dervided an' skipt on out o' ther leetle valley, all savin' several I hed brought down.

'Sin' then I hes lived thar, built my cabing, an' with ole Balaam an' Calamity I are happy."

"And who are Balaam and Calamity?" I asked.

"Balaam are my mool; yer see ther Bible tells o' Balaam an' his jackass, an' as I didn't know ther name o' ther animile, I jist called my mool Balaam."

"And Calamity?"

"Oh, he are a onery cuss o' a dorg.

"I hes hed many a dorg, an' I allus calls 'em all Calamity."

"And you have no other companions?"

"Who says so?"

"No one; I merely asked the question."

"Yes, I has a quantity o' others."

"I had heard that you lived all alone."

"Yer heerd a mistake, pard, fer I hes a family."

"They must find it very lonesome living in these wilds," I suggested.

"They likes it, fer they were born heur.

"Thar, does yer see my leetle valley?"

We had ounded a bend of the cliff as he spoke, and a quarter of a mile below me in the very depths of the mountains was a little vale, like an oasis in the desert, in its beauty, fer sheltered upon all sides, the foliage of the trees had not been killed by the cold blasts of the coming winter.

Back agalst the rocks was a stout log cabin, jist visible beneath the shelter of a large tree, a mule was feed'ng on the side of a small stream, a dog was sunning himself in front of

the log hut, and birds were visible sitting about in the trees.

"Hain't thet a home pictur', pard?" asked Old Grizzly, with a smile of self-satisfaction upon his broad face.

I readily acknowledged that it was, and added:

"But I don't see any of your children."

"I guess not," he said dryly, and then added:

"Yer shall be interdooced ter ther family, pard, an' hev a welcome from all."

Descending the steep mountain path, after a most tortuous trail, we came to a fissure in a hill, as though the very rocks had been split in twain.

Through this, not five feet in width, Old Grizzly led the way, and I following with the led horses, saw suddenly rise before him a huge grizzly bear.

Instantly I threw my rifle forward, but the voice of the old hunter checked me:

"Don't shoot, pard, fer he are my friend."

"Friend?"

"Yas, pard; don't yer see he hev got a chain round his neck, an' one tied ter ther rock?"

It was true; the enormous bear, larger than the one who had so nearly ended the hunter's life awhile before, was secured to the rocks by a stout chain.

"I hev hed him since he war a cub, an' tho' I kilt his daddy an' mammy he hes no hard feelin's agin' me.

"Down, Sampson, an' let us go by."

The grizzly gave a low growl, but at once obeyed, and dropping upon all fours retreated to the side of the rock, though with a look that indicated a desire to go for a meal off of me.

I went cautiously by, my rifle ready, for the chain permitted him to go across the mouth of the ravine; but he made no angry demonstration.

"Thet are Sampson, my gate-keeper, an' he are a good one too.

"Now, pard, I feels as ef I were not goin' ter be able ter skip aroun' fer several days, so s'posin' I interdooces yer ter my family now, thet they may know yer, an' I'll het ter git yer ter feed 'em.

"I are wuss tuckered out then I hed idee I were, an' I hes ter ride up ter my menagerie, so let ther horses stay thar an' git acquainted with Balaam, while I interdooces yer ter my family."

He rode on, and I followed on foot, having been eyed by Calamity, a tremendous, ugly dog, and we came to a ravine where a great surprise awaited me, for I was face to face with the "family" of Old Grizzly Adams.

And such a family.

Chained along the rocks were bears o' all descriptions, from the grizzly to the small black, and over a score in number.

Then there were wolves, wildcats, and a panther, or mountain lion.

It was indeed a menagerie, and a savage one.

Walking about were elks, mountain sheep and a few deer, and rabbits, squirrels and birds were also visible, and all perfectly tame, though the coming of the hunter, or the sight of me, caused a general commotion.

"Heur are my fambly, pard, an' yonder cabing hes grub fer 'em that will last weeks, an' I is happy in huntin' fer game, trainin' my animals an' birds, an' enjoyin' life as it are heur in ther Rockies.

"I hed a good mother, pard, and she teached me ther Bible, an' it hev sarved me well fer names fer my critters.

"Thet big grizzly thar are named Goliath, an' ther leetle black b'ar are David.

"Yonder wolf I cal's Moses, t'other one are Joseph, fer ther gang t'rated him had one day, which giv me ther name.

"Ther pant'er I calls Neb."

"That for Nebraska" I suggested.

"Nary; it are short fer Nebuchadnezzar, king o' ther Jews, an' he are ther king o' this lay-out, fer ther grizzlies take a back seat when he curves his back.

"Thet owl thar are Solomon, fer he do look so durned wise."

Here I interrupted the old hunter, who was growing enthusiastic over his pets, when I saw that he could hardly sit on his horse, and telling him he must at once take to his bed he reluctantly obeyed me, though not until he had introduced me to his family with:

"See heur, critters, this are my Medicine Pard, an' yer needn't put on no style afore him, fer he knows ther character o' every durned one of ye.

"I hev got a leetle hurted, an' he are goin' ter feed yer fer a leetle time, so I warns yer I'll have no nonsense, an' yer all knows me, from you, Goliath, down ter Jephth's darter," and he pointed to a pretty but dangerous looking wild-cat as bearing the last appellation.

Upon trying to dismount at his cabin, Old Grizzly found he was unable, and I had to carry him into the house and place him upon his bed of skins.

I made him as comfortable as possible, and then re-dressed his wounds, and in doing so saw that he was seamed with scars from his feet to his head.

These he had received in his many hand-to-hand encounters with both wild beasts and men, and yet his hardy frame had withstood what would have killed almost any other man.

His wounds received in the last fight he seemed to think little of, though they were most painful, and several of them dangerous.

But he said in his quiet way:

"Ef it hed been sot fer me ter die, pard, I'd

'a' caved right thar, an' you w'u'dn't hev dickered me.

"Now, as it are, I is ter git scrumptious ag'in durned soon.

"You is ther doctor, I is ther sick abed, so make yerself ter home."

His advice I took, and during the long weeks that followed I nursed the hardy and brave old hunter as though he had been of my own kindred.

And it was during that time, when for months a dweller with him in his cabin in the Rocky Mountains, surrounded by his savage pets, that came to know me well, that I heard from his own lips the stories of his wild and perilous adventures I now relate, and which I have no reason to doubt, and in fact many of which are known to be true by many an old hunter and trapper on the far frontier.

### CHAPTER III.

#### OLD GRIZZLY'S FIRST FIGHT.

The strange old Bear Tamer of the Rocky Mountains had gone West to carry out an idea he had formed, when a young man, of making a fortune out of a menagerie of wild animals, trained to perform various tricks, and as docile to their master as a horse, though savage to all else who came near them.

He had gone overland with a train bound to the gold mines of California, bent on this one object of his life, and his comrades had been surprised to see him one day saddle up his horse, get his two pack animals ready, call his dog, and bid them farewell in the very heart of the mountains.

They had urged that he would be killed by Indians.

"I hes but one time ter die," was his answer.

"You'll be eaten by wild beasts, Adams," said some.

"They'll find me tough eating," he replied.

And out of camp he went, and there were many who believed that in hunting around the spot where the train had encamped for several days he had "struck it rich," and wished to keep his gold find a secret to himself.

The truth was that he had come upon an Indian chief defending himself against three warriors of another tribe, and though wounded, making a noble fight for life.

One Indian lay dead at his feet, another mortally wounded, was writhing in agony, a few paces away; but there were three remaining, and these he was boldly facing, tomahawk in hand, while he stood with his back to a rock.

Old Grizzly cared not for the merits of the fight; he only saw three against one, and he bounded forward to help the weaker side.

Never before had he raised his hand against a fellow being, and he hated to do it now; but

he had the Yankee love of fair play, and dropping one of the red-skins with his rifle, he shot another with his pistol and sprung upon the third, knife in hand.

Adams had been a hunter in the forests of the East from his boyhood, and he had become inured to hardship, and was a perfect giant in strength, so he had no fear of a combat hand to hand with the Indian.

Taken by surprise, the red-skin was so nonplused that the white hunter had him in his powerful arms before he could resist, and the fight lasted but an instant, and Old Grizzly arose the victor.

There crouched the chief he had aided, having dropped to the ground from weakness through loss of blood, and he was gazing upon the white man with wonder, and yet with a certain look that showed he expected his turn to come next, for he could not believe that a pale-face had aided him.

His hand still held the tomahawk, yet it would have been a light blow that he could have struck to defend himself.

"Waal, old Fuss-and-Feathers, I hev helped yer out o' a leetle diffilkilty," said the hunter, turning to the chief, who understood and spoke a little English.

"Does the pale-face say he is the friend of O-kee-mul-gee?" asked the chief, in a faint tone.

"I allus helps ther under dorg in ther fight, an' you were thet terrier, so I are your friend, Injun pard," was the answer.

The chief tried to extend his hand in thanks, for, though not fully mastering the words of the hunter, he saw that he was friendly.

But he was unable to raise his hand, and, seeing it, Old Grizzly, or rather Seneca Adams,\* as he was then called, at once stepped forward and began to stanch the blood that was flowing from several wounds the chief had received.

In broken English the Indian told his pale-face friend that he was the young chief of a great tribe, but loved an Indian maiden in another tribe, and which was hostile to his own people.

He had gone to steal her away from her village when her lovers had discovered him, and, following him, had attacked him, and would have slain him but for his timely arrival and aid.

"Yer better let wimmins alone, Injun pard, fer I see they is allus ther same ter git a man inter trouble.

"But yer hain't badly hurt, ef it do look so, an' I'll soon fix yer," was Adams's reply.

And he did "fix him," for he carried the chief to his village, and when he found that these mountains abounded in game of all kinds,

and having made friends, by his act, of the largest and most dangerous tribe of Indians in that part of the country, he determined to remain right there and collect his menagerie.

This was, then, the reason for his leaving the train, and once adrift upon his own resources, Seneca Adams was not long in securing a safe camping-place and erecting for himself a stout and comfortable cabin, with his horses and dogs his sole companions to share his solitary home.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### CATCHING A TARTAR.

ONE of Old Grizzly's sporting accomplishments was in throwing a lasso with great skill, and he never went without his lariat, any more than he would have gone without his rifle and belt of arms.

For some weeks he had lived in his cabin home in the mountains, spending his days in hunting for game, and occasionally visited by the chief whose life he had saved, and who had fully recovered from his wounds.

He had killed plenty of game, and had cured the flesh for future use; but he had not yet captured anything alive with which to start his menagerie, as he argued there was no hurry, and it was best to get fully acquainted with the country and its animals before he entered upon real work.

At last his stockade pen was finished, in which he intended to put his captures, and it was so complete, that as he said:

"It w'd hold a Injun, sh'ud I wish ter capter one ter take along as a raal live cur'osity, an' like as not I will."

All being in readiness at head-quarters, the Wild Beast Hunter sallied out one day for work.

He was looking for half-grown animals to begin with, but was unsuccessful in his search for that kind, and rather gloomy at his first day's ill luck was returning home when he suddenly came upon a large bear seated upon his hind quarters, and attentively regarding a deer coming up the hill toward him.

Quick as thought the hunter determined to surprise that bear, and to do so, he took the lasso from the hook on his belt, tied one end of it around a tree right at his side, and whirling the coil around his head several times, threw it.

The bear was surprised, there is no denying that fact, and with an angry snort bounded away down the hill.

But the hunter had already surprised himself, for he carried two lassoes that day, one with which to tie his game, and the end he had fastened around the tree happened to be the extra one, while that which he had caught the bear with was securely fastened around his own body.

\* From having spent his earlier years on Seneca Lake, and hailing from there, he was first called by his comrades Seneca Adams.—THE AUTHOR.

Thus, the first bound of the terrified bear jerked the hunter off of his feet, and caused him to yell out:

"Durned ef I hain't made a mistake to hitch on ter this critter."

He had indeed, and the jerk he had received caused him to let fall his rifle, and left him with his pistols alone to defend himself, as he had stuck his knife in the tree.

Down the hill went the bear at a terrific rate, and after him, with great bounds, came Adams, unable to stop, and unable to free himself from the lariat without his knife.

Going after the bear as he did caused that animal greater fright, and it ran the faster, in its lumbering yet rapid gallop, and urged on by the curses of the hunter, who swore against all wild creation, lariats, "an' b'ars in per-tickler."

At last the hunter determined to risk a shot from his pistols, for he said to himself, though aloud:

"Thet durned b'ar hev got steam enough up ter run a hundred miles, an' suthin' hes got ter be did right suddint."

Watching his chance he took aim as well as he could and fired.

The bear was hit, for he gave an angry growl and sprung forward the faster.

Again he fired, and this time the bear stumbled, stopped suddenly, and the hunter nearly dashed over him.

But he checked himself in time, and fired again just as the brute reared upon his hind legs and started toward him with a furious roar.

The tables had been suddenly turned upon Adams, but he did not lose his presence of mind, and again fired, the shot breaking the bone of the bear's right hind leg and bringing him to the ground.

But instantly, on three feet he again rushed upon his enemy, who sprung backward, tripped on a stone and fell.

Still the hunter kept his presence of mind, and with his pistols in each hand opened rapidly upon the savage brute, and with such deadly aim he killed him just as his glittering jaws were about to seize him in a crushing grip.

"Waal, I guesses as how I'll leave that rope at home next time, fer lassoin' b'ars hain't funny, I'll sw'ar," muttered the hunter as he rose to his feet and surveyed his game.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE ALLY OF AN INDIAN.

As Old Grizzly was seated in his cabin one day, rubbing up his fire-arms, he received a signal, through a loud and angry roar, from "Sampson" the old grizzly bear sentinel, that some one was approaching.

Going out he espied O-kee-mul-gee, the young chief whom he had so well served, and at once invited him to the cabin.

"The chief don't look jist happy ter-day," said the old hunter in an inquiring way.

"The heart of O-kee-mul-gee is sad; he loves the Bright Eyes of the Cheyennes, and his people are at war with her people," was the disc-an-solate reply of the love-sick Indian.

"Yas, it did look as tho' thar were a leetle war atween yer, ther day I seen yer fust; but what does yer keer a durn fer ther warriors of yer loves ther gal?

"Ther' hain't no law ag'in' lovin' as I hes heerd on, an' I think yer oughter sail in an' git ther gal."

"That is what O-kee-mul-gee's heart tells him."

"Then why in condemnation don't yer do it, O-kee?"

"The braves of the Cheyennes seek the scalp of the Ute chief."

"That are true, an' you w'u'dn't tarn up yer nose at ther scalp o' a Cheyenne, are my opinion, an' has them as I helped yer git hang-in' onto yer belt now.

"But ef I loved a gal I'd git her, providin' she returned ther love, ef her pa were a grizzly an' her ma were a pant'er."

"The Bright Eyes loves O-kee-mul-gee as the flowers the rain."

"Then she are dead stuck on yer, Injun, an' hev it bad: so why in tarnal natur don't yer git her?"

"Her village is far from here."

"Not so durned far but that you kin git thar in a day an' night's ride."

"My people wish me not to have the Bright Eyes for a squaw."

"Is you selectin' squaws ter please yer people, or yerself?"

"For O-kee-mul-gee."

"Then durn ther diff'rence."

"Ther gal loves yer, you say, an' you hes got it bad, I kin see, so you oughter hev her, an' I'll be ther man ter help yer git her."

The chief held forth his hand to the old hunter, and that settled it that the two were allies in a good cause.

