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TONTO BEAR—By Zane Gre

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OCTOBER 8, 1923.

AFTER three weeks of hard riding over the sage uplands of Utah and the wind-carved rock wilderness and red cañons characteristic of that vast desert country, what strange relief and delight to come again into the Tonto Basin, with its endless rolling green forest land, its golden crags, its murmuring streams and purple ranges!

It had been a rainy season, and the roads were not dusty and dry, nor the slopes barren of grass. I was glad to reach the limit of wheels at the old schoolhouse, where we waited for saddle and pack horses and burros. But they did not arrive that night. We camped on the open bench, around which Tonto Creek made music harmonious with the sighing of wind in the pines. The solitude had a note of intimacy so different from the austere and terrible aloofness of the desert. The white stars appeared larger, closer, more real, less pitiless. Tonto Creek ran on with its low roar, away into the black shadows of the forest.

So it seemed that my appreciation of this wild wooded Basin, and my love for it, had been augmented by contrast with the stark and grim and grand stone land of Utah.

Next morning, while waiting for my men to come for the outfits, we interviewed some campers near at hand, and several others who were returning from the Rim. All reported no game—no sign—no adventure of any kind.

About nine o'clock my bear hunter, Babe Haught, with his sons, Edd and George, arrived from up the creek with a string of burros; and a little later Sam Haught rode in with my saddle horses, which he had taken care of during the winter, spring and summer. All the Haughts looked the same. What was a year to them? Haught strode as stalwart and rugged a mountaineer as when I had last seen him; and the boys were the same lean, rangy, still-faced and bronzed riders I remembered so well. I recognized the wide black sombreros, the long spurs and, in some cases, the very jackets they had worn last fall. Edd said he was "a-rarin' to go." Virdie assured me he "shore was fine," and the others answered as pertinently.

To Haught I said: "Well, old hunter, are there any bears this fall?"

HIS rugged seamed face lighted with a smile and he winked at me. But at the moment he vouchsafed no more information. We fell busily to the task of packing and getting ready for the trip up the mountain to my hunting lodge under the Rim.

The horses looked well. They were fat, and full of vim. Sarch, the big bay usually ridden by my brother R. C., had grown in bulk and also in spirit. The boys said he liked to prance and pitch a little. Nig appeared the same meek, patient, sure horse of old, with perhaps a touch of gray in his black hair. Tin was as round as a barrel and a much improved horse. Whitey had somewhat too much "pep," as Edd called it, to suit me. My chestnut, Sorrel, had sustained a severe injury during the summer

but appeared none the worse for it. Night, long my favorite horse, was not so spirited perhaps. He looked as noble, as splendid in his glossy black perfection, but he seemed less fiery than he had been last fall when I did not attempt to ride him.

During my September trip to Utah I had happened upon an extraordinary bit of luck in the purchase of the finest horse I ever saw. He was Colorado bred, from a country famous for its fine horses, and I bought him only through the need of money of his owner. Brutus had been his name, which I did not change. I rode him for three weeks, every day of which only added to my admiration for him. Since the loss of White Stockings I had not taken my old interest in horses. With Brutus, however, it returned and when I left Kayenta I gave instructions to have him brought across the desert to Flagstaff, and thence down into the Tonto Basin, three hundred miles in all. I wondered whether this new environment would verify my impressions of him.

We rode up the familiar trail, through the piñons and junipers, under the pines, along the amber-colored stream, where the autumn leaves were floating; and over the manzanita ridges, to the open level under the Rim, where the hunting lodge stood.

HOW the Rim towered, gold and red, and black fringed against the blue! The day was sunny, with a warmth that made the shade welcome.

