

Pursued by a Panther.

Thrilling Adventure of Portland Boys in Blue Mountains.

John and Frank made a light breakfast before they started out to look for Silas and Stubs, the two missing boys. That part of the Blue Mountains is cut up with deep canyons, lined with towering pines, and packed with a dense undergrowth, and intersected with paths that wind about with the shape of the country. Yet one who is familiar with the general direction of these canyons and the course of the creeks could hardly fail to find the way to Grand Ronde River, which sweeps northward in a semi-circle, and bursts through the east rim of Grand Ronde Valley.

Silas and Stubs had never been in that part of the country. They were lost, or they would have reached the meeting place. Frank was deeply concerned, as he felt responsible for the safety of the entire party.

"I don't understand how they could have missed their way," he remarked to John. "We've got to find them somehow. Fire your gun and perhaps they may hear."

John fired his gun, but only the echo of the report was heard reverberating up and down the canyons.

They then decided to return to the point of separation and, if no traces were found, to continue back to camp. Carefully they retraced their steps, firing signals at intervals, until they reached the place where they had separated the day before. Not a trace of the missing boys was found on the way. At the camp they were surprised to find Cut-Mouth-John, and Indian scout, and well known member of the Cayuse tribe, living on the Umatilla Reservation. He was on his way to the old camp ground at the head of Mill Creek, about three miles from Le Grande, with his squaws and ponies for a fall hunting and fishing expedition. Seeing the camp he stopped over for the night. The boys quickly told him in jargon that their "lilleums" (companions) were lost and they wanted him to help find them. "Nah-wil-ka, six!" exclaimed Cut-Mouth out of the corner of his mouth. His disfigurement was caused by a bullet plowing its way through his jaw. He assured them that he would help find the missing boys.

All three climbed a tall cliff overlooking the surroundings for many miles. Cut-Mouth shaded his eyes with his right hand as he swept the mountains in every direction. Suddenly he pointed off toward the southwest. The boys looked, also, but saw nothing. Cut-Mouth said he saw smoke and, looking closer, the boys made out a slight rise about seven miles distant over toward the head of Grand Ronde River. Presently they heard the faint report of a gun.

"That's the boys," exclaimed John and Frank, in delight. They returned to camp, and all three started out on Cut-Mouth's ponies, the Indian leading the way.

But we must now return and follow the fortunes of Silas and Stubs after they separated the day before.

For several hours they followed what they supposed was the right direction toward the meeting place. Signs of big game were seen. Silas happened to glance up the side of the canyon where, on a bare spot, stood a fine buck, a doe and a fawn. They were too far for a good shot.

"We'll crawl around to the east and get a crack at that big fellow," whispered Stubs.

"All right," replied Silas, "but we must be mighty careful, or we'll get lost in this country. You know what Frank said."

"O, we can take care of ourselves," said Stubs in a low voice, as he cautiously parted the brush on one side of the path. They worked themselves through the underbrush to within 75 yards of the deer, when the wary animals caught the scent, but Stubs quickly took aim and fired. The big buck turned clear over, but was on his feet in an instant and crashing through the brush with Stubs and Silas after him.

"We've got him, sure," exclaimed Stubs, quivering with excitement and plunging through the brush.

On they went for at least a mile, not noting the direction, but following the crashing of the brush as the wounded deer tried to escape. Too excited to observe their surroundings they ran onward, coming at last to an open place on the side of the canyon that was covered with shale rock. Here they found the deer. They had hardly reached the middle of the shale, which extended far up the side of the mountain, when an avalanche of broken stones rolled over the top, and carried down the mountain side with the torrent into the deep canyon, where they were half buried and badly bruised.

"Hello, Silas," exclaimed Stubs, "are you all right?"

"Yes," came faintly from Silas, as he pulled himself from under the rocks and debris of the avalanche.

They found themselves at the bottom of a deep canyon, and could see no way to get back. It was not wise to follow up the path of the shale avalanche, as that would start another slide. All traces of the deer had been lost, but they did not mind that, as they were more anxious to get out of their predicament than to find the game.

They decided to push on up the canyon, and started at once. Forcing their way through the undergrowth for about 300 yards, they came to a path, beaten through the brush. It seemed to be a way forced through the dense growth by wild animals.

"We'll keep on in this path," said Silas, "I'll lead us somewhere."

"I believe we ought to go the other way," replied Stubs, "we don't know a thing about this path."

"Well, we've got to meet Frank and John up there at the point, and I think we can reach it this way," Silas answered.

On they went, following the path for three miles. It wound around the canyons, but the boys were so intent on reaching the meeting place that they failed to notice that they were being led off toward the southwest.