Old Grizzly at once set to work to prepare for his trip, gave his animals all a good feed, called to Calamity to follow him, and mounting his best horse rode out of the valley, accompanied by the Indian.

The location of the Cheyenne camp the chief well knew, and the two arrived in sight of the village fires just after sunset.

It was a bright moonlight night, and on the trail leading to the village the Indian and white man lay in ambush, having concealed their horses some distance off.

There they crouched upon the ground, plotting some way to see the girl, or a plan to

enter the village, when they saw a form approaching.

It was soon discovered to be an Indian of immense stature, and with a chief's head-dress on.

"It is the Black Cloud of the Cheyennes," whispered O-kee-mul-gee.

"Then he are as agreeable ter me as ther gal, fer I hes heard hard tales regardin' thet red brute ag'in' ther whites," replied Grizzly, bringing his rifle to a ready.

But the chief laid his grip firmly upon the rifle, and said:

"Don't let the great white hunter be a papoose; the village of his people lies yonder."

"I hain't no durned fool, Injun; but I are goin' ter be ready ter keep thet Black Cloud from ever presidin' over another lodge pow-wow, ef I loses my ha'r an' yourn too.

"I'll be quiet until I see ef he can't be tuk another way."

The chief in the mean time had halted near a small waterfall, which came bounding over a cliff, and in the moonlight looked like streams of gold, silver and crimson.

He stood back in the shadow of a tree, as though waiting for somebody, and like a statue of bronze he remained.

Presently another form was visible, coming toward the waterfall, and the moonlight showed that it was a woman.

"We is goin' ter see two lovers make durned fools o' themselves," muttered Old Grizzly.

"It is the Bright Eyes," said the chief.

"Then yer goose are cooked, fer she has gone back on you, same as wimmins will."

"The pale-face speaks crooked; the Bright Eyes is true."

"She are crooked, or she'd never cum out heur ter meet thet Injun.

"Let ther gal go, O kee, an' we'll take ther Black Cloud in out o' ther wet."

The chief made no reply, only pressed his hand the harder upon the arm of Old Grizzly, to restrain him.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A FLIGHT AND A FIGHT.

"SAY, Injun, you kin take ther gal an' I'll take ther Injun" again whispered Old Grizzly, now determined to capture the chief, who was known to all the settlers, miners and forts, as a red-handed murderer of the worst kind, and so wary that he eluded all efforts to capture or kill him.

In the mean time Bright Eyes, as O-kee-mul-gee said the maiden was, came to the fall and glanced at the waters for an instant in silence.

Then she stepped forward and bending her head let the spray fall upon her long dark hair.

"Is there fire in the brain of the Bright Eyes, that she lets the falling waters caress it?"

The maiden started at the voice of Black Cloud, whose presence she had not suspected; but turning quickly toward him, answered:

"Yes, and in the heart of the Bright Eyes too, there is fire, and sorrow, and the Medicine Chief told her to come to the falling waters, and joy would again fall upon her.

"She has obeyed the great Medicine Chief and has come, to find here the Black Cloud, whose love has frozen her heart."

"Ther gal ar' squar', Pard O-kee, so you are prime as the top do' in ther fight.

"Now fer biz, as I looks arter ther King Bee, an' you take ther gal."

As he spoke, and quick as movement could be made, Old Grizzly threw his lariat.

Over the head of the Black Cloud it fell, and the huge Indian was jerked to the ground with a force that was almost stunning.

Ere he could resist the hunter was upon him, his hands tightening the coil upon his throat, until resistance was wholly useless.

In the mean time the Ute chief had sprung to the aid of the hunter, until he saw how readily he managed the Cheyenne, and then he darted after Bright Eyes, who had bounded away like a deer.

Calling her by name, she had halted, and after a few earnest words, the two came back together just as Old Grizzly had securely bound the Cheyenne, and was trying to force a gag into his mouth.

But, with the pressure upon his throat relieved, Black Cloud burst forth in one long, loud, ringing war-whoop, that was heard in every part of the village.

Several times the sledge-hammer-like fist of the hunter fell upon the face and head of the Indian, throwing him, and then raising him in his arms, as though he had been a child, Old Grizzly bounded away, crying:

"Come, O-kee, you an' thes gal, ef she intends ter slope with yer."

They needed no second invitation, for answering war-cries came from the village, and at great speed they fled through the forest, to the spot where the Indian and hunter had left their horses, one having been brought for Bright Eyes.

"Here, Injuns, we'll strap ther Cheyenne onto my animile."

"And the pale-face hunter?" generously asked the Indian.

"Don't yer mind me, fer I were born able ter take car' o' myself; you take ther gal an' ther Cheyenne an' light out, an' don't lose no time, an' I will come on foot."

"O-kee-mul-gee is no snake-heart, to leave his white brother."

"Injun, ef yer don't stop chinnin', I'm durned ef I don't knock yer in ther head, strap

yer on that animile, an' send ther gal off ter take keer o' yer.

"Git, fer them condemned Injuns is raisin' chained lightnin' yonder, an' you hed better travel fast, or they might be fingerin' yer scalp afore mornin'.

"Now here is my animile ready with his load, so git."

As he spoke the hunter handed the rein to the chief, and Bright Eyes having already sprung upon her horse, the two set off, leading Old Grizzly's horse, with the captive securely bound upon his back.

"Go straight fer yer village, an' I'll be along afore Christmas," shouted the hunter, and he looked at his arms, shook himself together, and turned to run for the nearest shelter in the hills, when he came full up against an Indian warrior, who was creeping upon him.

Though taken by surprise, Old Grizzly did not lose his presence of mind in the slightest degree, but caught the uplifted hand that held the knife, and clinching with the red-skin, a savage fight at once began.

Grizzly Adams well knew that he had no time to lose in a hand-to-hand fight, for the Indians could now be heard at the water-fall, and their voices told that there were many of them.

His adversary was a strong young Indian, but no match for the hunter, and within half a minute the fight ended, by a knife being buried in the heart of the red-skin.

"I'll borner yer skulp, Injun, ef yer cause me ter lose mine," said Old Grizzly, and he tore the scalp-lock from the warrior's head, seized his rifle, and again started to leave.

But just then three red-skins bounded over the ridge, not a hundred feet away, and stood in the full light of the moon.

"Guess I'll larn 'em a Sunday schule lesson ter do ter my Injun neighbors as they w'u'd do ter me," muttered Old Grizzly, and throwing his rifle forward he fired just as it reached a level.

With a ringing death-cry the center warrior sunk in his tracks, while the other two quickly bounded to cover beyond the ridge.

As Old Grizzly had calculated, this taught them caution, and gave him a chance to decamp, which he did with the speed of a deer.

"They'll think it are a whole tribe, an' not one man, an' they'll go durned slow ontill day-break, an' ef my leg-tackle holds out, I'll be a long way off then.

"Jerushal but I are gittin' ter be a prime Injun-fighter."

So saying Old Grizzly stopped for a short rest, having run a long distance.

But he soon resumed his flight again, keeping up a rapid and steady walk until dawn, when to his delight he descried O-kee-

mul-gee the Cheyenne not far ahead of him, they having had to make a detour of a mountain which the horses could not cross.

Old Grizzly hailed them with delight and they continued their flight toward the Cheyenne village, O-kee-mul-gee making the hunter ride his horse.

## CHAPTER VII.

### OLD GRIZZLY'S INJUN TRAP.

WITH the dawn of day the Cheyennes had assembled ready for red work, for they had been fearful of moving by night, not knowing but that a lurking foe was ready to throw themselves upon their village, as soon as its warriors had gone.

Discovering the trails left by the two daring men, who had kidnapped, though with her consent, the Bright Eyes, they at once knew, when the maiden's tracks were seen at the water-fall, and her absence made known, that they had to look for her in the village of the Utes.

As the wife of the Ute chief, O-kee-mul-gee, or Death-on-the-trail, as was his Indian name interpreted, the young Cheyenne braves no longer cared for the lovely Bright Eyes they had tried so hard to win; but they longed to visit upon her and their hated foe a fearful vengeance.

They had believed that he had, single-handed, killed the warriors that had pursued him on his former attempt to steal the Bright Eyes, and they were most anxious to capture so great a chief.

When the trails told the facts of the case, for the Indians read them as we would an open book, they were enraged with themselves to think that two warriors, as they believed the Ute and Old Grizzly to be, had come to their very village and captured their chief and the beauty of their tribe.

The trails also showed them that the three horses had gone one way, and a moccasined foot another, and both of them were followed.

Under the next ranking chief after Black Cloud the Cheyennes hotly pursued the trails, which neither the Ute or Old Grizzly had attempted to conceal, and arriving at the point where the hunter joined the chief, with Bright Eyes and his captive, the two bands met, and pressed on toward the Ute village.

Whether it was his bringing in Black Cloud as a prisoner, or the story he told of the Bright Eyes having saved his life a year before when he was a captive to the Cheyennes, or the beauty of the Indian girl, I do not know; but certain it is that O-kee-mul-gee carried the day, was greeted with pleasure, and the maiden received a warm welcome into the Ute village.

Then the warriors assembled to meet the Cheyennes, and under the advice of Old

Grizzly, instead of waiting to be attacked, sallied forth to meet the foe.

Selecting a canyon five miles from the Ute village, Old Grizzly said that there was the place to ambush the Cheyennes, and in less time than a military company could have gone through the manual of arms, four hundred Ute warriors were lying in wait for their enemies.

It was just sunset of the second day after the fight that the Cheyennes walked into the trap set for them, and then commenced a most sanguinary battle, which ended in the hasty flight of the Cheyennes and the securing of many scalps by the Utes.

All through the fight Old Grizzly had done splendid work for his red allies, and gained for himself the Indian name White Death, for at every flash of his rifle and pistols a Cheyenne had bitten the dust.

"That are my first great battle, Injun pards, an' it are suthin' ter remember up ter Jedge-mint, ef I are livin' then, an' I s'pose fightin' are correct, fer ther's fightin' in Ther Book clean through from Genesis to Deuteronomy, ef my pious larnin' are good.

"But yer kin gather in ther skulps, an' I'll skip back ter my den an' feed ther b'ars an' other animiles 'fore thar is ther devil ter pay thar.

"O-kee, I may drop in at yer weddin' in a day or two, fer I s'pose yer'il hev one," and with a wave of his hand Old Grizzly shouldered his rifle and started for his own ranch, leaving the Utes rejoicing in the canyon, where he had laid so successful an ambush, and which to this day is known as Old Grizzly's Injun Trap Canyon.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### BEFRIENDING A FOE.

RETURNING to his ranch Old Grizzly found his menagerie all right, though very hungry, and in fact so exceedingly ravenous that they looked at him with longing eye, as though anxious to test the quality of his flesh.

The hunter recognized this in their actions and looks, and growled forth:

"Yer needn't sot eyes on me, critters, fer yer'd find me tough chawin'; keep still an' I'll give yer suthin' ter soothe yer troubled souls; ef yer don't keep still, I'll give yer a lickin' that wil stretch yer hides an' make yer grow."

One by one the hunter then fed his savage pets, from his meat store-room, which he always kept well filled, and then sought the rest he so much needed.

The next day he started on a visit to the Ute village.

"Ter be boss mourner at ther weddin', fer them durned Injuns can't git along 'thout me nohow," as he expressed it.

Arriving in sight of the village he did not

take long to discover that something of an unusual nature was progressing.

Drawing nearer to the lines of tepees, that composed the Indian town, he saw the entire population gathered upon the open meadow, and engaged in some performance that certainly had great attractions for the Utes, whatever it might have for the other participants.

"Them durned Injuns is makin' it lively fer ther captives," muttered Old Grizzly, as he walked forward and joined the head chief, returning the grunts of welcome he received from all, by a constant nodding of his head.

O-kee-mul-gee greeted him in a most friendly way, and at a glance Old Grizzly saw the cause of the commotion.

Tied to a tree were two forms, and around their feet, as high up as their knees, were piled fagots all ready to set on fire.

One was the Cheyenne chief, Black Cloud, calm, defiant, and bleeding from several wounds he had received.

The other was an Indian youth of sixteen, with a fearless, handsome face, and whose appearance indicated that he was neither Cheyenne or Ute.

He was not wounded, yet it was evident that he was to suffer the fearful fate of being burnt to death at the stake.

In a few words Old Grizzly was told that Black Cloud had proven himself a great chief, for he had not only, in the trials of courage and strength, defeated the three Ute warriors pitted against him, but had successfully run the gantlet of fire against fearful odds, thereby winning his freedom by Indian law.

But so great was the hatred of the Utes for Black Cloud, and their fear of him, they had determined not to let him go free, but to burn him at the stake, and thus end their enemy forever.

"Yer say he hev hed a tussle with ther warriors?" asked the hunter seriously.

"Yes," was the reply of the chief.

"How many?"

"Three."

"An' licked 'em?"

The chief nodded.

"Then he run the death gantlet?"

Again a nod.

"Yer promise Injuns ther lives ef they makes ther dangersome trip don't yer?"

"The hunter speaks straight."

"I knows that, but you is actin' dog-goned crooked."

"How?" uttered more as an ejaculation than as a question.

"I sees ther Cheyenne tied to ther tree ter burn, an' yer has broke yer word ter him."

"The Death-on-the-trail would spare him; but my young warriors will not listen," said the Ute chief.

"No use o' bein' a chief unless yer is a whole chief clean through, says I."

"The young braves' voices are loud."

"Yas, too durned loud; but barkin' dorgs lon' bite, I hes heard, an' I'll jist give 'em a chance to tackle me."

"What would my pale-face brother do?" asked the Ute chief in alarm.

"I has a way o' actin' better than I talks, an' I'll show yer."

So saying Old Grizzly stepped up to the tree and fearlessly severed the bonds of Black Cloud.

The Cheyenne gazed with amazement upon him, and the Ute warriors uttered a howl of commingled surprise and rage.

But, nothing daunted, Old Grizzly faced them, and speaking to an Indian who spoke English well, said in his quaint way:

"Jist interpret ter them red-skin braves thet that thar priz'ner are my meat.

"I tuk him in out o' ther wet, an' guv him to ther chief; but I hes 'arnt how ter be a Injun-giver, an' as them dog-goned warriors hes broke faith with him, arter he hes proved himself ther boss o' 'em all, I says they hain't a-goin' ter harm him."

The words of the daring white warrior were received with anger and excitement, which was but slightly allayed when the chief sided with him.

They were determined to wring from the great Cheyenne chief a cry of pain, or fright, and would not readily give up the, to them, delightful spectacle of the brave, but cruel, Black Cloud being burned at the stake.

"I hes spoke, an' ef I lose my ha'r I'll be heur ter back up my words, fer yer hain't no braves, ef yer goes back on yer words like thet.

"Ther Cheyenne are mine, an' ef I hedn't showed yer a leetle trick in ther canyon, yer'd be a-humpin' it over ther mount'ins now, with some o' ye left ahind, an' yer village in ther han's o' ther Cheyennes.

"So I says ther Black Cloud shall hev a shown."

The Cheyenne chief spoke the Ute tongue, having learned it when for a long time a captive among them when a boy, and he understood well all that was said by the interpreter, and gazed upon Old Grizzly with admiration and thankfulness.

The Utes, however, still shook their heads, and Old Grizzly went on:

"I'll tell yer what ter do, fer thar are boun' ter be a compromise heur.

"Jist give thet chief his weepins, let him leave ther village, an' when ther sun makes iher shadow o' this tree tech yonder rock, every durned one o' yer young warriors as wants ter win a great name jist go in pursuit.

