

# KING OF THE GRIZZLIES IS DEAD.



## Biography of "Old Mose."

Age, 45 years.  
Weight, 1,000 pounds.  
Killed: 4 men, 800 head of cattle, horses, colts, etc.  
Shot over a hundred times.  
Reward offered for him for thirty years.  
Cost of his depredations, \$30,000.  
Identified by toe missing on right hind foot.

"Old Mose," the most dreadful grizzly bear in the United States, met death befitting his long life of murder and outrage on a recent Saturday evening. His last stand was made in a quaking asp draw within the confines of his home among the broken rocks at the northwest corner of Black mountain. He died befitting his rank and lay down in his last sleep with imposing grandeur.

Shot through and through times without number, baited with every device and cunning known to the trapper; chased by demon posses of cowboys and ranchers bent upon his extermination—in all this he has met them with superior generalship, cunning unexcelled, and knowledge supreme for thirty-five years by actual record of the cattlemen of the middle southern Colorado country. His taking away is due solely to years of training of a pack of incomparable bear dogs, who know their quarry, his habits, mode of attack, and retreat as well as this magnificent animal himself.

The talk of the dogs brought the old monarch to a standstill with wonder and amazement. He did not even strike at them, but sat still, and seemed to ponder and try to unravel their unknown and untried quality. So he sat and looked and looked without a growl or even a passing of the murderous paws. J. W. Anthony knew the language of his pack with wonderment, this hunter with over forty bear pelts to his credit, and his amazement grew as he watched the unusual action of the monstrous grizzly.

"Now, what in thunder is that old fellow figuring on? Never in my life did I see such an attitude of utter indifference by any bear toward my dogs," muttered Anthony.

Bang went the carbine, carrying a soft nosed 30-40. Old Mose ignored the shot, although it went through his

jowl and cut a quaking asp on the other side. "Too low—darn that dog that was in the way."

The bleeding wound did not even interest the massive animal, and he did not as much as look toward the man with the gun. His interest was centered upon the four dogs snapping around his immense bulk. Likely he said to himself, "You are not the first that has put bullets in me. I'll attend to you later—at present I must investigate these funny acting little dogs."

The second shot went into the left shoulder and passed clearly through, and still he stood speculating upon the little fighters—merely glancing at the man who was firing the death dealing missiles into his body.

The third shot brought the seeming inanimate body into lightning activity. The bullet struck a quaking asp and threw splinters in his face. A sweep of his mighty paw directed at one of the dogs cost him a claw, and, missing the dogs, he uprooted an aspen that was six inches in diameter. But never a snarl nor a growl from this king of all grizzlies. In a leisurely manner, without even condescending to notice the dogs, he started at a slow walk toward Anthony.

The hunter fired his fourth shot, which went a bit high through the shoulders, and Old Mose turned and went back to the point where the dogs had stopped him and sat up for a moment, apparently surveying the country, and acted as though there was neither man nor dogs within a thousand miles. The fifth and sixth shots were hurled into the carcass, both taking effect through the shoulders—and never a howl, growl or snarl did he make.

He took his medicine in the same manner as he had administered his power for thirty-five years—neither giving nor asking quarter. The sixth shot did not bring forth the expected, the awful death cry of the bear, nor did he by sign or symptom show cowardice or anger.

Looking steadfastly at the man refilling the magazine of his rifle for a few short seconds, he at last made up his mind that it would be policy to first kill him and then pursue his interrupted analysis of these strange dogs that had the courage to snap at him and tear bunches of fur from his incomparable coat. Slowly he started toward the hunter, never leaving the awkward, slow walk of his species.

His eyes burned as with fire and

his coming was terrorizing to any but the seasoned bear killer. When sixty feet away he lowered his head with an unsounded challenge, and, as his head was bended low, the hunter drew bead at the point between the ears, and, taking a long breath, gently pressed the trigger.

Slowly, as the mountain pine begins to fall under the woodman's ax, Old Mose, the terror of all, man and beast alike, began to settle down. Slowly, slowly, with neither sound nor quiver, the massive king gave up his life as he had lived it, in blood and violence. He met his death with honor, willing to the last to measure his great strength and cunning in mortal combat with that of the hunter who dared to stand before him and dispute his reign.

Jake Ratcliffe, an old time bear hunter, camped on his trail for years and years. In 1886, with a party of hunters, he got on Old Mose's trail. For ten days they followed fresh signs all the time. Up in a rough gulch on Tallahassee Ratcliffe found his den, and while peering down into the box gulch fell. In a second Old Mose came out of the rocks, twenty-five feet away, and charged the intruder.

