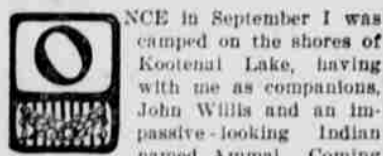


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INCE in September I was camped on the shores of Kootenai Lake, having with me as companions, John Willis and an impressive-looking Indian named Ammal. Coming across through the dense coniferous forests of northern Idaho we had struck the Kootenai River. Then we went down with the current as it wound in half circles through a long alluvial valley of mixed marsh and woodland, hemmed in by lofty mountains. The lake itself, when we reached it, stretched straight away like a great flood, a hundred miles long and about three in breadth. The frowning and rugged Selkirk came down sheer to the water's edge. So straight were the rock walls that it was difficult for us to land with our batteau, save at the places where the rapid mountain torrents entered the lake.

We had come down from a week's fruitless hunting in the mountains; a week of excessive toil, in a country where we saw no game—for in our ignorance we had wasted time, not going straight back to the high ranges, from which the game had not yet descended. After three or four days of rest, and of feasting on trout—a welcome relief to the monotony of frying pan bread and coarse salt pork—we were ready for another trial; and early one morning we made the start. Having to pack everything for a fortnight's use on our backs, through an excessively rough country we of course traveled as light as possible, leaving almost all we had with the tent and boat.

We walked in single file, as is necessary in thick woods. The white hunter led, and I followed, each with rifle on shoulder and pack on back. Ammal, the Indian, pigeon toed along behind, carrying his pack, not as we did ours, but by help of a forehead band, which he sometimes shifted across his breast. The traveling through the tangled, brush choked forest, and along the bowlder strewn and precipitous mountain sides, was inconceivably rough and difficult.

An hour or two before sunset we were traveling, as usual, in Indian file, beside the stream, through an open wood of great hemlock trees. There was no breeze, and we made no sound as we marched, for our feet sunk noiselessly into the deep moss.

Suddenly the hunter, who was leading, dropped down in his tracks, pointing upward; and some fifty feet beyond I saw the head and shoulders of a bear as he rose to make a sweep at some berries. He was in a hollow where a tall, rank, prickly plant, with broad leaves, grew luxuriantly; and he was gathering its red berries, rising on his hind legs and sweeping them down into his mouth with his paw, and was much too intent on his work to notice us, for his head was pointed the other way. The moment he rose again I fired, meaning to shoot through the shoulders, but instead, in the hurry, taking him in the neck. Down he went, but whether hurt or not we could not see, for the second he was on all fours he was no longer visible. Rather to my surprise he uttered no sound—for bear when hit or when charging often make a great noise—so I raced toward the edge of the hollow, the hunter close behind me, while Ammal danced about in the rear, very much excited, as Indians always are in the presence of big game. The instant we reached the hollow and looked down into it from the low bank on which we stood we saw by the swaying of the tall plants that the bear was coming our way. The hunter was standing some ten feet distant, a hemlock trunk being between us; and the next moment the bear sprang clean up the bank the other side of the hemlock, and almost within arm's length of my companion. I do not think he had intended to charge; he was probably confused by the bullet through his neck, and had by chance blundered out of the hollow in our direction; but when he saw the hunter so close he turned for him, his hair bristling and his teeth showing. The man had no cartridge in his weapon, and with his pack on could not have used it anyhow; and for a moment it looked as if he stood a fair chance of being hurt. As the bear sprang out of the hollow he poised for a second on the edge of the bank to recover his balance, giving me a beautiful shot, as he stood sideways to me; the bullet struck between the eye and ear, and he fell as if hit with a pole axe.

Our prize was a large black bear, with two curious brown streaks down his back, one on each side the spine. We skinned him and camped by the carcass, as it was growing late. To take the chill of the evening air we built a huge fire, the logs roaring and crackling. To one side of it we made our beds—of balsam and hemlock boughs; we did not build a brush lean-to, because the night seemed likely to

be clear. Then we supped on sugarless tea, frying-pan bread, and quantities of bear meat, fried or roasted—and how very good it tasted only those know who have gone through much hardship and some little hunger, and have worked violently for several days without flesh food.

The morning after killing Bruin, we again took up our march, heading up stream, that we might go to its sources amidst the mountains, where the snow fields fed its springs. It was two full days' journey thither, but we took much longer to make it, as we kept halting to hunt the adjoining mountains. On such occasions Ammal was left as camp guard, while the white hunter and I would start by daylight and return at dark utterly worn out by the excessive fatigue. We knew nothing of caribou, nor where to hunt for them; and we had been told that thus early in the season they were above tree limit on the mountain sides.