They became aware, too, that they were being followed by some beast, which kept out of sight. Often they heard it behind them, and then in the brush to one side.

"Silas," exclaimed Stubs, "look out, there's a panther after us. I saw him just behind me. I'll shoot if I get a chance at the beast."

At that moment the brute sprang across the path between the thoroughly startled boys. The animal had made a dash at Stubs, just missing him. He did, however, strike him on the shoulder with his claw, tearing his coat sleeve off and badly lacerating his shoulder.

They were further alarmed to notice that the sun was setting while they were still in the narrow path that seemed to have no end. The panther had kept in the background after the first charge, but could be heard in the brush, slinking stealthily along. Once he managed to get ahead, but Silas, with a quick shot, sent him to the rear again.

With the increasing darkness the beast grew bolder. As they reached an opening in the brush they decided that it was

OUR YOUNG FOLKS



MAGIC BREATH. A PARTY TRICK.



THE WATER WILL TURN TO A MILKY RUE.

You can astonish your little friends by a very simple trick that will not seem at all simple to them, and at the same time perform a most interesting experiment with very little trouble. Select some evening when several of your little playmates are together, at a party at your home, for instance, and offer to turn a glass of water into milk by breathing into it. Of course, they will not believe that you can do it, and will make all kinds of fun at your boast of being able to. When you have their curiosity sufficiently aroused, excuse yourself from the room and get your "magic" apparatus together.

You will need some lime water, a long piece of glass and an ordinary glass tumbler. If you have no lime water in the house you can get enough for a few pence at any drug store. Half a pint is more than enough for your trick. You can get the piece of glass from any old broken pane you can find. A piece three inches long and narrow enough to enter the tumbler at its widest part will do.

Fill the tumbler with the lime water and bring it into the room where your friends are assembled. Place it upon the table before them where they can all see it, but do not allow any of them to taste it. Tell your friends that the magic properties of your breath will change the water into milk, and then breathe frequently into the tumbler, stirring it constantly with a piece of glass. The perfectly transparent lime water will assume a milky hue, and then as you keep breathing into it it will finally grow white, closely resembling skimmed milk, and elicit the applause of your friends.

Now, you can explain that your magic breath being combined with the water in the glass will, in a few minutes, produce chalk. Let the tumbler remain perfectly quiet for a time while you and your companions play some other game, and upon looking at it later you will find that a layer of real chalk has been deposited in the bottom of the glass.

too dark to go further that night. Furthermore, the two boys were completely lost. They had stumbled along through the thick timber in the gathering dusk, hunted by the fierce beast, until they were bewildered and confused.

"It's too dangerous to go further tonight. That panther would track us and jump on us in the darkness. We'll start a fire here and spend the night," suggested Silas.

With that they began gathering dry twigs for a fire. Silas was striking a match when he heard a cry from Stubs who was off to one side. It was not quite dark, and Silas made out the dark body of the panther gliding from a log. It sprang on Stubs, knocking him to the ground, and was in the act of dragging him into the brush, when Silas discharged his carbine at the beast. It gave a fearful scream that echoed in the timber far and near, and dropping Stubs, sprang into the brush. Without stopping to ascertain the seriousness of Stubs' wounds, Silas hastily started a fire and heaped it up with pine knots. He knew well that a big fire was the only protection they could have against the panther, that seemed determined on carrying off one of the boys.

Stubs had been knocked senseless by the animal. On examination Silas found that the claws of the beast had sunk deeply into Stubs' shoulder, but he could do nothing for his friend at that moment. It would never do for the fire to die out. He knew not what moment the beast would make a dash, and so stood ready for him with loaded gun. Occasionally he discharged his gun into the brush in the direction of the snarling noise the creature was making.

Stubs moaned in pain, and slowly regained consciousness. He lay in a stupor until nearly midnight, when he rolled over, much to the relief of anxious Silas. His wounds were painful and he was helpless, hardly being able to move. Silas hastily bound up the wounded shoulder and made him as comfortable as possible, with one eye all the while on the fire and the other on the lookout for the beast.

Later on his weariness overcame him and he fell asleep. The fire died down. The panther saw his opportunity, and sprang at the helpless boys, alone in the great forest. But he made a miscalculation, and landed right in the hot ashes and dying embers. He was burned so badly that he aroused the boys with another bloodcurdling scream, and sprang clear into the brush with his tail raised. Silas quickly replenished the fire, upbraiding himself for his carelessness.

