



**SYNOPSIS.**  
Warned by his physician that he has not more than six months to live, Failing sits despondently on a park bench, wondering where he should spend those six months. A friendly squirrel practically decides the matter for him. His blood is pioneer blood, and he decides to end his days in the forests of Oregon. Memories of his grandfather and a deep love for all things of the wild help him in reaching a decision.

**CHAPTER I—Continued.**

The squirrel was very close to him, and Dan seemed to know by instinct that the movement of a single muscle would give him away. So he sat as if he were posing before a photographer's camera. The fact that he was able to do it is in itself important. It is considerably easier to exercise with dumb-bells for five minutes than to sit absolutely without motion for the same length of time. Hunters and naturalists acquire the art with training. It was therefore rather curious that Dan succeeded so well the first time he tried it. He had sense enough to relax first, before he froze. Thus he didn't put such a severe strain on his muscles.

The squirrel, after ten seconds had elapsed, stood on his haunches to see better. First he looked a long time with his left eye. Then he turned his head and looked very carefully with his right. Then he backed off a short distance and tried to get a focus with both. Then he came some half-dozen steps nearer.

A moment before he had been certain that a living creature—in fact one of the most terrible and powerful living creatures in the world—had been sitting on the park bench. Now his poor little brain was completely added. He was entirely ready to believe that his eyes had deceived him.

Bushy-tail drew off a little further, fully convinced at last that his hopes of a nut from a child's hand were blasted. But he turned to look once more. The figure still sat utterly inert. And all at once he forgot his devouring hunger in the face of an overwhelming curiosity.

He came somewhat nearer and looked a long time. Then he made a half-circle about the bench, turning his head as he moved. He was more puzzled than ever, but he was no longer afraid. His curiosity had become so intense that no room for fear was left. And then he sprang upon the park bench.

Dan moved then. The movement consisted of a sudden heightening of the light in his eyes. But the squirrel didn't see it. It takes a muscular response to be visible to the eyes of the wild things.

The squirrel crept slowly along the bench, stopping to sniff, stopping to stare with one eye and another, just devoured from head to tail with curiosity. And then he leaped on Dan's knee.

He was quite convinced, by now, that this warm perch on which he stood was the most singular and interesting object of his young life. It was true that he was faintly worried by the smell that reached his nostrils. But all it really did was further to incite his curiosity. He followed the leg up to the hip and then perched on the elbow. And an instant more he was poking a cold nose into Dan's neck.

But if the squirrel was excited by all these developments, its amazement was nothing compared to Dan's. It had been the most astounding incident in the man's life. He sat still, tingling with delight. And in a single flash of inspiration he knew he had come among his own people at last. He knew where he would spend his last six months of life.

His own grandfather had been a hunter and trapper and frontiersman in a certain vast but little known Oregon forest. His son had moved to the eastern cities, but in Dan's garret there used to be old mementoes and curios from these savage days—a few claws and teeth, and a fragment of an old diary. The call had come to him at last. Tenderfoot though he was, Dan would go back to those forests, to spend his last six months of life

among the wild creatures that made them their home.

**CHAPTER II.**

The dinner hour found Dan Failing in the public library of Gitchepolis, asking the girl who sat behind the desk if he might look at maps of Oregon. He remembered that his grandfather had lived in southern Oregon. He looked along the bottom of his map and discovered a whole empire, ranging from gigantic sage plains to the east to dense forests along the Pacific ocean. He began to search for Linkville.

Time was when Linkville was one of the principal towns of Oregon. Dan remembered the place because some of the time-yellowed letters his grandfather had sent him had been mailed at a town that bore this name. But he couldn't find Linkville on the map. Later he was to know the reason—that the town, half-way between the sage plains and the mountains, had prospered and changed its name. He remembered that it was located on one of those great fresh-water lakes of southern Oregon; so, giving up that search, he began to look for lakes. He found them in plenty—vast, unmeasured lakes that seemed to be distributed without reason or sense over the whole southern end of the state. Near the Klamath lakes, seemingly the most imposing of all the fresh-water lakes that the map revealed, he found a city named Klamath Falls. He put the name down in his notebook.

