

English Composition Work of Springfield High School

The Cougar of Calico Canyon.

Bill Thomas stopped in front of his bunk house and read a sheet of paper that was tacked upon the outside of the door. It said that a reward of five hundred dollars would be given for the killing of a certain cougar that had for many years been preying on cattle of the ranches in Calico Canyon in Butte county, Montana. There had been many who had tried for the reward but so far no one had been successful. Bill Thomas decided to go and ask his father if he couldn't try for the reward. His father was in his office room in one of the bunk houses. He was busy with some papers and did not see his son come in, until Bill said, "Say, Dad, I want to try for that reward, can I? And I want your automatic rifle. Mine is all right, but it hasn't the knocking power your gun has." His father looked him over and then burst into a hearty laugh to think that a "kid" sixteen years old should try for the reward that so many had tried for and failed to get. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Bill. "Let me go or not?" "Yes, go and try your luck," said his father, you might as well try your luck as any body else. The gun is under my bunk, shells are there, too." Bill nearly went wild with delight. He rushed up to the cook shanty and told Patsy, the cook, to put him up enough food for three days. He went out to the barn and saddled up his pony and was leading him out of the door when he nearly ran into Slim, one of the cowboys on the ranch. "Where are you going," asked Slim, "after the Cougar?" "Yes" was all Bill said. Slim was in the same notion as Bill but he said nothing. Bill went up to the bunkhouse to get his grub sack that Patsy had filled with a good supply. Get-

ting his gun and pack, he got his pony and set out for the upper part of Calico Canyon where the cougar was seen most. He arrived just before dark at an old deserted cabin that had been used by hunters and trappers. Tying his pony, he built a fire and got supper. He went out to see that his pony was all right, then he went to be determined to get up early and set out for the head of the canyon, where the cougar came down into the valley from the mountains. Rising early, Bill got and ate his breakfast, tended to his pony, then got his father's 32 automatic and set out. It was not quite light and mist was hanging low. Bill took a position about one mile from the cabin by the side of a log in a rock opening. Concealed behind a rock he would not be seen by anything going or coming on the trail. Presently he heard a sound from down the mountains. His hand gripped the cold steel of the 32 automatic, a chill ran up and down his spine making him sweat, while a queer feeling gripped him. He waited, the sound grew nearer and finally Slim came into view and took up a position about one hundred yards below him. Where Slim took up his position was in a hole between two rocks; a log hung down over the rocks above his head. It was nearly daylight and Bill was getting cold when he noticed a long dark object creeping inch by inch over Slim's head. Bill straightened up, his mouth set firm and hard, the safety lock on the gun snapped, ready for instant action. Bill raised the gun to his shoulder and took aim along the barrel. But why didn't he shoot? Something fascinated him and held him back. Nearer and nearer crept the object. What was it? A closer look and Bill realized that he had been in a dream. It was the cougar

of Calico Canyon ready to leap on Slim—good old Slim who had helped him out so much. The cougar's tail twitched, he crept closer and crouched lower, when the 32 automatic belched forth its deadly contents. The echoes roared and crashed down the canyon. The cougar leaped headlong down into the hole at Slim's feet. With a fearful yell, more like a beast than a human being, Slim leaped out of the hole and started behind a rock, his gun ready for deadly work. He watched the hole for a sign or a movement of the cougar. Bill walked down the trail toward Slim, a happy grin on his face. When he was within thirty feet of Slim, the cowboy saw him, lowered his gun, scratched his head and said: "Well kid, I guess you get the reward, and when you get home you are going to get another one." OREN MASTERSON. The Troubles and Adventures of an Easy Chair. Well! Well! Well! am I going to get some rest at last? My friend, Grandfather Clock, just told me it was ten o'clock and I haven't had a bit of rest since five o'clock this morning. I don't see why I am called an easy chair anyway. I never feel easy, having to stand on my four legs all day and all night and having someone sit on my stomach all day. I don't like it a bit and I don't know who would. If it isn't someone it's another. Now listen. Last night there was a party here and of course I was put into use. A venerable, rheumatic gentleman sat on me till about eleven o'clock, alternately sitting still and twisting about, the better to see, I suppose. After he left, a party of young girls came laughing and chattering in. I know they must have belonged to the sewing club for I heard them speak about it. Of course they, as soon as they came in, took possession of me. One girl said, "What an easy old chair." Then she said, "I don't suppose it ever feels easy

