A STORY THE OREGON COAST RANGE

BY B. A. CHILDERS HE incidents herein related may seem far-fetched to some of those who read this story. Others, more bold, with less regard for an author's feelings, may pronounce the whole thing a tlasue of lies. It is difficult for the ignorant and narrow-minded to admit the truthfulness of any statement which falls without the circumference of their limited understanding. This accounts for the

by the masses. I shall not be surprised to find among the doubters a few educated persons, and, occasionally, a teacher, who requires her pupils to accept, without question, as to their truthfulness, all her statements, and yet regards my stories in the light of fairy tales and takes them, cum grano salis.

During the Summer of 1997 I was hoof-

slowness of scientific facts being accepted

ing it over the trails of the Necanicum and North Nehalem Mountains, in the capacity of fire warden, for a Portland timber company. I usually spent the night in some deserted cablu, and often days would pass without my seeing a hu-man being. It is needless to say I was often so lonesome that I would have welcomed the company of a digger Indian. My thirst for something to read was so intense that I often followed the section lines solely for the purpose of reading the inscriptions on the corner posts, and when I found some familiar name, like Cy Crumbly, Siph Johnson, John Leasey, or Billy West, on a stump or tree, tears of joy welled to my eyes and pattered down on the moze at my feet. The sight of a familiar name, in these tangled forests, thrills the lonely wanderer, and the standard of th fills him with unutterable joy. Once found a woman's name on a tree, and camped near that tree and cried all night I was absolutely and perfectly happy. True, I did not know her, but she was one of those angelle beings at whose shrine every true man worships, and, on departing next morning I poured out an oblation of pure mountain water, the only beverage God ever brewed for man, to her, and inscribed her name in mem-ory's tablet, to gloat over in my hours of solitude.

One morning, while wending my way along the most lonely trail of the moun tains, I heard the most plaintive sound that ever fell on my cars. It sounded like a woman in distress, whose sobbings were so faint and far away I could barely hear them. Pausing to locate the sounds hear them. Pausing to locate the sounds more perfectly I set out in their direction, beating my way through the tangled un-derbrush; lacerating my hands with the "devif's walking canes" that barred my way, and saying my prayers—most back-wards. Soon I came to a dense clump of elder bushes and, in them I located the mounings. I called, but received no analthough the mouning instantly i. I called again, still no reply. Then I parted the bushes and began to work my way slowly towards the center of the clump, wondering at the same time, how a woman ever got into that God-forsaken locality. I had almost reached the center of the clump of bushes when I was horrified to find myself on the edge of a well-like crater, into which another step would have plunged ma

Carefully clearing the brush from the edge of the crater, I gazed down into its murky depths, but at first could distinmurky depths, but at first could distinguish no object. Finally, when my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, I could see the form of a huge animal lying on the bottom of the crater. At last the animal raised its head and two glowing eyes gazed pitcously into mine. There was none of the flerceness of the forest marauder in that gaze; only a pitcous appeal for help, and my heart went out, in tender pity to the poor brute lying. in tender pity to the poor brute lying famished and helplens at the bottom of that pit. Ordinarily we were enemies, but now the universal tie of suffering. which connects all God's creatures, the broad ground of sym-

Hastily unalinging my pannikin from my pack. I went to a little stream nearby and secured about a quart of water, which I carefully lowered to the famishing brute by means of my pack-ropes.

This, after two or three efforts to raise its head, it ispped greedily. Fortunately I had several pounds of fresh venison in my pack and of this I gave it about a the meat eagerly and mutely appealed for

That evening I fed and watered it again

Friendship of a Mountain Lion For a Hunter Who Had Saved It From Slow Starvation



agers to the discovery that a contrast-

seemed to delight in hearing the sound of | I reached the bottom, and was soon pur- tip, one of the largest specimens of | ceased to entertain the idea that ani- | hunted against the wind, gliding through

side to side, and became rigid again. I know he was preparing to spring, and stood perfectly still, thrilled with the magnificent beauty and power of the couchant form, when, suddenly, like an arrow from a bow, it was gone! Then I saw his prey, a splendid bull elk, which stood with his head pointed from me, unaware of danger. The distance was about 26 feet and Kit sprang squarely on the elk's back. One mighty paw caught the elk in the top of the neck, the other, thrust down and under, the other, thrust down and under, hooked itself in the elk's lower jaw, and with one mighty wrench the elk tot-tered to its fall. During all the struggle I stood speechless, thrilled with the lust of battle, surprised that an animal one-fourth the size of another should conquer

it so easily.

