

HUNTING THE BIG GAME OF ALASKA

BEAR STALKING ON THE ALASKA PENINSULA

By JAMES H. KIDDER

II.

THE year before I had chanced to meet an old pilot who had the reputation of knowing every nook and corner of the Alaskan coast. He told me several times of the great numbers of bears that he had often seen in a certain bay on the Alaska Peninsula, and advised me most strongly to visit this place.

There were numerous delays in getting started, but finally, on May 31, we set sail in a good-sized schooner we had chartered from the North American Commercial Company, and in two days were landed at our new shooting grounds. Rarely, if ever, does it fall to the lot of amateurs in modern days to meet with better sport than we had for the next month.

The schooner landed us with our natives, two bidarkas (native canoes), and all our provisions near the mouth of the harbor. Here we made our base of supplies, and the next morning, in our two canoes, started with our hunters to explore this wonderful bay. At high tide it extends inland some fifteen miles, but at low water is one vast bog of glacial deposit. Rugged mountains rise on all sides, and at the base of these mountains there are long meadows which extend out to the high water mark. In these meadows, during the month of June, the bears come to feed upon the young salt grass.

There was a long swell breaking on the beach as we left our base of supplies, but we passed safely through the line of breakers to the smooth waters beyond, and now headed for the upper bay. The two bidarkas kept side by side, and Blake and I chatted together, but all the while kept the glasses constantly fixed upon the hillsides. We had hardly gone a mile before a small black bear was sighted; but the wind was unfavorable, and he got our scent before we could land. This looked decidedly encouraging, and we continued on in the best of spirits. About midday we went on shore,

lunched, and then basked in the sun until the afternoon, when we again got into the bidarkas and paddled farther up the bay, to a place where a wide meadow extends out from the base of the mountains. Here Nikolai, my head hunter, went on shore with the glasses, and, raising himself cautiously above the bank, took a long look at the country beyond. It was at once quite evident that he had seen something, and we all joined him, keeping well hidden from view. There, out upon the marsh, could be seen two large boars feeding upon the young salt grass. They seemed in an almost unapproachable position, so we lay and watched them, hoping that they would move into a more advantageous place. After an hour or so they fed back toward the trees and soon passed out of sight.

We matched to see which part of the meadow each should watch, and it fell to my lot to go farther up the marsh. I had been only a short time in this place when a new bear came into sight. We now made a most beautiful stalk right across the open to within one hundred yards. All this while a new dog, which I had bought at Kadiak and called Stereke, had crawled with us flat on his stomach, trembling all over with excitement as he watched the bear. I had plenty of time to take aim, and was in no way excited, but missed clean at one hundred yards. At the report of my rifle Stereke bit himself clear from Nikolai, who was holding him, and at once made for the bear, which he tackled in a most encouraging manner, nipping his heels, and then quickly getting out of the way as the bear charged. But I found that one dog was not enough to hold these bears, and this one got away.

Next day we loafed in the sun until evening, while our natives kept constant watch of the great meadow where we had seen the bears the day before. We had just turned in (although ten o'clock, it was still day

light), when one of the natives came running up to say that a bear was in sight; so Blake with three natives and Stereke made the stalk. I had a beautiful chance to watch it from the high rocks beside our camp. The men were able to approach to within some fifty yards, and Blake, with his first shot, hit, and with his third, killed the bear before it could get into the brush. Stereke, when loosed, tackled the bear savagely.

Unfortunately no measurements were taken, but the bear appeared to be somewhat smaller than the female I killed at

side by side, and pushed up to the extreme head of the bay, where we came upon an old deserted Indian camp of the year before. Numerous stretchers told of their success with bear; but the remains of an old fire in the very heart of our shooting grounds warned us that in this section the bears might have been disturbed; for the Alaskan bear is very wary, and is quick to take alarm at any unusual scent. We came back to our camp on the beach by ten o'clock, and had our first substantial meal of the day; for we had now adopted the Aleutian habit of taking simply a cup of



Drying a Bear Skin in the Field.

Kiluda Bay, and weighed, I should judge, some four hundred and fifty pounds. It appeared higher in the legs and less massive than the Kadiak bear, and had a shorter mane, but was of much the same tawny lion color on the back, although darker on the legs and belly.

On Friday morning, June 7, we made a three o'clock start from where we had passed the night on the beach. The sun was not over the mountains for another hour, and there was that great charm which comes in the early dawn of a summer's day. Blake in his bidarka and I in mine paddled along,

tea and a piece of bread, in order to make the earliest of starts each morning.

