



Entombed in an Oregon Cavern.

MISADVENTURE OF THREE LADS WHO WENT HUNTING FOR A LYNX.

"Boys, we must kill that lynx somehow. He's been lurking around for two weeks, and if you two will go along tomorrow, we'll track the beast and kill him."

This remark was addressed by Frank Martin to John Wilson and Edward Black, near their home in the John Day country, in Eastern Oregon. High, rocky bluffs of lava formations, rugged crags and caverns break up this part of the state. It is suited for wild beasts and unsafe for exploring parties without guides; but the very danger made the prospective adventure of these boys attractive. They had had much experience in the Blue Mountains, and were skillful in the use of the rifle.

The trip took place in the late autumn, and there had been a light fall of snow on the rugged bluffs on either side of the swiftly running Des Chutes River, which had risen its way by erosion through the lava, and flowed with a roar at the bottom of a deep canyon on to the Columbia River. While they had seen the tracks of this lynx in the hills, the boys had only once caught a glimpse of the beast as he slunk along the precipitous sides of the rocky bluffs.

They came together next morning, and Frank, being the eldest and most experienced hunter, laid plans for running the beast down.

"We've got to be awful careful," he remarked to John and Edward, "as he is likely to give a hard fight. I saw his tracks yesterday evening. They led up into the bluffs above the river. Are you ready?"

"We're ready, lead on," was the answer. All three, armed with magazine rifles, and prepared for an all-day tramp, first went over to where the lynx's tracks had first been seen in the thin sheet of snow. There they were and the beast seemed to have followed the path along the side of the river canyon and very high up. It seemed folly to attempt to follow.

"Now," said Frank, "I'll go ahead and you follow close behind, and keep a sharp lookout. The beast may have come out of his den and be hidden among some of these boulders. Look sharp that he doesn't jump on you."

They moved silently, single-file up the narrow path. Finally they came to a place where the animals' tracks had first been seen in the thin sheet of snow, and there was a confusion in the track.

"But the old beast came out this morning this far and is hiding somewhere in these rocks," whispered John.

As he spoke the astonished boys caught a glimpse of the lynx as he sprang clear over their heads and darted back up the narrow path. Before they recovered from their surprise the animal could be seen carefully making his way along a narrow ledge above the Des Chutes River. He seemed to the boys to be clinging to the wall, as they could not make out the path.

John threw up his rifle to shoot, but Frank stopped him, as the lynx would probably tumble down into the river and be lost.

"We must follow him up there," remarked Frank, "he has a den in the rocks. What say you, boys? Shall we go? It's a ticklish place up there, I guess."

"O, let's push on," said Edward, "We don't want to go back now."

Frank pulled from his pocket a long slender larriat, and attaching one end to his waist, passed the other to Edward. With John in the middle all three started on the perilous trip up the path. One moment they would scarcely have room for their feet, and once Edward slipped from the path, but the boys could not stop till he regained his footing.

Slowly they toiled along until they came to a break in the path. At this point there was an opening in the rocks a little larger than a man's body, and into this the lynx had evidently crawled, but how far back they had no idea. With customary recklessness they decided to go into the hole. Frank crawled in first, John and Edward following. The opening was so small that Frank had to keep his gun close to his side, pointed forward, for instant use in case the lynx should make a sudden dash at him from the inside. They entered about 50 feet when Frank called back to his companions that he could make out a large cavern ahead, and there was a dim light from above, but that he could not see the lynx. He crawled forward cautiously and entered the cavern.

Just as John and Edward entered a big boulder above the mouth of the entrance was loosened and dropped down, completely blocking their only way of retreat, and imprisoning them in the dark cavern in the rocky bluff. Overhead there was a dim light from what appeared to be a break in the roof of the cavern. The situation was startling to the entombed boys. Frank spoke some encouraging words to his terrified companions, but he felt greatly alarmed himself. While they were speculating in low tones as to the prospects of escape they heard a movement in another part of the cavern, and Frank fired in that direction at what he took to be the glaring eyes of the lynx. Following the shot there was a great commotion, but the boys could not make out whether or not the shot had taken effect.