Until within a couple of days of turning our faces back towards the lake we did not come across any caribou, and saw but a few old signs; and we began to be fearful lest we should have to return without getting any, for our shoes had been cut to ribbons by the sharp rocks, we were almost out of flour, and therefore had but little to eat. However, our perseverance was destined to be rewarded.

The first day after reaching our final camp, we hunted across a set of spurs and hollows, but saw nothing living. The next day we started early, determined to take a long walk and follow the main stream up to its head, or at least above timber line. The hunter struck so brisk a pace, plunging through thickets and leaping from log to log in the slashes of fallen timber, and from boulder to boulder in crossing the rock-slides, that I could hardly keep up to him, struggle as I would, and we each of us got several ugly tumbles, saving our rifles at the expense of scraped hands and bruised bodies. We went up one side of the stream, intending to come down the other; for the forest belt was narrow enough to hunt thoroughly. For two or three hours we toiled through dense growth.

Then we came to a spur of open hemlock forest; and no sooner had we entered it than the hunter stopped and pointed exultingly to a well-marked game trail, in which it was easy at a glance to discern the great round footprints of our quarry. We hunted carefully over the spur and found several trails, generally leading down along the ridge; we also found a number of beds, some old and some recent, usually placed where the animal could keep a lookout for any foe coming up from the valley. They were merely slight hollows or indentations in the pine-needles; and, like the game trails, were placed in localities similar to those that would be chosen by black-tail deer. The caribou droppings were also very plentiful; and there were signs of where they had browsed on the blueberry bushes, cropping off the



Giving me a beautiful shot, as he stood sideways to me.

berries, and also apparently of where they had here and there plucked a mouthful of a peculiar kind of moss, or cropped off some little mushrooms. But the beasts themselves had evidently left the ridge, and we went on.

After a little while the valley became so high that the large timber ceased, and there were only occasional groves of spindling evergreens. Beyond the edge of the big timber was a large boggy tract, studded with little pools; and here again we found plenty of caribou tracks. A caribou has an enormous foot, bigger than a cow's, and admirably adapted for travelling

over snow or bogs; hence they can pass through places where the long slender hoofs of moose or deer, or the round hoofs of elk, would let their owners sink at once; and they are very difficult to kill by following on snow-shoes—a method much in vogue among the brutal game butchers for slaughtering the more helpless animals. Spreading out his great hoofs, and bending his legs till he walks almost on the joints, a caribou will travel swiftly over a crust through which a moose breaks at every stride, or through deep snow in which a deer cannot founder fifty yards. Usually he trots; but when pressed he will spring awkwardly along, leaving tracks in the snow almost exactly like magnified imprints of those of a great rabbit, the long marks of the two hind legs forming an angle with each other, while the forefeet make a large point almost between.

The caribou had wandered all over the bogs and through the shallow pools, but evidently only at night or in the dusk, when feeding or in coming to drink; and we again went on. Soon the timber disappeared almost entirely, and thick brushwood took its place; we were in a high, bare alpine valley, the snow lying in drifts along the sides. In places there had been enormous rock-slides, entirely filling up the bottom, so that for a quarter of



The hunter crouched down, while I ran noiselessly forward.

a mile at a stretch the stream ran underground. In the rock masses of this alpine valley we, as usual, saw many cones and hoary woodchucks.

The caribou trails had ceased, and it was evident that the beasts were not ahead of us in the barren, treeless recesses between the mountains of rock and snow; and we turned back down the valley, crossing over to the opposite or south side of the stream. We had already eaten our scanty lunch, for it was afternoon. For several miles of hard walking, through thicket, marsh, and rock-slide, we saw no traces of the game. Then we reached the forest, which soon widened out, and crept up the mountain sides; and we came to where another stream entered the one we were following. A high, steep shoulder between the two valleys was covered with an open growth of great hemlock timber, and in this we again found the trails and beds plentiful. There was no breeze, and after beating through the forest nearly to its upper edge, we began to go down the ridge, or point of the shoulder. The comparative freedom from brushwood made it easy to walk without noise, and we descended the steep incline with the utmost care, scanning every object, and using every caution not to slip on the hemlock needles, nor to strike a stone or break a stick with our feet. The sign was very fresh, and when still half a mile or so from the bottom we at last came on three bull caribou.

Instantly the hunter crouched down, while I ran noiselessly forward behind the shelter of a big hemlock trunk until within fifty yards of the grazing and unconscious quarry. They were feeding with their heads up-hill, but so greedily that they had not seen us; and they were rather difficult to see themselves, for their bodies harmonized well in color with the brown tree-trunks and lichen-covered boulders.