"What does yer say, Injuns?"

Some, the greater number indeed, favored the old hunter, on whose side they knew their chief to be; but there was one ugly chief that refused, and said Black Cloud must burn at the stake.

"Look heur, yer ugly old varmint, as yer wants a circus so much, durned ef I don't give yer one.

"They calls you a terrer in this heur villege, an' durned ef I don't believe you is, fer yer looks it, an' wuss, too.

"But I'll fight yer fer yer opinion right heur."

Blue Snake, the warrior so suddenly challenged, scowled savagely at Old Grizzly and replied that he would fight the Cheyenne, or the white hunter, either.

"No, ther Cheyenne hain't happy arter ther fun he hev hed already, an' he hain't ekal ter you jist now; but I'll tackle yer, jist ter give ther red sports heur a circus, so sail in, an' ef I brings yer ter grass yer hev ter shut up."

Blue Snake seemed to wish to fight with tomahawks or knives, but Old Grizzly said:

"No, this hev got ter be a rastle, or knock down, fer ef we uses weepins I'll kill yer, an' thet w'u'd bring bad blood atween your fambly an' mine.

"No, fight me squar' stan'-up, an' then shet up, ef yer is licked, an' it are my opinion yer will be."

This novel challenge seemed to change the current of thought, and all wanted to see the fight, and as Blue Snake was generally hated, hoped he would get whipped, while, if it must end by the escape of the Cheyenne, if Old Grizzly was defeated, they hoped the latter would get the worst of it.

Thus they balanced between two opinions.

"If the Blue Snake conquers the White Death the Cheyenne must die?" that wily chief asked through the interpreter.

"Yas, I are agreed," was the indifferent reply of Old Grizzly, and he stripped for the encounter, placing his arms in the care of Death-on-the-trail, while he muttered:

"All Injuns is honest, but then they is so durned much alike as two peas, thet it are hard ter pick out ther thief, ef any article are missin', an' my weepins hain't ter be took off, pard Injun, or thar will be a yartquake in this heur camp-meetin' o' red-skins."

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE FIGHT.

"HEUR wt is, red-skins, so pay y~~e~~ money an' take yer ch'ice.

"Tis are my cirkliss, an' I are ready ter tackle ther Blue Snake fer ther eddification o' yer all, big an' leetle, ole an' young, squaw an' pappoose, he, she or it o' ther congigation."

Such was Old Grizzly's announcement of his readiness for the fray with the Blue Snake, as that cunning warrior came from his tepee stripped to his leggings, and with his body greased for the fight.

He was a most muscular specimen of humanity, as he stood waiting for the fight, and those who knew his great strength and agility already settled the affair in his favor.

But there were two present who had some doubts of Blue Snake's ability to conquer Old Grizzly, and these men were the Ute chief and the Cheyenne, Black Cloud.

The former had seen him handle the Cheyenne, and the latter had felt how easily he had been handled by the white hunter.

Grizzly Adams was not a man of gigantic stature, yet his bones were like iron and his muscles were as hard as leather, while his movements were as quick as a flash, and his hand had the untiring grip of a bulldog.

He was in moccasins, leggings and hunting-shirt, and had wisely thrown aside his wolf hat and coat, which, in imitation of Joseph's coat of many colors, he had made of many skins, for it included a part of the hide of every animal with fur that he had killed.

"I am ready, Blue Snake, an' ef I don't worry yer, I hev mistook my man.

"Come on, yer snaky varmint!" cried Old Grizzly.

Although Blue Snake did not understand the words of the white man, he knew that he was ready for the fight, and with the bound of a panther sprung toward him.

Instead of meeting the Indian with a blow, as all expected him to do, Old Grizzly simply squatted quickly upon the ground, and the impetus of Blue Snake carried him over, and tripped by his adversary, he fell heavily to the earth.

Instantly Grizzly Adams arose to a standing position, while the Indian stumbled to his feet furious at his fall, and once more rushed upon him, but not with a bound as before.

Again the white man proved himself a formidable champion to attack, for when Blue Snake's hands were almost upon his throat, he stepped quickly one side, and at the same time delivered a stunning blow upon the red-skin's head that knocked him down.

It was evident that Blue Snake was surprised, as were also his comrades; but he again arose and attacked the white man, this time walking cautiously toward him.

A few rapid blows passed between them, Old Grizzly warding off those of the Indian, and each time planting his own fist in the face of his adversary with telling effect.

Finding that he could not stand up under that iron fist, Blue Snake sprung upon the hunter and clinched with him.

In this style of fighting he had always proven a victor, and he expected to redeem himself in the eyes of his people by quickly bringing the hunter to grass.

But his chagrin was bitter indeed, and the excitement of the lookers-on great, when Grizzly Adams seized the Indian in his powerful arms, pressed him against him with such power that his right arm was useless, and rained blows upon his face, fore-arm and body with such telling effect that when he released him, Blue Snake dropped to the ground a badly used-up man.

"I guess I hev won thet leetle game, Pard O-kee," quietly said Old Grizzly, paying no attention to the angry glances the Blue Snake's friends cast upon him.

"The pale-face is a great chief, and the Black Cloud is his captive," was O-kee-nul-gee's calm reply, and he glanced somewhat anxiously toward the prostrate Blue Snake, as though he feared Grizzly Adams had killed him.

The hunter understood the look, and said:

"Oh, he hain't hurt, only a leetle jammed about the face, an' it may make him more han'somer, fer it can't sp'ile his looks any.

"I'll fetch him round."

Taking up his coat and arms, for he did not wish to be longer without them, he took a flask from his pocket, and walking over to where the Indian lay, poured a swallow of liquor down his throat, at the same time throwing a gourd of water, which Bright Eyes had brought, into his face.

The effect of the liquor or water, or both, was magical, for Blue Snake rallied at once, and rising to his feet went limping away to his tepee, the expression on his face proving that he was forever the bitter foe of Old Grizzly Adams, who saw it, and with a light laugh said:

"Thet old red nigger hain't got a forgivin' natur', hev he, O kee?"

## CHAPTER X.

### THE PAWNEE BOY.

"Now, Pard Injin, I s'pose 'ther Cheyenne kin git?" and Grizzly Adams turned to O-kee-nul-gee, who answered:

"The Ute chief's tongue is not crooked."

"I are delighted ter know it, fer 'thar be so many crooked tongues, it are a relish ter find one thet hain't.

"Come, Black Cloud, an' git ready for a rapid travel, ef yer don't want yer hair raised," and Old Grizzly turned to the Cheyenne, who said in tolerable English:

"The pale-face hunter is a mighty chief; he has saved the life of the Black Cloud, and the tepees of my people shall be his home."

"I has a home, thank yer, an' I don't invite

yer thar, seein' as I expects yer'll come any time you think yer'd like a lock o' my ha'r ter derwide round yer village.

"Ef I did right, I s'pose I oughter shoot yer; but I are a man ter take ther weaker side, an' I tharfore tells yer ter git, an' yer knows whether it are best ter git lively or not.

"Thar be ther weepins I tuk from yer, an' I guesses yer knows ther trail home.

"Yer hes done a heap o' harm ter white folks, I'll sw'ar, but I are a fa'r play gerloot, an' as yer wer in a leetle diffikilty I helped yer out.

"Now travel."

The Indian did not master all that was said to him, but he felt kindly toward the hunter and looked it.

Taking his arms, he turned toward O-keemul-gee and his warriors, looked them defiantly in the eyes, drew from his pouch some black paint and smeared it over his face, in token that it was war to the end between his tribe and the Utes, and strode boldly from the village.

There were scores of young warriors who wanted to follow him knowing that he was wounded and weak, and try conclusions with him, once he was free of the village; but they caught the eyes of fearless Old Grizzly Adams fixed warningly upon them, and in terror of his terrible rifle, remained where they were, watching the bold chief until he disappeared in the distant forest.

It was evident that Old Grizzly expected trouble, from the manner in which he kept his weapons ready for use; but when the Cheyenne had gone from sight, and no one had started on his trail that he could see, the hunter turned to the boy, who was still tied to the tree, and asked quietly:

"Who are he, O-keef?"

"A Pawnee boy, we caught fighting with the Cheyennes," was the answer.

"Hain't afraid of him, be yer?"

"The Death-on-the-trail knows no fear," was the haughty response.

"You've got grit, I know; but yer don't show it, ter keep that boy tied, an' burn him, as yer intended."

"He was a young brave, an' took the scalps of two of my warriors."

"Like as not, fer he looks as tho' he loved sculps; but yer hain't a-goin' ter set him on fire fer it."

"My young men must see their foe die."

"Not of Old Grizzly Adams kin save him.

"I are a reg'lar made Injun o' this heur tribe, sin' ther dav I helped vou out o' a fix, an' I knows tnet a chief kin claim a young captive as a son, an' ther are what I does now.

"I lays my flipper on this heur boy as my son, an' ther red nigger in this heur camp as says no, then he'd better reckon up what he

hev got ter leave his famby an' call in ther lawyer ter make his will, an' ther parson o' ther tribe ter start him straight, fer he goes lickity-split ter ther Happy Huntin' Grounds o' good Injuns."

As Old Grizzly spoke he once more boldly defied the red-skins in their own village, by severing the bonds of a captive.

"Young 'un, you is my boy, so come along," said the old hunter, and the youth clung close to him, fearless, yet with evident belief that his foes would throw themselves upon him.

But the warriors had too much awe of Old Grizzly to make any such an attempt, and looked upon him as a special pet of the Great Spirit, some of them believing that he was an evil spirit even, for they knew of his having made captives some of the most savage beasts of the mountains, and almost daily was adding to his collection.

Silently the Pawnee boy followed him, and leaving the village of O-keemul-gee, Old Grizzly went straight to his secret retreat.

The Indian boy seemed more terrified at the wild animals which the old hunter had for pets, than he had been in the presence of his human foes, and seeing it, Old Grizzly said, though he well knew that the youth could understand but little what he was talking about:

"Young Injun, this are my house, an' heur are my famby, sich as it are.

"They is young cubs, most of 'em, but they are bein' riz up ter full growth, an' I are trainin' 'em for a purpose which Injuns knows nothin' about, seein' as how thar is no cirkiss ever comes inter these heur parts, an' it are lucky fer it that it don't.

"I needs jist such a likely chap as you be ter hang roun' an' keep ther animiles stirred up when I are absint on a hunt, an' I'm thinkin' yer will sarve me well, an' yer oughter, fer I saved yer gittin' scorched.

"Ef yer plays a card ag'in me, I'll chop yer up fer mince-meat fer ther bars; but ef yer sarves me well, I'll make a man o' yer."

"Wild Wolf love hunter," said the boy, putting together what few words he knew in English.

"I believe yer is a young liar, but I'll trust yer, an' yer'll be Tame Wolf afore long.

"Thar are yer sleepin' roost, an' thar are no need o' tellin' yer whar ther grub be, fer yer hev a fine nose fer vittals, or I miscalcilate."

Whether the young Indian, Wild Wolf, was true or treacherous to the man who had saved his life the reader will discover in the future adventures of Old Grizzly Adams, told in these pages.

## CHAPTER XL

## A THWARTED ASSASSIN.

In the time that Old Grizzly Adams had been a sojourner in the Rocky Mountains, he had accomplished wonders, for, when fortune favored him in aiding the Ute chief in his battle with the Cheyennes, it afterward clung to him in his hunts, and it was not long before he had secured a good start toward his menagerie, having caught in traps, and starved to submission several large bears and wolves, and captured a number of the young of nearly all kinds of wild beasts that dwelt in the vast wilderness where he made his home.

His aiding O-kee-mul-gee again, in kidnapping Bright Eyes, and bold release of Black Cloud endeared the Utes more to him, while the Cheyenne chief, who safely reached his people after his being set free, commanded that the lone white man of the mountains should never be molested by any of his warriors.

The old hunter was therefore in clover, so to speak, as far as being molested by any of the Indians was concerned, and could pursue his dangerous occupation in peace, where human kind were concerned.

But though he was surrounded by animals he had tamed in a great degree, his desire to add to his menagerie led him daily into most desperate dangers, and caused him to receive many an ugly wound, that would have been the death of most men.

One day, some months after his bringing Wild Wolf to his den, Old Grizzly started on the trail of a huge grizzly, he had been most anxious to catch or kill.

He left the Indian boy alone in the cabin, for he had come to trust him, having learned that he had been captured when very young by the Cheyennes, and adopted into their tribe, though never with his own consent, for he did not love the natural foes of his own race.

The Indian boy had turned out a willing servant, and was a great aid to the old hunter, to whom he seemed most devoted.

He had learned English tolerably well, or such English as Old Grizzly could teach him, for the hunter had almost wholly dropped into the border dialect, and it was growing more and more upon him.

Then, too, Wild Wolf had learned to shoot a rifle and pistol, and become a dead shot with each, and Old Grizzly was very proud of his pupil.

When dark came and the hunter had not returned the Indian boy threw the allowance of food to the animals, ate his humble supper, and was about to turn in for the night, when he suddenly descried the moon peering up over the cliff.

He stopped to glance at it an instant, as per-

haps it recalled thoughts of his far-away people, from whom he had been so long separated, when suddenly he saw a form cross its disk.

It was the form of an Indian warrior, and he stood out in bold relief, against the bright face of the moon.

Who could he be?

What was he doing there?

The latter question that flashed through the mind of the Pawnee boy, was answered by seeing the Indian reach up and tie a rope to the branches of a tree that grew back a few feet from the edge of the cliff.

Then he took the coil and lowered it down into the valley.

The next instant he swung himself over the edge and disappeared from the sight of the Pawnee, for he was in the shadow of the cliff, but Wild Wolf knew that he was descending into the canyon by means of the rope.

Quietly he slipped into the cabin and buckled on the the extra belt of arms Old Grizzly had brought with him, and which he allowed the youth to use.

Then he glided out of the cabin and brought with him a roll of skins.

These he quickly laid upon a large buffalo-robe, and, with the aid of the Old Grizzly's hats and a pair of boots, made a dummy that certainly looked like the hunter asleep.

Back in the shadow of the rock the boy then crept and waited.

Ere long he saw a dark form approaching from the direction of the canyon.

Calamity, the hunter's dog, had accompanied his master that day, and as the intruder came not by the entrance to the valley, he would not be seen by the grizzly bear on post, and which Old Grizzly had trained as a sentinel.

Nearer and nearer the form came toward the cabin, until he halted in the shadow of a rock not far away.

But Wild Wolf was as patient as a cat watching a mouse, and waited without the tremor of a muscle.

It was evident the Indian saw the pretended form lying on the buffalo-robe, though it was half in shadow from the cabin; but he determined to wait until he was assured the hunter slept.

At last, as though assured of that fact he crept nearer, and the Pawnee boy saw that he had his bow in his hand, an arrow set, and the string drawn back.

Nearer and nearer, until taking deadly aim at the supposed body of the hunter, the old assassin let the arrow fly upon its mission.

There was a dull thud and slight movement, as the arrow struck, and with a war-cry the Indian sprung forward, scalping-knife in hand.

But, at that moment there came a flash from the shadow of the rocks, and the Indian drow-

ped in his tracks, a half stifled cry upon his lips, while, bounding from his concealment Wild Wolf seized the dying red-skin in his arms and the next moment tore the scalp from his head.

Just at that moment hurrying feet and a yelp were heard, and up dashed Old Grizzly, crying:

"What are it boy?"

Silently and proudly the young Indian pointed to his dead foe.