After our midday breakfast we usually took a nap until afternoon; but this day I was not sleepy, and so roared for a while; then I loaded my rifle (which I always kept within arm's reach) and was just settling my rugs to turn in, when Stereke gave a sharp bark, and Blake shouted "Bear!" Seizing my rifle I looked up, and, walking toward us on the beach, just one hundred and ten yards away, was a good-sized bull bear. My dog at once made for him, while Blake jumped for his rifle. The bear was just turning when I

fired. He bit for the wound, but uttered no sound, and was just disappearing in the brush when I fired a hasty second. Blake and I now rushed into the thick alders after the dog, which was savagely attacking the bear. His barking told us where the bear was, and I arrived just in time to see him make a determined charge at the dog, which avoided him and renewed the attack.

I now forced my way through the alders, and got in two close shots which rolled him over. It appeared that my first shot had broken his shoulder, as well as cut the lower portion of the heart; but this bear had gone some fifty yards, and was still on his feet when I came up and finished him off. He was a fair-sized bull, six feet two inches, in a straight line along the vertebra, and stood exactly three feet at the shoulders. He had evidently been fighting, for one ear was badly torn, and his skin was much scarred with old and recent wounds. After removing the pelt the carcass was thrown into the bay, so that there might be no stench, which my natives declared would be enough to

the rump and nose; and again others were saddle-backed; still others stood with their front feet directly under them, making a regular curve at the shoulders; while others had the front legs wide apart and seemed to form a triangle, the apex of which was at their shoulders.

Their range of color seemed to be from very dark, silver tipped, to a very light dirty yellow, but with dark legs and belly.

This evening, just as we were having our tea, another bear made his appearance. The first, which we had been watching, evidently heard him coming through the woods, and as the second came out into the open the former vanished. The new one was a dirty yellowish white, with a very dark belly and legs, which gave him a most comical appearance.

The wind still continued unfavorable, and my friend and I passed an extremely interesting evening with the glasses, for this watching game, especially bear, gives me almost as much pleasure as making the actual stalk.



spoil any future shooting in this locality. This same afternoon we moved our camp to a new marsh.

The next morning we sighted a bear, which fed into the woods before we had time to come up with him. Shortly after five o'clock the brute made a second appearance; but as the wind had changed and now blew in the wrong direction, a stalk could not be made without their scent being carried into the woods where many bears were apt to be. We made it a great point on this hunt never to make a stalk unless the wind was right, for we were extremely anxious not to spoil the place by diffusing our scent and driving away whatever bears might be lurking near. Therefore, often we could watch bears at only a few hundred yards.

It was most interesting to see how careful these big animals were, and how, from time to time, they would feel the wind with their noses, and again stop feeding and listen. No two bears seemed to be built on quite the same lines. Some were high at the shoulders, and then sloped down towards

We had just finished supper when we saw another bear in a better position, and I proceeded to make the stalk, going part of the way in the bidarka, for the great meadow was intersected by a stream from which small lagoons made off in all directions. The wind was very baffling, and although we successfully reached a clump of brush in the middle of the marsh, the bear for sometime continued to graze in an unapproachable spot. We had almost given up hopes of getting a shot, when he turned and fed slowly some fifty yards in a new direction, which was up-wind. This was our chance. Quickly regaining the bidarka, we paddled as noiselessly and rapidly as possible up the main stream of the marsh to a lagoon.

There was great charm in stalking game in this manner, although we were, in a sense, but passengers in my natives' hands. But it was fascinating to watch their keenness and skill as they guided the frail craft around the sharp turns, the noiseless use of the paddles, the light in their eyes as they constantly stood up in the canoe to keep a

hidden gaze upon the game ahead, watching its every movement, as well as the local eddies and currents in the light evening breeze. All was so in keeping with the sombre leaden clouds overhead and the grizzled sides of the ungainly brute, blending in with the background of weather-beaten tree trunks and the dull gray rocks. And so, silently and swiftly (stopping many times when the bear's head was up), we, approached nearer and nearer, until my headman whispered, "Boudir", (enough), and I knew that I was to have a fair shot. Stealthily raising my head above the bank, I saw the bear feeding, only seventy-five yards away. Creeping cautiously out of the boat I lay flat upon my stomach, rifle cocked and ready, waiting for a good shot. Soon it came. The bear heard some sound in the forest and raised his head. Now was my chance, and the next second, he dropped without a sound; he struggled to rise, but I could see he was anchored with a broken shoulder. My men were unable to restrain themselves any longer, and, as I shot for the second time, their rifles cracked just after mine. We carried the entire carcass to the bidarka, and even the cartridge shells were taken away to avoid tainting the place with an unusual scent.