The largest, a big bull with a good but by no means extraordinary head, was nearest. As he stood fronting me with his head down I fired into his neck, breaking the bone, and he turned a tremendous back somersault. The other two halted a second in stunned terror; then one, a yearling, rushed past us up the valley down which we had come, while the other, a large bull with small antlers, crossed right in front of me, at a canter, his neck thrust out, and his head—so coarse-looking compared to the delicate outlines of an elk's—turned towards me. His movements seemed clumsy and awkward, utterly unlike those of a deer; but he handled his great hoofs cleverly enough, and broke into a headlong, rattling gallop as he went down the hillside, crashing through the saplings and leaping over the fallen logs. There was a spur a little beyond, and up this he went at a swinging trot, halting when he reached the top, and turning to look at me

once more. He was only a hundred yards away; and though I had not intended to shoot him (for his head was not good), the temptation was sore; and I was glad when, in another second, the stupid beast turned again and went off up the valley at a slashing run.



ORIGIN OF THE OCTOPUS.

How the Mail Order Business Had its Beginning.

In view of the fight against the mail order business now being made throughout the country in the interest of the local merchants, a brief article in the magazine called System on the origin of the mail order trade is highly interesting. While the founder of the business and others engaged there in are engaged in a perfectly legitimate calling, there can be no doubt that this constantly expanding mail order business is a real octopus. I reaches out its millions of tentacles to the farthest corners of the country seizing and raking in the dollars which should be left in circulation around home. These dollars are the lifeblood of the community, and the mail order octopus sucks them out of the community's system.

Forty-seven years ago, says System a young man, then a clerk in a small general store at St. Joseph, Mich., observed with some satisfaction that residents of many smaller towns miles distant could be attracted from the tradesmen of their own village to this selling center.

Four years later, as a salesman in Chicago mercantile house, he observed with increasing attention the number of letters that came to this establishment bearing small orders from residents of distant towns and from farmers living miles away in the agricultural sections of southern Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Nebraska.

Another period of three years, and having served as a buyer and then connected with a St. Louis house, he stopped at a town that stood as a country seat in southwestern Missouri. He was in a small store which had attained the position, despite the limitations as to extensiveness imposed by its rural location, of the smart retailing concern of the little city. The proprietor had just inclosed a small parcel in an envelope.

"Here, Jim," the latter called to clerk; "take this over to the postoffice it's for Mrs. Henderson, over at Green ridge. It's surprising," he continued turning to the visitor, "how the folks over at Greenridge—one of the small towns within a thirty mile radius—stick to me. I have a good many customers over there. Some of 'em write almost every week for goods. The storekeeper over there doesn't seem to hold his people very well. Guess he doesn't give satisfaction."

And these things, turned over in the mind of Montgomery Ward, gave germination of the idea, then crude in its imperfection, of retailing direct to the customer by mail. If these people—and the towns and the agricultural reaches of the west were taking on a population of vigorous, hardworking ambitious folk who wanted the best they could get for their money—would buy through letter outside their own towns, and at that without any special material inducement being extended them, why could not a trade be built up if the purveyor would cater direct to these people and offer them attractive advantages of lower prices, good service and honest goods?

The young man is now the head of a great Chicago mail order house that bears his name—the pioneer in a new industry.

Home Trade Homilies.

It's all very well for you to think you're doing yourself justice by buying your supplies from the big city many miles away, but in the long run you're doing an injustice to your descendants, who are supposed to live in the town which you are killing off by neglecting to patronize home industries.

You may save an occasional nickel by ordering "bargains" through mail order catalogues, but don't you lose at least a nickel's worth of your self respect when you happen to meet one of the home merchants whom you have known all your life and from whom you could have bought the same bargain?

Governor Johnson says one of the great issues of today has to do with the curbing of the trusts. The chances are ninety-nine to a hundred that you agree with Johnson, no matter what party you may belong to. Very well. How about the big mail order trust, which is organized to kill off country merchants? Are you a supporter of the mail order trust?

If you are a farmer and sell your produce to the local stores and then stick stamps on letters ordering ordinary household articles from a city many miles away, wouldn't you think it the proper sort of reciprocity if the town merchants should quit dealing in fresh vegetables and supply only canned goods to their customers?

Throughout the country for some months we have heard the cry that "there is no money in circulation." Times have been tight. People who keep up the habit of buying mail order goods on the slightest pretext or provocation may expect to hear it said that there is no money in circulation around home. "Cause why? They send it out side of the community."

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References: Any bank, any newspaper, any business man in Portland.

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