Bending over the dead form the hunter cried:

"It are Blue Snake, boy, sure as thunder, an' you hev did the job.

"He crawl in heur an' you jist returned ther leetle sarvice I did yer.

"Give me yer red paw, leetle pard, an' then we'll give ther Snake to ther animiles fer wittals, fer 't'won't do ter hev ther Utes know how he come ter be sent fer.

"Ther animiles will pick his bones, an' he won't car' ef they does, an' durned ef I hain't satisfied ef he be."

## CHAPTER XII.

### A MINING-CAMP AMAZED.

THE denizens of a mining-camp in the mountains, which by courtesy was called Mine's City, were one day greatly astounded at discovering a strange rider and a stranger steed coming into their main street.

The surprise turned to terror in many cases, and the timid went in and closed their doors, while the brave at once armed themselves to the teeth and stood ready for action.

The cause of this unwonted commotion among a people that were seemingly never surprised at anything, was at discovering an immense grizzly bear coming down the mountain road, and heading for the center of the camp.

There would have been a bear-hunt at once had it not been for the fact that the grizzly was saddled and bridled, and more—carried upon his back a rider.

That rider was Old Grizzly Adams.

The bear was his king of grizzlies, Sampson, which he had as well trained as a horse.

Wholly regardless, apparently, of his load, Sampson walked up the street at a swinging pace, straight toward the hotel, while his rider had more queries put to him than he could have answered in a year's time.

The style of those questions was not calculated to put Old Grizzly Adams in a good humor, as one would ask:

"Which are ther man an' which are ther b'ar?"

"Pard, what does yer ax fer yer mule?"

"Git down, old man, an' let ther b'ar ride a leetle."

Grizzly Adams made no replies to this cate-

chism, but held steadily on his way and halted before the door of the pine-board shanty that did service under the high-sounding title of the Valley View Hotel.

There was the legend beneath the name of "ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST."

But the host did not come out to welcome either the man or the beast, and seemed unhappy that they had come.

Dismounting from his grizzly, Adams fastened his chain bridle to the hitching-post, more as a matter of form, for the bear could have knocked it over with one blow of his paw, and went up to the door of the tavern.

"Pard, I wants a room fer two, 'ca'se my horse sleeps in ther same stall as I does, an' I calkitates stayin' all night an' seein' ther sights o' ther city.

"Write us down in yer provender book as Old Grizzly Adams an' his b'ar, Sampson, from ther Rocky Mountains."

"Is your bear dangerous?" asked the landlord.

"Dangersome? I guesses not, fer he wouldn't hurt a flea— Condemnation! what are ther matter?"

The sudden change in Grizzly's words was caused by hearing a sudden and unearthly scream, and springing to the door he discovered that the docile Sampson had suddenly seized a pig that had come overland with an emigrant wagon, and had become a tame pet.

He was just two good mouthfuls for Sampson, and Old Grizzly got to the scene just in time to see piggy's tail disappearing within the capacious jaws of the bear.

"Were it a human or a animile critter?" he asked of the crowd that stood at a respectful distance.

"It were a precious pig," volunteered one.

"Ther pet o' ther community," said another.

"Ther purtiest leetle swine yer ever see."

"We all loved it."

"Piggy's gone, an' 'ill hev no grave fer us ter weep on."

"Who did ther hog belong ter?" asked Grizzly, cutting short the remarks.

"Ther town council," was the answer.

"How much was he valoo'd at?"

"I'll let yer off with a V," said a man of most shabby appearance, stepping forward with extended hand.

"Did ther pig belong ter you?"

"He were my pride, pard," was the answer.

"He belonged to all of us, b'ar man, so stan' treat fer ther crowd, an' we'll call it squar'."

The man who made this remark seemed inspired, for he had expressed the wish of the hundred loafers who stood around, and who greeted it with a cheer that made Sampson shake himself.

"I'll stan' treat fer ther swine, pards, 'ca'se"

don't let any more of 'em fool round that b'ar, or they'll disappear.

"I are Old Grizzly Adams from ther mountains, an' hevin' come on a visit ter yer town ter make some purchases, I wants ter git acquainted an' be friendly.

"Thet b'ar are gentle as a leetle lamb, an' he are my pard; come, Sampson."

The bear instantly followed his master into the bar and the old hunter stood treat for all, though he and Sampson were not crowded.

Sampson took a mug in his paws, at his master's command, stood on his hind feet, and drank with a gusto, and then was led off to the log cabin adjoining, which the landlord had assigned to Old Grizzly as his quarters.

All through the mining country strange stories had gone, of a hermit hunter living alone in the mountains, fearless of the Indians and dangers alike, and with a perfect mastery over wild beasts, and when Grizzly Adams emerged from his room, he found himself a hero with the rough element by which he was surrounded.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE BOY GAMBLER.

IN his desire to "see the sights," as he expressed it, in Miner's City, Old Grizzly Adams first ate a square meal, and gave Sampson ditto.

Then he went to the shops to make what purchases he needed, coffee, ammunition, a weapon or two, and a quantity of stout chains and staples, "fer my animiles," as he expressed it.

These were securely put together to pack upon Sampson, who was to serve the purpose of pack-horse on the way back to the mountains, and then Grizzly Adams looked about the camps, determined to make an early start on the return trip the following morning.

Seeing that the hunter had plenty of money, or "dust," as they called it there, several sports of the mining fraternity wished to have it change hands, and consequently hung about the animal-tamer like leeches.

Their efforts to get him to drink heavily were fruitless, for he said:

"I allus takes a nip fer my stomach's sake, accordin' ter Scriptur'; but ef I goes beyond that, I'll give my b'ars ter ther gerloot that sees me do it."

"Do you ever play an innercent little game of cards?" asked one young miner.

"Oh, yas, I loves innercent games, tho' I hasn't tackled keerds in so long I don't remember much about 'em," replied Grizzly.

"Well, we boys have a little amusement of that kind every night, at Luck's Retreat, an I would be delighted to show you round there, though of course you need not play unles you wish to," said the young sport.

"Waal, I are some on seein' what thar is ter be saw, so I'm yer pard fer ther evenin'."

Thus it was settled, and an hour after Old Grizzly and the young sport entered the gambling-saloon.

Luck's Retreat was a huge shanty of one story, filled with small tables, a bar at one end, and at the other a roulette and faro bank stood, behind which were dealers at work, and before which were crowds of miners gambling away their hard earnings; giving their hard-earned gold-dust to some sport who was a perfect vampire in their midst.

Old Grizzly looked curiously on for awhile, and then his attention was attracted to a mere boy in appearance, who was playing at a table with a tall, heavily-bearded man, who was a professional gambler.

The man was known as Sanford, the Sport, and almost invariably was a winner.

Many said he never played a square game, and yet those who had told him so to his face had but added to the dead in the burying-ground up the valley.

He lived in a cabin on the mountain-side, three miles away, pretended to work a mine, but passed most of his days in town, and always gambled at night at the Luck's Retreat until midnight, when he mounted his horse and rode home.

Such was the story told of the rather handsome man to Old Grizzly, who listened attentively and then asked:

"Who are ther young 'un?"

"The Boy Gambler."

"He plays keerds, too?"

"Yes, and is a [fortunate fellow, for he generally wins."

"Who are he?"

"Nobody knows."

"Hain't he got no name?"

"Yes, we call him Diamonds, for he sports a headlight of that kind in his b'iled shirt and another on his finger."

"He don't appear to be more'n seventeen year old?"

"No; he looks about that, and is as handsome as a picture. He dropped in here one morning on the stage-coach, took rooms in the Valley View Hotel, and begun ther card business that same night.

"Boys that thought to take him in, went dead broke on him.

"Then he tackled Sanford one night, and since then they have played regularly every evening, and the Boy Gambler is a long way the winner, for the Sport's cheating don't go with Diamonds."

"Ther boy are a likely-lookin' youth, I sw'ar, an' I'll jist take a closer look at ther way he fingers ther keerds," said Old Grizzly, walking up to the table where a youth of seventeen, well-dressed, and with a broad

sombrero shading his face, sat playing cards with the long-bearded man before referred to. As they approached, the man said, angrily:

"Boy, that is the fiftieth consecutive game you have won, and only one way can that be done."

"How is that, Sport?" asked the boy, indifferently.

"By cheating!"

The answer of the boy was a burst of rude laughter, which caused Old Grizzly to say:

"That child hev got grit, an' I are his friend ef thar be a pow-wow in ther air."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### GRIZZLY ADAMS KEEPS HIS WORD.

"BETTER not interfere, pard, where Sanford the Sport is interested," suggested the gambling miner, who had Old Grizzly in tow, showing him the sights.

"I interefes jist whar I is needed, Pard Sharp, so don't you offer me no advice," was the abrupt reply, and the card sharp saw that the hunter was not a man to brook interference.

"Do you dare laugh in my face, boy?" cried Sanford, at the ringing laughter of the youth.

"Yes, and at you too, Sanford, for the laugh is on my side, as I hold the winning cards."

"Add I say you cheat."

"Bah! I have but matched your rascality—hold on, man, for I cover you."

With a quickness and nerve wholly unexpected the boy had drawn a revolver and gotten the drop on the man.

Sanford never moved, but gazed earnestly into the face of the youth, and then, for the first time seemed to realize that he had seen him ere he came to Miner's City, for he asked in a low, husky voice:

"Have we not met before, boy?"

"We have."

"Who are you?"

"I am the little boy you taught to play an innocent game of cards, and whose sister you ran off with and deserted, causing her to commit suicide."

"That act killed my poor mother, and as you had robbed us of our fortune, murdered my sister and mother, I swore to revenge myself on you, and I have tracked you here."

"Your money I have won from you, and your life I will have."

All was now excitement in the saloon, for the boy locked it that he would do what he said.

But just then one of Sanford's friends, a bully and a desperado, who stood at one side of the youth, suddenly thrust a revolver against his head, and said:

"Let up, upon the Sport, boy, or I pulls trigger."

Hardly had the words left his lips when the weapon was knocked from his hand, and his form was seized seemingly in the arms of a giant, and hurled across the table against Sanford, upsetting him in his chair, and causing both men to roll together upon the floor.

Springing upon the table, after this daring act, and exhibition of wonderful strength, with a weapon in either hand, he covered the Sport and his friend, and shouted:

"Pards, I holds trumps jist now an' any biz yer hes with this heur youth kin be settled decint an' in order, fer I said as how I'd be his friend, an' heur I are, Old Grizzly Adams from ther Rocky Mountains at yer sarvice."

It was evident that the youth was as greatly surprised at so suddenly finding a friend there, as were the others at the daring act of Old Grizzly.

"I thank you, sir; but I came here to hunt Roy Sanford to earth, and it has got to be his life or mine," said the youth firmly.

"Like as not, leetle pard, an' it shell be, fer I'll see fa'r play, even in a dog fight."

"I hes them babes on ther floor kivered, an' they can't kick ther kiverin' off until I calls risin' time."

"Now what does yer want ter hev did?" and Old Grizzly addressed the boy, though he did not take his eyes off the two men, who still lay where they had fallen upon the floor, not daring to rise, for there was that in the hunter's face that told them it would be, certain death.

"All I ask is that Sanford meet me in a fair fight with pistols," said the youth.

"He hain't worth killin', leetle pard."

"He is a villain, and I wish to end his deviltries."

"You is too young ter face thet man."

"I am nineteen, and it don't always take age to make a man."

"That are Gospil, fer I were a lively kid when I were small."

"Does yer know t'other gerloot?"

"No."

"Then I guess he'd better skin out, unless yer wants ter shoot him."

"No, I have nothing against him, though it was a coward's act to cover me when my quarrel was with Roy Sanford."

"It were fer a fact; come, yer sneak o' sin, grease yerself durned quick, and silently slip out o' this heur camp-meetin', or I'm condemned ef I doesn't feed yer ter my b'ar, Sampson."

The bully growled something in a savage way, but either terrified at Old Grizzly's pistol, or the fear of becoming food for Sampson, he quickly departed from the saloon.

"He hev made himself absent, leetle pard, so now what's ter be did with this heur Satin?"

"Roy Sanford, will you meet me as man to man" asked the boy.

"Yes, and kill you, too," was the savage rejoinder.

"That's to be proven, and if this kind gentleman will arrange it, we will fight here."

"I are a b'ar-tamer, I hain't no gentleman, Boy Pard; but I are heur in this yarth ter do good, so I'll fix ther thing fer yer, an' bury yer prime of yer goes under; but yer better let me shoot him fer yer."

"No, I must face that man myself."

"Let me set Sampson on him."

"Is Sampson the huge grizzly I saw you have to-day?"

"He are."

The youth smiled, but answered:

"No, that man must meet me in fair fight."

"Waal, I'll set ter-morrer mornin' for ther fun.

"I were a-goin' away only ter git home, but I allus are willin' ter 'commydate a friend.

"Does it suit yer ter say sun-up at ther creek crossin'?"

"It is satisfactory to me, if that man does not run away during the night," said the youth.

"If he do, I'll trail him fer yer.

"Now, Long Beard, does it suit you?"

"I hate to be drawn in a muss with the boy; but as he swears publicly to kill me from some fancied wrong at his hands, I'll be there and end the matter."

"That are sufficient; now, sonny, yer jist go home an' sleep all yer kin, an' me an' Sampson will call fer yer 'arly."

"I thank you, sir," and the youth left the saloon, and Sanford the Sport resumed his seat once more.

But Old Grizzly did not move and still stood confronting the gambler, a queer look upon his rough but honest face.

## CHAPTER XV.

### GRIZZLY PAYS A DEBT.

HARDLY had the youth disappeared from Luck Retreat, and the crowd, believing the troubles ended for the present, were turning toward the irrispective tables, when Old Grizzly sat in his quiet way, addressing the gambler:

"You is a card sharp, hain't yer?"

"Say, old man, if you want trouble with me after I have sent that boy to the devil, you can have it, but now go away and let me alone," was the angry reply of Sanford.

Old Grizzly laughed quietly, and said:

"Waal, it are my opinion yer don't send that boy to ther devil, an' ef of yer w'u'd like thet I give yer my reasons why, I'll do it."

"Well, why will I not?"

"'Case I expects ter send you thar, an'-- Hold on, fer yer see I hes my pepper-box p'int-ed at yer," and the hunter's pistol covered the gambler's heart.

"What is it you want with me?" asked Sanford, livid with rage, for he felt that for the second time that night he was cutting a sorry figure, and before, he had always held his own, if not been the victor.

"I'll tell yer, Lawyer Sanford, what I hes ag'in' yer, an' what I wants with yer."

"Do you know me?" quickly asked the gambler.

"I does."

"Who am I?"

"Lawyer Roy Sanford, o' a leetle town in York State as I c'u'd name, but won't, fer I don't want folks ter think we breeds sich trash, as you is, in them parts."

"I fail to recognize you," and the gambler seemed to peer into the very soul of the hunter.

"Like as not! but ef yer thinks I are goin' ter stan' by an' see yer kill that boy, yer is a howlin' mistaken liar.

"Ther right may triumph, an' must, ther parsons tell us, or ust ter when I 'tended meetin'; but yer were allus a gamecock, an' yer hes a steady narve, an' I fears thet Providence might forgit ther boy, so I jist intends ter chip in an' take his place ag'm yer."

"After I meet the boy I'll meet you."

"Nary, fer I knows yer, an' I doesn't b'lieve ther mornin' sunshine w'u'd shine on yer in this heur valley."

