STAUNCH HEARTS AND TRUE

A STORY OF THE MONTANA RANGE — BY HUGH HERDMAN

"ALL I CAN REMEMBER WAS THE SNOW BLOWIN' IN MY FACE."

OUTSIDE the wind shrieked with fury. It swept across the Montana prairie like a maddened beast, and vented its rage upon whatever opposed its progress. At times it would stop short and, like a cougar crouching for a spring, seem to gather its strength. Then it would burst forth with redoubled force and roar. The rain that it drove before it struck like ice. Man or beast could scarcely face it.

Keeping night herd in such a storm was a herculean task, but, since we were miles from any permanent corral, and since no rope corral would hold the bunch from drifting with the storm, the effort had to be made. Riding back and forth in front of the herd and keeping them from drifting too rapidly, and then, during brief lulls in the storm, making frantic exertions to drive them back toward camp, was all that could be done. An hour of this sort of work all but exhausted both horse and rider; hence the resort to one-hour instead of the usual two-hour shifts.

The storm had struck us in mid-afternoon, while the circlers were out rounding up, and had driven them straggling into camp, cold and wet—all but hard-working, taciturn, old Bill Emmons. Night came on, supper was eaten, but Bill did not appear. As we sat in the tent and listened to the wind roaring and the rain beating against our frail shelter, we kept wondering aloud about what had happened to him. Perhaps he had lost his bearings; perhaps his horse had slipped or had stepped into a prairie-dog hole and had fallen on him and broken his leg; perhaps a score of other things had happened to him.

As I crawled under the flap of the tent after an hour on herd and shed my slicker and chaps, I heard the same anxious remark I had heard an hour earlier, "I wonder what's happened to Bill."

"Look here," exclaimed Dick, "I want you fellers to shut up your wonderin' where Bill is and what's happened to Bill, and all that rot. There ain't nothin' happened to him. He's all right, wherever he is, and sometime between now and midnight he'll come ridin' into camp. You mark my word. And he'll bring a bunch of horses with him, too. Don't you forget that."

"I ain't so sure 'bout that," George remarked.

"Well, I am," Dick replied. "If he didn't have horses, he'd have been here long ago. And, havin' horses, he's goin' to fetch them in or die, and it'll take a worse night than this to kill him. I've knowed Bill 25 years, and I never knowed him to die yet or to quit a job he'd undertook. Let me tell you 'bout him.

"In the early days when there wasn't a great lot of white men in this country, the cowboys used to have a lot harder time of it than they do now. The fact is, the real cowboy is 'bout gone out of existence. Nowdays any feller that can get together a pair of chaps, a rope, a pair of spurs and a sombrero thinks he's a cowboy, and says so; and nobody disputes him. But in those days, he had to earn his right to even think that. It meant mighty hard work, mighty hard ridin', and mighty straight shootin' to turn the trick then. But most of all, it meant a mighty cool head and a mighty steady nerve. And Bill had 'em, and he ain't outgrowed 'em, either.

"But just to show you, I'll tell you what happened to him and a partner of his once. They and two other cowboys were comin' up the trail late one Fall after the round-up with a big bunch of cattle. They knowed they were liable to get caught in a nor'-wester' and were pushin' the bunch as fast as they could. 'Course that made the cattle some nervous, but they were holdin' them all right till one night a storm blowed up. For hours they rode 'round and 'round that herd, singin' to 'em and cussin' 'em till they were hoarse. They got nervouser and nervouser, however, and finally they stampeded. Well, when a herd stampedes there ain't nothin' to do but ride like h—l and yell and shoot and try to turn 'em little by little till you get 'em to millin' 'round in a circle. So away went the herd, and the boys after them. Mile after mile they rode on the flanks of that wild-eyed herd, crowdin' closer and closer against the leaders and tryin' to turn them. The night was black dark, and they had to trust to their horses not to fall. They knowed that once down they didn't have one chance in a hundred of coming out alive. But they were there to hold that herd, and they were goin' to try to do it.