The map showed a particularly high, far-spreading range of mountains due west of the city. Of course they were the Cascades; the map said so very plainly. Then Dan knew he was getting home. His grandfather had lived and trapped and died in



He Couldn't Find Linkville on the map.

these same wooded hills. Finally he located and recorded the name of the largest city on the main railroad line that was adjacent to the Cascades.

The preparation for his departure took many days. He read many books on flora and fauna. He bought sporting equipment. Knowing the usual ratio between the respective pleasures of anticipation and realization, he did not hurry himself at all. And one midnight he boarded a west-bound train.

He sat for a long time in the vestibule of the sleeping car, thinking in anticipation of this final adventure of his life. He was rather tremulous and exultant as he sank down into his berth.

He saw to it that at least a measure of preparation was made for his coming. That night a long wire went out to the Chamber of Commerce of one of the larger southern Oregon cities. In it, he told the date of his arrival and asked certain directions. He wanted to know the name of some mountain rancher where possibly he might find board and room for the remainder of the summer and the fall.

The further back from the paths of men, he wrote, the greater would be his pleasure. And he signed the wire with his full name: Dan Failing, with a Henry in the middle, and a "III" at the end.

He usually didn't sign his name in quite this manner. The people of Gitchepolis did not have particularly vivid memories of Dan's grandfather. But it might be that a legend of the gray, straight frontiersman who was his ancestor had still survived in these remote Oregon wilds. The use of the full name would do no harm.

Instead of hurting, it was a positive inspiration. The Chamber of Commerce of the busy little Oregon city was not usually exceptionally interested in stray hunters that wanted a boarding place for the summer. Its business was finding country homes for orchardists in the pleasant river valleys. But it happened that the recipient of the wire was one of the oldest residents, a frontiersman himself, and it was one of the traditions of the Old West that friendships were not soon forgotten. Dan Failing I had been a legend in the old trapping and shooting days when this man was young. So it came about that when Dan's train stopped at Cheyenne, he found a telegram waiting him:

"Any relation to Dan Failing of the Umpqua divide?"

Dan had never heard of the Umpqua divide, but he couldn't doubt but that the sender of the wire referred to his grandfather. He wired in the affirmative. The head of the Chamber of Commerce received the wire, read it, thrust it into his desk, and in the face of a really important piece of business proceeded to forget all about it. Thus it came about that, except for one thing, Dan Failing would have probably stepped off the train at his destination wholly unheralded and unmet. The one thing that changed his destiny was that at a meeting of a certain widely known fraternal order the next night, the Chamber of Commerce crossed trails with the Frontier in the person of another old resident who had his home in the farthest reaches of the Umpqua divide. The latter asked the former to come up for a few days' shooting—the deer being fatter and more numerous than any previous season since the days of the grizzlies.

"Too busy, I'm afraid," the Chamber of Commerce had replied. "But Lennox—that reminds me. Do you remember old Dan Failing?"

Lennox probed back into the years for a single instant, straightened out all the kinks of his memory in less time than the wind straightens out the folds of a flag, and turned a most interested face. "Remember him!" he exclaimed. "I should say I do." The middle-aged man half-closed his piercing, gray eyes.

"Listen, Steele," he said, "I saw Dan Failing make a bet once. I was just a kid, but I wake up in my sleep to marvel at it. We had a full long glimpse of a black-tail bounding up a long slope. It was just a spike-buck, and Dan Failing said he could take the left-hand spike off with one shot from his old Sharpe's. Three of us bet him—the whole thing in less than two seconds. With the next shot, he'd get the deer. He won the bet, and now if I ever forget Dan Failing, I want to die."

"You're just the man I'm looking for, then. You're not going out till the day after tomorrow?"