Three days afterwards we were back again at our camp behind the rocks. We had wanted rain for some time to wash out all scent. Then again, bears are supposed to move about more freely in such weather. Therefore, we were rather pleased when the wind changed, bringing a northeast storm which continued all the next day. The lofty mountains were rapidly losing the snow on their summits, and the night's rain had wrought marvels in their appearance, seeming to bring out every shade of green on their wooded slopes. One of our natives was kept constantly on the lookout, and a dozen times a day both Blake and I would leave our books and climb to the watching place for a view across the great meadow. By this time we knew the bear trails and the most tempting feeding grounds and the surest approaches to the game when it had once come into the open. Therefore, when I was told this evening that a bear had been sighted I felt pretty sure of getting a shot.

The wind was coming in great gusts across our front, and the corner where the bear was feeding offered a dangerous place for eddies and back-currents against the moun-

tain side. In order to avoid these we kept just inside the woods. Nikolai, going first, showed the greatest skill in knowing just how close to the wind we could go. We quickly reached the place where we expected to sight the bear, but he was hidden in the bed of the river, and it was some minutes before we could make out the top of his head moving above the grass. Then, noiselessly, we crawled up as the bear again fed slowly into view. He was now about one hundred and twenty-five yards away, and offered an excellent shot as he paused and raised his head to scent the breeze; but Nikolai whispered, "no," and we worked nearer, crawling forward when the bear's head was down, and lying flat and close when his head was up.

It is curious to note that often when game is being stalked it becomes suspicious, although it cannot smell, hear, or see the stalker—instinct, perhaps; call it what you will. And now this bear turned and began moving slowly towards cover. For some time he was hidden from view; and then, just before he would finally vanish from sight, he paused a moment, offering a quartering shot. The lower half of his body was concealed by the grass, but it was my last chance, and I took it, aiming for the lungs, and rather high, in order to get a clear shot. I saw, as he bit for the wound, that the bullet was well placed, and as he turned and lumbered across our front I fired two more deliberate shots, one going through the foreleg and one breaking a back leg.

Nikolai also fired, giving the bear a slight skin wound, and hitting the back leg just above where one of my bullets had previously struck. As the bear entered the brush we both ran up, my hunter going to the left while I went a little below to head the bear off. We soon came upon him, and Nikolai, getting the first sight, gave him another bullet through the lungs with my heavy rifle, and in a few moments he rolled over dead.

It was my thought always to keep a wounded bear from getting into the brush, as the blood spoor would have ruined future shooting.

I think it important to point out that when my bullet struck this bear he bit for the wound. As he did so he was turned from his original direction, which would have carried him out of sight among the trees, and galloped across our front, thereby giving



"The largest female we got on the Peninsula, measuring six feet, six and one-half inches along the ventra."

me an opportunity to fire two more shots. It frequently happened that bears were turned from their original directions to the sides upon which they received the first bullet, and we always took this into consideration when making an approach.

My Aleuts were not permitted to shoot unless we were following up a wounded bear in the thick brush; but I found it most difficult to keep them to this rule. The large hole of the bullet from my fifty calibre which Nikolai carried made it easy to distinguish his hits, and if a bear had received the mortal wound from his rifle I should not have kept the skin.

The pelt of this bear which we had just killed was in excellent condition, and although he was not fat he was of fair size, measuring six feet three and one-eighth inches along the vertebra.

Great care was used, as usual, to pick up the empty cartridge shells, and we pulled up the bloody bits of grass, throwing them into a brook, into which we also put the bear's carcass.

On the morning of the 19th my friend and his hunter went up the shore to investigate a small marsh lying a mile or so from camp. Here they saw that the grass had been recently nibbled, and that there were fresh signs about. They returned to this spot again that evening and sighted a bear. The bear fed quickly up to within sixty-five yards, when Blake rolled him over. This bear was not a large one and was of the usual tawny color.