"All four of them were ridin' up near the head of the bunch, 'bout seventy-five or a hundred yards apart. Bill was in the lead, ridin' closer in than any of the others. All at once his horse went down and the herd passed over him. The next minute the second man, and then the third and the fourth went down. The herd swerved to one side, swept on and run till they run themselves out.

"A deep washout was what sent them down, one of these that begin sudden and deep without any little ditches leadin' up to a big one. Bill, as I said, was ridin' in close to the leaders of the herd, and when his horse struck the washout, 'course he went down into it. But he struck it just near the end, and that's what saved his life. He fell with his horse half on top of him. The lead steers saw him fall and swerved a little before they came to the washout. But a few of them did go in, and it's the greatest wonder in the world they didn't land on top of Bill. But they didn't. The other three fellers were ridin' farther out, and where they struck the washout it was wider and deper, and they got worse falls.

"Well, Bill was hurt pretty bad. He laid there a long time, and when he come to it was daylight. His horse had its head doubled under it, and its neck was broke. After workin' a long time and faintin' once or twice from pain, Bill managed to get himself free of the horse. Something was wrong with his side, for every time he breathed it felt like a knife was bein' run through him, and he couldn't hardly move without yellin'. It didn't take him long to figure out that his ribs were caved in, nor long to decide what to do. Takin' down his rope and rollin' up his shirt, he wrapped that rope as tight as he could 'round and 'round his body, so tight he couldn't hardly breathe.

"Then he went down the washout to where he saw the other horses, for he knowed what had happened to the other fellows. He knowed he was mighty lucky to get off with only some broken slats, and expected to find the others dead. And two of them was dead, stone dead, with their horses layin' across them. The other one was just barely breathin' yet. He had his reins still in his hand, and his horse was standin' on three legs over him. Bill set to work to fetch him to, but it was slow work. But he didn't give up, not Bill, for he ain't built that way. After a while the feller opened his eyes, and Bill brought him 'round to what had happened.

"After the feller got stronger, Bill went to feelin' to find out where he was hurt. And while he tried to be easy and not hurt much, he felt like a two-year-old steer walkin' over a feller."

"Aw," exclaimed Hen, "you're stringin' us! How do you know all this, when Bill and the other feller was the only ones there except the dead men?"

"Well," replied Dick, hesitating, "I might as well tell you. I intended to keep that till the end, but you've called me and I'll show down. I was the other feller. That's how I know. So Bill went to punchin' and pokin' round all over me, and me a-gruntin' and groanin' like Sam Mill all the time, and callin' him everything I could think of. But he didn't say nothin', only cussin' kind of soft and mad to himself. Finally he sets down facin' me and looks at me hard and puzzled like.

"'Am I hurt much, Bill?' I asks.

"'No, not much. Only your leg's broke, your shoulder's out of joint, and your head'ss cut open like an Ind'un had been tryin' to scalp you. No, I ain't worryin' none about your hurts. I'm just thinkin' how I'm goin' to get you to Medora. You can't walk; that horse looks like he's clean gone in the leg, and I can't carry you that far.'

"I felt like I wanted to die, anyhow, so I says: 'Well, you just go ahead, Bill, and leave me here, and when you get in send some of the boys back for me.'

"'You go to hell,' he says, 'if you think I'm goin' to leave you here for Injuns or wolves. I've rode these plains too long for that.'

"Pretty soon he got up, took out his knife, and began cuttin' a lot of sagebrush. He whittled them down as straight as he could. Then he went and got the ropes off the saddle on the dead horses.

"'Now, Dick,' he says, 'I reckon I'll hurt you some, but you just lay as still as you can, 'cause I've got to put some splints on this off hind leg of yours.'

"With that he grabbed a-hold of me. Sufferin' Mike! but it did hurt. You see, I'd lain there all night with my leg doubled under me, and had got stiff. I let out a yell like a Sioux Injun and began to cuss.

