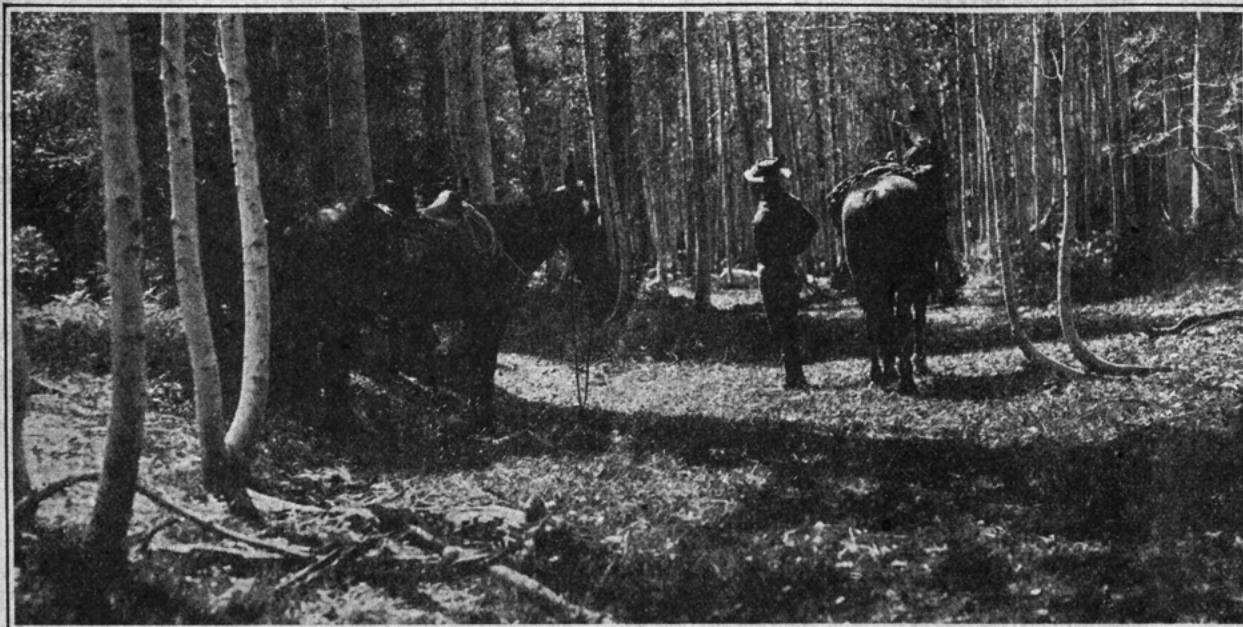


BEAR TRAILS—By Zane Grey



The Wild Mountain Scene Held the Same Old Charm

BEAVER CAÑON, October 3, 1922.

SEPTEMBER twenty-seventh was the date of my arrival in Flagstaff last year, and, as usual, my first question to Doyle was: "How are the horses?" His reply was, as usual, that they were fine, but this time there seemed something lacking in his response. I passed it over without curiosity and inquired how my horse, Night, had stood the trip west.

In August Doyle had gone east to my place at Lackawaxen, Pennsylvania, to fetch Night back to the ranch in Arizona. Seven or eight years ago I had bought Night, Black Star and Blanco Sol from Wetherill, the Navajo trader who lived out on the Painted Desert. They were wonderful horses. I had a cowboy take them east, where for years they afforded me a great deal of excitement and happiness. Black Star and Sol never became well acclimated, and they died, much to my sorrow. But Night thrived in the East. As years went by more and more of my time was spent in the West, until finally I took up my residence in California. Night was left behind in Pennsylvania. This gave me sore grievance, and always I intended to send for him.

Perhaps the advent of my new and wonderful horse, White Stockings, caused my conscience to twinge. Anyway, in August, 1922, Night was brought back to the uplands of Arizona, and how he responded to his old environment is part of this story. Doyle's report pleased me so that I forgot about White Stockings. Next morning, however, Doyle told me that a week before Stockings had broken his leg, and was now strapped up in a sling and a plaster cast. There was only one chance in a hundred to save him. This news was such a shock that I wanted to give up the hunt. I did not have the

courage to go out to the ranch to see the horse. If I had seen him suffering I would have shot him, and that would have been terrible.

The breaking of a horse's leg is a common incident to rancher or cowman; but to me, especially in the case of Stockings, it was a tragedy. It made me sick. Not only did it take away the thrill and zest of another long ride into the Tonto, through the pine forests, up and down the cañons, after the hounds, along the Rim, but it made me fear for Night, and doubt that I could find another horse to take the place of either. I had other fine horses, Sarchedon, Bullet, Nig, but I did not feel that I could ride one of them and get the old keen pleasure out of it.