and rested though with so many sitting on it. Girls let's not sit on it and more this evening or let anyone else." Forthwith she jumped up and they all went gaily away. I really felt refreshed to find such a thoughtful girl. One night, my friends, a long time ago I had a strange, adventure. I was sitting in front of an old open fireplace in an old house many miles away. The night was dark and cold but the fire still blazed merrily and kept me warm. Soon I began to feel drowsy and at last, fell into a light sleep. I had not slept long when suddenly I was aroused by the faint pattering of feet. It sounded like the soft trotting of a cat or kitten. It was in one of the other rooms and the door between was closed. I wondered and wondered what it could be. I wanted to go and see but of course you know a chair can't walk. So I just had to sit there and listen. Then there came another strange little sound as if someone were scraping a stick on the floor or trying to open a door. I looked around and in the slowly widening crack of the opening door, I beheld a small figure, clad all in white. I knew there were no children in the house and I thought of ghosts the first thing. It caused my blood to run cold. Slowly, inch by inch the thing came nearer and nearer. It seemed like hours and hours that my eyes were glued on it. The thing seemed to bewitch me and though not being able to take my eyes off things all about me. Finally the little white clad figure emerged from the darkness into the lighter part of the dark room. Its lips seemed to move, I heard a shriek, I found out later that the shriek was caused by the wind in the branches of an old maple tree, just outside the window) and the ghost came toward me with her arms outstretched. "Old chair, is it you?" she gladly cried and I saw that the ghost was a little neighbor girl who walked in her sleep. All the rest of that night she lay sleeping in my arms and when morning came, was carried back to her home. Well, life isn't so bad after all if a person views it with the right spirit. In spite of what I said at first, I have a pretty good time and lots of strange adventures. CANDACE DILLARD. "Tramp" It was afternoon of a hot, sultry day in late summer. The tiny train of immigrants plodded wearily along with wan, hopeless faces turned westward. The cattle were thin and weak, the horses, too weak to be ridden, trailed wearily along behind the prairie schooners. It was in the days of the California gold rush, and these weary, exhausted men had started out hopefully for the distant gold fields. But they had lost their way in the desert, and after wandering around until their provisions were almost exhausted, had been once more headed west. But their enthusiasm was gone. They were not anxious to reach the gold fields now, but only to get out of the endless, monotonous, nerve-racking desert, and away from the burning, scorching sun that shone down upon them so mercilessly. A somber, dun-colored cliff rose in front of them, rocky and barren, save for here and there a towering cactus or a scrubby sage bush. Their prairie schooners tipped dangerously in the narrow, rocky trail that led around the cliff. Their stopping place was soon reached. Mechanically the men unyoked the oxen. Mechanically they watered them from their scant store of water and turned them loose with the horses. They did not attempt to corral them for the night they were too weak to stray far. Then for fear of marauders they carried their provisions into a small cave nearby. After their scant supper they sat around the mouth of the cave discussing their well nigh hopeless case, and trying to decide how they could make their provisions last longer. They did not have enough to get to California. Just then a tiny dog, thin enough to be a living skeleton, thrust his hot, dry muzzle into the face of a man lying just outside the group. This was Tramp, the sole consolation of the men. As they looked at him the same thought struck each man. They looked silently into each other's faces. "Yes," said one at last, "I guess we'll have to do it to save ourselves." Poor Tramp's fate was sealed. None