The silence of the cavern was oppressive. The boys were in a sort of a hole, in the heart of the rocky bluff, under the rim-rock, in which there was a rift in the roof that admitted a little light. To them there seemed no chance of escape, as they could not move the immense boulder from the mouth of the opening.

John struck a match and by its faint light they could see that their prison was about 75 feet square and 20 feet high. The walls were of ragged lava and perpendicular. The dim light from above afforded them some hope.

With his rifle in readiness for the lynx Frank started to make an investigation. He moved around a huge block of lava rock when the animal sprang at him. Without waiting to take aim, he drew up his gun and at the same moment the lynx seized the muzzle with his mouth.

The beast was instantly killed with the discharge of the rifle.

The loud report of the gun, accompanied by the dying groans of the lynx struck

terror to the hearts of the other boys who could not see what had happened.

"I've got him, boys," called Frank, "come over here."

They were greatly relieved to hear Frank's voice again, but how to escape from their living tomb was a serious problem. In one corner of the cavern they made out a small pool of water, and here all three sat down, and ate sparingly of the light lunch they had brought along. A sense of fright overcame the two younger lads, but Frank tried to encourage them.

"Now," he said, "we're in a bad box, and there's no use trying to deny it. How to get out I don't know, but we must not give up. If we get discouraged at the start and don't try, we shall starve to death as no one will ever find us here. Come, we must do something right away. The light overhead comes from an opening, but I'm afraid we can't get out that way."

Thus aroused, John, the smallest of the three, started to look for some opening. "Creeping along he stumbled over the dead lynx, which startled him greatly, but he kept on and soon discovered a

the two ends of the line down through the rent into the cavern and Frank caught them in his hands. Then he made fast the upper end of the larriat with a stick so it would not slip. Frank next tied a loop at one end and Edward, placing one foot in it, soon made his way upward with the help of Frank and John, and stood free on the rim-rock.

Frank was left alone in the cavern. He first tied one end of the larriat to the body of the lynx and sent it upward as they wanted the skin as a trophy of their experience. Then, with one foot in the loop, he started up himself. He found it hard work and the line was stretched very tight. Finally he succeeded in reaching the top and was pulled through the rent.

They felt grateful, indeed, that their adventure had ended so happily, and started at once on the five-mile tramp for home, feeling weak from the lack of food. When half way home they came across the searching party, also returning, and greatly disheartened over their failure to find the boys whom they supposed had perished.

ALICE M. WELLS.

ANTS AND THEIR BABIES

In early Spring, before the sun's rays have power enough to penetrate the ground to any great depth, the ants wish warmth for their babies. On bright days you may catch a glimpse of their helplessness by turning over the flat stones near their hills. They have cut out galleries and large roomy chambers and brought their young up to be warmed. The soft Spring sunlight warms the thin rock sufficiently to temper the air under it.

These tiny workers which we trample under foot every day show wonderful powers of reason or instinct. If the sun should be obscured by a cloud and the temperature under the rock begin to drop, the careful nurses at once hurry the ba-

usually have short, tails. On the other hand, birds with long legs have extremely long tails. Like a great number of such things in the living, hurrying world about us, this goes without our taking any notice of it. Even those who note rarely stop to think of the reason.

All the variations in bird structure have taken place, to fit the bird for some special mode of life and thus we have the wide differences in appearance. Wading birds have long, feathery legs and get their living by waiting in the shallow water for fish and crawfish to come near enough for striking. Their pursuit of their prey never depends on their power of flight and sudden turning in mid-air.

The swallow and the night hawk, having to depend upon catching swift-moving insects, have both developed extremely long tails. The tail is used as a rudder and while those with small feet are graceful in the air.