R. C. AND WIBORN, my comrades, prevailed upon me and I sent Doyle south toward the Tonto with the horses, and Takahashi with a truck, while Captain Sid, my boatman at Avalon, drove our car as far as Payson.

Eventually we reached the Haught ranch and my hunting lodge. The wild mountain scene held the same old charm. And there were other things to help stir my enthusiasm.

Haught reported more bear and turkey than he had record of in twenty years. Some of the bears were meat killers, living on pigs and cows, and they were big. This, of course, was thrilling. It had been a very dry season. Water holes were few and far between, which fact, of course, meant that the hunting would be vastly better than during a wet season.

My own tame bears, Teddy and Topsy, had grown into good-sized bears, each weighing over 250 pounds, and they were just as tame and playful as ever. Teddy had to be kept chained because he would climb out of the pen and chase all over the ranch, making no end of trouble. He did not run off. He would always come back. But he chased the pigs and sheep. Topsy, however, was as much of a pet as an animal could well be.

Here at the ranch, when Doyle came, I had my first look at Night for several years. He had grown and was now at his best, a beautiful and magnificent horse. Black as shiny coal, clean limbed and graceful, powerfully built, with splendid head and noble arch of neck, wilder than when he had been a colt, he most assuredly was a horse to inspire admiration.

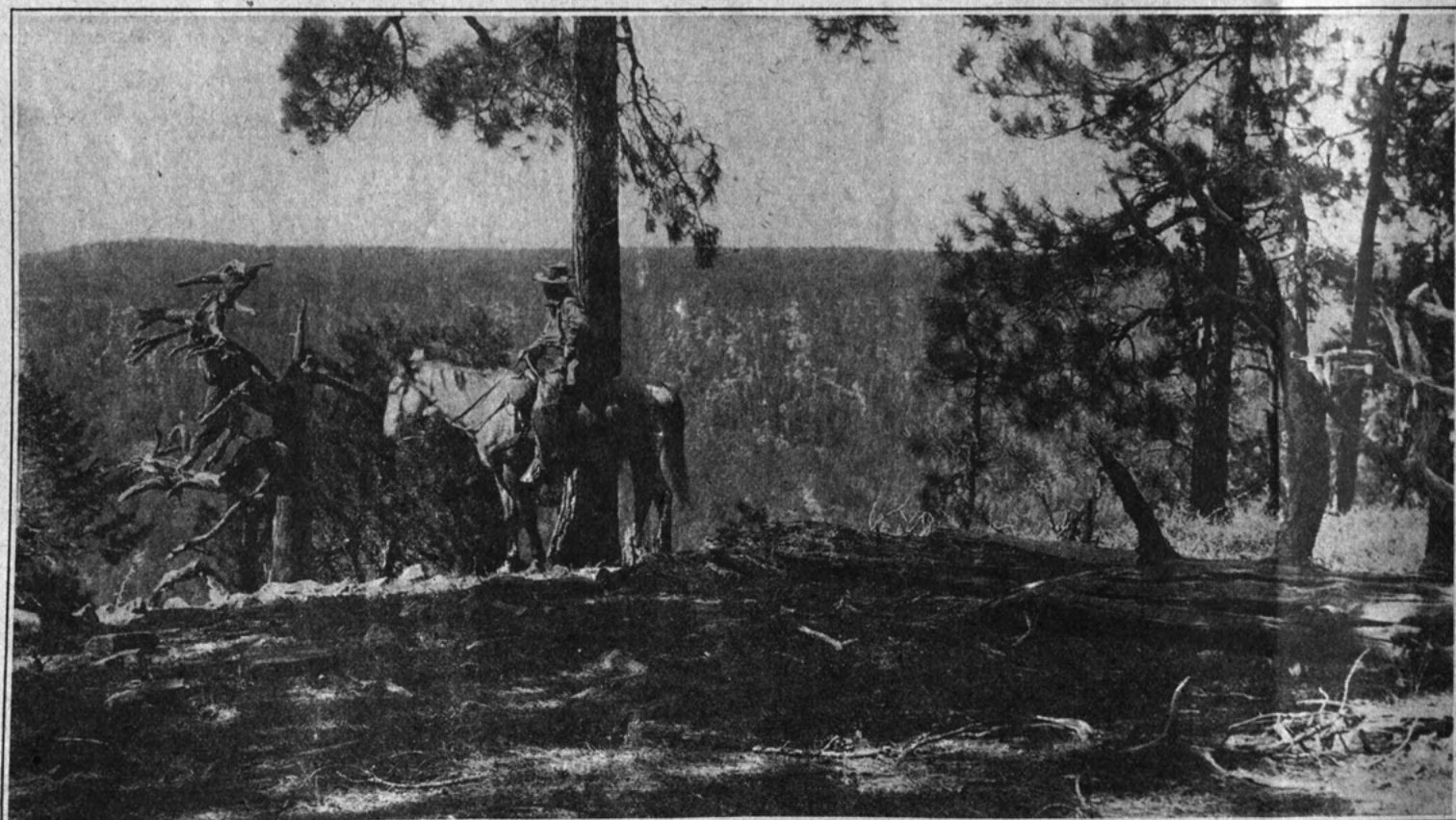
Doyle said: "He took the lead when we left Flagstaff and held it for the three days. I thought he'd run the legs off the other horses."