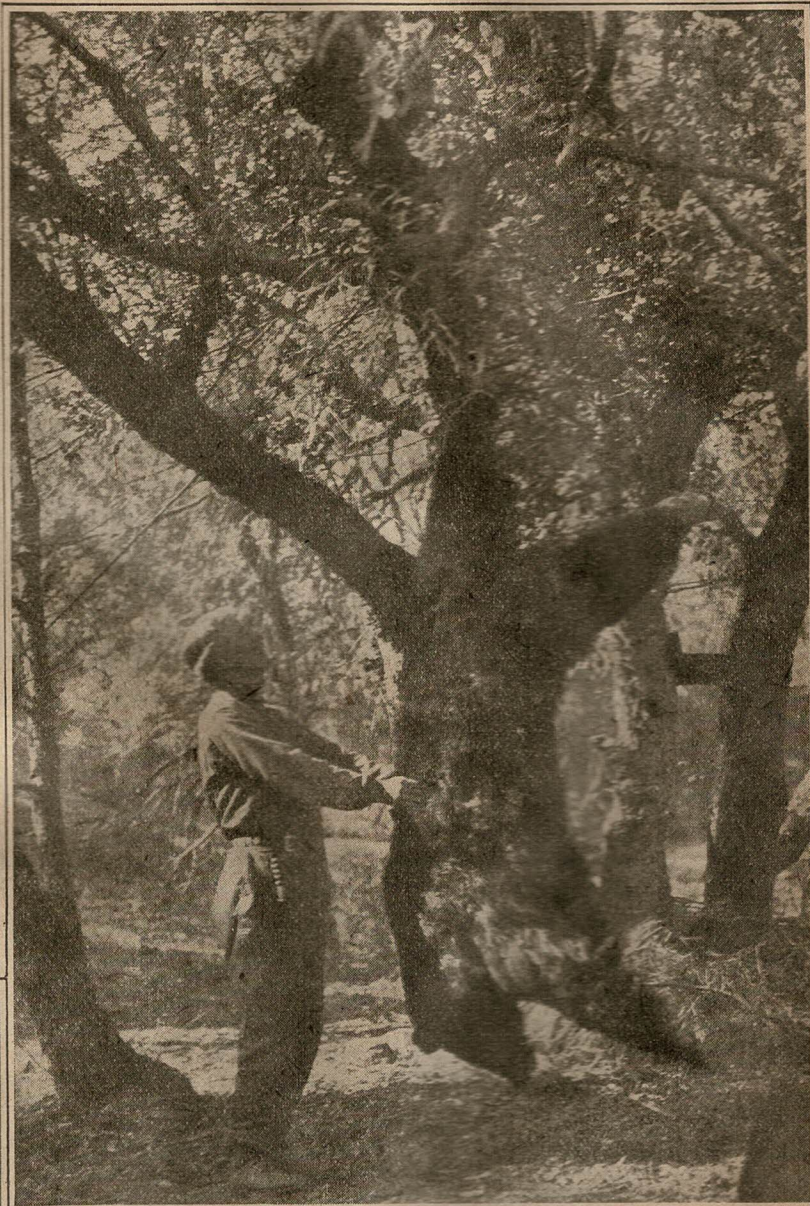
It took about all day to unpack and clean, and fix things in a comfortable way. I made the usual discovery—I had packed in a good deal of which I had no need. George Takahashi worked like a beaver, and the culmination of his efforts was the baking of an apple pie the like of which never before delighted hungry campers. I have starved so often on many trips into lonely and barren land that occasionally I take great delight in a good meal.

Haught came over after supper and stood as usual, back to the fire.

are breakin' branches with them. Big sweet acorns thet b'ars love. It's been a queer summer. Lots of rain. The acorns turned yaller in August, an' b'ars was feedin' on them in September. Never seen the like of thet! I seen some oak trees all plastered with mud. B'ars had climbed them in wet weather.

"When you don't see a lot of b'ar sign all over it means the b'ars have found mast an' are located. Hunters have come along an' reported no b'ar sign this fall. But they don't know where to look. I'm gamblin' we drive b'ars out of Tonto Cañon an' Dick Williams, an' all these little cañons. An' when we come to drive Horton Thicket we want to plan careful, for we'll shore find ten or fifteen b'ars located thar."

As Haught was not given in the least to exaggeration, this news from him gave me a thrill. We talked over the best possible way to drive Horton Thicket and made



Plenty of Bear Meat in Camp



George Takahashi Triumphantly Brought in a Turkey

"I bet you we get a b'ar the first day," he said.

Whereupon I hastened to wager him a new suit against a couple of lynx hides that we would not do anything of the sort.

"Wal, we shore have the best crop of acorns I ever seen hyar in my life. None down in the Tonto, but under the Rim an' on top the trees

conjectures as to the whereabouts of the two bald-faced grizzlies we had reason to remember, and also of the big silvertip that had held the hounds in check during the hunt last year.