The instant the cik fell Kit released it and sprang lightly to one side, feeling confident in his victory. I stood and gazed in awe at the two animals. One rould easily tip the scales at 1200 pounds. the other barely at 300, and yet the smaller animal had destroyed the larger, almost in the flash of an eye. It seemed incredible, but the dead elk, with its neck broken, proved the statement true. I had seen the combat.

Often, in our wanderings, we came upon fresh bear tracks. To these Kit paid no attention. They were beneath paid no attention. They were beneath his notice; not even worthy of being called enemies; scavengers of the woods, that feasted on carrion and dead salmon, with here and there an unlucky pig, which fell into their clutches.

One afternoon, however, we struck the trail of a bear which seemed to be a monster. The instant Kit noticed it he uttered a low growl and became instantly siert. His eyes blazed with absolute

alert. His eyes blazed with absolute ferocity, and when I wanted to follow the bear trail, he barred my way. Willthe bear trail, he barred my way. Willing to be guided by his cunning, I took another course for the shack in which we were camping. Kit followed me, silently alert, as if he scented danger, close and terrible. When I went to gather wood, or to get water, Kit kept close to me, and when I was in the shack he lay facing the door, with the light of a deadly hate glowing in his beautiful eyes that were almost human in their intelligence; and the glances he often threw me were full of love.

After we had caten I sat gazing out into the beautiful moonlight, which threw a sheen of silver over the whole landscape. Picture yourself in my position. A lonely mountain cabin in a dense forest; the moon at its full; the silence of the night brooding over all, yourself a dreamer, and you can fancy some of the pictures I painted; some of the casties I built; some of the dreams of long ago, when youth's warm blood thrilled through every vein and all life seemed one glorious sange.

through every vein and all life seemed one glorious song! My reverle was broken by a hoarse,

deep growl of anger and bate, as Kit launched himself through the door and grappled, with tooth and nail, with a gigantic brown object that atood erect not 10 feet away. I knew in an instant that it was a cinnamon bear, the most terrible animal in North America except

the grizzly.
I seized my gun and sprang into the I seized my gun and sprang into the field of combat, ready to assist my friend at the first opportunity. The snarling and growling was terrific, and the evolutions of the animals so rapid that I had no chance to fire a shet witbout risking Kit's life, so I waited, excitedly, for an opening. The bear was striving to get his lithe antagonist into his deading embrace, which Kit, with equal ferceity, seemed determined to avoid, and was springing under the guard of his was springing under the guard of his mighty adversary, cutting and slashing the brown monster with his terrible fangs and claws, then avoiding a clinch, like a trained prizefighter, who knows that once in the embrace of his powerful foe, the fight is practically over. When once those deadly arms close round him, he will soon be a crushed victim. as in the embrace of death.

Just what would have been the result of this sanguinary conflict will forever remain a mystery. As they tore loose from one of their flerce grapples the bear came face to face with me and characteristics. ceured about a quart of waier.

I carefully lowered to the famishute by means of my pack-ropes,
after two or three efforts to raise
ute. It laped greedily. Portunately
the transfer of the case with his pit. I did not betray any fear or anger when

I reached the bottom, and was soon purring, contentedly, while I was stroking
and substing the word of the largest specimens of
my voice.

I reached the bottom, and was soon purring, contentedly, while I was stroking
and substing tready for hoisting.

Owing to the emission of the case with and and even of the case with and as specimens of
the cougar family I had ever seen.

Owing to the dath and
the case to entertain the idea that and
my voice.

The quantity of meat he devoured
and tashing it ready for hoisting.

Owing to the emission of the case with me, and charge a
span devising means to rescue him from
the cougar family I had ever seen.

Owing to the emaclated condition of Kit
I had but little difficulty in raising him
the two works following was
startling, and the way be laid on
for the wind, gliding through
male of the cat kind have no grayltude. Here was a living witness ess its lite late the cougar family I had ever seen.

Owing to the cat kind have no grayltude there was a living witness ess itself and to live of the cat kind have no grayltude. Here was a living witness the cougar family I had ever seen.

The quantity of meat he devoured
and is alwing it ready for hoisting.

Owing the wooks following was
startling, and it did my heart good to witness his
ger from it. In fact I felt toward it
seemed to delight in hearing the sound of the cat kind have no grayltude. Here was a living witness the cougar family I had ever seen.

The quantity of meat he devoured
and is alwing it ready for hoisting.