"No."  
"On the limited, hitting here tomorrow morning, there's a grandson of Dan Failing. His name is Dan Failing, too, and he wants to go up to your place to hunt. Stay all summer and pay board."

Lennox's eyes said that he couldn't believe it was true. After a while his

tongue spoke, too. "Good Lord," he said, "I used to follow Dan around—like old Shag, before he died, followed Snowbird. Of course he can come. But he can't pay board."

It was rather characteristic of the mountain men—that the grandson of Dan Failing couldn't possibly pay board. But Steele knew the ways of cities and of men, and he only smiled. "He won't come, then," he explained. "Anyway, have that out with him at the end of his stay. He wants fishing, and you've got that in the North fork. Moreover, you're a thousand miles back—"

"Only one hundred, if you must know. But Steele—do you suppose he's the man his grandfather was before him—that all the Failings have been since the first days of the Oregon trail? If he is—well, my hat's off to him before he steps off the train."

The mountaineer's bronzed face was earnest and intent in the bright lights of the club. Steele thought he had known his breed. Now he began to have doubts of his own knowledge. "He won't be; don't count on it," he said humbly. "The Failings have done much for this region, and I'm glad enough to do a little to pay it back, but don't count much on this eastern boy. He's lived in cities; besides, he's a sick man. He said so in his wire. You ought to know it before you take him in."

The bronzed face changed; possibly a shadow of disappointment came into his eyes. "A lunger, eh?" Lennox repeated. "Yes—it's true that if he'd been like the other Failings, he'd never have been that. Why, Steele, you couldn't have given that old man a cold if you'd tied him in the Rogue river overnight. Of course you couldn't count on the line keeping up forever. But I'll take him, for the memory of his grandfather."

"You're not afraid to?"  
"Afraid, h—!! He can't infect those two strapping children of mine. Snowbird weighs one hundred and twenty pounds and is hard as steel. Never knew a sick day in her life. And you know Bill, of course."

**Disappointment: turned into rapture at sight of the wild country and through warm welcome accorded by Silas Lennox, Dan Failing's host, characterize the next installment of this story.**

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**An Extinct Monster.**  
The curators of the Launceston and Tasmanian museums have presented to the Royal society of Tasmania the preliminary account of a nearly complete skeleton of a gigantic extinct monster, recently discovered in the pleistocene beds of Tasmania. The animal was as large as the largest existing rhinoceros. The new discovery shows clearly that it was a rhinoceros-like animal, with a skull built for aggressive warfare, and at least one powerful horn on the snout. Evidence of the gigantic battles in which this animal engaged is to be found in the complete smashing and partial mending of the collarbone, and in the crushing and subsequent repair of the bones of the nose and snout.—Montreal Herald.

**Wise Words.**  
We may be assured that liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed; and what is worth having is worth earnestly striving for.—From the Italian.

**HOW DOLLAR WORKS FOR YOU**

Benjamin Franklin's Fund of \$5,000 Grew to \$431,383 in One Hundred Years.

How the dollar invested works for the individual himself has been best illustrated by that first great American teacher of thrift, Benjamin Franklin. In 1751, he bequeathed \$1,000 (\$5,000 to the commonwealth of Massachusetts and to the city of Boston as a mark of his appreciation for having appointed him as agent in England at the "handsome" salary of £2,000 (\$10,000) and to make his bequest really valuable with his great foresight, Franklin provided in his will that this \$1,000 should be put out at 5 per cent interest for one hundred years; that at the end of that time \$1,311 of the fund accumulated should again be put out at interest for another hundred years and then the fund be divided one-fourth to Boston and three-fourths to the state.

Let us show how well that \$1,000 of Franklin's has worked. At the end of the first hundred years it had grown to \$431,383.62. It was then divided in accordance with the will; \$329,300.48 was set aside for "public work" and \$102,083.14 was started on its course of earning interest for another hundred years. That was in 1851. January 1, 1918, this sum had grown to \$267,805.15 and at this rate of increase the fund should amount

to at least six million dollars when the second period is completed, and may be considerable more.—World's Work.