IT STRUCK me that Night had come back to his own. He had never forgotten. The smell of sage and pine, the wind off the desert, the open spaces, the loneliness of the uplands had never worn out of his blood. And when I saw him I knew that was how he felt. I was happy to have brought him back home, even though I might never be able to ride him. Night had always been a little too much horse for me. Not that he was mean or vicious. He was just too spirited for anyone who did not ride regularly. It was great to see him prance and lope around with head up and lord it over the other horses. They did not seem to note that something wonderful had happened to him. But he knew it.

On October second we packed at the ranch and climbed the Tonto Trail, up to the Rim, and down into Beaver Cañon, an all-day ride. Night arrived with Doyle and his men and he was in the lead when I saw the bunch come in sight up the cañon. That was a time when I could not catch him.

The Haughts, five in number, arrived before dark with fifteen packed burros and the hounds. There were new hounds I had not seen. Haught had gone to Louisiana and Texas for me; and he could find only three dogs that he would buy. These had great promise.

Takahashi had shot a buck on the way up, so the Haughts told me, and Captain Sid had stayed behind to help him pack it in. They were interesting indeed when they arrived, and surprised Doyle and me to the limit. Takahashi knew nothing of horses and Captain Sid was a tenderfoot. They had the deer tied high on the neck of the horse in the most amazing way imaginable. Captain Sid, who rode the horse, was beaming with pride. Doyle wanted to know how in the world they had got the deer up there.



It Had Been a Very Dry Season. Water Holes Were Few and Far Between, Which Meant That the Hunting Would be Vastly Better Than During a Wet Season

Whereupon Captain Sid told how the Jap had climbed to the saddle and stood up on it, pulling on the deer while Captain Sid lifted. Once they got it up they tied it securely in front of the saddle. Doyle had to laugh. The horse was a new one, an unknown quantity, and he had evidently been exceedingly patient. "Shore I'd never have tried that stunt," said Doyle. "It's a wonder he didn't kill them." We were all glad to have meat in camp.

After supper Haught came over to our camp and told of bear sign he had seen and heard of on the way up. A big grizzly had crossed the Tonto trail—slid off it, to be accurate. This sign R. C. had seen, but did not follow it up to find what had made it. That same morning a bear had wallowed in a mud hole half a mile from our camp and the night before, according to a man Haught had met on the trail, a brown bear had come into the camp of some hunters during their absence and chased a little boy out.

"Reckon we can't believe all we hear," said Haught, "but that bear along the Tonto is a big bear, unless he's a dwarf and has gone all to feet."

Haught told us he had found a belt of acorns high up along the Rim and when the bears found them we were going to have some chases.

"Big as your thumb an' solid an' sweet," he said. "Any old Jasper of a bear would walk a mile for just one of them."

OCTOBER FOURTH.

We scattered and rode in all directions on a scout to take count of game sign and conditions.

I found the ridge top between Beaver and Turkey cañons dry as tinder and rather hot and dusty, except in the aspen swales, where there were golds and greens and reds to make colorful the glens. Elk sign was everywhere, and a few old deer tracks and turkey tracks showed now and then. Turkey Creek was almost as dry as Beaver. The five or six miles that I covered did not offer very encouraging prospects.

VERDIA HAUGHT reported that the bear signs claimed by some hunters not of our party were elk signs, as we had calculated. R. C. reported some water in Carr Lake and myriads of turkey and deer tracks. Some wanton hunters had killed a bull elk near the water and, after cutting out a piece of meat, had left the carcass to rot and taint the water and the air. This is an instance of the kind of work following in the track of the automobile. R. C. saw three camps, two of them auto camps, and he said they spoiled the general atmosphere for him. The loneliness and wildness of the Mongollon Rim are gone forever. Soon the game and forests will follow. The Government forest service may need these auto roads, but the fact is they will ruin more area of forest than they will ever save. Why is it that every lake, river, stream and woods accessible to automobilists is very soon depleted of fish, game and beauty?