"My quarrel is jist with the boy, and if you know me, as you seem to, you are aware I am not a man to run from death."

"Oh! you'll take chances, an' big ones, but yer won't take sartinties ag'in' yer, an' it are sure death fer yer ter face me."

"I'll risk that to-morrow."

"No yer don't, fer it's got ter be did ter night.

"I hain't no immejit quarrel with yer, Lawyer Sanford, an' I doesn't want yer life on my han's; but Jedge Townsend, ther father o' thet boy did me a favor onst, fer when I got my leg broke by a cussed oxen near his home he tuk me thar an' nussed me fer five months.

"An' his wife an' darter, an' thet boy, who were a leetle one then, was good ter me as tho' I hed been kin folks an' was 'spectin' ter leave 'em a fortin, an' they only tuk thankee fer thar trouble.

"I knows well thet ther Jedge tuk yer in lawyerin' with him, an' when he died some-time arter, thar were some as said yer had kill him.

"An' I knows thet yer deceived the gal, got ther fortin' in yer han's an' then deserted all.

"It wasn't my cirkiss, but I did want ter meet yer sometime, an' I hes done it, an' now I says thet yer hes got to face me at ten foot, or

twenty foot, fer I don't car' a foot or two, an' I'll perwent yer killin' thet boy."

"You have preached yer sermon, and had an attentive congregation, so now listen to me," said Sanford, with a sneer.

"I hev ears, so say yer say."

"To-morrow I will meet the boy, and as soon as that matter is over I will give you all the satisfaction you want."

"Nary, fer I is goin' ter git satizfied now, an' you hears me talk when I says thet ef yer don't git across thet room, draw yer weepin, an' march onto me a-shootin', when somebody heur gives ther word, durned ef I don't bore daylight clean through yer an' feed yer ter Sampson, ef ther eatin' of yer makes him sinful too."

Sanford was very pale, but convinced that he had to face the alternative, and knowing that every eye was upon him, he said, in an air of assumed indifference:

"If you are determined to meet me to-night, Grizzly Bear, I guess these gentlemen will lay aside their games for a minute, and Bent I know will give us the use of the Retreat for the duel."

"Ef not, thar are plenty o' room outside, an' it are moonlight."

"Fight it out here," cried the man behind the bar, and who was Bent, the proprietor.

"As it are your shanty, pard, perhaps you will give ther word fer ter sit ther music goin'," and Old Grizzly turned to Bent.

"With pleasure, gentlemen, for I always desire to accommodate."

"Here, Sanford, take your stand at that end, and you, Grizzly What's-yer-name, go to the other end."

"Revolvers, I suppose?" and Bent was as polite and pleasant as though arranging a quadrille.

"Thet are my weepin, tho' I hain't pertickler."

"Yes, revolvers, and fire as often as we wish," said Sanford,

"You kin jist shoot as often as yer pleases, Roy Sanford; but as fer me, I guesses one shot 'll be enough, as I doesn't waste no powder an' lead."

This remark of Old Grizzly showed that he had perfect confidence in himself; but Sanford had also assumed an air of calmness that amounted almost to indifference, and, walking up to the bar, he called for a glass of liquor and dashed it off.

Then he fired his revolver six times down into the floor, and carefully reloaded it, which caused Grizzly Adams to remark:

"Ef he hain't no more confidence in himself then he hev in his revolver, he hed better look out."

"As fer me, when I hes a loaded weepin, I kin count on its shootin' every time."

The gambler, having loaded his revolver to suit himself, walked to the bar and again dashed off a glass of liquor.

"Thet are whisky grit he are fillin' himself with, an' it don't hang long," muttered Old Grizzly as he walked to the place assigned him by Bent, with the air of a man who was going to do the most commonplace thing in the world.

At length both men were upon their respective stands, and at each end of the saloon.

Along the walls on either side were ranged the lookers on, fully a hundred in number, and all commenting in their rough way regarding the affair.

Half-way between the two combatants, and to the right, stood Bent, a glass in his hand, which he was to drop as a signal for the firing to commence.

"Are you ready?" asked Bent.

"Certainly, always," said Sanford, with a smile.

"I are," answered Old Grizzly.

Bent held forth his hand with the glass in it, and then let it fall.

Ere it shivered upon the floor there was a pistol-shot.

It came from Old Grizzly, for he had been too quick for the gambler, whose weapon was not fired.

With a spring into the air Roy Sanford fell his full length upon the floor, a dead man.

"You have killed him," cried Bent, springing to his side.

"I knows thet, fer thet were my aim," and as Grizzly Adams spoke he proceeded to quietly reload his weapon.

"Whar are thet sharp thet wanted ter tackle me fer a game o' keerds?" asked the hunter.

"I am here, sir," somewhat timidly said that individual coming forward.

"Waal, git yer keerds an' yer table while I pays expenses fer what I did heur, as it are but right I sh'u'd treat ther corpse ter a burial."

"Say, pard, what are expenses fer dirt-kiverin' a man in this heur town?" and Old Grizzly turned to Bent, who said with a light laugh:

"Never mind, my friend, for I'll bury him, as Sanford has spent many a dollar in my place."

"Thet are ban'some of yer to be sure."

"Waal, see thet he are planted well."

Then turning to his gambling acquaintance, he continued:

"Now, I are ready, pard, an' play squar'."

Whether the gambler cheated, or not, Old Grizzly could not tell, but certain it is that he did not play cards as well as he shot, and after a couple of hours he arose from the table a heavy loser for him.

"Waal, I guess I'll return ter my den in theer mount'ins, me an' Sampson; but I'll take along a pack o' keerds an' practise up a leetle, so as tu tackle yer when I comes down ag'in."

"Tell ther boy, Freddy Townsend, thet I got squar' on Roy Sanford fer thet past wickedness he did ag'in' his fambly, an' wish him good-bye fer me."

"It are my treat, pards, an' then I'll git."

And back to the mountains that night Old Grizzly started, walking by Sampson's side, fer the bear carried the pack, and behind him in Miner's City he left a name that went flying along the border from one end to the other.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### THE HUNTER VISITS BLACK CLOUD.

SOME ten days after his return from the mines, Old Grizzly was seated in front of his cabin, rubbing up his fire-arms, a favorite amusement with him, for they were his treasures above his savage pets.

He was feeling a little sore, for he had only two days before had a hard fight with a grizzly bear he had wounded, and which died hard.

"Ther boy ougter be gittin' back," he said, glancing toward the entrance to the canyon, and referring to Wild Wolf the Indian youth, who had gone out on a hunt for game.

But night came on and the boy not returning, Old Grizzly called to Calamity, his dog, and was about to start forth on a hunt for him, fearing some accident had befallen him, when the growl of the grizzly sentinel, and then a low whine, told him that the youth was returning.

A few moments after Wild Wolf entered the cabin, and the hunter saw that he had no game, and asked:

"Has yer been over to ther village o' Chief O-kee's, Wolf, courtin' Injun gals?"

"The Wild Wolf has been on the trail of a pale-face."

"A white man in these parts, an' you a trailin' him?" asked Old Grizzly.

"The pale-face is a young brave like Wolf."

"No."

"He was alone, an' Wolf was near him; but the warriors of Black Cloud sprung upon him, and he was made captive; but he fought like a great chief, and three Cheyenne warriors were sent to the happy hunting grounds."

"Waal I sw'ar this are news, Wolf; but were the boy kilt?"

"No, he was taken alive."

"And you followed?"

"The Cheyenne braves did not see me and I followed their trail and saw them go toward the village of Black Cloud."

"Then Wild Wolf came to tell the Bear Chief."

"You did right, and to-morrow I'll make a leetle visit ter ther Cheyennes, an' find out what they is goin' ter do with ther boy."

And bright and early Old Grizzly saddled Sampson and started for the Indian camp.

He knew well that though his presence in the mountains was tolerated by the Cheyennes, for saving the life of their chief, they both feared and hated him:

He had met them in the mountains, when hunting, and they had avoided him, and he had never been to their village, though he did not fear he would be harmed.

Still he cared not to tempt them too far.

The tribe of O-kee-mul-gee he was on good terms with, though he knew that they too closely watched his movements, and some of the warriors had acted very coldly toward him since the mysterious disappearance of Blue Snake, which none of the red-skins could account for.

Death-in-the-trail, the Ute chief, had asked Old Grizzly if he knew what had become of the sub-chief, Blue Snake, or had seen him.

But the hunter looked the picture of innocence, and replied that he had in no way harmed him.

Several times in hunting, the Pawnee boy had been fired at in the mountains, by both Ute and Cheyenne warriors; but he had escaped unhurt each time.

Notwithstanding this unfriendly spirit toward him, Old Grizzly boldly set out for the village of Black Cloud, to see if he could serve the boy whom Wild Wolf had said the Cheyennes had made captive.

His long experience as a woodsman and hunter in his old home, had fully acquainted Old Grizzly with all kinds of woodcraft, and his life in the Rocky Mountains had made him more cunning than an Indian even, and capable of going where he pleased with little danger.

The surroundings of the Cheyenne village the hunter well knew, and he reached a spot from whence he could reconnoiter without difficulty, although red skin sentinels were out on the watch upon every quarter.

Having decided that his only course was to enter the village and ask Black Cloud for the youth, claiming to be a friend of his, Grizzly Adams mounted his bear and boldly rode down the steep hillside into the village.

The huge grizzly was the first discovered by a party of Indian children and they ran with wild cries of alarm to the tepees.

Then the old squaws took up the cries, and upon seeing the hunter on the back of the bear, almost universal consternation prevailed, until Black Cloud, coming out of the council lodge with his warriors, recognized the White Death, as all the Indians called the strange old hunter.

But how had he eluded the Indian outposts and come that way to the village?

If he and a bear had passed through their lines, others might do the same, and, like the wary general he was, Black Cloud sent runners out to spread the word that the sentinels were keeping poor guard over the village.

Recognizing the chief, Old Grizzly headed straight toward him, though few remained to welcome him among the fair sex and papposes when they gazed upon the savage animal he rode.

"The Black Cloud's tepee is open to the White Death," said the chief with dignity, not moving as the grizzly halted within two feet of him and sniffed about his legs as though he thought he would make a good meal for him.

"That are han'some of yer, Black Cloud, I'll sw'ar, fer I knows I is not pop'ler with yer red niggers.

"But I hasn't come ter board with yer, only ter ax yer ter do ther right thing, an' give me ther pale face boy o' mine yer hes here."

The chief, in spite of his stolid nature, started and asked:

"Why says the White Death that Black Cloud has a pale-face captive?"

"Thar are no need o' doubtin' yer tongue up with lies, chief, fer I are ther Evil Spirit o' ther Mountains, an' I knows all as is goin' on in this kentry.

"Ef yer don't give up ther boy yer'll hear ther voice o' ther Great Spirit this very night in ther thunder, an' see ther arrows of fire he shoots across ther heavens."

Black Cloud looked troubled, and after a moment said:

"My warriors did bring in a pale face brave, a very young warrior."

"Like as not when I knows it."

"He killed three of my braves, and he is now in the strong lodge awaiting the coming of another sun, when he must die."

"Not a durned bit will he die, Black Cloud, an' I tell yer ther Great Spirit will this night show his anger to you."

"What will the Great Spirit do?" asked the chief, curiously, while his warriors pressed more closely around him.

"Does yer see that mountain cliff yonder?" and Old Grizzly pointed to a cliff fully five hundred feet in height, and the base of which was a few hundred yards from the tepees.

The chief nodded.

"Waal, I will go thar now, and when ther night hev come I'll ask ther Great Spirit ef the boy must die.

"Ef ther Great Spirit wants him ter die, thar will be no sound; but ef ther boy must live, then thar will be fiery arrows flyin' round an' a roarin' voice.

"Now, I are goin', an' jist you Injuns keep

yer eyes open an' look out fer squalls, fer I hain't no durned fool."

Old Grizzly turned his savage steed to the right-about, and left the surprised and deeply-impressed Indians gazing after him with considerable awe.

Up the hillside they saw him go and disappear; but just at sunset he reappeared upon the edge of the cliff, standing upright, and with arms stretched forth and upward as though in prayer.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A BIG SCARE.

WHEN Old Grizzly reached the cliff, the very spot from whence a few hours before he had reconnoitered the Indian village, he stepped forward, leaving Sampson in the back ground, and went through a number of ridiculous motions, ending them by apparently praying.

Then he stepped back in the thicket, and sat down by a large bundle he had hidden there before going to the camp.

"Waal, ef I hain't goin' ter skeer them Injuns this night, then I hope Sampson may chaw me up fer elk meat."

With this the hunter laughed aloud, and with evident relish.

"They calls me Old Grizzly, 'case my ha'r are gray, but thet are no sign o' age or wisdom, tho' it are ther latter in my case, seein' as I are jist forty, an' are as wise as a owl, as them Injuns shell diskiver.

"Fust an' foremost this leetle tech o' rheumatiz I hes in my j'int, tells me thar are ter be a thunder storm this night o' our Lord.

"Ag'in, I were wise enough when in Miner City ter purchase suthin' nobody else had any use fer, an' them were these, which I thought w'd help me in my animile biz."

As he spoke he unrolled the bundle, a large buffalo robe, and a number of rockets of various kinds were displayed.

Then he unfastened a bear robe, and what should be revealed but a tavern gong and drummer.

"Waal, thet storeman told me them rockets were brought over fer ther sogers ter celebrate ther Fourth o' July, but never reached 'em, as ther wagons was stolen, an' he brought ther lot in, 'spectin' ter make a fortin.

"But he slipped up, an' I got ther lot fer a twenty.

"Ther gong he hed bought on speckilation; an' sold it to ther landlord; but ther fust time it were sounded fer dinner ther miners thought it were a yarthquake, an' it skeert 'em so that they swore they'd kill the hash-house cap'n ef he didn't dispose of it.

"He sold it back to ther storeman, and I thought it w'd be jist young thunder in these heur mountains, an' I'll try it on ter-night.

"Ef it don't skeer them Injuns, then I'll emigrate ter ther Sierras, an' run ther menagerie biz thar.

"But I are afeerd it will skeer old Sampson lean out o' his skin, so I'll explain it to him, er he hes got ter be in ther panoramer ter-night."

The hunter next unrolled a piece of white sheeting, and with his knife, cut it into what shape he desired, and then fastened it together with a needle, which he never went without.

When completed the sheeting had been transformed into a huge garment, large enough to fully envelope Sampson.

It was now dark, and, with the quiet, matter-of-fact way peculiar to him, Old Grizzly sat down to his frugal supper, giving a haunch of venison to his savage companion, with the remark:

"Yer kin eat ther rest o' thet deer I kilt ter-morrer, Sam, fer yer hes got ter act ter-night, an' yer can't do yerself justice on a full stomach."

He then led the bear to the edge of the cliff and chained him securely to the stump of an old lightning-riven pine.

Then he got his gong and touched it up softly, until he got the brute accustomed to the sound.

Next he built a very small fire, keeping the blaze sheltered behind a rock, and laying his rockets out in order, he attached a fiery wheel to the pine stump.

A whirl-i-gig was fastened to the limb of a tree, just over the fire, and the shooting-stick rockets, some two score in number were placed just at hand.

"Come, Sampson, an' do yer duty," he said and he put the white garment upon the huge beast.

"Now stand up, sir."

The bear obeyed.

"Stretch out yer arms, like a parson givin' benediction, Sampson."

The grizzly again obeyed.

"Now stan' thar until I dismiss ther camp-meetin'."

