

August 27  
Frank Monroe

### Bear Story.

It was in 1890 before this country was settled. It was when the railroads first had come through we were camping and one night I dreamt I saw myself standing on a large stump. I was standing on top of this stump. I was looking down and two bear came down and I saw them and they talked to me and told me not to go bear hunting but I did. After we came to a berry patch across the river I tracked some bear tracks. I was riding a pinto horse and I tracked these bear tracks and I followed the tracks and they lead to the foot of Two Medicine Lake. I stood on top of a ridge and still the tracks went very far so I followed them up and they lead over a little knoll and there I saw a bear. Just <sup>one</sup> bear eating berries. When I saw this one I should have shot him from the top of the hill but I made a mistake and stopped and I thought it would be best for me to shot from the bottom. So I kept going and I just had my eyes on the one bear. Other bears were all along the lane sleeping and they were filled from eating berries. I only had seven cartridges. I wanted to tie my horse so I made up my mind that I would lead him along because I wanted to shot the bear. Finally there was a berry patch and I kept getting closer and closer to the bear and I looked down and there was a bear behind the bush and I was surprised. I shot him and I wounded him and then they all jumped up standing up ready to fight. They were grizzly bears. There were four bears. I shot two of the bear and wounded them. They were all excited, and they didn't know where the shots were coming from. I only had two or three cartridges left. I turned and they saw me and they attacked me. I shot but he threw me around and everything. I don't know what was happening. When the bear attacked me I became unconscious. He bit me and tore me up. When I came to I looked up and I was under the horse and he was fighting for me. The pinto was a wild horse. I wanted to call out to some one for help so I said to

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Pinto to help me. The bear kept standing up the pinto horse kept putting him off. We kept going down the hill and down the hill and everything was strung out all along the hill. When we got to the bottom of the hill I was so unconscious I leaned against the horse and the bear went off because he was all in. I was tired. After this bear pulled out I went on the side hill and then moved again. The bear looked back down and finally decided to come back again and came back and started for me and I knew I would have to do something. I had a knife. The bear jumped on me and I grabbed my knife and stuck him in the jugular. He had just bit and chewed on me. I didn't know a thing. After I came to I found myself bleeding, my hand was bitten up and the blood was pouring out down across my breast. The bear was bleeding too, both of us were just about dying. The bear went over the hill and I knew I was going to die. I began to seek for my whip so I could tie my wrist so it wouldn't bleed. I put my wrist under my shirt. Everything was torn and I had hardly any clothing left. I took the horse to the side hill some way I don't know how I did it and mounted and pulled out. I don't know how I mounted the horse but I did anyway. I didn't have a gun or anything everything was gone. When I mounted it was the second time I had called on my horse for help. There was just me and my horse in this fight. This was three or four miles from camp. After I got home I asked my wife to go get the priest that I wanted to see him because I knew I was going to die. He took me down to the Missouri and stepped there and there was no medicine. They did everything they could to care for me. The bones were all sticking out and smashed and I cut some of my own bones out and one night in my dream a bear came to me again and said to me "My son, take some herb and apply it to the cuts and it will cure you". I did as the bear said, I took some herbs home and I fixed it up and it cured my hand. The weed was white dust weed.