Owing the wooks and start his find and prevent and the cat kind have no grayltude. Here was a living witness the course of the cat kind have no grayltude there was a living the wooks and start his find on apprevent and the cat kind have no grayltude



in the evening gown cruised across the these last few afternoons?" marble and gold lobby of the Hotel St. Reckless and tacked down Cockatoo reckin?" Some good-lookin' young feller, I Lane in the direction of the ladies' writing-rooms. "I'll bet it takes a pile the Hotel Clerk. "The one I see her bit that wears them words-and-music of money to keep her in clothes."

'And at that they ain't able to keep her more'n two-thirds of the way in,' said the Hoel Clerk. "Possibly five-eighs, but I should say at a rough guess, two-thirds Let's see, I can play the button-button game on the joints of the lady's spine as far down she's out of sight now!"
"She sulf-

She suits my notion of a real girl, all right," continued the House Detec-"She moves along so high-spirlied and independent-like. I like to see a girl that's got her mind above

what's she's wearin'.' "And in this case not only the mind, but several other vital organs, such as lungs," said the Hotel Clerk. "Well, it's a way they have in this town for a young woman to put on a skirt and a pair of silk suspenders and call herselt full-rigged. Whe more they're dressed up the less they have on. Still, I adpassed here filled the eye in a satisfac-

66 HE certainly is mighty su- tory, not to say translucent manner. with most frequently here of late is

"Who?" said the House Detective, sixth floor."



Detective as the young woman But have you been noticing who it is the oldest boy of that rich bunch that she's been strolling the avenue with came up from Newport the first of the

month and took the big suite on the "For the love of Mike-him!" exclaimed the House Detective. "Not so as to startle your gaze," said ain't meshin' that young bunny rab- and it put me in mind of somebody

> clothes?" "The same," expounded the Hotel some time." "This afternoon he had on a vest that was a popular song hit if Clerk. "But, even so, he seems to have The orchestral arrangements were they was passing the hat to pick the running up and down his legs in the proper person to do the lady-killing stripes on his pants. All he needed was a paper cornycopia full of jig- the black bean." sand and a few magic lantern slides to

between the acts. "Now, what do you suppose a higher take the curse off?"

be the complete musical interlude for

Clerk, "that maybe it's for the satisfac- so as to confirm my assertion. And much dignity, drawing himself up to He's been ushing for years for the best tion of hearing people say to each so one word led to another, with me his full height of five feet, two and a families. other when they pass: 'It certainly furnishing the words and him doing quarter. 'I couldn't think of it. He is a fine looking couple-all but him.' the leading by remaining politely si- ain't my equal." Such remarks, so I'm told, are very lent."

"No more he soothing to a young woman. Long "It's a wonder you didn't git sore House Detective. soothing to a young woman. Long "It's a wonder you didn't git sore House Detective. "The secretary ain't like a hansom cab. Insert me into a tor of coins, especially those of the Romans and the ancient Greeks."

The King of Italy is an ardent collective. "The secretary ain't like a hansom cab. Insert me into a tor of coins, especially those of the Romans and the ancient Greeks."

ing background helps the stage setting leading lady who's depending largely plush reservation out in front is sup- he's pretty sure there sin't any brains of him, talkin' that way!" ported by some middle-aged females closely resembling a delegation of widows of the late Sitting Bull."

how kin she stand for him?" protested the House Detective. "If he'd stretch his galluses a little he could use his hip pockets for ear muffs. Why, Mr. McBean, he ain't much biggern'a half portion of rice birds and he's got a face like a sudden relapse. more, if I'm a judge, he ain't no intellectual giant, not by several rage

"Conceded," said the Hotel Clerk 'If you were a stranger seeing him for the first time you'd say to yourself: 'That can't be his customary face he's wearing; he's doing that to pay an election bet.' Then you'd take au-Then you'd take auother look and you'd see it wasn't an intentional joke he was playin' on you. In regards to this here face of his, ture was so economical toward him that there ain't enough of it to cover his teeth and several of the fronhave been out in the . a axim so long they've got freckled, as you may have abserved.

"Yes, I seen that," said the House "I was standing right next Detective. "You to him the other day when he smiled. raisin' a planner lid-a planner that the keys ain't been dusted in quite

"Only too true," said the Hotel no decided aversions to himself. When he thinks he was the one that drew

"Judgin' from outward signs, or have you been talkin' to the human bites of liquid refreshment, he was stub pen?" inquired the House Deter- mine to command.

by turning his head and looking stead- beneficent effects. But, no. "I have a notion," said the Hotel lly out of the window for some time.

