

'One is near the far corner of this camp,' said I. 'If there are cracks between the logs you can see it there.'

I heard her go on tiptoe to that side, to peep out; and the bear, somehow made aware of her presence, dropped to his forefeet and moved around the corner, but immediately rose again, rolling his head round and sniffing in an inquiring manner. There was a little hole in the old roof, where a stovepipe had once issued upward.

I heard Edith moving stealthily about and climbing on something below, and soon she whispered to me through the pipe hole:

'Arthur, it's a monstrous animal! Do be careful! Don't enrage it. Can it see you?'

'... It is looking right at me,' I replied. 'That one and two more. The place seems swarming with them.'

'Can they reach you on the roof?'

'Easily, I should think, if they tried.'

'Oh, Arthur, can't you get inside here with me—and do you suppose they have eaten up that poor Mr. Rib? Goodness knows!' I said. 'They don't seem hungry.' But, then, they appear to have been eating raspberries.'

'Couldn't you get down inside here, somehow?' asked Edith.

'Not unless we could enlarge that pipe hole,' I replied, moving forward to it on the roof.

When I stirred, the bear at the corner of the camp dropped to his feet out of sight, and I saw the shrubs swaying as he drew off a few steps. The others also dropped to their feet and moved away a little.

'They do not seem really dangerous, big as they are,' I said. 'I doubt their attacking us. I think they would run off.'

'Frighten them, then!' exclaimed Edith. 'Shout!'

'But when I shouted a minute ago they came, instead of going,' said I, 'and since we have begun speaking they have stopped and raised themselves again to look at me.'

'Tigers, I have read, are afraid of umbrellas—opened suddenly,' suggested Edith. 'Open my sun umbrella at them. Rise up quick and open it suddenly, you know,' and Edith thrust it up through the pipe hole.

It was a good-sized, bright red sunshade, and when, rising to my feet, I suddenly opened it at the gaping bears, the effect certainly justified Edith's expectation. All three dropped to their feet again, and three diversely wriggled trails in the raspberry shrubs showed that they were taking themselves off at a good rate of speed. And here I may add that hunters and others having experience with these bears have since assured me that it was probably fortunate for us that I attempted the aggressive with nothing more deadly than my young wife's sun umbrella, and that if I had used a gun and wounded one or more of them, the apparently pacific animals might even have pulled the old camp down in their efforts to reach us. When the wriggling trails of the retiring beasts gave evidence that they were at a safe distance and still moving off, Edith ventured forth, and with my assistance climbed to the low roof. We then shouted again, still in the hope of eliciting some response from our lost fellow-passenger, and it was after Edith's third effort, I believe, that we were startled by the near report of a gun, accompanied by several muffled shouts.

'That is he or some one else in trouble!' Edith cried; and after shouting in reply, we descended from the camp roof and attempted to proceed in the direction of the sounds. The swamp of raspberry shrubs rendered progress nearly impossible; but after some futile effort we came across a branch sled trail which led that way. Following this for four or five hundred yards, the weathered roofs of two other old camps came into view among the undergrowth; and on shouting again we heard a voice, apparently inside one of the old log camps, although both the camps were closed, and had slabs nailed across the doors on the outside.

'Where are you?' I called. 'And is it Mr. Rib?'

A doleful voice from within the nearer of the two camps responded, 'Yes I have injured myself.'

'As I feared!' murmured Edith.

'But how did you get inside?' I asked aloud, after a glance round the camp.

'I fell through the old roof and am unable to get out,' was the reply. 'Part of it broke under my weight. I heard blacktails in the brush and climbed on the roof to get sight of them.'

After an exertion of strength I wrenched off the slabs across the door, and found young Mr. Rib on the floor, looking very pale and distressed, with his coat off and his left arm apparently shorter than the other and projecting at an unnatural angle from the shoulder.

'Broken, is it?' I exclaimed.

'Oh, I don't know. I struck on my hand somehow when I fell through. It hurts a good deal,' and then he went off in a dead faint.