Ratcliffe fired his Old Henry. He was unable to load and fire again. The bear took one fell swoop of his iron arm and paw and Ratcliffe fell to the ground, his scalp torn completely from his head and five gashes down his back, stripping the flesh from the bones. He fell fainting and Old Mose walked away.

When he revived he began to call and his companion heard him, but, unfortunately, so did the bear, and with another rush he was upon his victim and began his murder. Ratcliffe was cuffed and bit until he was a mass of broken bones and mutilated flesh. Old Mose hit the trail, and when the hunters found their friend they gave up all thought of the bear. The last words he uttered were: "Boys, don't hunt that bear."

On Cameron mountain a skeleton was found with a rusty rifle beside it and Old Mose was credited with the death. Last summer a skeleton was found on Thirty-Nine-Mile Mountain, that of a cowboy, the boots and spurs were beside the bones, and as this was the stamping ground of this mammoth he was duly credited with the murder.

## Carried Away Their Dinners.

John Barrymore was missing when the "half-hour call" was given at a New York theater the other evening. As time drew on for the rise of the curtain, the stage manager grew nervous, for in "The Dictator" Mr. Barrymore is first on the stage. When he did appear, carrying a parcel done up in a napkin, he told how it happened. "Ethel and I went to So-and-so's for dinner," he said. "The thick-headed Dutchman that waited on us was slow, and just as we were leaving in he came with the steak. I gave Ethel half, and brought the rest with me." And, opening his parcel, he showed half a sirloin steak and a couple of baked potatoes, which he proceeded to eat while he was dressing. Miss Barrymore at another city theater is supposed to have eaten her dinner in the same unconventional fashion.

## No Air Starvation in Japan.

"There is no air starvation in Japan," says W. I. Hancock, in his last book on the Japanese. The windows in Japanese houses are open day and night and they are not made of glass, but of oiled paper.

Every Japanese is a deep breather. When a Japanese woman is doing her housework she goes every little while to the door or window and draws in several long breaths.

For this reason there is very little consumption in Japan. Even in the winter few of them are troubled with coughs or colds. They do not believe in warm houses. If they are cold they do not make a big fire; they put on more clothing.

## India's Cotton Crop.

India's cotton crop last year was 2,874,893 bales of 400 pounds each.



## Beside the Stream.

"Jim!"

"JIM!"

Chorus—"Jim! Jim! Jim! You've got a bite!"

Jim's older brother—"Jim, you darned little cuss, can't you see nuthin'? You've got a bite!"

"Aw, g'wan, tain't nuthin' but th' wind!"

"Tis too. You never saw th' wind make—Lookee! Lookee! See 'er jerk!"

"Shet up!" from Jim, cautiously kneeling in the wet sand beside the pole setting in a croched stick.

"I tell you it ain't nuthin' but th' wind—'er maybe a minnie!" doggedly, from James, putting his hand cautiously on the pole to connect with the bite current! Sustaining no shock he gently pulls the string an inch or two to "feel" of the bite!

Chorus—"Don't! Aw don't!"

Jim's brother—"Whajerwant t' scare 'im away fer anyway!" angrily throwing a stone at the sand bank!

"Gosh darn it, don't you suppose I know how to fish fer—"

Splash!

There is a violent bending of the pole, a leap into the air by something gleaming pearl and gold—and the line sags from a waving rod!

With mighty sweep Jim throws the sinker over his head!

Too late! The hook is bare! The sucker has escaped!

"Darn you (sob, sob) fellers (sob, sob) anyhow! Can't you let (sob) me alone (sob) when I'm (sob) a goin' t' ketch a fish! Boo hoo hoo!" Ah, the tragedy of boy life!

## A Change.

Take off your tailored suits, and for the airy gown. Remove the patent boot, put on low shoes of brown.



## THE SUMMER GIRL.

Roll up your sleeves—so high! The sun will give its tan. A sailor hat I'd buy, and don't forget a fan! Inclose your ankles slim in screen-door socks of pearl! Then, you, right in the swim, will be a summer girl.

## Sucker Time.

The ships that pass at night  
Are stalwart ships I know,  
But those that pass by day  
Bear hope within their bow!

A small and anxious lad  
Rowed by another boy—  
And loudly do they shout:  
"Say, Jimmie, ship ahoy!"

And out across the deep  
In shrill, beseeching terms,  
There falls upon the ear:  
"Has youse got any worms?"

A physician says most people drink too much water and become waterlogged. That physician must have been living in a prohibition district.

An Indiana Justice of the peace has married 2,000 couples. But he is now 89 years old and feeble, and must soon be called to repentance.