The next morning a bear was seen by my natives in the big meadow by our camp, but it did not remain long enough for a stalk. At 9:30 it again came out into the open, and Nikolai and I made a quick approach; but the bear, although he was not alarmed, did not wait long enough for us to get within range. We had skirted the marsh, keeping just inside of the thicket, and now when the bear disappeared, we settled ourselves for a long wait should he again come into the open. We were well hidden from view, and the wind blew slanting in our faces and across our front. I had just begun to think that we should not get a shot until the bear came out for his evening feed, when Nikolai caught my arm and pointed ahead. There, slowly leaving the dense edge of the woods, was a new bear; not so large as the first, but we could see at a glance that she had a beautiful coat of a dark, silver tip color.

Removing our boots and stockings and circling around, we came out about seventy-five yards from where we had last seen the bear, but she had moved a short distance ahead, and offered us a grand chance for a close approach. Keeping behind a small point which made out into the open, we were able to crawl up to within fifty yards, and then, waiting until the bear's head was up, I gave her a quartering shot behind the shoulders. She half fell, and bit for the wound, and as she slowly started for the woods I gave her another shot which rolled her over. This bear proved to be a female, the first we had shot upon the mainland, probably the mate of the bear we had originally attempted to stalk. The skin, although small, was the most beautiful I have ever killed.

Upon examining the internal effects of my shots I was disappointed to find that my first bullet, on coming in contact with one of the ribs, had torn away from the metal jacket, and had expanded to such an extent that it lost greatly in penetration. I had of late been forced to the conclusion that the small-bore rifle I was using on such heavy game lacked the stopping force I had credited it with, and that the bullets were not of sufficient weight.

On June 23d we turned our bidarka's bows to the upper bay, at the head of which we ascended a small river that wound through a vast meadow until the stream met the mountains. Here we unloaded our simple camp gear, and, while the men prepared breakfast, Blake and I ascended an elevation which commanded an uninterrupted view of the grassy plain. No bears were in sight, so we had time and undisturbed opportunity to enjoy the beauty of the scene. We lay for some time basking in the sun, talking of books and people, and of many subjects of common interest. Now and then one would take the glasses and scan the outskirts of the vast meadow which stretched before us. All at once Blake gave a low exclamation and pointed to the west. I followed the direction of his gaze, and saw four bears slowly leaving the woods. They were at some distance, and we did not think we had time to reach them before they would probably return to the underbrush for their midday sleep, so for the present we let them go.

After breakfast, as they were still in the same place, we attempted the stalk, going

most of the way in our bidarkas, winding in and out through the meadow in the small lagoons which intersected it in all directions. Every little while the men would ascend the banks with the glasses, thus keeping a watchful eye upon the bears' movements. Taking a time when they had fed into the underbrush, we made a quick circle to leeward over the open, then, reaching the edge of the thicket, we approached cautiously to a selected watching place. We reached this spot shortly after one o'clock. The bears had entered the woods, so we settled ourselves for a long wait. It was Blake's turn to shoot, which meant that he was to have an undisturbed first shot at the largest bear, and after he had fired I could take what was left.

Just before three o'clock three bears again made their appearance. Two were yearlings, which would, in the fall, leave their mother and shift for themselves, and one much larger, which lay just at the edge of the underbrush. Had these yearlings not been with the mother she would not have come out so early in the afternoon; and as it was, she kept to the shelter of the alders, while the two smaller ones fed out some distance from the woods.

We now removed our boots, and, with Stereke well in hand (for he smelt the bears and was tugging hard on his collar), noiselessly skirted the woods, keeping some tall grass between the bears and ourselves. In this way we approached to within one hundred yards. Twice one of the smaller animals rose on his hind legs and looked in our direction; but the wind was favorable, and we were well concealed, so they did not take alarm.

My friend decided to shoot the mother, while I was to reserve my fire until after his shot. I expected that at the report of his rifle the bear I had chosen would pause a moment in surprise, and thus offer a good standing shot. As my friend's rifle cracked the bear I had selected made a sudden dash for the woods, and I had to take him on the run. At my first shot he turned a complete somersault, and then, quickly springing up, again made a dash for cover. I fired a second time, and rolled him over for once and all. Stereke was instantly slipped and made at once for my bear. By the time we had run up he was shaking and biting his hind quarters in a most approved style. We at once put him after the larger bear which

Blake had wounded, and his bark in the thick alders told us he had located her. We all rushed and found that the bear, although down, was still alive. Blake gave her a final shot through the lungs.

The third bear got away, but I believe it was wounded by Nikolai. The one that Blake had killed was the largest female we got on the Peninsula, measuring six feet six and one-half inches along the vertebra.