"'That's right, Dick, old boy,' he says, 'cuss me just as much as you please. It'll do you good and it won't hurt me none. You see, bein' a doctor and havin' so much of this to do, I take so much pleasure in my work I don't mind what my patients say. Of course, if you'd rather, I'll cut your leg off and nail a wooden one on, but that wouldn't be half so much fun for me. Steady there. Whoa! Dick. Hurts like hell, don't it? Just a minute more now, and I'll have you hobbled good and tight. There, now. Let her down easy.'

"All of a sudden he turned white as a ghost and set down quick, with his hand on his side. 'What's the matter?' I asked.

"'Oh, nothin',' he says, tryin' to smile. 'My heart ain't none to good, and havin' to hurt you that way made me a little faint, that's all. I'll be all right in a minute.'

"After a little while he got up and began to set my shoulder. I was pretty powerful, and though I tried not to resist him, my muscles would set against him, and he had to pull every pound there was in him. Finally, he gave a big jerk, and she slipped into place with a big 'cluck.' And Bill fell over in a dead faint. He laid there as white as death, and I wass so weak I couldn't move to help him. I just laid there and called 'Bill! Bill! Oh, Bill!' till after what seemed an hour to me he opened his eyes, stared round for a minute, and then slowly sat up.

"'What's the matter, Bill?' I asks.

"'Oh, nothin',' he says. 'I guess I must have fainted from joy over the success of that operation. I guess you haven't run away on that leg yet.'

"After he had set there a few minutes he got up and said that if I'd excuse him he would turn veterinary for a while. He examined my horse and found that he had busted a tendon, but that except for a few scratches he wasn't hurt otherwise. After cutting a piece off my saddle blanket, he wrapped that round the horse's leg and then wound the other rope round and round that, making a bandage so tight that the horse couldn't move the joint. When he had done that he went to work to get the bodies of our pardners free of their horses. He scooped away the sand and pulled them out. Then, layin' them close together and coverin' them with their saddle blankets, he piled sand on top of them till he had them well covered, so that the wolves wouldn't get at them right away.

"'Now, Dick,' he says, after he'd got done with that job, 'if you're ready we'll hit the trail for Medora.'

"'How?' I asks.

"'Oh, we'll manage that all right,' he says. 'You're goin' to ride and I'm goin' to walk.'

"'How am I goin' to ride,' I asks, 'when I can't get on the horse?'

"'Can't get on the horse?' he says. 'How do you know you can't?'

"'I know by the way I feel. If I move that leg it'll kill me.'

"'That so? Well, I'll move it for you, and I'll bet my dead horse against your three-legged one that it won't kill me.'

"'Bill,' I says, 'I'd almost rather stay here and die than try to get on that horse.'

"Then Bill gave up trying. He seemed to lose hope. He just set down and looked at me sorrowful-like and kept shakin' his head. 'Poor old Dick,' he says aloud to himself. 'I never thought it of him. I never thought I'd live to see the day that I could call him a quitter. Just to think of all the tight places he's been through without a whimper, and then to see him, now that he's got scratched up a little, lay down and whine like a sick pup. He's worse than any tenderfoot I ever saw. But I guess he can't help it. He's lost a lot of blood, and he's had a lot of pain; so I reckon he's lost his nerve complete.'

"'You're a damned liar!' I says, gettin' mad. 'You never saw the day that I couldn't and wouldn't do anything you could. I've got more nerve than you ever dreamed of havin'.'

"'You used to have a lot, I know, Dick,' he says, 'but I reckon you got a little scared in that stampede last night.'

"'I wasn't no more scared than you were,' I says. 'And I've got just as much nerve as I ever had. And just to show you, I'll walk to Medora on one leg.' And I started to get up. The first move brought a yell to my lips, but I bit 'em hard and wouldn't let it through. I managed to stand up, but I had to lean against the bank to keep from yellin', 'cause my head was spinnin' round like an Injun snake dance, and I felt powerful tottery.