Often the shape of the tail has a great deal to do with the manner of a hawk's hunting. A large red-tailed hawk, with its broad, medium-length tail, gets its quarry mainly by soaring over open bits of meadow land. A sharp-shinned hawk takes its quarry by flying rapidly through underbrush or timber and snatching it.

This is possible because of the long tail which can be used with good effect in suddenly changing course.

Language of Animals.

Man has had many animals under domestication for ages. As far back as history and tradition go he has used the animals which are familiar in our own time. Scientists who have examined prehistoric remains tell us that man probably used dogs in the chase long before he thought of domesticating any other animal.

With all these centuries of companionship, how does it happen that man has made no effort to understand what might be termed dog language? That all animals talk in a limited way no person of observation can doubt. How much they are able to communicate to each other no one knows. It seems that we are working backward to a certain extent when we expect the dog to learn a great deal of our language and we take no pains to learn his.

Of course, man can never hope to learn the language of any animal thoroughly, because of sense limitation. It is impossible to say what a dog knows and understands by his sense of smell alone. Man depends largely upon his eye for his impressions, a dog upon his nose. If any one will take the trouble to test this he can understand at once what is meant.

Go into a yard where there is a dog that knows you quite well. Before you enter pull your hat over your face and notice his greeting. While you are yet some distance away he growls and treats you as though he had never seen you before. His eyes do not recognize your clothing or your figure. But watch his movements closely. He evidently sees something which makes him think you are known to him, so he circles around to the windward. In a moment he is wagging his

tail down deep in their hills where there is no danger of their being chilled.

Most persons think that the big white cylinders which the ants carry about on their backs are the babies. The white, soft objects are the baby ants, helpless masses of life that must be tenderly fed and cared for until they are ready to undergo the change which will make them assistants in the busy colony of workers. The eggs are small and usually escape the notice of the searcher for them.

The long, tall birds, such as waders,

tail. He recognized you, not by his eye, but by his nose.

This is one of the reasons why we are so limited in giving a true interpretation to what we see in Nature. It is impossible for us to gain impressions such as the life about us receives from the same things.

Why Plants Have Roots.

It is generally supposed that plants send out their roots in a promiscuous manner. This is true to a certain extent. If one will examine a tree growing on a steep hillside it will be seen that practically all the roots have grown back into the earth.

I had noticed this often and wondered how it had been accomplished. I wondered if the plant had tried roots in all direc-

tions and had retained those which were useful or whether it had grown roots only on one side. I planted some beans in a pot and then turned the pot on its side and waited for the plant to grow.

The tender young bean pushed out and grew roots at the same time as it did in the ground. Soon three tiny roots pushed out through the surface and died, while the others on the other side of the plant grew back in the earth. Thus the plant

grew into the pot and sent out more fibrous roots and vigorous foliage. When the bean bent upward to get its stem turned directly towards the sun it assumed the same shape that is so often seen in trees growing on steep slopes.

So in this case the plant simply eliminates those roots which it finds useless and utilizes its strength in those which will help it battle for life.

JAMES SPEED.

(Copyright, 1901.)

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Why the Ocean Is Blue.

ONE OF NEPTUNE'S ANCIENT ACTS NOW MADE PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Of course, you all know that there are schools of fish in the ocean. If you do not, any fisherman will tell you so, but if you are not careful he will tell about all the fish he has caught, too, and how much they weighed, and about the whopping big ones that get away. You have to look out for that.

If you are very, very lucky you may find a fisherman who will tell you about mermaid schools, for, of course, it would be very silly to have school for fish and none for mermaids; for mermaids must be ever so much smarter than fish, or they would get caught, and you know they were seldom seen. And your teacher will tell you that smart people should be encouraged and educated just as much as possible, so that proves that this story must be true if it is wanted to.