"Wal, I reckon we got a run out of thet old Jasper this spring," said Haught. "Me an' the boys an' Ham Eubanks went out one day, an' put the pack on a fresh track I had seen. They jumped him, an' run him right past where Ham was. Not thirty feet! Ham said he was scared some, but didn't want to shoot because there was eight dogs hangin' to the b'ar. I asked him why he didn't shoot at the b'ar's haid, an' he said he couldn't tell which end thet was."

Turkey and deer sign had been scarce, and from what little riding the Haughts had done this fall they were inclined to think both deer and turkey were far down back of the Rim. In wet seasons, such as this summer and fall, all game was hard to locate. As far as I was concerned,



Zane Grey on the Rim of Tonto Basin, With its Endless Rolling Forest Land, its Golden Craggs and Purple Ranges

the harder that was, the better pleased I would be. I could not abide hunting that was not strenuous.

OCTOBER NINTH.

DURING the night the wind rose and roared about the lodge. The sky clouded over, and at daylight a heavy, broken mass of gray clouds came sailing out of the south, just touching the tips of the highest hills in the Basin. It was an impressive sight to see the dark green rolling forest stretching away under this blanket of cloud. When these clouds reached the Rim they obscured it at east halfway down.

Then came the gray storm, enveloping all. It rained for a few hours, not in a torrent, as is usual in the Tonto, but enough to wash out all old tracks in the trails. Late in the afternoon the clouds broke and the sun shone again. By evening the weather had cleared.

We expected frost, but were wrong. Next morning was cool and bright, with a breeze. I took up a rifle and wandered down the trail to where Tonto Creek rushes through its boulder-strewn gorge, under the great pines and spruces. Soon I was deep in the forest, and it was as if I had found something precious. Dark and cool shade, slants of sunlight, down-dropping leaves from sycamore and maple, the slow swaying of branches, the roar of the stream and the wind overhead—these led me on and on, farther than I had ever been before.

It was an uneven forest floor, hardly one to traverse at anything but a laborious walk. Following the stream was not always possible, as windfalls and gorges and masses of rock made the going almost impassable. Many places I halted to rest, and I would look and listen without thinking. I did not expect to see any game, nor did I care. Weeks on the glaring naked desert of Utah made this wild shaded forest retreat doubly a delight.

OCTOBER ELEVENTH.

THE morning broke clear and fine, without a cloud. We expected R. C. to arrive at the schoolhouse on Tonto Creek about ten o'clock, and we were to be there to meet him. I rode Night for the first time since his return to the West. He appeared more gentle, not so restive or prancy, yet still spirited withal. I observed he had not lost his hard trot—something that had always been a trial to me.

We reached the schoolhouse before my brother and Sid arrived. Soon, however, they drove up, and leaving the car, took to the horses, and in an hour's ride were at the lodge. R. C. was full of news from home, of the singularly poor fishing results after our departure from Avalon, of how son Romer complained of being left behind to go to school.

The rest of that day we spent packing for the camp trip up to the Rim. With all our preparation, however, we did not get an early start next morning. It took all of Haught's burros, nine in number, and eight pack horses to hold our outfit, and they did not get started until eleven o'clock. But we set off earlier and arrived at Beaver Dam at two-thirty. The familiar trails and colors and places appealed strongly to me. Beaver Dam camp still had much evidence of our former sojourns there. But the windbreaks and fireplaces were fallen to pieces. The creek was full of clear snow water, and running—a feature I had not seen on former trips. The wet summer and fall accounted for so much water.

While waiting for the packs to come we cut spruce boughs for beds. To my surprise Haught's pack outfit arrived very soon, and by dark we had camp ready for the night. That evening, just before dark, George Takahashi triumphantly rode in with a turkey. He had espied six, and crawling upon them had made a good shot. "He no move after I shoot," said George. "Just flop over. I shoot at others, but they run too fast."

That night I awoke several times to hear the moan of the wind in the pines, a long-loved sound, and one never anything but sweet.

OCTOBER THIRTEENTH.