Edd Haught found some turkeys and shot two. The others reported very little sign of any kind.

TAKAHASHI reported one turkey and a lot of fun with Captain Sid, our tenderfoot, enjoying his first sojourn with us in the woods. George said: "Cap'n most 'fraid I get lost. He all time ask me where road was, an' I say, 'Road no go all over woods; we huntin'—you come on, I know way back camp.' After while I see tarkey, an' I call to Cap'n, 'Tarkey—tarkey!' But he no

get off horse. He just look. Then he said 'I see him—I see him!' But he never get off to shoot. So I jump off and shoot at tarkey an' miss him. I ask Cap'n why he no get off an' shoot tarkey, an' he said he never think of it. My goodness! I want him to have first shot. But all he think of was which way camp."

OCTOBER FIFTH.

Today we got up early. Fine clear morning with touch of frost. It made my fingers ache. We were rather late in getting ready, owing to change of saddles, girths and horses. I rode a new horse, an iron-gray, rather good-looking and well-gaited.

It was eight-forty-five before we got to the rim of Sea Cañon. The great yawning green basin rolled away to the south and east. I could see the gray patch called Pleasant Valley, about which I wrote my story To the Last Man. The Sierra Ancas showed dim in the distance, a mysterious, beckoning range. We all had different stands along the three-mile east rim of Promontory Point, and mine was about in the center. At ten-thirty the hounds opened up suddenly almost beneath me, and they chased a bear or a hot trail straight up the cañon. I rode hard to keep up with them, but the rocky ground and the necessity of heading little cañons soon put me out of the chase. So I made for the trail and camp, getting here at one o'clock.

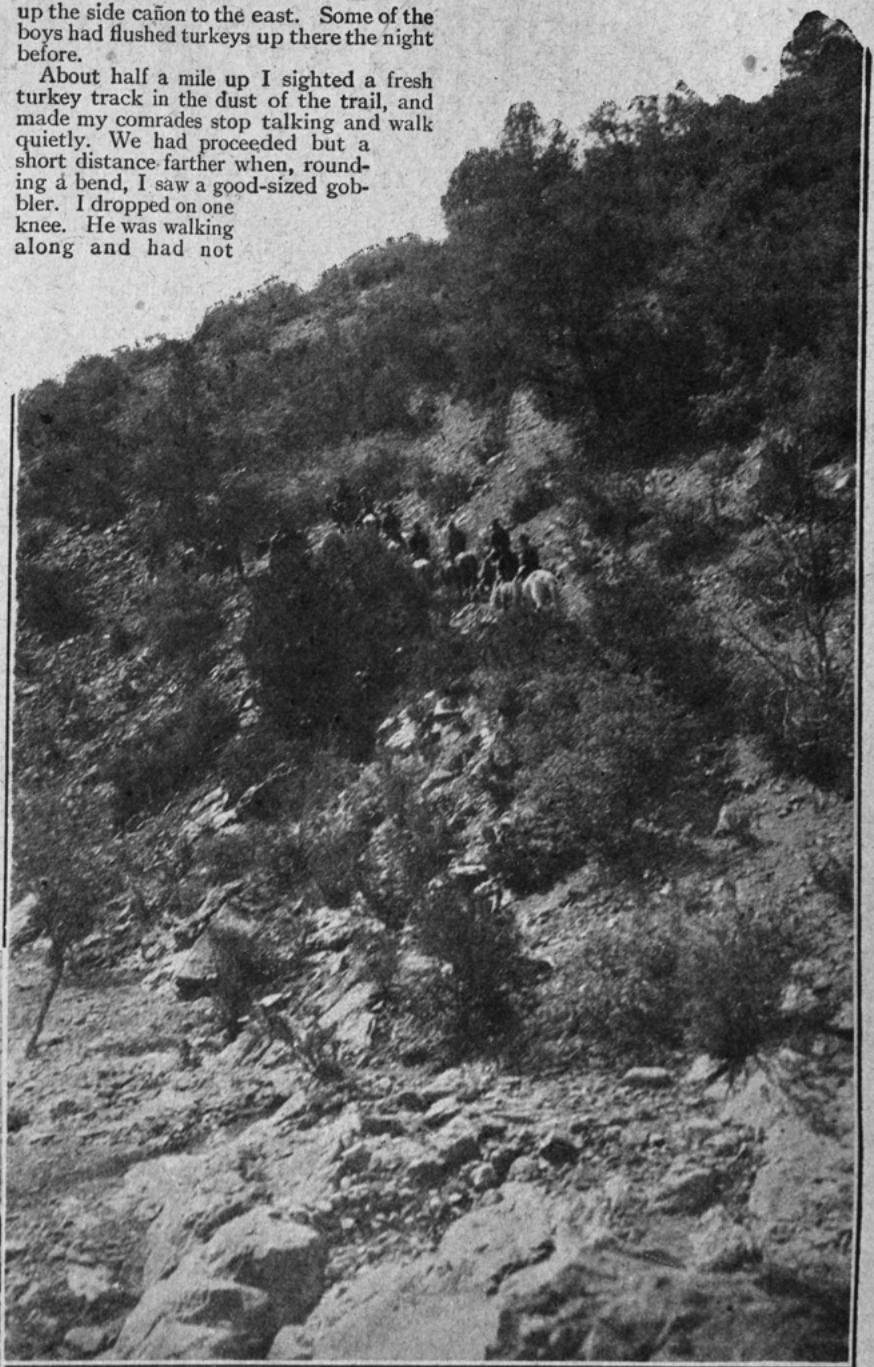
PROMONTORY POINT always had been a good place for turkey and deer. R. C. saw one buck track. I saw no game sign at all. One of the rocky tanks near the Rim was full of water, and that is a good factor to remember.