Goin' back to the fire, Old Grizzly took up his gong and fastened it to a swinging branch, attaching the drummer by a cord, so that he could get hold of it easily.

Then he began to let it roll forth its terrific racket.

At first slowly, and gradually getting louder and louder until it was deafening, and could be heard all over the Indian village, and echoed again and again against the mountain sides and up the canyon.

Still beating with one hand, with the other he seized a stick rocket, thrust the end into the fire, and sent the fiery dart flying through the heavens.

Sampson gave a startled howl, but did not

move from his upright position, and a stern command from the hunter quieted him.

Then another rocket was set off, and another, the gong still kept going, and next the fiery wheel and whirl-i-gig were set going, and springing back to his place of concealment, Old Grizzly began anew on his gong, and continued sending off his stick rockets.

It was certainly a weird, startling sight, there in that wilderness, and upon that wild crag far above the valley, with the huge bear seeming like some giant spirit of the clouds, covered as he was in white, and with his fore legs extended, growling in terror, and moving uneasily, yet more afraid of his master, and still keeping his position.

Then, too, the fiery arrows from the stick rockets, the wheel of fire, and the zig-zag motions of the fuses in the tree, together with the roaring gong, made up a scene sublimely awful and terrific to the superstitious Indians, whose cries reached the ears of the hunter, causing him to dance with glee.

Suddenly the fiery arrows ceased, the wheel of fire and whirl-i-gig went out as though doused in water, the gong racket ended and all was silent on the cliff.

"Waal, Sampson, we hev did nobly, an' yer shell chaw on thet other haunch o' venzon jist ter calm yer narves, fer yer were skeert an' no mistake.

"But we hev did ther biz, an' now must take a back seat while ther Great Spirit tams loose his arrers o' lightnin' and speaks, fer ther storm are a-breakin'."

Hardly had the hunter gained shelter beneath a shelving rock for himself, when there came a peal of terrific thunder that fairly shook the cliff, and rolling up the valley sounded like the roar of a hundred guns.

But wrapping himself in his robes, and with Sampson crouching near, Old Grizzly laid down and sunk to sleep, wholly unmindful of the raging storm.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE RUSE A SUCCESS—WHAT THE FIREWORKS ACCOMPLISHED.

WITH the very first glimmer of day Old Grizzly awoke.

Sampson lay quietly by his side, and both were as dry as though they had spent the night in doors, for the rain had not beaten in under the rock.

"Come, Sampson, we hev ter be on ther trot, as soon as I hev destroyed ther evidences, thet we is two darned big frauds, playin' Great Spirit an' sich with fire-rockets, gongs an' yer genteel garaint I made yer.

"I are ready now, so come along."

The saddle was thrown on the bear, the rocket-sticks were put in the fire to burn up,

and down the mountain side clambered the bear and his master.

It was a very evident fact to Old Grizzly that there had not been much sleep in the Indian village that night, and he laughed heartily over the fright he had given them.

"Thar they is, ther warriors all around ther council-lodge, an' ther squaws gabbin' at ther tepees same as wimmins allus will gab, even when thar is nothin' goin' on.

"Waal, I hev given ther meetin' a surprise-party, an' now I guesses that boy won't die."

In a little while Old Grizzly, mounted on his bear, trotted up to where Black Cloud stood with some of his warriors around him.

All looked anxious, and certainly none of them had had the hardihood to sleep any after the scenes of the past night, for the thunder storm did not blow itself out until after midnight.

"Waal, Black Cloud, did yer see any sign from ther Great Spirit, thet ther pale-face captive are not ter be hurted?"

Old Grizzly asked the question with an innocence that was remarkable, while as he drew near the warriors gave way before him, as much in terror of him, if not more than of the bear.

"The White Death has talked with a straight tongue, for the Great Spirit has spoken to his red children," said the chief in his dignified tones, yet keeping a little further off from the hunter than he had the day before, for now he did look upon him as indeed the Evil Spirit of the Mountain.

"Yas, I thought he'd hev suthin' ter say o' a pleasant kind.

"Did he show hisself, Black Cloud?"

"The White Death has spoken, for the Great Spirit stood on the edge of the cliff with arms outstretched above his red children."

"Yas, I hed an idee he w'u'd show hisself ter this lovin' flock o' his'n, so I lay low; but he wasn't mad a bit, were he?"

"The Great Spirit was angry with his red children."

"Like as not, fer they does a heap ter rile him, but he'll git over his mad when yer gives up ther boy ter me."

Instantly Black Cloud turned to two of his warriors and bade them go to the strong lodge and fetch the captive.

In a few minutes they returned, leading the prisoner with them, and he limped, as though lame from the bonds that had been drawn tight around his ankles.

He was pale, but wore a fearless look, and one glance into his face showed Old Grizzly what he had not been wrong in his surmise that it was the Boy Gambler, known as Diamonds in Miner's City.

"Yas, it were jist what I hed expected when Wolf told me ther kind o' look ther boy

hed; it are Freddy Townsend, an' no mis take."

The boy started as he saw the hunter and a smile passed over his face, while he seemed about to speak, but checked his words at a warning glance from Old Grizzly, who said:

"Waal, Boy Pard, thet Great Spirit hev said ter Black Cloud, ther great Cheyenne chief, thet yer is not ter die, an' I hev come ter take yer away.

"Yer is a leetle lame, I sees, so jist mount on old Sampson, an' I do ther walkin'."

Without the slightest hesitation, and unmindful of the growl Sampson gave at this change of riders, Diamonds sprang into the saddle, and Old Grizzly, after a few words of farewell to Black Cloud, turned and walked away, the bear keeping close to his side.

"Waal, lad, yer got nabbed by ther red, I see," said the hunter, as they left the Indian village, under the awed gaze of even the smallest papoose.

"Yes, I was seeking you, old man, to thank you for killing Sanford, and say how much you disappointed me, for I had sworn to kill him or be killed."

"It is better as it are, Boy Pard; but yer is game ter come alone inter these heur mountains."

"Oh! I knew that you dwelt here, and I am a good border man, if I am young, and expected to be able to dodge the red-skins and find you.

"But they jumped me and you found me, and if you had not saved me I'd have gone under.

"But in the name of goodness, old man, how did you raise all that rumpus last night?"

Old Grizzly laughed heartily, and asked:

"Was ther Injuns skeert?"

"Scared? That is no name for it, and for awhile I too thought the world was coming to an end.

"But then I recognized the rockets and got them down fine; but what you made the racket with nobody could tell."

Again Old Grizzly laughed, and, having reached the top of the hill, he drew forth his gong from its concealment, and Diamonds joined him in the laugh.

"Now, boy, what is ter be did?"

"Oh! I have come to pay you a visit of a few weeks, and then I am going back home to lead a good life, for I have only gambled to hunt down Roy Sanford.

"Am I welcome, old man?"

"Say, young 'un, wasn't I months in yer father's house, an' welcome, an' ef—"

"Ha! I have it; you are Hunter Adams," cried the youth.

"Yas, I are him thet were Hunter Adams, but now I are callt Old Grizzly Adams, B'ar Tamer, Animile Killer, White Death, thet

Monarch o' ther Mountains, an' whatever else I'll git ter be ther good Lori only knows.

"Com', boy, an' I'll take yer ter my den an' show yer my menagerie."

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### A BRUSH WITH ROAD-AGENTS.

FOR several months did the youth, whom the hunter had so well befriended, remain a guest in the lone cabin in the canyon; but at last he determined to return to his home in the East, save what he could from his fortune and go to work.

As there were purchases he wished to make, Old Grizzly went with him to Miner's City, the two riding mustangs, which formed a part of the old hunter's "famby," as he called all the dwellers in the canyon.

They had reached the mountain stage-road, some miles from Miner's City, and were riding leisurely along, when they heard the rumble of wheels approaching.

"It are ther overland hearse," said Old Grizzly.

Hardly had he spoken when suddenly there was heard a stern voice crying:

"Halt that coach, or die!

"Up with your hands!"

The rumble of wheels ceased, and the old hunter and the youth looked at each other, and both knew what it meant.

The one who had issued the stern and threatening command could not be more than a hundred yards from them, around a bend in the road, for there were heard other voices, evidently talking in great excitement.

"Road-agints," said Grizzly Adams.

"Let us bounce them then," quickly replied the youth.

"That are the bill o' fare; come, Boy Pard."

With this the two rode forward slowly, so that their approach could not be heard, and the next moment dashed round the bend at full speed, their pistols in their hands.

A thrilling scene presented itself, for there stood in the road a stage-coach and six horses, and the driver on the box was holding his hands above his head.

Before the leaders stood a rough-looking villain in a black mask, and upon each side of the stage-coach were two more, heavily armed.

The doors of the vehicle were open, and a sixth form was visible on the step of the coach and evidently robbing the passengers.

Two shots, ringing out together almost, was the first knowledge the road-agents had of danger, or the passengers of succor.

And with those two shots two road-agents fell dead.

The next instant Old Grizzly and his Boy Pard dashed right in upon the scene, and for

an instant there was a rapid rattle of revolvers.

Then the fight ended, and the road-agent and one of his men had bounded into the thicket and escaped, leaving four of their comrades behind them dead.

"The driver had gathered up his reins once more, and half a dozen frightened faces peered out of the coach upon their brave rescuers.

"Waal, pards, we owes yer suthin'," said the driver, addressing Old Grizzly.

"Yer are mistook, pard, fer we enjoyed ther cirkiss as far as it went.

"I hopes thar are no damage did ter carkisses an' pusses?"

"Thanks to you, my man, and your brave young friend, we are safe, and our money is too, for those rascals left the booty they demanded of us," said a handsome old gentleman in the coach, who sat on the back seat with a lovely young girl evidently his daughter.

"Waal, you kin drive on, an' we'll do ther sarvice over these heur dead folks," and Old Grizzly pointed to the dead road-agents.

The elderly gentleman said something in a low tone to his fellow-passengers, which all assented to, and then turning to Old Grizzly, he continued:

"I hope, my man, that you and your young friend will accept a purse of gold from us for your gallant—"

"Hold on jist thar, old pard, fer yer means well, but is durnedly off yer base ef yer tanks Old Grizzly Adams, of ther Rocky Mount'ins, an' his Boy Pard, is a-goin' ter take yaller metal fer doin' ther squar' thing fer feller-humans in distress.

"I is ugly-lookin', I knows, but I are white an' squar', an' as fer thet youngster, he are clean grit to ther heart.

"We mout luk thro' ther pockets o' ther dead agints, but we don't take no nan's, or wimmis', dust fer doin' our dooty.

"You kin drive on, pard."

It was evident that Old Grizzly's honest refusal of the money made a good impression; but before a reply could be made, the driver, anxious to get in on time, cracked his whip and the coach rolled rapidly away.

Without looking after it, even, the hunter dismounted and tore the mask from the dead face nearest to him.

"Pard, this are ther very gerloot us dropped his shooter on you ther night o' yer row with Sanford."

"And here is the young sport I saw trying to rope you into a game of cards with him, and who was a perfect black-leg," said the youth, removing a mask from another one of the dead road-agents.

"It are fer a fact; waal, I are even with him now."

An examination of the pockets of the road-agents revealed the fact, from several letters found on one of the men, that Roy Sanford had been a secret member of the band of robbers.

The bodies were hastily buried, as well as was possible, in some crevices of the rocks, and mounting their horses the two friends rode on to Miner's City.

## CHAPTER XX.

### GRIZZLY AND THE GAMBLERS.

UPON arriving in Miner's City, Old Grizzly and Diamonds put up at the Valley View Hotel, and found themselves heroes in a very short time, for the next stage in brought the news of the road-agents' attack, having met the vehicle that had been halted by the robbers.

Then too, Old Grizzly's fame was spreading like wild-fire, for friendly Indians had told marvelous stories regarding him, and he was by no means forgotten in Miner's City after his duel with Roy Sanford.

Two days did young Townsend remain in the town, and then bidding farewell to his old friend, took an eastern bound stage for home, his heart at rest, after feeling that the wrong done him, and those he loved, had been avenged.

After waving a last farewell to the youth, Old Grizzly made what purchases he needed, and then went up to Luck's Retreat, where he readily got into a game of cards with a couple of gamblers, which resulted in his being a wiser and a poorer man.

Putting his pack of purchases upon the mule which the youth had ridden, Old Grizzly set out upon his return, and without adventure reached his den, where he found that Wild Wolf had faithfully taken care of the menagerie.

For some months the old hunter and his Indian companion devoted themselves wholly to laying up stores for the animals in the winter, and also in adding to the collection of wild beasts, until the canyon did indeed contain a menagerie, as even a skunk had been caught and placed among the queer assortment of brute and bird creation.

Going again to the mining camp for his winter stores, Old Grizzly met his two adversaries in the game of cards, and, unfortunately for himself played with them before he made his purchases.

The result was that he was cleaned out of every dollar he had with him, and not able to get what things he wanted, he was forced to return to his mountain home, get together his furs and skins, and return to Miner's City to find a market for them.

He had not been able to detect the two gam-

blers in cheating him, and it was well for them that he did not; but he felt assured that he was cheated, even if several who felt most friendly toward him had not told him that he had been defrauded of his money by two of the worst card sharps in the mines.

"I hev time, afore ther winter sets in, ter git back, an' return with a leetle more dust, ter git what I wants ter purchis, an' mayhap I may hev enough over ter tackle 'em fer another shuffle of them keerds," said Old Grizzly, to the landlord of the Valley View Hotel.

"I can lend you what you want, Grizzly Adams, until you come down from the mountains in the spring," said the landlord.

"I thanks yer, cap'n, but I never borrens anything more valuable than a chaw o' ter-backy when I hes ther teeth-ache, an' thet are seldom, fer I doesn't chaw myself as a reg'lar diet.

"Then, ef I got kilt, an' it are likely, bein' as I are livin' a leetle dangersome life, yer w'd lose yer money.

"No, I goes back an' gits what will fetch ther dust, an' I hes a fortin' in pelts, I kin sw'ar.

"When I comes back, I'll see ef them keerd sharps plays me fer a durned old mountair fool, an' I'll be back afore snow falls."

True to his word Old Grizzly was soon back again in Miner's City.

He arrived by night, and the landlord of the hotel gave him his old quarters, and readily paid him a good price for the dressed skins and furs he brought with him.

The next day he visited the stores and made his purchases, and, as he had expected, was dogged by the two gamblers.

"Now don't yer be afeard I'll spend all my dust, fer I is detarmined notter, as I is confidint luck will change with me, an' I is anxious ter tackle yer all fer a game ter-night.

"It may be a leetle late, seein' as how I'll be gittin' my packs ready ter start back, but I'll be thet, so don't yer fear, an' I guess I'll win suthin'."

"I have no doubt of it, old friend; luck is bound to change you know."

"Yes, I feel a little shaky about riskin' a large sum with you in a game to-night, for the third time comes the turn, old pard," added the other.

"Waal, you all hes played keerds enough ter know, an' I'll be thet."

The two gamblers went to the Luck's Retreat that night, chuckling over their anticipated harvest of gold.

They had cheated Grizzly Adams shamefully, with marked and double cards, and though a good player he could not guard against their combined hand.

Unable to detect them he had gambled on, until his money was all gone.

Anxiously the two watched the front door, for the appearance of their victim.

They had secured a table at one end of the room, and up in a corner near a side door, upon which they did not keep their eyes, and only turned toward it, as a general hum and commotion announced that something of an important nature had happened in that direction.

With startled cries they sprang to their feet at what they saw.

