

sapling, "are you still so noisy over high ideals, and still so proud of your elevation? You know it doesn't pay to lie on one's stomach and preach so much philosophy to another upon his feet. And, by the way, remember the farther you creep the lower you go, for I see that you cannot help falling over that rock, and tumbling down to the gulch. Shame on you! little vine, to hang your head so."

And indeed the poor little vine did hang its head, and true it was that every inch that it grew added only that much humiliation to it, for it could not lift its head, and blundered on and on, over and down the jutting rock, hearing daily the titter of derision from the green sapling, and the echoes of laughter from all the other trees in the mighty forest.

But one day a reverse wind blew up the valley. All the tall trees bent before it. The ferns leaned over to the grass, and the grass knelt down and kissed the pebbly soil. And now the wind struck the green sapling!

Proudly it tried to buffet back the wind. It tossed about, and struggled to get free from the strong arms of the breeze, which little by little bent it down and over to the, jutting rock.

"Oh, please don't humble me to the miserable little vine," groaned the green sapling. "Please do blow down the valley and I'll willingly bend to the very feet of

my brother trees; yes, into the very dust that you are stirring up, and the sands that are sifting through your fingers."

But the great wind said no word. He only blew and puffed, and whistled a tune while all things bowed to him.

Not all things! for the little vine had never lifted its head high from the turf, and the great wind only stirred it a little, and lifted it higher from its humble place over the rock.

And lo! the humble vine was lifted high enough to hook one slender finger upon a branch of the green sapling.

"Now I go with you to the clouds," cried the little vine, clinging tighter and tighter, and curling around the twigs and the branches more fingers. Try as the tree did, it could not shake off the vine, Summer after summer it grew and grew, but the grape-vine hung close, and stretched and stretched, till now deep down the valley there is a giant oak, and clinging to the topmost bough is a mighty grape-vine, trembling and hanging to the ground.

And all over the world the grape-vines heard of the wonderful feat of their wise sister, and reached out and clung to green saplings, till now the forest is strung with millions of the graceful vines and the jungles are tangled with them, stretching, even as the proud trees stretch, to the sky.

THE TRAGIC TALE OF TWO GOATS

By WILLIAM E. CARLIN

IT was a day in late October. The haze of an Indian summer softened the rugged outlines of the mighty Cañon of Bear Creek, blending in a dreamy harmony of color the sombre firs, the gray, purplish granite, the vivid patches of red and yellow.

A peaceful quiet pervaded all nature, disturbed only by the ripple of the creek below us, and by the occasional mellow note of the leader's bell, as our pack train swung slowly along the trail, which led over the main divide of the Bitter Roots.

From my horse's back, idly viewing the beauties of the scene about me, half dreaming, half awake, I was suddenly roused from my reverie by the halting of the horse in front of me; upon looking ahead, I saw Wright beckoning me to come. There was something in his manner which led me to dismount quickly, and to draw my rifle from its boot. As I reached his side, he pointed to a cliff above us on our left; there, on a wet, mossy ledge, stood four mountain-goats, their white forms standing out against the dark rocks, their

beads close together, looking down at us in stupid wonder.

At the first glance, they appeared no more than two hundred yards away, but a more careful survey of the ground showed us that it was at least four hundred yards; so, slipping quietly into the brush, we worked our way carefully, over slide-rock and through thick alders, for some minutes, until we came into a little opening. Climbing upon a boulder, I could just see over the top of the brush.

The goats had not moved, but started as my head came into view. My position was an awkward one to shoot in, and my footing insecure, but there was no time to lose; so taking a quick aim at the largest of the goats, which I took to be a Billy, I fired, and saw the dust fly from a rock just under his belly, having underestimated the distance, which was probably over two hundred yards. I had nearly lost my balance from the recoil, but throwing in another cartridge and holding just above the shoulder, I fired again; the big Billy staggered, slipped, and rolled over the cliff, bouncing from rock to rock until he struck a small stunted fir tree, where he lodged. In the meantime, two of the goats had disappeared, and the last was almost around the corner of rock, when I fired at him, breaking his left hip; he slipped back, then, regaining his foothold, started limping up the hill. The next shot, the last in my magazine, broke his back, and down he came tumbling from the ledge into the slide-rock below. He was a fair-sized Billy, with good horns, which had, however, been somewhat scarred and scraped by contact with the rocks in his fall.

Leaving Wright to look after him, I climbed to the tree against which the first had lodged, and found him dead. He was a much larger animal than the other, really a magnificent specimen. It was with some difficulty that I got him down, though with silent thankfulness that he had so lodged, for, had he fallen on the rocks below, his horns might have been injured.

Before taking off the skins and heads, we dragged the goats down to the trail, where, beneath the spreading branches of an old fir tree, we photographed them. It was then after two o'clock, and as we had yet several miles to cover before reaching our camping ground for the night, we made but a hasty examination of the

wounds. They were very severe, as we had always found them to be when made at moderate ranges by the 30-40 soft-nose bullet.