WE SPENT the day in making camp as comfortable as possible, in cutting and dragging firewood, making a corral for the horses, and sundry other tasks both pleasant and difficult. That night I was awakened at about ten o'clock. The wind was moaning, almost roaring. I heard a faint light patter of snow on the tent. It made me shiver. I was reminded that on two former occasions we had been snowed in here at Beaver Dam and had extreme difficulty in getting down off the Rim. The date of the snowstorm for 1922 was October thirteenth, and the fact seemed a foreboding of ill fortune. I lay awake a good deal, worried in mind. The snow pattered, off and on, all night. In the morning we found the ground white in places, and a thin drizzling snow falling. But the wind was cold and from the north, which was an indication that there would not be a heavy storm. Haught said it would not amount to much. But all morning I was concerned. After noon, however, the snow ceased, the clouds broke somewhat and it looked as if the weather might clear toward sunset. The wind continued from the north, but was growing softer and warmer.

I took my rifle and climbed the timbered benches back of camp, really not expecting to see any game. But not ten minutes' walk from the camp fire I heard the peculiar and thrilling call of wild turkeys. The Haughts name this sound a yelp, and it was something like that. I was all strung in a moment and slipping in the direction of the

calling. I had to climb, and as I hurried and was not used to the altitude, I soon was completely out of breath. This came at an inopportune moment.

Almost at once I saw big gobblers strutting down the ridge, and as they caught the wind, which was blowing straight from me to them, they halted and began an excited put-put-put. Two of them stood up straight and still and peered in my direction. That moment was when I should have shot. But I waited, hoping they would come nearer. One did, a bronze fellow I had not seen. Next I saw a dozen or more farther back. They were all excited and manifestly had caught my scent. So hurriedly and breathlessly, as it were, I aimed and shot at the nearest gobbler. Of course I missed him. They scurried away. I chased them up the ridge, through a pine thicket and towards a deep cañon to my left. This they flew over before I could get there. I saw one big black gobbler climbing fast, high on the cañon ridge opposite. I fired and a puff of white dust flew from a stone directly under him. He gave a bounce and ran out of sight.

GOING down the cañon was easy. I slid over the fragrant pine-needle slope. But climbing the opposite side was another matter. I rested half a dozen times. When I neared the top I heard the turkeys again. This made me rush up, something I should not have done. I knew it too. When I got to the top I was gasping for breath.

I heard the turkeys in a thicket about seventy-five yards in front of me, but could not locate them. Whereupon I slipped from tree to tree, looking to the left, where I thought they were. Presently, however, I peeped to the right side of a tall pine and there, not fifty yards away, stood two big black gobblers watching me. As I threw up my rifle they ran, and all at once, it appeared, the whole flock ran off in a bunch. It was such a wonderful sight that I almost forgot my gun. When I did shoot I was so out of breath and shaky that I missed. They were running fast and now I could not get the sights on one. Suddenly, however, a huge purple-and-bronze gobbler stalked out from the thicket and moved away. I ought to have been able to shoot his head off. I was too sure, too excited, too exultant, and also still too breathless. I missed him. But he did not appear frightened. He kept walking, thus affording me another opportunity. He seemed to have grown more stately in manner. I shook as I aimed at him again. The rifle wobbled. But I shot—and never touched him. With that he ran like a deer.

Chagrined and angry I ran after him, and in the general direction of the flock. The wet pines drenched me to the skin. At last I gave out and had to rest. The flock had scattered and were yelping all around me. But not one

(Continued on Page 28)



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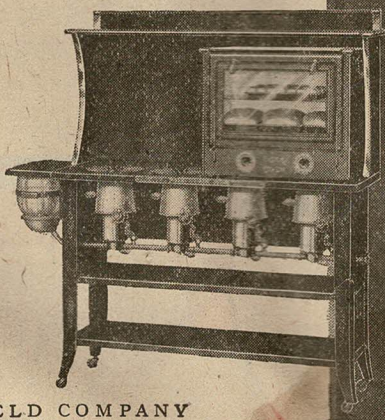
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BOSS OIL-AIR STOVE

Tonto Bear

(Continued from Page 7)

came in sight. They drew away, and at length I heard them no more. I returned to camp, cold and wet and disgusted. It always seemed that I could not restrain the boyish emotions at sight of wild game.