One evening down at the bottom of the sea, bright little mermaid was going home from school, and all at once a new paper that had blown overboard from a steamer above floated down at her feet. This little mermaid, whose name was Coralie, could read beautifully, without even stumbling over big words like "continguousness," so she picked up the big newspaper and read it all through on her way home. The paper was full of things about New Year's day, and she could hardly believe her eyes. The paper said that the very next day would be New Year's day, and the only New Year's day Coralie had ever heard of came in the very middle of the Spring. You see, up here we have fiscal years, and down at the bottom of the sea they have fiscal years, which are very different.

Coralie thought about that newspaper and New Year's day until it was time to go to bed, and the more she thought the surer she was that she just ought to have a holiday on the next day.

Coralie thought about that morning she took her school books as usual, but instead of going to school she just went off for a long swim, intending to go to a sea-grove and have a picnic all by herself. Before she had gone very far she saw a lot of little fishes, all in rows, sitting on their tails and listening with a great deal of attention to a larger fish who was talking to them out of a little book. Coralie knew at once that it was a school of herrings, and she thought it would be a fine chance to find out why it was that New Year's day above the water did not come at the same time as it did in the bottom of the sea. She was sure that the larger fish, who was the teacher, could tell her, for, you know, teachers know everything, or if they don't they never let you find it out.

Coralie went up to the teacher, and she said she had come to visit the school and see how clever the little herrings were. The teacher was pleased, and he said that no one had ever visited his school before, and he made all the little fishes sit up very straight, fold their fins and behave. They recited their lessons beautifully, and everything went well until Coralie said that she would like to ask the scholars one question. The teacher looked worried, but he said to go ahead by all means. Then Coralie asked the little herrings if they knew why the people up on the land had New Year's day on a different day from the mermaids and fishes. The little herrings looked at each other, and then they said that, please, no, they had not got as far as that in their histories yet.

"No, indeed," said the teacher. "That was a very long time ago, before the ocean was blue. Now, can any little fish tell me why the ocean is blue?" Not one single little fish could tell that, and so the teacher said he would tell the school and the visitor all about himself, and he hoped it would be remembered by them all. Then he cleared his throat, put the book under one fin and began.

"A very great many hundreds of years ago the water was not blue as it is now, but of no color at all, and perfectly transparent, like window glass. It was much lighter down here than and more pleasant, but there was a fearful drawback, which became so serious that it is a wonder there are any fish now alive to tell the tale. Men began to eat fish. They went down now when they can catch them, but in those days they did not raise vegetables as they do now, so, of course, they had to depend more upon fish for food, and, besides, fish were much easier to catch. The men would sail out in a boat, and lower a long, thin wire with a noose on the end of it into the water. The water was so transparent and clear that they could see all the way to the bottom, and all they had to do was to look for a fish which was taking up the wire so that the noose passed over the fish's head, and then pull him up. They caught thousands of fish in this way before anything was done about it, and all the fish were in danger of being caught and eaten. The fish asked King Neptune what they were to do about it, but Neptune only said that any fish that was so foolish as to get caught by a little piece of wire deserved it, and that the rest were well rid of him.

"One day Neptune was asleep in his hammock in the back yard of his palace, when a man who was in a boat above, on the top of the water, let down his wire with the noose and caught Neptune on the big toe. The first thing Neptune knew about it he was being jerked up through the water lickety-split, and his big toe was stretching like a piece of warm molasses candy. Neptune flipped around like a parrot churning and made more noise than four crowds at four baseball games, but he went up and up, and there is no telling what might have happened if the wire had not broken and let him down again. He came down hard enough to break every bone in his body, but he happened to land on Mrs. Neptune, who had come out doors to see what the fuss was about. She had on her best bonnet, and Neptune squashed it all out of shape, and she told him he ought to be ashamed of himself to be cutting such capers, and at his age, too!

"Neptune went into the house to put a bandage on his big toe, and then he sent for all the most prominent fish in a great hurry. They all came at once, and Neptune received them in the front parlor. He told them what had happened, and they said it was perfectly scandalous.

"Now, see here," said Neptune. "This wire slip noose business has got to stop,

and I don't want to see any of you grin like that again, either!"