Next morning we crossed the range, and two days later reached Hamilton, Montana, where I developed the plate made of the goats. To my amazement, they both hung in mid-air, from the branches of some beach trees. It was, of course, a double exposure; but how account for the beach trees? All at once I recollected having made this exposure before going West. Evidently, I had neglected to develop it, and it had been accidentally replaced in the box of plates I was then using. Hence the unlooked for combination of the goats and beech trees.

In November, we went to the Flathead Reservation to hunt ducks and geese, and to have a try for goats on the rugged spurs of the Mission Range, above McDonald's Lake. Here we had very good sport until the heavy winter storms set in, covering the steep mountain sides with snow and ice, making rock climbing dangerous; whereupon we returned to our comfortable quarters at the Ravalli Hotel, in Hamilton, to spend the winter; for Wright and I were planning to cross the range on snow-shoes in April, to photograph game on old man Long's trap line.

One day in March I was surprised to see Long's partner, Mac, walk in. He had been sick, and, needing medical help, had worked his way out of the hills, with the assistance of a prospector from the Salmon River Country, who, with his entire outfit, had been snowed in the preceding fall, and forced to pass the winter in the mountains.

Mac had met with a strange experience on his way out, when about four miles from the Bear Creek Summit. It appears he had stooped to tie his snow-shoe, and was rising to his feet, when his attention was drawn to some movement in a snowy hollow under the heavy branches of a tree, about fifty yards away. The next moment three cougars bounded out and ran across the slope, disappearing in the timber near the creek. Curious to see what they had been up to, he went to the spot, and to his horror found there the remains of a man. The body, he said, had been dismembered, and only bloody bones and a few torn bits of clothing lay scattered about in the snow.

He had not waited to bury what was left of the unfortunate man, but before hurrying out to tell the news had blazed the tree all around, and noted its exact location near the trail. Now Mac's story caused much excitement in the valley. Thrilling accounts appeared in a local paper, and several mountaineers threatened to organize a party to, cross the divide, and give the dead man decent burial. However, nothing was ever done, and the poor man was forgotten.

On the seventh of April, Wright, Herrick and I shouldered our packs and started up Lost Horse Cañon. On the summit we were caught in a heavy bliz-

zard, and were delayed there two days. It was about noon of the sixth day out, that, having dropped down into Bear Creek Cañon, we came across the very tree that Mac had blazed, for which we had been keeping a sharp lookout. On nearing it I recognized, on the hillside above, the ledge from which I had shot the goats the fall before. As I drew Wright's attention to it, the truth flashed upon us both—in other words, Mac's "remains" were the remains of our two billies; the bits of clothing were what was left of one of our old gunny sacks.

Truly, very raw material for such a tragic tale.

IN THE HAUNTS OF THE HARE

By EDWYN SANDYS

UNDER the general head of "hare hunting" may be grouped several forms of a sport very popular in widely separated portions of this country. To the Briton, the mere mention of a hare calls up memories of coursing and that blue ribbon of the sporting canine world, the Waterloo Cup, which, along with other important fixtures, has for so long aroused the enthusiasm of our brethren over-sea. Until a comparatively recent date we had nothing of the sort on this side, but the natural advantages of vast tracts of our Middle West and Far West country were too apparent to be long overlooked after the tide of permanent settlement had once fairly set westward. Among the most useful class of settlers were sturdy men, and frequently moneyed men, from the sporting counties of Great Britain. These men had the characteristic nomadic and sporting instincts strongly developed—in fact, the promise of a wholesome freedom and unlimited sport was the magnet which drew many of them to our West—and once there, it is not surprising they quickly took advantage of their unequalled opportunity.

The instinct to tackle things that can fight, to pursue things that can run or fly, is absorbed by the Briton with his mother's milk, and one of his dearly loved pastimes

is coursing. Hence, he speedily noted the possibilities for one of his games, after he had become acquainted with that weird brute *Lepus callotis*, commonly termed the "jack-rabbit." This creature can run like the wind; it inhabits the great plains, which afford fine footing for horse and hound and a clear view, and it was natural that coursing under special rules, to suit the new field should follow. How wonderfully this sport has flourished may be learned from a glance over the reports of the many important fixtures annually decided. In its own smaller way coursing now receives the same close attention as racing. Representatives of the best greyhound blood of Britain are to be found at the head of many kennels, and the breeding, handling, and running of the dogs are in the hands of men as keen and clever as any that ever sent out a winner of the storied blue ribbon. That the sport will continue to flourish goes without saying—the nature of our western country and the temperament of our western people guarantee that. I might say, in passing, that hawking the jack-rabbit may yet become one of our most attractive pastimes. I have repeatedly seen wild hawks, both falcons and harriers, chase the "jacks," and every time I have seen this the idea of trained hawks and a