October sixteenth dawned cold and keen, with clear sky, still air and white frost on grass and logs. It was ideal weather, and the disappointing yesterday was forgotten. The cowboys, Con and Albert, had arrived the day before with my new horses; and when I saw Brutus I did not care whether we had any good hunting or not. It would be enough just to ride him.

He did not show the least bad effect from the long ride from Northern Arizona, and appeared as fresh as ever. He was a big dark-mottled bay, very glossy of skin, and he had the noblest head and finest eyes I had ever seen in a horse. He appeared to remember me, which fact gave me exceeding pleasure.

HOW crisp and sharp the morning air, how fragrant the forest as we rode up to Haught's camp! The aspen leaves were falling like flakes of gold. Rock and Sue and Queen and all the hounds leaped up round us, and barked and bayed, wild for the hunt. We were soon off, riding up the trail under the spruce, over the rocks and pine mats. I saw fresh turkey tracks in the frost. When we got up on the Rim the sun was just tipping the pines on the far side of the cañon. We had made a careful plan for this hunt of Horton Thicket. Edd and Virgie were to go down into the cañon with the hounds and wait for my yell from the extreme point of Promontory. Then they were to let the dogs loose. Jess Smith had the only stand on the north side of the cañon. Haught took his old stand far up at the head, where the cañon narrowed to a ravine. He never could get anyone else to stay there. It was so far from the place where the bears usually ran that but seldom could the hounds be heard. But Haught had killed bears there. Often they would slip up before the hounds had caught a trail. R. C. and Takahashi had stands on the south rim of the thicket, not far apart. Sid and Albert were free to ride where they liked. George and Roy Haught were to ride ahead of the hounds. My stand was of my own selection, one I had often wanted to try but had never yet risked. It was a flat-topped crag, jutting out far under the Rim, on the west side of Promontory, across the point from Horton Thicket. If any bears ran round from the thicket I would have a fine chance of seeing them.

At last I got down to the place I had so long wanted to stand on. It was a flat rock some twenty feet across, the end of this jutting cape, and looked down on the gorges and oak and maple thickets, and the spruce thickets, and roughest kind of ground. I had not missed my guess about this stand.

It was a wonderful place to be, whether or not I saw any bears. Above me the jagged yellow Rim towered, zigzagging to north and south, and under it the cliffs, crags, benches, ledges soared in apparently unscalable steepness. Soon I espied George and Roy Haught on the extreme southern point of the Rim. From the northern point a ridge sloped down less precipitously and ended in the oak brush through which bears always ran when driven out of Horton Thicket. It appeared that all the Basin lay beneath me, rolling and green and grand, away to the Mazatzals, clear in the morning light. North and west the main Rim wandered, lofty and level, a broken line, with league-long capes sloping down into the Basin.

THERE was not a breath of wind and as the sun had not yet tipped the Rim above me, the flat crag and the slopes even with it were all dark in shade. It was still cold down there. And the silence was impressive. The only sound that broke on my ear was the low roar of Horton Creek. Any moment I expected to hear the hounds. But no barks or bays broke upon my hopeful ears. It was a place to revel in. Gradually I lost my hunting instinct and fell prey to the remoteness and inaccessibility of my lonely crag and to the beauty and majesty of the colorful abyss below.

The time passed swiftly. Soon the cool shade retreated upward and my crag stood in bright warm sunlight. I sat there a long time, waiting for something sure to happen.

Presently I saw a horse and rider come out of a pine grove far below and to the north. The rider was Edd, whom I recognized by his red shirt. He had the little black dog Bobbie with him. Edd sat motionless on his horse for some time, evidently listening for the hounds over the ridge in Horton Thicket. I could not hear them, and so had no certainty that the drive was on. But Edd's appearance there was significant. A trail wound below, and if the hounds chased a bear round on this side Edd could ride along the trail and stand some chance of keeping up with them.

After a while he got down and climbed the ridge to a bare spot and stayed there a while. Then he mounted and rode down out of sight. The last I saw of him he was heading south.

The time came when I concentrated my gaze on the ridge to the north. It was tipped with an oak thicket, yellow in the sunlight.

ALL at once I heard the shrill cry of a frightened turkey; then the sound of strong wings flapping in the brush. Next a flock of turkeys flew in every direction out of the oak thicket at which I had been gazing so intently. Something had frightened them. I listened more keenly for the hounds and looked as never before.