"Not me," said the Hotel Clerk. "I will be onlessen he should have a long ropolitan. Have a bunch of Italian upon her face and figure to fill the red is a person who goes to a place where



and looks for them. Well, eventually, eaves and when I suggested a lew "We were just giving the order when

I saw his father's secretary on the oth- and he'd be having a truck load of ex- feminine genders in the society geared girl like that wants to trot double with that runt for?" queried Hotel Clerk. "I opened the conversation of the bar, and I suggested that tra hands and feet and no place to umn.—(Copyright, 1907, by H. H. Mcthe House Detective. "D'ye suppose tien by remarking that it was a fine we might extend the scope of the testileave 'em. But young Master Rollo she goes with him for charity, to kind-day, and he replied in the affirmative monials so as to include him in its from Newport would swim forward to

wanted to fathom the workings of his spell of illness and then get kicked in and French immigrants on the stage a whole lot. I've always noticed that mind. You may not know it, Larry, the face a couple of times by a mule, trying to render Massacre's immortal but I'm a psychologist. A psychologist That secretary's a decent lookin' opera, 'Medula Oblongata,' in opposiyoung feller. The nerve of the likes tion to the conversational

as the saying is, and leading a butter- for language in his set. fly life on a grub worm intellect-that small young person has got anybody that you know how to harne is a horse, that you and me know frazzled to a but could you or any other man you fringe. He was born to the part and know, stroll debonnairly into the midst he was educated for it.'

asked the House Detective. Clerk. "Considering this youth just as Elbert Hubbard while holding in your he stands, you wouldn't esteem him to two hands a high hat, a cane, a pair of be the whole cheese. But catch him dove-colored gloves, a cup of tea, a threading the mazes of a cotillion up soda cracker, an olive, a spoon, a lump at Sherry's, or taking part in one of those swell weddings where they have you signalize your advent by tripping to have the reserves out, over at the yourself up and then stepping on your Church of the Leavened Yeast on the own prostrate form? And would you avenue, and you would instantly rec-ognize him as the oldest son of Su-retire with all the careless grace of a preme J. Camembert, of Switzerkase-on-Watercrackers, Stilton-by-Skip-necked bottle? Answer, you would witch, Cheshire-Rennet.

in this country. Back him into the costume of an usher, start him up the grow hair on the back of his neck middle aisle just ahead of the bridal he began to thaw slightly around the couple with four thousand eyes glued anyway," says the House Detective dison him and the organ giving off the gustedly. deep notes from its stomach and by the time he got to the chancel rail his Clerk. "Br : somebody's got to do it or neck would be setting his collar on fire else there wouldn't be anything but the altar as cool and pleasant as a cat-"'I couldn't think of it,' he said with fish going up stream. He'd enjoy it

"Or take me for example. Equip me with one of those self-rising opera | eral mills. "No more he ain't," broke in the hats and a suit hollowed out in front

from all us society people in the Gold-"Well, there're points to be credited en Horse-shoe. Surround me with for and against our young friend in bevy of prominent ladies with still the transformation clothes," said the more prominent shoulder blades. Let Hotel Clerk. "I don't think he's got upwards of two thousand strangers more than two gallons and a half of level opera glasses on me. Would I gray checked matter sloshing around be a care-free, graceful devil full of in his crock. If he wore anything quips and—and repartee? I wot not bigger than a five and three-quarters Not by several thousand wots and hat he'd lose it every time he coughed. some few kilowats. I'd be deaf, dumb, He's got slathers of money, or rather partially blind, paralyzed on both sides his paw has, but it's been my observa-tion that money is often very careless. But this here laddy buck we've been in its choice of owners. But after all discussing could sit there cool and colwhen it's a matter of displayin' the lected and happy-actually happysocial graces-when it comes down to handing out a constant line of the contripping over the light fantastic toe, versational Florida water hat passes "I can tell with half an eye, Larry,

of an afternoon t. 1 in a undertaker's graces-what's them?" coat and a self-made tie, along a lot of fashionable ladies and a collection "I will explain," said the Hotel of Louie Kahn's furniture and do the But it would be just the "Go out and lasso the smartest man for the little boy on the fifth floor." "A man that's strong enough to

ain't got no time for such foolishness

"Right you are." said the Hotel

A Salt Water River.

The Greek island of Sephalonia has a tideless sea and furnishes power for sav-