The day was cloudless, hot in the sun, cool in the shade, with a nice breeze. Just now the pines on the ridges are soughing with their beautiful forest song. It seems restful. The spell of the wild land has not yet come back to me. It holds aloof. My wonderland has been invaded and I am not responsive. Perhaps it will return. Besides I returned this year quite ill with a severe cold, and tired out in body and mind.

After supper R. C., Captain Sid and I walked

up the side cañon to the east. Some of the boys had flushed turkeys up there the night before.

About half a mile up I sighted a fresh turkey track in the dust of the trail, and made my comrades stop talking and walk quietly. We had proceeded but a short distance farther when, rounding a bend, I saw a good-sized gobbler. I dropped on one knee. He was walking along and had not



We Packed at the Ranch and Climbed the Tonto Trail

heard nor seen us. I did not see any others. Being excited and hurried, I did not get a good bead on this gobbler and I missed him. At the report he jumped fully ten feet in the air and at the same time there was a roar of wings.

"Big bunch of them!" yelled R. C.

I RAN out from behind the brush just as R. C. and Captain Sid shot and the cañon slope appeared alive with running and flying turkeys. R. C. signaled the success of his shot by a yell. And then I saw a big gobbler threshing and pounding the brush. I tried to aim at several, and failing I picked out three close together, small ones, running fast up the rocky slope. When I shot, one of them bounced up and fell over and then, pitching into the air, he flew across the cañon right in front of us. Captain Sid shot at him on the wing. Presently the turkey alighted on the slope high above us and ran here and there as if dazed. Captain Sid ran up and we yelled: "Drop your gun!" He did so and chased that bewildered turkey up and down until they both became exhausted. I called for Sid to get above the turkey, and upon complying he soon captured him. He was elated. "Hit—him on the wing, by—gosh!" he panted.

By this time the others were out of sight. But we heard several calling from the slopes and trees. Cautiously advancing we worked into the narrow path of the cañon and soon heard a gobbler calling. I was in the lead and stealthily stole along,

Suddenly I espied him up the slope on a log. As I raised my rifle to shoot he jumped off into the brush. I shot, nevertheless, and then again, but missed both times. He ran out into a clearing and Captain Sid shot, knocking him over.

We rested there and got out the turkey caller. It is a boxlike affair with a sliding lid and hard to operate. But it gives a splendid imitation of a turkey calling. From all sides rose the clamor of turkeys, most of them young. They were working away from us up the slope.

I had to follow. The slope was very steep, grassy in places and in others rocky and thick with brush where not heavily timbered. Soon I was out of breath, but I kept on. The gobblers were just on top and I began to get close. It was hard enough work to climb at all, but to do so without making noise was well-nigh impossible. Somehow I managed it.

WHEN I reached the top the turkeys were so close that I was afraid to move. One old fellow was suspicious with his shrill put—put—put. I moved a little and presently had a glimpse of five big gobblers stalking away. I could not get a bead on one of them. The brush was too thick. Near me a hen turkey was clucking to some of her scattered family. But I stole after the big bronze-tailed fellows. I got into open forest, with glades and aisles everywhere, and soon I espied my quarry, now fully 150 yards away. Twice I tried to steady my rifle and aim accurately. But I was too much out of breath and too excited. When at last I did pull trigger it was only to score another miss. With a loud whirr of wings the five gobblers flew up and across the cañon. Whereupon I stole back to look for

(Continued on Page 22)



Deer and Turkey Tracks Showed Now and Then

- radio will bring the whole Nation together -

IT is from the development of other resources of civilization, rather than from the present development of radio, that the farmers of the country can judge what radio will mean to them in the future. There is today one telephone for every nine persons in the United States. There is one automobile for every eleven persons. When these facilities were first established their future was in doubt.