**One's Work Shows for Itself.**  
Exceptional mental fitness is bound to express itself in the work one does. Superior minds are not satisfied with what will pass. They are conscious of meriting more than passing rating and try to make everything they do show it. They are never of the whining variety who are forever complaining of their chances in life. Life to them is a constant opportunity and if they fail it is because they have either been unfortunate or foolish. In either case there is the fine challenge to redeem the time and more than surpass the past. With them it's a matter of pass and surpass. It's a matter of the head and it shows in the deeds of the hands.

**Porpoise a Fact Swimmer.**  
There is another mammal that is so fast no one has ever been able to find out how fast he is. This is the porpoise. The porpoise can do stunts in front of the fastest boat that travels the bounding wave and when he is through after several hours of clowning he flirts his tail and nonchalantly speeds beyond the horizon. The porpoise will do his tricks under the bow of a nine-knot cargo tramp or a 22-knot ocean greyhound. He is like the antelope in that he sets his pace according to the speed of the pursuer.

**POULTRY CACKLES**

**CARING FOR GROWING CHICKS**

Essentials to Best Growth Are Good Coops, Cleanliness, Feed, Water and Free Range.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The care of growing chicks, especially during warm weather, is most important, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. Every boy or girl member of a poultry club should give them the best of attention if success is to be had. The baby chicks may be smart little fellows from strong, vigorous parent stock, and they may have been brooded carefully for the first two or three weeks, but unless they receive proper care and management during their later growing period they will not develop properly, and many of them will be lost through disease or sickness. The chief essentials to proper growth are good coops or houses, cleanliness, proper feed and water, shade, and free range.

Every coop or poultry house used for growing chicks should be kept clean at all times. Sickness or disease starts usually in unclean quarters, and in such places lice and mites are al-



Young incubator chicks allowed to run out on government farm at Beltsville.

ways more plentiful. Coops and houses should be cleaned and sprayed once a week, and clean shavings, chaff, or sand put on the floor. Examine the chicks and houses often for lice and mites, and if found they should be got rid of at once by following the directions in Department Circular 16, Lice, Mites and Cleanliness, which may be had, free, upon application to the division of publications, United States Department of Agriculture.

A variety of feeds, with fresh, clean water, is necessary if chicks are to grow properly. Perhaps the three most necessary for rapid growth are grain feed, green feed and dry mash. Poultry specialists of the department say that in addition to the green feed and dry mash, which should be provided regularly, a grain mixture should be fed night and morning, giving as large a quantity as the chicks will eat clean, but no more. A good grain mixture for growing chicks consists of three parts cracked corn, two parts wheat, and two parts hulled oats. When available, kafir or rolled or hulled barley may be substituted for hulled oats. In localities where hulled oats, kafir, or rolled barley cannot be obtained, or are too expensive, a mixture of cracked corn and wheat only may be fed until the chicks are old enough to eat whole oats, when two parts may be added to the corn and wheat mixture.

In addition to green feeds and grain, dry mash should be kept before growing chicks at all times after they are three or four weeks old. It is best to feed it in a hopper inside the building, or where it will not be exposed to rain or wet. Here is a good dry mash mixture: Two pounds corn meal, two pounds middlings, one pound oatmeal, two pounds wheat bran, one pound beef scrap and one-fourth pound charcoal. Grit and oyster shell also should be provided.

**SMALL FLOCK IN BACK YARD**

Two Hens for Each Member of Family Are Recommended as Best by Poultry Specialists.

The average novice can reasonably expect to get an average of at least 10 dozen eggs per hen per year from his small flock in the back yard. On the basis of two hens to each member of the family this will give 20 dozen eggs a year to each person, which amount is about halfway between the average of farm and city consumption. No backyard poultry keeper should be satisfied with less than this, say poultry specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. Every backyard poultry keeper should try to get as much more as possible. To provide an egg a day for each person, two hens would have to lay 183 eggs each a year.