Stubs slept on through the night, with Silas watching with his gun in his hands. The panther also kept vigil from the brush, venturing to attack the boys again until nearly daybreak, when Silas had dropped into another dose. The panther was quick to notice him, and made a spring, but Silas was aroused by the noise, and, as the animal launched himself at them, Silas met him with a bullet, which tore its way through the head of the animal and the huge beast rolled over just beside Silas.

It was indeed a lucky shot. The big 45-caliber slug, carried by the Spencer carbine, entered the mouth of the panther and tore its way through the back of his head. It was some minutes before the beast ceased its death struggles.

Morning dawned. It had, indeed, been a long and eventful night, full of terrors. Stubs was very weak, and still in pain. Silas was tired and worn, but glad that the panther was done with. Still the boys could not forget that they were lost and that their situation was a dangerous one. They had no idea where they were, and Stubs was unable to travel. Silas succeeded in shooting a fine fat grouse, on which they made a good breakfast.

Both felt better after the meal, but Stubs was still too weak to move about. Silas was unable to travel. Silas succeeded in shooting a fine fat grouse, on which they made a good breakfast.

At 12 o'clock Cut-Mouth John suddenly appeared in the little clearing, followed by Frank and John.

"Cl-ham! (How do you do!)" said the famous scout, as he took in the situation and noted the huge panther dead a few feet off, and Stubs lying near the fire.

The Indian quickly gathered some medicinal leaves, which he bound on Stubs' wounded shoulder. Then John got some water, and made hot coffee, and in a short time all were in a condition to travel. Stubs and Silas were

placed on the ponies, and by 3 o'clock in the afternoon were safely at the Rock Creek camp.

Cut-Mouth John consented to stay with the boys for the rest of their hunting trip. As for Stubs, he soon recovered from the rough handling the panther had given him. The Indian skinned the two bears, and the panther, and was allowed to take the skins, much to his delight.

I need not follow the fortunes of the youthful hunters further. They stayed their full vacation, shot deer and elk, and returned home, after having had the

finest hunting expedition of their lives. On parting from Cut-Mouth John, that Indian said: "Hil-as-close-tillcum. (Good friends)."

He even offered to provide all four boys with wives out of his superabundance, but they declined his exceedingly generous offer. They returned home and entered school for the Winter, under the charge of Professor Morgan, of blessed memory. Two of the boys have long since passed away, but Silas and Frank often get together and never fail to talk over this big hunt in the Blue Mountains in the '90s. ALICE M. WELLS.

ABSENT-MINDED FAIRY GODMOTHER

WHY SO FEW OF THEM ARE IN EXISTENCE TODAY—LITTLE MARY EMMA'S ADVENTURE.

Of course, you all know that a very great many years ago all good children had fairy godmothers. Even if you don't know it, it must be so, for so many people who write about things say so, and people who write about things know every single thing there is to know, especially me.

In those days of which I write one little girl named Mary Emma had a fairy godmother who was very absent-minded. Indeed, she was so absent-minded at times that she forgot she was a fairy godmother at all, and so, instead of help Mary Emma make her fortune, as, of course, she should have done, she just stayed at home and kept house just like any one else. In fact, if it had not been for Mary Emma herself, the fairy godmother might have forgotten that she had a goddaughter, but every once and a while Mary Emma would

wink her left foot three times, which would immediately summon the fairy godmother to her side.

Mary Emma did not want anything at all, but she was a very far-seeing little girl and she knew that some time she might want something, and if her fairy godmother did not have some practice, she might forget what it meant when Mary Emma winked her left foot three times, and never come at all! By the way, you can always tell whether or not you have a fairy godmother by this trying that. If a fairy godmother with a sugar loaf hat and a long wand does not appear as soon as you have winked your left foot three times, then you haven't any.

Well, one day Mary Emma decided that she was old enough to go out and seek her fortune, so off she went. She had on her very best frock, a nice lunch in her basket, and she felt sure she was going

to find a very nice fortune, indeed. She left her mother stoning cherries on the back porch and walked on and on and on, until she had gone farther than she had ever gone before. After a while she entered a deep forest. She had been quite hot and cross in the sun, but it was delightfully cool in the forest under the great trees, and she thought that seeking one's fortune was just heaps of fun.

Mary Emma was going along singing at the top of her voice, when all at once she turned a corner of the forest, and there were three robbers lying in wait for her. My! But she was frightened! She winked her left foot three times just as hard as ever she could, and her fairy godmother appeared, rubbing her eyes and looking very cross, for she had just been taking a nice nap when she had been so suddenly awakened. The robbers were just about to rob Mary Emma of her lunch basket when her fairy godmother appeared, but as soon as they saw her they all stepped back a few paces, clenched their teeth, and said, "Fohed!"

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