It is interesting to note that the two yearlings differed greatly in color. One was a grizzled brown, like the mother, while the other was very much lighter, of a light dirty yellowish color.

We had watched these bears for some hours in the morning, and I feel positive that the mother had no cubs of this spring with her, yet on examination milk was found in her breasts. My natives told me that frequently yearling cubs continue to suckle, and surely we had positive proof of this with the large female bear.

The mosquitoes had by this time become almost unbearable, and it was late before they permitted us to get to sleep. It began to rain, but I was so tired that I slept on, although my pillow and blankets were soon well soaked. As the rain continued we finally put up our small tent; but everything had become thoroughly wet, and we passed a most uncomfortable day.

In the afternoon a black bear appeared not far from our camping place. My friend went after this with his hunter, who made a most wonderful stalk. The bear was in an almost unapproachable position, and the two men appeared to be going directly down wind; but Ivan insisted that there was a slight eddy in the breeze, and in this he must have been correct, for he brought Blake up to within sixty yards, when my friend killed the bear with a bullet through the brain.

I think it is interesting to note that our shooting grounds were the extreme western range of the black bear. A few years ago they were not found in this locality, but it is quite evident that they are each year working farther and farther to the westward.

The next day the heavy rain still continued. The meadow was now one vast bog, and the small lagoons were swollen into deep and rapid streams. Everything was wet, and we passed a most uncomfortable day. Our two hunters were camped about fifty yards off, under a big rock, and I think

must have had a pretty hard time of it, but all the while they kept a sharp lookout!

About one o'clock the men reported that a large bear had been seen some distance off, but that it had remained in sight only a short time. We expected this bear would again make its appearance in the afternoon, and in this surmise we were correct, for he came out into the open three hours later, when Nikolai and I with Stereke made the stalk. We circled well to leeward, fording the many rapid streams with great difficulty. The rain had melted the snow on the hills, and we frequently had to wade almost up to our shoulders in this icy water.

In crossing one of the lagoons Stereke was carried under some fallen trees, and for a while I very much feared that my dog would be drowned. The same thing almost happened to myself, for the swift current twice carried me off my feet.

The bear had fed well into the open, and it was impossible, even with the most careful stalking, to get nearer than a small patch of tall grass, about one hundred and seventy-five yards away. I put up my rifle to shoot, but found that the front sight was most unsteady, for I was wet to the skin and shaking all over with cold. Half expecting to miss, I pressed the trigger, and was not greatly surprised to see my bullet splash in the marsh just over the bear's head. He saw the bullet strike on the other side, and now came in our direction, but Stereke, breaking loose from Nikolai, turned him. He now raced across our front at about one hundred and twenty-five yards, with the dog in close pursuit. This gave me an excellent chance, and I fired three more shots. At my last I saw the bear bite for his shoulder, showing that my bullet was well placed. He continued to dash ahead, when Nikolai fired, also hitting him in the shoulder, with the heavy rifle. He dropped, but gamely tried to rise and face Stereke, who savagely attacked his quarters. Nikolai now fired again, his bullet going in at the chest, raking him the entire length, and lodging under the skin at the hind knee joint. Unfortunately, this bear fell in so much water that it was impossible to take any other accurate measurement than the one along his back. This was the largest bear we shot on the mainland, and the one measurement that I was able to take was six feet ten inches along the vertebra.

On examining the internal effect of his

wounds, I found that my bullet had struck the shoulder blade and penetrated one lung, but had gone to pieces upon coming in contact with the bone. Although it would have eventually proved a mortal wound, the shock at the time was not sufficient to knock the bear off his feet.

The next morning the storm broke, and we started back to our camp behind the rocks, for the skins we had recently shot needed to be cleaned and dried. We reached camp that afternoon, where I found my old hunter, Fedor, who was now better and had come to join us. He had arrived the night before, and reported that he had seen three bears on the marsh. He said he had watched them all the evening, and that the next morning two more had made their appearance. He could no longer withstand this temptation, and just before we had arrived had shot a small black bear with an excellent skin.

Two days after a bear was reported in the meadow, and as it was my friend's turn to shoot he started with his hunter to make the stalk. It was raining at the time, and I was almost tempted to lie among my blankets; but my insatiable love of sport was too strong, and, armed with powerful glasses, I joined the men on the rocks to watch the hunters.