'Good gracious! What can we do?' I exclaimed, for the young man lay as if dead. 'Stay by him, Edith, while I go to the brook and get water.'

But Edith bethought herself of her sal volatile bottle in the chateleine bag at her belt, and we tried that.

'At the gymnasium they taught us that a person who has fainted should be extended on the floor, with the head lower than the body,' observed Edith, who in this emergency proved herself admirably calm.

I attempted to carry out the suggestion, but found that his left arm, projecting backward, prevented this.

'Only see, it is as stiff as a poker!' I exclaimed.

'Then it must be out of joint at the shoulder,' said Edith, reflectively. 'I was instructed about such things, too. You must pull hard on the arm downward, and—as you pull—twist it inward if the arm projects back. That's to get the head of the bone back into the socket. Think you could do it, Arthur? It pulls back very hard, they said.'

'I don't know the least thing about it!' I exclaimed.

'But there is no doctor at any of these way stations,' said Edith, calmly. 'I have thought of that ever since we started.'

'Wait till he recovers consciousness,' said I, distressed at the situation and at my own culpable ignorance of anatomy.

Even as I said this the young man opened his eyes, and after blinking a little, struggled up to a sitting posture. 'I must have lapsed off again,' he said, flushing. 'I have done so two or three times, it pains me so badly.'

'Your shoulder is out,' I explained to him, 'and my wife thinks we ought to try to pull it back in place—if you agree to it.'

'Why, yes, if you can,' he replied, doubtfully.

'There is no doctor to be got, of course.'

'No, Mr. Rib,' said Edith. 'We will try, if you desire it, but it will hurt you, I am afraid.'

'It cannot hurt much worse than it does now,' groaned the sufferer. 'If you think you can do it, I will agree to bear it.'

I was too much afraid of hurting him at first, I suppose, and did not pull with sufficient resolution.

'Pull harder,' said Edith, laying hold of himself to keep him on the floor.

I put forth greater strength. The poor boy screamed with the pain; and, in fact, when I pulled a third time he fainted dead away.

Much discomposed, I dropped the arm. 'It's of no use,' I said. 'I'm no surgeon.'

Edith turned very pale. 'Arthur,' she exclaimed, 'you do not pull hard enough. Pull as if you meant it.'

'But he has fainted again!' I remonstrated. 'I don't dare I might kill him.'

'It takes more than that to kill a person, I'm sure,' cried Edith. 'Try again, before he recovers consciousness. He will not mind the pain now, and see how lax all his muscles have grown.'

'But it's awful to pull on him so, and he lying as if dead! I'm afraid I shall pull his arm off!'

'Oh, if only I had your strength!' cried Edith, giving me a steady look. 'Arthur, where's your courage?'

Goaded to recklessness, yet with dreadful misgivings still, I laid hold of the arm again and pulled tremendously.

'Twist in!' cried Edith, holding with all her strength against mine. She could not hold him down, however. I pulled him away, till at last, gaining more courage and boldness, or else desperation, I placed my right foot against his chest and put forth all my strength—once—twice—three times—when a dull snap resounded, and the thing was done! The bone-head was back in its socket and the arm turned free.

'Bravo, Arthur!' Edith exclaimed, but she had turned very white herself. For a moment I thought that she, too, would faint, and made hasty search for the salts.

A flush had suffused the young man's face. He groaned, but came round before Edith had quite steadied herself. For some minutes he was in much pain—and no wonder, considering what we had done!

He was soon able to walk, however, and after I had secured his gun and contrived a sling for his arm, we retraced our way back up the mountain-side to the railroad. The sun had set by the time we reached the line, and we had still a walk of four or five miles along the track to Glacier House; but there were no further adventures, and we went on to Vancouver together the next day.

So I have narrated the only incident of the trip which could properly be termed an adventure. But that one afternoon in the vale of the Illicilliwaet afforded me deeper insight into my young wife's character than all the rest of the tour.—'Youth's Companion.'