"Then they talked about ways to stop the men fishing, but they could not think of any good ones. The fishes who were good to eat proposed that the fishes that were not good to eat get caught, so that the men would not get disgusted and stop fishing, but they said that they felt they were really needed at home, and could not be spared, and proposed that the fishes who were good to eat get caught, just as fast as the men could pull them up, so the men would all get dyspepsia and stop eating fish, but these said they were afraid their families would be lonesome without them, and refused. Then the flying fishes said that if the trunk fishes would aid them they would try to help the matter, and Neptune said that if the trunk fishes refused to help they had better not let him hear of it. Then the trunk fishes said they would only be too delighted.

"As soon as it was dark the flying fishes all assembled in front of Neptune's palace and met the trunk fishes, who were waiting for them. They swam to the top of the water and each flying fish took a trunk fish on his back and flew into the sky. When they got there each trunk fish took a piece of the blue sky and put it into his trunk. Then the flying fishes flew down again to the water and they all swam down in Neptune's palace. They got there just as Neptune was finishing breakfast. He came out at once and as each trunk fish took a piece of blue sky out of his trunk Neptune stirred it up until it mixed with the water. By the time the last piece of blue sky was well stirred the water had lost its clearness and transparency, and had become blue just like the sky, and no one could see through it from above as before. The blue spread all over the ocean and even up the river, and now all water is blue. Men still catch fish when they can, but it is much harder for them than it used to be.

By the time the teacher had finished the story Coralie was ready to drop, and if the story had lasted much longer she would have been talked to death. She did not ask a single question, but thanked the old herring, and as soon as she was alone started back to her home, thinking very hard.

RAYMOND FULLER AYRES.

MEASURING BIRDS' SPEED.

How Kites Are Used by an Expert for This Purpose.

In estimating the speed of wild ducks, hawks, eagles and crows, William A. Eddy, the kite-flying expert, has found that their altitude could be measured by kites risen at a known triangulated altitude, verified by the length of string paid out. "The height of the bird," he says, "while passing across a certain space in a cross wind, is measured in inches, and timed by the second-hand of a watch.

"The wild duck, the hawk and the seagull while in flight over long distances usually remain at an altitude of from 50 to 100 feet. If they pass below the level of the highest flying kite of a tandem line, the fact is easily discerned by allowing for perspective. The kite measurements are relatively accurate, because during the prolonged flight of thousands of wild ducks the kite string can be hauled in and paid out until the altitude of the ducks is exactly measured by the altitude of the kites.

"I believe that the high velocity of birds given in previous estimates is due to forced speed caused by fright from gunshots near the earth, and that any bird flying with great speed seems to move with greater velocity near the earth than aloft.

"Using kite measurements as a basis of height, I have found that the hawk makes a speed of 45 miles an hour when traveling on a long trip and not circling, and its height is usually about 100 feet, except when circling downward for prey or rising to its customary altitude when making a general survey of the landscape below.

"The wild duck in migration flies at an average height of 100 feet, and I found its speed during more than 20 observations to be 41 miles an hour.

"The seagull's flight, proved by two observations, was only 25 miles an hour, and its height above the water about 60 feet, except when circling near the surface for food."

"Different From the Others. Mrs. Becraft, doctor Doser is different from any practitioner I have ever had before.

Mrs. Vermilye—In what regard? Mrs. Becraft—He is the only doctor who, when he has been set for, has not invariably said, "It is a fortunate thing you did not put off calling me a moment later!"

NONSENSE VERSE.



OF COURSE YOU'VE
HEARD FOLKS TALK ABOUT
THE TIMES THEY WERE
WEING THE OLD
YEAR OUT.
THE NEW YEAR
MUST BE FLAT
AND THIN
WHEN ALL THOSE
PEOPLE WEING
IT IN!
BUT STILL IN
MANY LANDS
AND CLINES
THEY RING THE
HAPPY NEW YEARS
CHIMES.

FRANK
MERRITT.