"Bill, he goes and leads the horse up close to me. At first I wouldn't let him help me, but it all hurt so that pretty soon he did it without me knowin' he was doin' it. I can't tell you how I ever got on that horse. Bill must have almost lifted me on, and I wasn't no feather-weight then, either. But between us I got there somehow.

"'Preachers and Sunday school teachers can talk all they want 'bout how a feller mustn't get mad,' Bill says to me, after I was in the saddle, 'but I just want to remark to you, Dick, that it does a heap of good some times.'

"Then we started for Medora. Bill leadin' the horse and me ridin'. We went down the washout till we struck a gully leadin' in from the side, and took up that, and finally worked our way out. We found, as soon as we got out from the protection of the washout, that the wind was still blowin' hard and cold from the nor'west. It went right through me, and the slickers that Bill had wrapped 'round me didn't seem to do much good. But we went ahead, the horse limpin' pretty bad and every step sendin' pain through leg and shoulder.

"It was a long trail we had ahead of us. We didn't have nothin' to eat. The only thing we had was our smokin' tobacco; so we chewed that. We plodded along hour after hour, hopin' we might meet someone on the trail, but not a sign of anyone did we see. 'Long 'bout three o'clock in the afternoon the wind died down a little, and pretty soon it began to snow. By this time I was almost out of my head. All I can remember was the snow blowin' in my face and feelin' kind of cool and refreshin'. I can remember, too, hearin' Bill talkin' to me, but I don't know much of what he said. One thing that he said struck the right spot and stayed in my mind.

"'Dick,' he says, his voice soundin' faint and far away, 'just think what a good time we'll have when we pull into Arkansaw's place! Just think of the big room with the tables and chairs all 'round and the big stove in the middle of the room, redhot and' sendin' out heat for a mile. I can almost feel it now, can't you? And the bar 'long the side, Dick. You know how that looks, with the glasses and bottles all settin' out waitin' for us. And think of the good time the boys are havin' playin' draw and straight poker and twenty-one. And then think of how much better time they'll have after we get there, Dick, and have had five or six drinks for an appetizer. And what will you have for supper, Dick? We've got three months' wages comin' to us, you know, and we can afford to have one pretty good feed, anyhow. How would about 16 dozen eggs and a whole ham apiece strike you?'

"Well, boys, I want to tell you that it struck me right in the middle. Somehow, I got those eggs and hams fixed in my mind, and I don't remember what else Bill said. I quit listenin' right there. The next thing I knowed was when I 'woke up in a bunk in the backroom of Arkansaw's saloon. How I got there or how long I'd been there I didn't know. But I did know that something was hurtin' my leg, and I saw they had rigged up a block and tackle and tied one end of the rope to my foot and the other end to a big rock. I though at first that I'd got full and some of the boys had played a joke on me. Then I begun to remember 'bout the stampede and 'bout me and Bill and my three-legged horse. But I couldn't remember gettin' to Arkansaw's

"'Hey, Arkansaw!' I yells. 'Arkansaw, you rednosed booze-slinger, come in here.'

"'Hello, Dick' Arkansaw drawls, comin' slow. 'How do you feel? What do you want?'

"'Never you mind how I feel. Just give me that knife of yours for a minute while I unhobble myself. That rock's hurtin' my leg like the devil.'

"'Now, Dick, you musn't tech that,' he says.

"'Well, I will touch it,' I says. 'Didn't Bill tell you my leg was broke?'

"'Ya-as.'

"'Well, what in the name of Sittin' Bull do you want to tie a rock onto it for, then? If you wanted to have some fun, why didn't you get hold of somebody that wasn't hurt, or else tie it onto my good leg?'

"'Now, Dick,' he drawls, 'don't git excited. That's to keep your leg from bein' shorter than the other when it gits well. Want anything?'

"'Yes. I want a gallon of whisky, sixteen dozen eggs and a whole ham. Order 'em quick and come back here.'