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of the men wanted to do it so they drew straws and the unlucky one, calling Tramp after him, picked up his gun and started back the way they had come. The others, for want of anything to do, walked slowly along the trail ahead. They were all very sober. At last they came to a place where the road rounded a cliff that hung far out over the canyon below. As they stopped and looked back they could see part of the trail they had just come over. They stopped fascinated. There in plain sight was their comrade and Tramp. But what was the matter with the dog? He seemed trying to get the man to go back, jumping on him, pulling his leg, and running back over the trail. Then as if deciding that he must do something anyway he turned and ran as fast as he could back to camp. Pretty soon a badly wounded bear came lumbering along the trail, and just before reaching the men, fell over dead. With shouts of joy they rushed towards it for here was meat not have to be killed. When the men reached camp they found the dog lying dead at the mouth of the cave, which was littered with fur and provisions. WANNA MCKINNEY. THERE IS ALWAYS TIME By L. M. Montgomery. There's always time to give a song A bright, brave note of hope and cheer; There's always time to give a strong Handclasp of fellowship sincere; No matter what our haste may be There's time to smile with sympathy. There's surely always time to love, Though busy be our eager days, Small kindnesses, a treasure-trove, To scatter on our hurried ways; Yea, there is always time to do Sweet, tender deeds our lifetime through. There's always time for us to see The beauty of the earth and sky, The shadows on a clover leaf, The sunset's fine, empurpling dye; And time to joy in blossom blow— Dear God, we thank Thee this is so! Toledo—Geo. W. Moore Lumber Co., resumes operation on 10-hour day. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION (Department of the Interior.) E. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, October 11, 1915. Notice is hereby given that Sandford Leach, of Vida, Oregon, who, on July 5, 1910, made Homestead Entry, Serial No. 66435, for the S½ of NE¼ of Section 3, Township 17S, Range 3E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before I. P. Hewitt, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Eugene, Oregon, on the 26th day of November, 1915. Claimant names as witnesses: William A. Cox, of Eugene, Oregon; Isabel Jolly, of Eugene, Oregon; Milo Thompson, of Vida, Oregon; Joseph Waitfield, Vida, Oregon. J. M. UPTON, Register. NOTICE TO CREDITORS Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of James A. Ebbert, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified and with the proper vouchers to the administratrix at the First National Bank of Springfield, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice. Date of the first publication of this notice September 27, 1915. MARGARET MORRIS, Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of James A. Ebbert, deceased. M—025 NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Department of the Interior. U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, September 14, 1915. Notice is hereby given that Richard G. Hall of Blue River, Oregon, who, on October 14, 1910, made Homestead Entry, Serial No. 06670, for the N¼ of SE¼, SE¼ of SE¼, and NE¼ of SW¼ of Section 1, township 16 S, Range 4 E. Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before I. P. Hewitt, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Eugene, Oregon, on the 25th day of October, 1915. Claimant names as witnesses: Steven A. Landers, of Blue River, Oregon; Albert B. Anusmen, of Blue River, Oregon; William Nesbith, of Blue River, Oregon; Peary O'Brien, of Blue River, Oregon. J. M. UPTON, Register. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Department of the Interior. U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, September 29, 1915. Notice is hereby given that Robert H. Nesbitt, of R. F. D. No. 1, Creswell, Ore., who, on November 4, 1913, made Adjoining Farm Homestead Entry, No. 09170, for Lot 5, Section 26, Township 18 S, Range 2 W, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before I. P. Hewitt U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Eugene, Oregon, on the 1st day of November, 1915. Claimant names as witnesses: Thomas J. Elliott, of R. F. D. No. 1, Creswell, Oregon; Levi Caselman, of R. F. D. No. 1, Creswell, Oregon; Fred Cook, of R. F. D. No. 1, Creswell, Oregon; Henry Nesbitt, of R. F. D. No. 1, Creswell, Oregon. J. M. UPTON, Register. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION (Department of the Interior.) E. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, October 11, 1915. Notice is hereby given that Sandford Leach, of Vida, Oregon, who, on July 5, 1910, made Homestead Entry, Serial