The bear had fed well out into the meadow not far from a small clump of trees. In order to reach this clump of trees Blake and Ivan were obliged to wade quite a deep stream, and had removed their clothes. Unfortunately my friend carelessly left his coat, in the pocket of which were all the extra cartridges for his and Ivan's rifles.

I saw them disappear among the trees and then turned my glasses on the bear. At the first shot he sprang back in surprise, while Blake's bullet went high. The bear now located the shot and began a quick retreat to the woods, when one of my friend's bullets struck him, rolling him over. He instantly regained his feet and continued making for cover, walking slowly and looking back over his shoulder all the while. Blake now fired another shot, and again the bear was apparently badly hit. He moved at such a slow pace that I thought he had surely received a mortal wound.

Entirely against orders, Ivan now shot three times in quick succession, hitting the bear with one shot in the hind leg, his other two shots being misses. Blake now rushed

after the bear, with his hunter following some fifty yards behind, and approached to within ten steps, when he fired his last cartridge, evidently hitting the bear hard, which fell upon its head, but once more regaining its feet, continued toward the woods. At this point Ivan fired his last cartridge, but missed. The bear continued for several steps, while the two hunters stood with empty rifles watching. Suddenly, quick as a flash, it swung round upon its hind legs and gave one spring after Blake, who, not understanding his Aleut's shouts not to run, started across the marsh with the bear in close pursuit. At every step the bear was gaining, and Ivan, appreciating that unless the bear's attention was detracted my friend would soon be pulled down, began waving his arms, and shouting at the top of his voice in order to attract the bear's attention from Blake. The latter saw that his hunter was standing firm, and, taking in the situation, suddenly stopped. The bear charged to within a few feet of the two hunters; but, when he saw their determined stand, stopped and, swinging his head from side to side, watched them for some seconds, apparently undecided whether to charge home or leave them. Then he turned and, looking back over his shoulder, made slowly for the woods.

This bear, while charging, had his head stretched forward, ears flat, and teeth clinched, with his lips drawn well back, and his eyes glaring. I am strongly convinced it was only Ivan's great presence of mind which prevented a most serious accident.

It is a strange fact that a well-placed bullet will knock the fight out of such game; but if they are once thoroughly aroused it takes much more load to kill them. When they had got more cartridges, my friend with two natives proceeded to follow this bear up; but although they tracked him some miles he was never recovered.

The Aleuts, when they follow up a wounded bear in thick cover, strip to the skin, for they claim in this way they are able to move with greater freedom, and at the same time there are no clothes to catch in the brush and make noise. They go slowly and are most cautious, for frequently, when a bear is wounded, if he thinks that he is being pursued, he will swing around on his own trail and spring out from the side upon the hunters.

The next day I started with my two natives to visit a meadow well up the bay. We had gone but a mile from camp, when I caught an indistinct outline of a bear feeding on the grass at the edge of the timber, about one hundred and twenty-five yards away, and I quickly fired, missing.

At the report the bear jumped sideways unable to locate the sound, and my next bullet struck just above his tail and ranged forward into the lungs. Fedor now fired (missing), while I ran up with Nikolai, firing another shot as I ran, which knocked the bear over. Stereke savagely attacked the bear, biting and shaking him, and, seeing that he was breathing his last, I refrained from firing again, as the skin was excellent.

This bear had had an encounter with a porcupine. One of his paws was filled with quills, and in skinning him we found that some quills had worked well up the leg and lodged by the ankle joint, making a most loathsome wound.

This bear was almost as large as the one I had last shot at the head of the bay, and his pelt made a grand trophy. I was much disgusted with myself that afternoon for missing my first shot. It is not enough simply to get your bear, but one should always endeavor to kill with the first shot; otherwise much game will be lost, for the first is almost always the easiest shot; hence one should kill at that chance.

I had been fortunate in killing seven large brown bears, while Blake had killed three browns and one black, and our natives had killed one brown and one black bear, making a total of thirteen, between the 7th and the 28th of June.

The skulls of these brown bears I sent to Dr. Merriam, Chief of the Biological Survey, at Washington, and they proved to be most interesting from a scientific point of view, for from them the classification of the bears of the Alaska Peninsula has been entirely changed; and it seems that we were fortunate enough to bring out a new species as well as a new sub-species.

The teeth of these two kinds of bears showed a marked and uniform difference, proving conclusively that there is no interbreeding between the species.*

* I was told by Dr. Merriam that the idea which is so commonly believed, that different species of bears interbreed (like dogs) is entirely wrong.