"Arkansaw goes out, and I heard him tellin' the chink to cook me some 'ham and.' Pretty soon he saunters back.

"'Where's Bill?' I asks.

"'Over yander,' he says.

"'Over where?' I asks.

"'In that bunk.'

"'What doin'? Sleepin'?'

"'Ya-as, been sleepin' 15 hours. Ever since he saw the boys fetch you in and found out you was all right.'

"'The boys brought me in? Didn't Bill and I come in together?'

"'Wa-al, I reckon not. He left you back on the trail 'bout 12 mile and walked in, and the boys went back fer you.'

"Then Arkansaw told me how Bill had come staggerin' into the saloon, near dead, and told them where to find me. The horse had give clean out and couldn't go another step. Bill had let me down on the ground. Then he shot the horse, and puttin' me close up to the horse's belly and coverin' me with the blanket and slickers and heapin' snow on top of us both, he had walked on to Medora. He wanted to go back with the boys, but they wouldn't let him. And he wouldn't go to bed or do nothin' till they got back with me and he found I wasn't dead. Then he keeled over.

"'And jest to think,' Arkansaw said, 'Bill went and done all that with four of his slats busted!'

"'What?' I yelled. 'Bill hurt, too, and he doin' all that work and not tellin' me?'

"'Course he didn't tell you. He didn't tell us neither. And we wouldn't have knowed it neither if we hadn't have took his wet clothes off and saw that rope wound round him, and every bit of skin from his waist to his arms rubbed clean off. And, what's more, I'm kind of expectin' that when he wakes up and learns that we've found it out he'll be some mad.'

"And he was. He cussed worse than Foul-Mouth Bill did when he set down on the fly-paper in the saloon at Dickinson.

"So that's the reason, boys, I say, you needn't worry none 'bout Bill bein' out in a little April shower like this."

During Dick's recital, the wind had gradually died down, and the rain had almost ceased. Only fitful gusts of wind and occasional dashes of rain came as reminders of the storm.

Presently our attention was caught by the sound of horses galloping toward us. The next instant, as we went hurrying from the tent, Bill came rushing up to the very tent door, set his horse back on his haunches and swung himself out of the saddle.

"How many, Bill?" Dick asked.

"Eight, and a sucklin'," Bill answered.

"Hen, you throw 'em into the herd, will you?" Dick said, "and spell George a while."

Bill unsaddled his horse, threw the saddle on the ground, covered it carefully with his slicker, and shuffled into the tent. We expected an explanation, but he seemed to think none necessary.

"Pretty wet, Bill, today," one of the younger fellows suggested.

"Ah, not much," he replied indifferently.

"Pretty windy and cold, too."

"Not very. Got any chuck, Gunny?"

"Not much," Gunny replied in the same manner. "Wonder you wouldn't come to your meals on time," he squeaked, as he set out enough provender for three men.

"Rode my horse down. Picked up old Lone Wolf over on Beaver Crick, roped him and rode him, but had to go slow 'count of my horse and the sucklin'."

"Why," exclaimed Leppy, "Beaver Crick's 40 mile and more from here! And you rode from there in the face of this storm?"

Bill was busy with bacon and potatoes and deigned no reply.

"This wasn't nothin' like the storm you and I went through once, eh, Bill?" Dick asked.

Bill looked up quickly and scowled hard at Dick. Then seeing the admiration that shone in our eyes, he gulped down a mouthful of potato, and said feelingly: "Dick Morrison, for a man that weighs as much as you do, you're the littlest sun-of-a-gun I ever seen."

Nature Stories of the Old Prospector, by Marcus W. Robbins

IT was a Sunday afternoon in Summer and the Old Prospector sat on a pile of rock beside his open cut and smoked his Missouri Meerschaum, regarding me meditatively as the smoke curled upward in the quiet air. I had been requesting him to tell me some of his experiences with Nature, and after going into the silence for about 15 minutes, he proceeded.

The Dog Prospector.