And no wonder, for Old Grizzly had suddenly entered the side door, and he was by no means alone.

His comrades were two in number, and none other than the largest kind of grizzly bears.

One was Sampson, the other Goliath, and they looked it.

The two gamblers would have fled in terror, but they were truthfully "cornered," and dared not attempt to dash by those huge paws.

As for Grizzly Adams, he was calm and smiling, and said in the blandest way:

"Pards, I hev come."

"What the devil did you bring those savage brutes along for?" growled one of the gamblers.

"Oh! they is gentle as lambs, an' they loves ter look on while I play keards."

"Stan' thar, Sampson; an' you, Goliath, jist stan' thar, while I take this heur cha'r, an' hev a nice leetle game o' cards with these heur gents."

"I can never play with those beasts looking at me."

"I'll expect to be swallowed any minute," put in the other.

"Pards, yer is skittish, for them animiles minds me prime; ef yer don't believe it, I kin show yer, fer ef I says so, they'll grab yer, squeeze yer a leetle, an' let yer go 'ithout hurtin' of yer."

"Shall I try 'em!"

"No, thank you."

"We'll take your word for it," said the gamblers.

"Then let ther game go on."

The gamblers sat down again, though in a sullen manner, and the interested spectators gazed from a distance, which merely lent enchantment to the scene, with Sampson and Goliath as the central figures in it.

Old Grizzly took his seat, and just behind, and upon each side of his chair stood the two enormous brutes, licking their chops appetizingly by, and looking diabolically savage.

The hunter put down his pile of money, the gamblers covered it, and the game began.

As a matter of course it was won by the cheating sharpers.

Old Grizzly said nothing but merely smiled,

and a second and a third game ended the same way.

Then the hunter drew out quite a large bag of gold, and said slowly:

"In that bag are jist ther amount yer hes won from me ter-night, an' ther two times afore."

"An' I bets it now ag'in' ther same amount for you to put up."

"Does yer do it?"

The eyes of the gamblers fairly glittered with delight.

They were only too anxious to oblige the great hunter, they said.

The money was all placed on the table, and then Grizzly Adams threw a fresh pack of cards down, and said in his quiet way:

"We plays with them keards, now, an', keerd sharps, we'll know ef thar are any cheat-in' in this heur leetle game, an' these two b'ar pards o' mine kin jedge, fer they hes binted ter me thet thar war blackleg biz goin' on."

"Now, sharps, it are my deal an' heur goes, an' Goliath, you an' Sampson keep yer eyes skint."

The two gamblers were fairly caught.

They dared not refuse to play, for the eye of every man in the room was upon them.

With honest cards they *might* win; but it was better even to lose the money than back down now.

In fact they could see by the face of Old Grizzly that he would force them to play.

Had he been alone, they would have picked a quarrel with him and then tried conclusions with him.

But, with those fierce beasts staring them in the face, it was not to be thought of.

One glanced at the other, and a significant look passed between them.

Then one spoke, and in an injured tone:

"You seem to doubt us, old man; but we forgive you, as it is hard to lose your money."

"But try again, and luck *might* change this time."

"Yes, try again, old pard," put in the other.

"Thet is jist what I sed we was ter do, so heur goes."

Quietly Old Grizzly dealt the cards, and, after a close game he ended the winner.

He raked the money into his bag, and attached it to his belt.

"What, hain't yer going to give us another chance, old man?" cried one of the pair.

"Yes, don't be mean, but let us have another game," said the other.

"Thet are jist what I intends ter do, but it won't be adzaactly a game o' keards."

"I hes heerd thar is one thousan' dollars a head offered fer any o' the gang o' road agents thet robs ther Overland coaches, an' I drewd

some reward on one I fetched in las' night, an he gived me ther names o' two more.

"Ther names were Ike Duun, an' Ben Buck, an' you is ther elaps-- Eye 'em, b'ars."

The men had sprung to their feet at his words; but when he spoke to the bears, their terrific growls had made them shrink down again, and then they saw that Old Grizzly covered them with his revolvers.

A crowd of the kind of which those in the Luck's Retreat were composed, is always fickle and fond of excitement, and almost instantly the cry arose to string the road-agents up to the nearest tree.

In vain they cried for mercy, no mercy was given, and, with the one whom Old Grizzly had captured on his way back to Miner's City, and who was taken from the log jail, they were dragged to the nearest trees, and hanged without judge, jury, or loss of time.

Old Grizzly waited until the next day and drew his reward for the capture of the road-agents, and then, with Sampson and Goliath loaded down with stores he had purchased, set off on his return to his mountain retreat.

## ' CHAPTER XXI.

### A FIGHT IN A SNOW-STORM.

ALTHOUGH Old Grizzly Adams had been found to be a most dangerous person to deal with, there was not wanting, in a wild community such as Miner's City boasted, men who would take any risk to gain money, or revenge, the two ruling motives that seemed to govern the denizens of that reckless camp.

The road-agents had been committing many depredations of late upon the stage lines, and travelers going alone, or in squads, had been robbed and killed in many cases, and it was surmised that the outlaws dwelt in, or around Miner's City.

Certain it was that they always went masked and those whom Old Grizzly and his Boy Pard had unearthed, had proven to be miners from that vicinity, and whom few suspected as being other than idlers and gamblers.

With his last blow at the road-agents, Grizzly Adams became a marked man among those that remained, and there was a plot entered into at once to avenge their comrades and at the same time make a rich haul of money, for they knew he had a good supply, realized from his furs, won back from the two gamblers he had played with that night at Luck's Retreat, and which would be paid him by the Stage Manager the following morning, as a reward for the road-agents he had captured.

The members of the outlaw band then in Miner's City at once collected together and held a secret council, and it was decided that the old hunter must die.

Out of the number, three of the most desperate men were selected to do the work.

They were cruel wretches, brave as lions, in spite of their evil lives, and as strong as giants, while they were dead shots and desperate men with the revolver.

Yet they dared not attack Grizzly Adams while he was in the town, so left for the mountains, armed to the teeth, to waylay him on his way home.

They knew the way he always went, but, in case he should return by another trail, a comrade was to ride on and report, and then they were to pursue him, even if they went to his den.

Leaving Old Grizzly waiting for his reward, the three desperadoes left Miner's City and took up their position in a lonely defile of the mountain.

It was a place well suited for an ambush, for the trail ran through a narrow defile of the mountain, with here and there huge bowlders in it, which had fallen from the sides of the cliff.

The pass was about fifty feet wide, the bottom sandy, and a man who went into a trap there laid for him seemed to stand no possible chance of escape.

In waylaying Old Grizzly the outlaws had not forgotten that he was not alone, but had with him two most dangerous companions in the shape of the bears.

How hard it was to kill a grizzly they well knew; but they had provided themselves with rifles of large bore, and as the man and his savage pets came along, from their place behind the rocks each one of the outlaws was to find a target, two at the bears, the third at the hunter.

It was late in the afternoon when Old Grizzly and his bears came along and reached the pass.

They were traveling at a quick trot, for it had commenced to snow, and the hunter knew the danger of being caught in a storm in the mountains far from shelter.

Presently over the rocks peeped three rifle barrels, but the quick eye of Old Grizzly caught sight of them, as did the instinct of the bears tell them that danger was near.

Down dropped the hunter to the ground, and the bullet whizzed over his head.

A second rifle snapped, failing to go off, and the third bullet alone found its mark; but, slightly disconcerted by the failure of his comrades, the outlaw fired badly, and the bullet merely cut through the fleshy part of the neck of Sampson.

Then, with a wild yell, Old Grizzly arose, and with his knife severing the girths that held the packs on the bears, called out:

"Come, b'ars, thar are mischief brewin', an' we must dud it out."

Completely nonplused by their failure to kill at the first fire, the outlaws almost lost their nerve.

But where they had come to kill, they would not back down then, when they saw that the tables were turned sufficiently to make both sides equal, for they still held the rocks, and they opened heavily with their revolvers, having thrown aside their rifles.

Like very demons Old Grizzly and his bears rusted to the attack, receiving the fire of their foes, hurt badly, and yet pressing on until the ambuscade was reached and carried.

The outlaws then saw that theirs was the greatest danger, and with a parting volley turned to fly.

But down dropped one of the cut-throats under a blow of Sampson's paw, and throwing himself upon a second, Old Grizzly drove his knife in his heart.

The third outlaw had thus far managed to escape the clutches of Goliath, and reaching a rock, could have gained rapidly by scrambling up the steep side of the cliff.

But a shot from the hunter broke his arm, and he fell back upon the rock, yet revengeful he fired a last time, and it struck Old Grizzly in the head, and he dropped like a dead man in his tracks, just as Goliath dragged the now shrieking wretch back into the canyon.

It was fortunate for Grizzly Adams that the bullet fired by the last of the three outlaws had not struck him more squarely in the head, for his death would have been certain.

As it was it had glanced on his hard skull and stunned him, then cut its way along the scalp.

It was a long time, however, before he recovered consciousness, and then he found the snow falling heavily, and that it was growing dark.

Strong breasted as he was he grew faint at the sight that presented itself, for the mangled bodies of the three outlaws lay near, and the snow was crimsoned with their blood.

"Ther b'ars hev eat 'em up, or I are a dreamin'.

"Yes, an' that they sit holdin' a powwow over me, ter see ef I were dead, thet they acout see ef my meat were dif'rent from other folks's.

"Waal, this are a picklo an' no mistake.

"I are wounded in ther head, an' as bloody as a stuck pig; but thet wound hain't dangerous.

"Thar are another heur in my arm thet hurts a leetle, an' this one in my side I hopes hain't gone fer in.

"Ther leg wound are goin' to pester me, thet are a fact.

"Waal, ther storm hev set in an' I far from home.

"Ef I were alone I w'd jist lay down ter

die; but as my b'ar pards is with me, I'll try an' make ther den."

So saying, he arose with pain and difficulty, collected his arms and those of the outlaws, and got his packs and strapped them on the grizzlies again.

Then he tied his wounds up as well as he could, and started to walk.

But this he found was impossible, for the wound in his leg gave him intense pain, and he had lost enough blood to make him very weak, while his head ached as though it would split.

"Goliath, yer hev got ter do double duty, fer I'se got ter strap both packs on you, while you, Sampson, hes got ter carry ther old man, who are all broke up."

He transferred the pack on Sampson to Goliath's back and strapped it most firmly, for he knew it would be hard traveling.

Then he took his lariat, and mounting Sampson, securely bound himself on his back, for he feared he might become too weak to hold on.

With his robes he made himself as comfortable as was possible, under the terrible circumstances, and then gave the word to go.

Forward the savage but faithful pets moved through the driving storm, finding and keeping the trail by instinct, when no human being could have done so in the fearful storm and snow.

Groaning in anguish at every movement, poor Grizzly Adams held on, though at times he was tempted to cut himself loose, fall in the snow and die.

The cold froze the blood, so that his wounds ceased to bleed; but his limbs became benumbed, hardy and tough as he was, and he suffered agony untold.

Both of the bears had also been wounded; but they were too tenacious of life to care for the flesh wounds they had received, and they had held bravely on, though of course suffering pain.

On, on, through the storm and the night, over mountains, down valleys, through canyons, across streams swollen by the storm, went the unerring brutes.

Now they were floundering in a snow-drift, and then plunging into a rushing mountain stream.

But through all they passed, and at last, just as the eastern skies were growing rosy under the approaching sun, for the clouds had blown away, they passed through the chasm into the canyon.

A large mountain lion was chained there on duty, in the place of Goliath, and greeted them with yelps of welcome, which brought Wild Wolf, the Indian boy, from the cabin.

In alarm, he sprung to the side of Sampson, as the bears dragged themselves up to the door, and called to Old Grizzly.

But no reply came, for the old hunter lay like one dead, strapped to the back of his favorite and faithful beast.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE FATE OF WILD WOLF.

It was many a long week before Old Grizzly Adams left his cabin, for the wounds he had received proved more serious than he had believed, and the night of exposure that followed, with the fearful jolting, had exaggerated the evil.

He had been brought out of the fainting-fit in which the Pawnee boy had found him, to become delirious with fever.

But Wild Wolf devoted himself to him day and night, and, with an Indian's natural knowledge of medical herbs and the care of wounds, he had played the part of a skillful surgeon and doctor.

He had extracted the bullet from the side, cut the one out of the leg, and dressed them most skillfully, after which he made healing and reviving medicines from his collection of herbs, roots and berries, and soon saw that Old Grizzly was on the road to improvement.

Few men could have rallied after what the old hunter had gone through; but his constitution of iron, and the boy's good nursing, in the end brought him around all right.

The wounded bears had also been cared for most kindly by the Indian boy, and all things went well at the den.

Slowly the winter dragged along; but when the first approach of spring came Old Grizzly expressed himself as good as ever.

"Yer hev saved me, Injun, an' if ever I desert yer, may ther good Lord desert me," and the old hunter's voice trembled as he spoke, and held out his hand to grasp that of the brave and noble boy.

"The White Death saved Wild Wolf from the stake.

"The Wild Wolf loves him as a father, and more than his own people.

"He cares not ever to leave the White Hunter," said the red-skin youth.

"And yer sha'n't, ontill death do us part, boy; but ag'in' that we hev nothin' ter say."

The two were seated in front of the cabin, brushing up all their weapons, rifles, revolvers, bows and arrows, spears, and sharpening their knives for the hunting time.

It was a balmy spring morning, the warmest of the season thus far, and the animals in the canyon, soothed by its influence, were asleep.

The birds sung merrily in the trees, and Old Grizzly, also lulled by the influence of the morning, became drowsy, and sunk to sleep.

He awoke with a start, as though from a troubled dream, and a little groan from his lips.

And no wonder, for at his side sat Wild Wolf, also asleep; but it was the sleep of death.

In the heart of the youth was sticking an arrow, and it had come from the mouth of the pass, a long way off, and from the cliff above Goliath the grizzly sentinel.

"Thar are no use, ther boy is dead, an' death hev parted us so soon.

"But this an' a Cheyenne arrer, an' I'll keep it ter notch on it ther Cheyennes that I kills ter avenge that poor boy, who, ef he did hev a red skin, hed a heart as big as a grizzly b'ar."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### CONCLUSION.

Poor Wild Wolf was buried in the canyon, and Old Grizzly carved out a wooden head-board for the head of his grave.

Into the wood he cut the following inscription:

"HERE LIES THER BONES OF

"WILD WOLF,

"A PAWNEE BOY.

"Tho' a red Injun he were squar' white  
clean through."

When the trails were no longer covered with snow, Old Grizzly made a trip to Miner's City and claimed his grave on the other three road-agents, and got it.

Then he received a letter from young Townsend, known as Diamonds, telling him he had gone East in the stage with the old gentleman and young girl they had rescued from the road-agents, and he was engaged to marry the maiden.

For long years after Old Grizzly Adams remained in the Rocky Mountains; but when he had his menagerie completed he came to New York with his whole gang of "animiles" and traveled with Barnum's circus until the day of his death.