Then a big red bear ambled out of the thicket into the sunlight. He was a cinnamon, one of the meanest of the species. I aimed, covering the moving form with the front sight, and fired. The bear dived into a spruce thicket, and while I peered with abated breath the report of my rifle cracked wonderful far-reaching echoes from the cliffs. The cinnamon bear did not come out of that thicket, at least into my sight.

Behind me the rocks began to roll, and a little later there came up the unmistakable crashing of an animal in the brush. It was a bear, and certainly not the one I had shot at. Still not a sight or sound of the hounds! I got up and stood on the brink of my crag, rifle ready, peering down into that slope of thickets. The crashing went on, and suddenly, from another direction high up, came the sound of rolling rocks. My excitement began to make restraint difficult. I was all alone and there appeared to be bears everywhere.

At last I saw a long round brown bear slipping under the edge of an open patch and quick as a flash I shot at him. I heard my bullet hit, but it did not hit the bear. He disappeared. From below came up Edd's melodious call: "Smoke him—smoke him!" He had ridden up on another one of the ridges, but I could not see him.

THE brush moved in places and I saw that the direction of this movement led toward the widest open patch in that thicket. It was just at the top of one of the long sloping brushy ridges that led down into the Basin. The bear came out, climbing fast. I shot twice, both bullets striking up the dust close to him. A third shot made him wheel to the descent and crash into the brush. I had turned him down, possibly hit him. Then I yelled to Edd: "Look out! He's heading down the ridge!"

From the crashing that bear made he must have been going fast. When he got out of the oak thicket into the timber I could no longer hear him. A little later Edd's rifle awoke the echoes—four shots in all. But as he did not yell I concluded he had failed on long shots.

The only open place I could see on that ridge was a sunny glade under a pine. On that I centered my gaze. How amazing it was to see the brown bear leap right into it! An instant after that Edd's rifle cracked and the bear went down. I saw him lurch and wrestle, and was traiping my own rifle on him when the little dog Bobbie began to attack him. The bear got up—a furious wounded beast. Then he appeared to be knocked down again. I saw him fall before I heard Edd's second

(Continued on Page 30)



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(Continued from Page 13)

shot. Three more shots followed with wonderful rapidity. The bear was wrestling and rolling. Little Bobbie ran in, was knocked aside. He ran in again, this time to hold fast. I saw him swinging with the bear's movements.

Then someone from the far point yelled down to Edd: "Hey, did you get him?" It was George's voice. I saw him silhouetted against the sky, rifle in hand, gazing down.

Edd's clear answer soared up: "Bear meat for supper!"

I watched until the bear lay still and Edd came into sight to pull Bobbie loose. Then I became aware of more rolling rocks and crashing brush far to my left, and also high up under the great wall upon which George stood. I heard it distinctly. It was made by a bear working round under the cliff toward the south. "George," I yelled, "there's a bear going round your point."

I SAW George run back in among the trees and mount his horse. The crack of iron-shod hoofs broke the silence. Then I stood there watching and listening, ready for anything. Pretty soon George began to shoot from far beyond the point where I had seen him. His rifle gave forth a flat spanking sound. He shot four times. Then followed a period of silence. Edd had left the dead brown bear where it had fallen. George was not in sight. The vastness and silence of the place seemed to fasten down on me. Naturally I kept my gaze riveted on the point George had left.

Suddenly I was electrified to see a huge black bear come hurtling round the corner of rock, to run swiftly as a rabbit on the steep slope, high up under the Rim. He disappeared under the trees, then came into sight. It was a long shot for me, and he was moving so fast it seemed incredible. I tried to get the sight on him, but my bullet struck white from the rocks behind. I was using one hundred and eighty grain bullets, too heavy for eight hundred yards. But I kept trying and in five shots had one come really close. The bear disappeared in the curve of the Rim.

I loaded my rifle quickly and then watched high up over the ridge next to me. I heard the bear before he came in sight. He was rolling the rocks. But it appeared he got round the corner of that section of Rim before I espied him, for when I did see his shiny black furry form it was so close I had a distinct shock of something besides thrilling excitement. He was now running downhill, almost toward me, and his speed was something to make me take time. But I wasted five shots as he crashed round the slope, through brush and among the rock jumbles, and all I accomplished was apparently to make him run faster and more in line with me.