ABOUT the smartest dog that I ever saw was one a brother-in-law of mine once owned. That dog was almost intelligent enough to vote at a primary election with a dozen candidates on the ballot. It was down in Shasta County, California, where I was working on a lead that I thought was going to put me on Easy Street that I noticed this dog.

You see my brother-in-law ran a miner's supply store and also had the postoffice. Thus it came about that the miners for 20 miles around made his store a sort of general headquarters. Sunday was the great day with them. They would lay off work and come in to buy their bacon and beans, get a new pick or shovel and their batch of newspaper mail.

Miners as a class are so much alone that they appreciate an opportunity to be sociable, and so they would gather around the store stove or out on the front platform and swap yarns about their prospects. Every true-born prospector is always on the verge of striking it rich. I have had the symptoms several times myself, and he always carries evidence of this around in his pocket in the shape of specimens of ore which he is anxious to show on every occasion.

When they all got together this way there was a general exchange of specimens. One miner would say: "Look at this sample I took out of the face of my tunnel yesterday. I bet that will go 30 to the ton." The rock would then be handed from one to the other and the grizzled miners would fish around in their vest pockets for their magnifying glasses and proceed to scrutinize the rock from all possible viewpoints. Another miner would get out his sample and proceed to tell how he intended to put up an arrastre as soon as he got the vein opened up a little deeper. That his rock was all free-milling and would pay from the grass roots. Then his sample would go the rounds. Thus it went on all day.

Now the dog I started in to tell you about was a Daschhund and used to lie around the store a good deal. First thing we knew, she got to going out on the hillside and, picking up some rock, would come trotting back to the store with it in her mouth. Then she would go up to some miner and hold it out to him. If he took it and looked it over and talked to her, she would stand gazing at him with a pleased expression, wagging her tail the while. When you handed it back to her, she would take it up to another miner and apparently expect him to go through the usual rigmarole. As long as she could get any one to pay attention to her, she would go out and bring in rocks for them to look at.

If this was not a truthful yarn, I would tell how she once brought in a piece of float that had specks of gold all over it and that it stirred us up so that we got out and found the rich ledge from which it had been broken. But she didn't, and only made trouble by the stones she dropped around the place, but it certainly all went to show wonderful powers of observation and imitation on the part of the dog.

The Intelligent Lizard.

THE funniest thing that ever happened to me, though it really happened to a lizard, occurred last Summer a year ago, when I was working a prospect over on Steamboat Creek. My partner and I had struck something that looked pretty good, and we were working it for all there was in us. It was nearly at the top of a high, bald hill, and as it was so far from our camp on the creek, we always took our dinner with us when we went up for our day's work.

As you know, Southern Oregon is full of little gray lizards, and they especially dote on staying on the sunny side of the mountains. We always ate our dinner in the same spot, and one of these gray lizards got to coming out at our dinner hour from under the flat rock where he made his home and snapping up the flies that gathered around the crumbs. He got so tame that he would run over our shoes and was not alarmed if we moved around, but would sit motionless for minutes at a time.

One day we had some fruit with our lunch, and this sweetness attracted a yellow-jacket from a neighboring nest. Mr. Lizard was undoubtedly weak on bugology, for when Mr. Yellow-Jacket buzzed too close to him, snap went the long tongue and Mr. Yellow-Jacket had disappeared into the stomach of Mr. Lizard. For a second everything was quiet, and then suddenly Mr. Lizard began to turn double hand-springs, stand on his head and run around in circles. The yellow-jacket was undoubtedly protesting to the best of his ability with the means at his command. The expression on that lizard's face and the way he twisted his mouth reminded one of a life insurance president after a severe cross-examination. It carried rather an air of injured innocence. My partner and I laughed till we cried over the mistake of the poor lizard, and concluded that it would be a cold day before he tackled yellow-jackets again.