It is because radio's future is no longer in doubt, and because its greatest service—next to the saving of life at sea and insuring unhampered communication with the rest of the world—should be to agriculture, that the Radio Corporation of America has been addressing these messages to the farmer.

Broadcasting, which is the means of sending information, entertainment and amusement to a large number of people equipped with receiving sets, eventually will bring the whole Nation closer together. An understanding of the way broadcasting stations are operated therefore will be helpful to the farmers.

The technical equipment of the modern broadcasting station consists of a powerful transmitting device, so actuated by an electrical current that the surrounding ether is caused to vibrate electrically in exact unison to the sound waves originating in the broadcasting station studio. These electro-magnetic waves are pushed out, so to speak, through the ether by the help of the antenna wires. The waves, spread out in all directions from the broadcasting stations, travel as far as the power of the sending station will permit. Thus 100 watts of electrical power may carry music and voices up to 50 miles; 250 watts may carry 100 miles, and so on. All that is necessary to intercept these broadcasted waves is to install a suitable home receiving set.

In general, the average broadcasting station can make itself heard many hundred miles distant.

The Radiola, which is the registered trade-marked product of the Radio Corporation of America, gives more at a smaller expense than any other known communication service now available to the farmer. It brings into the home at small cost many things which cannot be furnished by other means except at greater cost. It brings other things which cannot be brought by other means at any cost.

Within range of a broadcasting station there is no limit to the number of receivers that may listen in.

The broadcasting station performs its work in this way: The singer, or speaker, or the musical instrument, is in the studio of the station. The singer sings, or the speaker talks as he or she would before any large audience face to face. Near the performer and directly facing him is placed a delicate "pick-up" microphone transmitter, a refinement of the modern telephone set.

This microphone absorbs the various characteristics of the voice or musical instrument and passes it on to the radio transmitter which in turn transforms these weak electrical impulses into powerful electro-magnetic waves which are then led to the external antenna, and from there pushed out into space at the speed of light, or 186,000 miles per second.

The farmer who is within range of a broadcasting station needs only a receiving set to obtain the full benefits of this broadcasting in his own home. The words that are used by the Radio Corporation of America in its advertising, "There's a Radiola for Every Purse," is no mere catch phrase. The prices range from \$25 to \$350, depending upon the size, type and range of the set purchased.

All these sets are described in the general hand book of radio information, "Radio Enters The Home," price 35 cents. If you desire this book, the coupon is available for your order.

Radio Corporation of America

233 Broadway, New York

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This symbol of quality
is your protection

(Continued from Page 20)

for any purpose. When taking the eggs out to turn them it is a good plan to reverse the position of the trays when placing them in the machine.

Testing the eggs before the candle at least twice during the hatch, on the seventh and fourteenth days, is considered by most incubator operators a very desirable practice. If only a few eggs are to be tested, the egg trays can be removed to a dark testing room and each egg taken individually and held before a special candling machine, or held before a small opening in a box in which there is a strong light.

During hatching time it is an excellent plan to fasten a dark cloth over the windows in the front of the egg compartments so as to darken the machine. If the chicks can be kept quiet during and immediately after hatching, they will dry off more uniformly and come out of the incubator much better than if they are allowed to trample over one another in an effort to get to the front of the machine.

Furthermore, such practice tends to check the spread of infection such as white diarrhea, because in the darkness the chicks are unable to pick up a single piece of shell and droppings.

These, then, are a few of the most important problems which should claim our attention during the incubation month of March. Do not fail first of all to start the machine and operate it for a few days before the eggs are placed in their trays. Get it warmed up and regulated properly and see that the machine is in proper repair and ready to undertake the burden of the season's hatching.

Every poultry raiser at some time in his experience has been concerned with the problem of just when is the best time to hatch his chicks. Unquestionably March is the best month to hatch the heavy breeds such as Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Wyandottes. These birds require from four to six weeks longer to mature than the lighter Mediterranean strains, and so if they are to be brought into production at the proper time in the fall they should be hatched from a month to six weeks earlier than the lighter chicks.

March is the month when we should make our first substantial change in the proportions of mash and grain which the

birds are consuming. It is not necessary to change the mixture or the rations themselves, but it is desirable to begin gradually to cut down on the quantity of grain which we are feeding the birds. Up to this time they have been receiving from twelve to fourteen pounds of grain a day to 100 birds, depending upon whether they were illuminated or not. About the middle of March it is well to cut the grain about one pound to the 100 birds, and by the end of the month to cut it another pound, so that by the first of April lighted birds should be receiving about twelve pounds of grain and unlighted birds about ten pounds of grain. The reason for this cut is the fact that birds are now reaching their maximum production and they require much larger quantities of mash which carries high protein content in order to provide them with sufficient of this material from which to manufacture their increased egg yield.