---

—  **BIG**  —

# JOKE BOOK

## SERIES.

---

- "OH! MAMMA, BUY ME THAT."** A COLLECTION OF JOLLY  
JOKES AND FUNNY STORIES. Illustrated. 64 pages.
- GRIN'S CATECHISM OF FUN.** Illustrated. 64 pages.
- THE TROUBLES OF MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.** Illustrated.  
64 pages.
- MCGINTY'S JOKE BOOK.** Illustrated. 64 pages.
- WIT AND HUMOR OF THE BENCH AND BAR.** 48 pages.
- WIDE-AWAKE SKETCHES.** Illustrated. 80 pages.
- SOME SCREAMING YARNS.** Illustrated. 64 pages.
- BOARING JOKES FOR FUNNY FOLKS.** Illustrated. 64  
pages.
- "JOLLY JOKES FOR JOLLY PEOPLE."** Illustrated. 64  
pages.
- "THE BUTTON BURSTER; OR, FUN ON THE RAMPAGE."**  
Illustrated. 64 pages.
- LAUGHING GAS; OR, DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY.** Illus-  
trated. 64 pages.
- PUT THROUGH; OR, FREEMASONRY AND ODD FELLOW-  
SHIP EXPOSED.** By "BRICKTOP." Illustrated. 64  
pages.
- "FUN ON THE ROAD."** A RECORD OF AMERICAN WIT AND  
HUMOR. 48 pages.
- 

PRICE 12 CENTS EACH BY MAIL. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN.

---

**M. J. IVERS & CO., PUBLISHERS,**

379 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK,  
45

## THE DIME DIALOGUES, SPEAKERS, ETC.,

### Dime Dialogues, No. 38.

**A Wild Irishman's Diplomacy.** 5 males & 4 females.  
**Aunt Deborah in the City.** For two females.  
**A Chinaman in Camp.** For three males.  
**Playing Hostess.** For two ladies and a little girl.  
**Slightly Hilarious.** For four males.  
**What Happened to Hannah.** For 2 males, 1 female.  
**The Awakening of the Flowers.** For a girls' school.  
**Plato Pendexter's Ashes.** For 4 females and 2 males.  
**The Spirit of Discontent.** For nine little boys.  
**The Good Strikers.** For six little girls.  
**The Missing Essay.** A number of girls and teacher.  
**The Well Taught Lesson.** For several boys.  
**Ephraim Black's Politics.** Several males, 1 female.  
**The Strike That Failed.** For three boys.

### Dime Dialogues, No. 39.

**Hospitality.** For three males and two females.  
**Robert's Experiment.** For 2 males and 2 females.  
**Quite Another State of Affairs.** For 17c males.  
**A Flowery Conference.** Several little girls & boys.  
**Slightly Mixed.** Three acting characters & children.  
**Mrs. Dexter's Personal.** For 4 males & 2 females.  
**Clothes Don't Make the Man.** For several boys.  
**Comparisons.** For two little girls.  
**A Young Mutineer.** For a little boy and girl.  
**A Decisive Failure.** For 3 males and 2 females.  
**Candor Wins the Day.** For seven females.  
**Their Aspirations.** For six boys and one girl.  
**The Big Hollow School.** For a school and visitors.  
**A Very Clear Demonstration.** For two girls.  
**The Dream Lesson.** For 2 males and 3 females.  
**Why He Did Not Like the Country.** For two boys and several listeners.  
**Liberty.** For an entire school. In seven scenes.

### Dime Dialogues, No. 40.

**The Widow's Might.** For 2 males and 4 females.  
**Developing a Developer.** For five males.  
**A Much Needed Justice.** For three females.  
**A Happy Understanding.** For 2 males and 2 females.  
**The Tragedy of Ten Little Boys.** For ten boys.  
**His Training Day.** For one male and two females.  
**The Society for the Suppression of Scandal.** For a number of ladies.  
**The Moral of a Dream.** 2 boys and several "dwarfs."  
**Wanted; A Divorce.** For two males and one female.  
**Meddling With Santa Claus.** Numerous characters.  
**Deceiving to Win.** For two males and two females.  
**Retreat the Better Part of Valor.** For 4 children.  
**The Long Looked-for Comes at Last.** For one male and three females.  
**How Pat Answered the Advertisement.** For 2 males.  
**Uncle David's Party.** For numerous characters.  
**Whom the Gods Would Destroy.** Several characters.  
**Sunday School Now and Then.** For two little girls.  
**An Hour in the Waiting Room.** Several characters.

### Dime Dialogues, No. 41.

**The Happy Termination.** For 3 males, 3 females and 2 policeman.  
**The Tall Tale Telegram.** For 1 male and 1 female.  
**Too Many Smiths.** For 8 males and 3 females.  
**The Thirteen Original States.** For 14 females.  
**The Agent and His Victim.** For two males.  
**Playing The Races.** For three males.  
**Visit To The Moon.** For two little girls.  
**The New School For Scandal.** 1 male & 5 females.  
**Lime Kiln Club Logic.** For colored persons.  
**Breaking In The Dominion.** For teacher and boys.  
**Watching For Santa Claus.** For five children.  
**Daughter of the New Dispensation.** 2 males, 1 female.  
**The Highest Duty Of All.** For five females.  
**Surprise for the Scoopers.** For 5 males 5 females.  
**The Stars' Contention.** For several girls.  
**The Model Examination.** For a school.  
**Allee Samee 'Melican Man.** A monologue.  
**Screen Doors.** For two males and two females.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent post-paid, on receipt of price, ten cents.

M. J. IVERS & CO., PUBLISHERS.

(JAMES SULLIVAN, Prop'r.) 379 Pearl St., New York.

## Beadle's Dime Speakers.

**Dime Speakers, Nos. 1 to 25 inclusive.** Each speaker 100 pages 12mo.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 American Speaker.<br>2 National Speaker.<br>3 Patriotic Speaker.<br>4 Comic Speaker.<br>5 Elocutionist.<br>6 Humorous Speaker.<br>7 Standard Speaker.<br>8 Stump Speaker.<br>9 Juvenile Speaker.<br>10 Spread-Eagle Speaker.<br>11 Dime Debater.<br>12 Exhibition Speaker.<br>13 School Speaker. | 14 Ludicrous Speaker.<br>15 Komikal Speaker.<br>16 Youth's Speaker.<br>17 Eloquent Speaker.<br>18 Hail Columbia Speaker.<br>19 Serio-Comic Speaker.<br>20 Select Speaker.<br>21 Funny Speaker.<br>22 Jolly Speaker.<br>23 Dialect Speaker.<br>24 Recitations and Readings.<br>25 Burlesque Speaker. |
|--|---|

These books are replete with choice pieces for the School-room, the Exhibition, for Homes, etc. 75 to 100 Declarations and Recitations in each book.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price, ten cents.

## Dramas and Readings.

164 12mo Pages. 20 Cents.

For Schools, Parlors, Entertainments and the Amateur Stage, comprising Original Minor Dramas, Comedy, Farce, Dress Pieces, Humorous Dialogue and Burlesque, by noted writers; and Recitations and Readings, new and standard, of the greatest celebrity and interest. Edited by Prof. A. M. Russell.

## Popular Dime Hand-Books.

### Young People's Series.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| Ladies' Letter-Writer.<br>Gents' Letter-Writer<br>Book of Etiquette.<br>Book of Verses.<br>Book of Dreams. | Lovers' Casket.<br>Ball-room Companion.<br>Book of Beauty. |
|--|--|

### Hand-Books of Games.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Handbook of Winter Sports—Skating, etc.<br>Book of Croquet.<br>Chess Instructor. | Yachting and Rowing.<br>Riding and Driving.<br>Book of Pedestrianism. |
|--|---|

Guide to Swimming.

Handbook of Summer Sports.

### Manuals for Housewives.

- |   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| 1. Cook Book.<br>2. Recipe Book.<br>3. Housekeeper's Guide. | 4. Family Physician. |
|---|----------------------|

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent post-paid, on receipt of price, ten cents.

# BUFFALO BILL Novels in the DIME LIBRARY

- 63 Death Trailer, the Chief of Scouts; or, Life and Love in a Frontier Fort. By Buffalo Bill.
- 64 Gold Bullet Sport; or, the Knights of the Overland. By Buffalo Bill.
- 65 Buffalo Bill, the Buckskin King; or, the Amazon of the West. By Major Dangerfield Burr.
- 117 Buffalo Bill's Strange Pard; or, Dashing Dandy, the Hotspur of the Hills. By Maj. D. Burr.
- 158 The Doomed Dozen; or, Buffalo Bill, Chief of Scouts. By Dr. Frank Powell.
- 170 Wild Bill, the Pistol Dead-Shot. A Romance of Buffalo Bill's Old Pard. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 175 Wild Bill's Trump Card; or, The Indian Heiress. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 189 Wild Bill's Gold Trail; or, The Desperate Dozen. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 243 The Pilgrim Sharp; or, The Soldier's Sweetheart. By Buffalo Bill. Government Scout and Guide.
- 304 Texas Jack, the Prairie Rattler; or, the Queen of the Wild Riders. By Buffalo Bill.
- 319 Wild Bill, the Whirlwind of the West. By Buffalo Bill.
- 329 The League of Three; or, Buffalo Bill's Pledge. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 362 Buffalo Bill's Grip; or, Oath-bound to Custer. A Tale of the Great Scout's Challenge to Sitting Bull. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 394 White Beaver, the Exile of the Platte; or, A Wronged Man's Red Trail. By Buffalo Bill.
- 397 The Wizard Brothers; or, White Beaver's Trail. By Buffalo Bill.
- 401 The One-Armed Pard; or, Red Retribution in Borderland. By Buffalo Bill.
- 414 Red Renard, the Indian Detective; or, The Gold Fuzzards of Colorado. By Buffalo Bill.
- 517 Buffalo Bill's First Trail; or, Will Cody, the Pony Express Rider. By Ned Buntline.
- 539 The Dead Shot Nine; or, My Fards of the Plains. By Buffalo Bill.
- 629 Dare-death Dick, King of the Cowboys; or, Buffalo Bill's Darling Role. By Leon Lewis.
- 639 The Gold King; or, Montebello, the Magnificent. By Buffalo Bill.
- 644 Buffalo Bill's Bonanza; or, The Knights of the Silver Circle. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 649 Buck Tay, or the Saddle King. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 667 Buffalo Bill's Swoop; or, The King of the Mines. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 682 Buffalo Bill's Secret Service Trail; or, The Mysterious Poe. By Maj. Dangerfield Burr.
- 701 Buffalo Bill's Blind Trail; or, Mustang Madge, the Daughter of the Regiment. By Ingraham.
- 697 Buffalo Bill's Buckskin Brotherhood; or, Opening Up a Lost Trail. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 710 Buffalo Bill Baffled; or, The Deserter Desperado's Defiance. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 716 Buffalo Bill's Scout Snodgers; or, Emerald Ed of Devil's Acre. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 723 Buffalo Bill on the War-Path. By Col. Ingraham.
- 727 Buffalo Bill's Body-guard. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 731 Buffalo Bill's Beagles. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 725 Buffalo Bill and His Merry Men. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 739 Buffalo Bill's Blind. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 743 Buffalo Bill's Flush Hand; or, Texas Jack's Fravos. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 750 Buffalo Bill's Big Four. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 757 Buffalo Bill's Double; or, The Desperate Detective. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 761 Buffalo Bill's Mascot; or, Death Valley Victim No. 13. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 766 Buffalo Bill's Dozen; or, Silk-Ribbon Sam. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 769 Buffalo Bill's Sweepstake. By Col. Ingraham.
- 773 Buffalo Bill's Ban; or, Cody to the Rescue. By Leon Lewis.
- 777 Buffalo Bill's Soy-Shadower. By Col. Ingraham.
- 781 Buffalo Bill's Brand. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 782 Buffalo Bill's Dead Shot. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 794 Buffalo Bill's Winning Hand. By Col. Ingraham.
- 800 Wild Bill, the Dead-Center Sho; or, Rio Grande Ralph the Cowboy Chief. By Buffalo Bill.
- 807 Will Bill the Wild West Duelist; or, The Girl Mascot of Moonlight Mine. By Buffalo Bill.
- 812 Buffalo Bill's Death-Knell; or, The Red Hand Riders of the Rockies. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 816 Buffalo Bill's Red Trail; or, The Road-Rider Renegade's Run-Down. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 820 White Beaver's Still Hunt; or, The Miner Marauder's Death-Track. By Buffalo Bill.
- 822 Buffalo Bill's Best Bower; or, Montebello, the Gold King. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 826 Buffalo Bill's Sharp-Shooters; or, The Surgeon Sent to the Rescue. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 830 Buffalo Bill's Boys in Blue; or, The Brimstone Band's Blot-out. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 839 The Ranch King Dead Shot; or, Texas Jack's Proxy. By Buffalo Bill.
- 845 Buffalo Bill's Reckless Ruse; or, Texas Jack's Death Shot. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 851 Buffalo Bill's Double Dilemma; or, The Great Scout's Big Three. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 857 Buffalo Bill's Royal Flush; or, The Pony Rider's D-a-h-Run. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 863 Buffalo Bill's Death-Charm; or, The Man With a Scar. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 869 Buffalo Bill's Road-Agent Round-up; or, The Mysterious Masked Man in Black. By Ingraham.
- 874 Buffalo Bill's Buckskin B-aves; or, The Card-Queen's Leg Game. By C. P. Ingraham.
- 882 The Three Bills: Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill and Band box Bill; or, The Bravo in Broadcloth. Ingraham.
- 890 Buffalo Bill's Life-Stake; or, The Pledged Three. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 895 Buffalo Bill's Secret Ally; or, The Texan's Double. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 900 Buffalo Bill's Rough Riders; or, Texas Jack's Sharp-Shooters. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 904 Buffalo Bill's Tarzoid Trail; or, Gentleman Jack, the Man of Many Masks. By Ingraham.
- 909 Buffalo Bill's League; or, Red Butterfly. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 915 Buffalo Bill and the Surgeon Scout; or, Go-wango, the Redskins Rider. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 921 Buffalo Bill's Quandary; or, Velvet Bill's Vow. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 927 Buffalo Bill's Buff; or, Dusky Dick, the Sport. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 936 Buffalo Bill's Black Pard; or, The Gold Boomer of the Big Horn. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 943 Buffalo Bill's Block Game. By Colonel P. Ingraham.
- 950 Buffalo Bill at Bay. By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.
- 956 Buffalo Bill's Volunteer Vigilantes. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 960 Buffalo Bill's Blue Belt Brigade. By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.
- 964 Buffalo Bill's Invincibles. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 969 Texas Jack, the Lasso King; or, The Robber Rangers of the Rio Grande. By Buffalo Bill.
- 973 The Dread-Shot Four. By Buffalo Bill.
- 978 Buffalo Bill's Relentless Trail. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
- 984 Buffalo Bill's Life Raffle; or, The Doomed Three. Ready Sept. 1.
- 989 Buffalo Bill's Marked Bullet. By Col. P. Ingraham. Ready Oct. 6.
- 994 Buffalo Bill's Lone Hand. By Col. P. Ingraham.
- 999 Buffalo Bill's Grim Guard. By Col. P. Ingraham.

The above DIME Libraries are For Sale by  
**J. L. NEWSDEALERS**, ten cents per copy,  
 or sent by mail on order at price.

THE  
LIBRARY  
OF THE  
MUSEUM OF  
COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY  
AND ANATOMY  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE  
LIBRARY  
OF THE  
MUSEUM OF  
COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY  
AND ANATOMY  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE  
LIBRARY  
OF THE  
MUSEUM OF  
COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY  
AND ANATOMY  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SEABOARD ONE EMBROID

THE  
LIBRARY  
OF THE  
MUSEUM OF  
COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY  
AND ANATOMY  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE  
LIBRARY  
OF THE  
MUSEUM OF  
COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY  
AND ANATOMY  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.