WHILE I reloaded, with frantic speed, there flashed through my mind a warning of Haught's: "Never shoot at a bear above you. He can get down to you in two jumps!"

I meant to obey that admonition. But a second later, when the bear appeared above me on the crest of my narrow ridge, a panting furious beast headed right at me, I could not stand there to await developments. One step backward would send me to death over the precipice, and a few steps to either side would result the same way. I had to shoot quick, and I did so, a flash shot that missed. Like a great furry rubber ball he landed on the rocks some fifty yards above me. Indeed, the descent now was so steep that he could have reached me in two jumps.

As I worked the lever of my rifle I heard a sharp crack of bullet against rock,

and I saw a puff of white right under the bear. George was shooting from the far point. The bear swerved and leaped out of my sight behind pine saplings. This frightened me. I could not afford to lose sight of that bear so close above me on this narrow ridge of broken rock. I stepped to the left as far as I dared. Meanwhile George was shooting fast. His bullets made a springing sound from the rocks. Then I saw the bear. He was closer, moving with amazing celerity—a huge beast instinct with fear and fury. I had to shoot through pine foliage, but my second shot knocked the animal down. He scrambled up, fiercely enraged, and disappeared. Then I was really scared. Soon I saw him leaping, still quartering down my ridge. It seemed he had wings. I could not get the sight on him. His long black body rippled up over the rocks. He encountered a cliff, wheeled to the right and leaped. As he landed I shot again. I heard the bullet hit flesh instead of rock. He made some kind of sound, low and hard, and slid backward, down over the rocks. I thought I had him stopped. But he piled over the ledge to my left, out of my sight. I heard him moving slowly. At length this sound ceased.

I YELLED. George heard me and answered me he would come. But Roy and Albert arrived before him and called down to me.

"Look sharp!" I replied. "There's a bear under you."

I saw them stoop over the rocks and peer down. Suddenly Albert leaped up in great excitement.

"Here he is. Right under me," he shouted.

"What's he doing?" I called.

"He's lying down. Gee! he's big as a horse!"

"All right. Watch him close while I climb up," I replied.

He was the largest black bear I had ever seen, and was so heavy he had to be dragged out by a horse. He was an ugly old pig killer, upwards of six hundred pounds in weight, and had little or no fat upon him. Haught said he had only recently come to the Rim country. His paw measured six inches across and nine in length.

WHEN all the men had got back to camp, which time was nearly dark, there were many interesting sidelights on the day.

Eight bear had been started and three had been killed.

Edd's story explained to me the rapidity of those last shots of his. My call to him had brought him up the ridge, down which my last shot had turned the brown bear. Edd's first sight of this bear was far up the ridge, and his shots had fallen short. He climbed on, fast as he could, and just as he entered the little sunlit glade I have mentioned before, the brown bear crashed through the brush on the opposite side and rushed at him. "Shore scared me!" ejaculated Edd. "He wasn't twenty steps off an' a-rarin' to get at me. He'd been hit. I knocked him down with my first shot an' I reckon I shot fast to keep him from gettin' up." Virdie, too, related the story of his exciting chase that netted a great black bear.

Edd's bear was too big to pack out on a horse, and so was Virdie's. We figured that the three bears weighed about fourteen hundred pounds. All the hides were fine and in splendid condition.

It took a whole day to pack the bear meat out of the cañon and skin out the feet. This is a particular job and requires patience and skill. I always got it wrong.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Idle Lands for Farms or Forests

(Continued from Page 13)

be seen. In general it is sure that the public wants such development as actually makes for contented and prosperous homes and that it is concerned with maintaining generous supplies of reasonably priced farm and forest products. Farmers, no doubt, have had enough back-to-the-land stuff for the present and are probably more interested in seeing the old land frauds put out of business than they are in helping new

farm-land reclamation booms get under way. When it begins to get difficult for a good farmer to find a good place to farm, it will be time to reclaim more land, perhaps. In the meantime why not get and deal with the facts?

There, then, are the main groups involved, each with its own point of view. But the thing is not so simple as that, for

(Continued on Page 32)