And then again, the weather is much milder and they do not require such a high proportion of carbohydrates in their ration to keep their bodies warm. Induce the birds to consume during March all the mash that they can handle. This applies especially to the laying flocks. With the breeders it is not that very last egg we are after, but rather eggs which will hatch; so it is that with the breeding flocks, from which hatching eggs are being saved, the reduction in the grain ration at this time should be made more slowly.

Those who have been lighting their laying flocks throughout the winter, which method we trust resulted in a very attractive egg yield and a profitable one, now come to the time when their attention should be centered upon the problem of eliminating the lights gradually.

If one has been practicing the evening lunch method of illumination, the lights can be eliminated by each day turning them on fifteen minutes earlier, until in the course of a week the birds have gotten down to a point where their last heavy feeding will be given about sunset. If morning lights have been used, the prevailing practice is to retard the time of lighting about fifteen minutes each day until that time is reached when the birds will be fed their first heavy grain feed at daylight in the morning, after which the lights can be eliminated entirely until next fall.

Bear Trails

(Continued from Page 9)

others. I got on the trail of several young turkeys, like the one I had shot, and was in a fair way to get another when R. C. yelled from below: "Hurry down here!" I lost no time, although I lost my balance and some sundry bits of cuticle in getting down, and when I reached the boys at the bottom R. C. pointed at the top of a tall pine and said: "Knock him out."

Finally I espied a turkey in a very high pine and, tired out as I was and shaky, I proceeded to commend R. C. for his amazing generosity. It was hard to see that turkey, and the sight almost hid him. Upon my second shot he flew unhurt. R. C. and Captain Sid laughed loud and long. They had put a job up on me. "We couldn't hit him, so wanted you to try." They were delighted with my failure.

OCTOBER SIXTH.

Today we were up at daylight. The morning was not so cool as the preceding ones. There was no frost. Wiborn had reported sign of a big grizzly at Carr Lake and we were going after him. It was six miles to the lake and the sun was well up by the time we struck off the main trail down toward the lake. R. C. got in the lead and presently we came upon him dismounted, looking at tracks in the trail. The hounds surrounded him and all broke into baying at once. They were gone into the pine thickets in a flash.

"Some whopper of a bear," said Haight, "an' he's crossed the trail both ways. The dogs may have the wrong end."

We proceeded down to the lake. It was only a mud puddle now, and the dead and mutilated elk made a sorry sight. The way his body had been torn and the huge tracks of bear all around certainly gave us thrills. There was nothing to do but wait for the boys with the hounds. They were long in coming, and reported that the dogs had

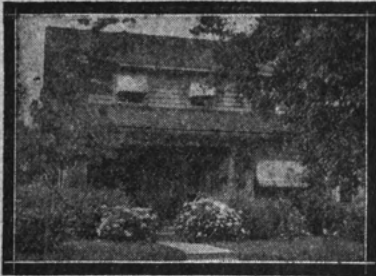
been on a pretty good trail. Haight let Rock and Queen loose to scent around the carcass of the elk. They did not get a fresh scent. "Two days old," said the bear hunter. But they trailed the grizzly around the lake, down into the woods under the acorn trees where he had been feeding, until Haight called them off. The sun was too hot for an old track. We went back to the trail R. C. had discovered and here the hounds gave tongue and ran this time toward the Rim. As before, the scent grew hard to catch on sunny bare ground. Then Haight decided to go back up to the main trail and put the pack on a small bear track Verdia had discovered.

It was now nearly eleven o'clock and too warm to hunt, at least for the dogs. But they took this third track in a hurry and dashed into the woods. There were five of the Haight's, and Lee Doyle, with his cowboys, besides Captain Sid, R. C., Wiborn and myself. We tore through the brush in a crashing roar. It was hard riding. In every open sunny spot Rock would lose the scent, and he held us back. But Queen kept on. The other hounds trusted more to Rock. When Rock circled and picked up the scent again he would bay and dart away, and we would smash through the brush after him. Thus we worked down into the deep, dark forest where Rock kept going lively, and we had a most difficult and hazardous time keeping him in hearing.

Rock led us up out of the deep forest on to the hot ridges, and there we lost track of that bear. Whereupon we rested and talked and waited for the dogs. We all were of the opinion that there were a good many bears in this neck of the woods.

OCTOBER SEVENTH.