However, the next day Mr. Lizard showed up at noon, calm and serene, and looked as though he was at peace with all the world. He snapped up several flies, blinking his eyes with satisfaction, when a yellow-jacket again appeared on the scene. This did not seem to disturb Mr. Lizard, but he continued to watch Mr. Yellow-Jacket carefully and with a good deal of interest, and when he lit on a crumb close by, here is where the intelligent part comes in, grabbed him in his mouth and vindictively proceeded to rub Mr. Yellow-Jacket's business end in the sand until he had dulled the point of the sting, when he swallowed him easily. No bad effects seemed to follow and he acted as though he was accustomed to be served with yellow-jackets and rub off their stings every day in the year.

A Concatinated Hoo Hoo Tale.

I HAVE been mixed up with cats several times in my life. I remember one black old Tom especially. One season I had a lease on a placer mine on Whisky Creek. It has always been a conundrum to me why this was called Whisky Creek, for it was 30 miles to the nearest saloon, and the trail leading out was the most infernal one that a burro ever packed a cook stove over. So it must have got its name from the scarcity of the article. However, that is neither here nor there.

My wife was with me then to cook, as I had three or four men working about all the time. A couple of them piping nights while I helped pipe during the day, and the way we tore into that gravel bank was a caution.

This cat I started to tell you about came to us in the Spring and was great company for my wife. But he developed a horrible habit. Hardly a week passed that he did not bring a big rattlesnake into the cabin. The snakes were always dead and he did not eat them, but it made my wife nervous and it bothered me considerably to figure out where he got all his dead snakes. You would see him coming down the trail, high stepping and dragging a three-foot snake and looking as proud as Cuffy.

One morning as I was getting ready to go to work I noticed Master Tom up on a ledge of rock of our cabin walking 'round and 'round in a circle. This excited my curiosity and after much labor and scrambling I got up on a level where I could observe the proceedings. Here it was all plain, the black cat had corraled a big rattlesnake and was slowly circling him, keeping his eyes on the snake all the time. The snake was coiled up with head upraised, watching the cat as he slowly circled him, and I could see the snake's tense position ready to spring at the first opportunity. But the cat kept his distance apparently unconcerned, yet all the while sticking to his circle, and in a few minutes in apparent disgust the snake relaxed, dropping his head had started to crawl away. This was what the cat had been waiting for, and with a quickness that was surprising he pounced on the snake, and with one bite at the base of the head ended the affair and started for the trail with another three-foot snake.

This solved the mystery as to where the snakes had been coming from, but soon after this the bank caved in on poor Tom and he went the trail to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

MARCUS W. ROBBINS.

Grant's Pass, Or.

Automobile Don'ts.

Outing Magazine.

Don't allow your chauffeur to drink liquor while in charge of your car. If running your own car, avoid rum yourself.

Don't run on the wrong side of the road except at narrow, intersecting streets.

Don't try to see how close you can run to pedestrians. Give them even more room than they require. Many walkers have heart trouble.

Don't take any kind of turn or curve at 20 miles an hour; better go four miles and be able to do it again.

Don't put oil on your registration number and throw dust on it. An honest man isn't afraid of identification.

Don't toot your horn in passing horses unless approaching from behind, and then not unless absolutely necessary. There still are some spirited animals.

Don't blow your Gabriel horn continually in a city street. A little of it is music; too much is a disagreeable, irritating racket.

Don't forget to light your lamps one hour before sunset; then you will have more chance than the wagon ahead without lights—and be within the law.

Don't grab at the things that concern the chauffeur, and don't take a passenger again who has grabbed once—if you ever are able to go out again.

Don't run away after running down anybody; you'll stand a better chance if you stay.

Don't ever act like anything but an intelligent gentleman.

It Was Gulls' Lunch Day.

Exchange.

Seagulls invaded a boatful of herring off the British Columbia coast while the fishermen were away. When the fishermen returned, 60 of the gulls had eaten so much that they could not fly away. The fishermen lifted them into the water and the gulls just managed to swim to the shore, where they lay down to recover from their dinner.