I rode all day with Wiborn, over the ridges, up and down cañons, through the
(Continued on Page 24)

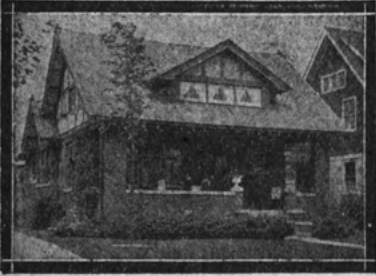


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(Continued from Page 22)

aspens swales and maple thickets, a long, wonderful ride of golden blaze and red flash and green maze.

I sighted two elk, one a huge bull, black-mantled, with a forest of antlers, and the other a yearling calf. They were rather wild and soon vanished.

At last I found a narrow, deep cañon, somewhere near the head of Turkey Cañon, and caught a glimpse of a mudhole where an elk had wallowed. We went down. Below the hole I found a small clear pool the margin of which was mapped by turkey tracks. And I found fresh tracks in the dust of a game trail.

Wherefore I took the horses up the cañon and tied them in a thicket. We took a position, the best the place afforded, on one side behind a fallen spruce. We could command all points except those directly behind us, and I remarked: "We have nothing to cut brush with to make cover. Surely we can't have the bad luck to have turkey come down right behind us."

Wiborn looked dubious.

We waited an hour or more. Suddenly I heard a stone rattle. "Deer," I whispered.

Then we heard the crisp low put—put—put—of suspicious turkeys. "Where?" I asked softly. "Right behind us. Close!" was Wiborn's tense reply. I thought a second. "No help for it. Turn softly—pick out one—and shoot." Then I twisted myself around with my rifle. I saw a big, shiny-black gobbler standing straight as a sentry. Behind him up the brushy slope extended a string of turkeys. I could not calculate how many. But surely ten dozen!

I LET Wiborn have the big gobbler, although it was a sacrifice. And I said: "Hurry! Shoot!"

"I can't turn round. You have all the room," he whispered.

"Hurry. One, two, three!" I replied, waiting for him.

But he could not—at least he did not shoot, and as the turkeys began to put—put and steal away I hurriedly aimed at one and fired. I turned him over, but he got up and ran away. Some flew like a flock of giant pheasants. Others ran into the brush. I could not get a bead on anything. Neither did Wiborn, and the turkeys were gone in a trice!

OCTOBER EIGHTH.

We were up at dawn. White frost, clear, dark in the woods, and nipping cold. We got an earlier start on this bear hunt and were up on the Rim by the time the sun rose. It was seven or eight miles over to where we wanted to hunt. R. C., Haught, Wiborn and some of the cowboys went on to the Ranger fire tower. I accompanied Edd, Verdia and George with the hounds. Just beyond the head of Bear Cañon we cut into the woods, and had not ridden 300 yards when Rock gave tongue and then all the other hounds. They piled into the thickets, with us after them.

I was riding the iron-gray, tender of mouth and not used to running over logs and rocks and through brush. But he did not do so poorly, and I grew encouraged. I essayed to keep the Haughts in sight and meant grimly to do it.

We followed the hounds all over the forest and in an hour or so were headed for the Rim. The dogs were going fast. The bobtail coon hound from Texas, one of my new ones, had led all the time, even winning Rock to follow him. He was in front and he crossed the road in sight of our men on the tower.

They made for the Rim, and soon were down in the aspen thickets and the deep hollows that run into the cañons. I got behind. But I could still hear the chorus of the pack and that kept me going. I got into a bad place and had to go back to cross a cañon. This put me farther behind.

I SOON caught up and found the men all out on a rocky point overlooking Sea Cañon. As I dismounted I heard yells and shots. Snatching my rifle, I ran to the Rim. Edd was far down, cracking the rocks. I started after him. Haught and George were banging away at the bear, wherever he was. And the cowboys were yelling. I hurried after Edd, and soon was 200 yards down the cañon, on a bare bluff that afforded a wonderful outlook. When I reached Edd he told me the shooting had been at a big black bear high across the cañon, 800 yards distant. We looked and looked. The hounds were down there somewhere in the deep green notch.

Suddenly Edd yelled: "There! A big bear! Cinnamon! Look down—there, by the slide!"

It took me long to locate that bear. I told Edd to shoot. He would not. Then, looking far down and across, I saw a large red bear, wild and furry, with his sharp head up, looking at us.

As I threw up my rifle, aiming and firing swiftly, he jumped into the brush. My bullet knocked up the ground just where he had stood. We peered, with eyes contracted and guns ready. Edd saw a flash of him going down. Soon we heard Rock and Queen chasing him down the cañon.

But the other hounds were higher up, on the trail of the black bear, and we gave our attention to them. They were on a hot trail. I wanted to climb down and up to the next rocky point, but Edd would not let me. "That bear is workin' high up. He's liable to come round under us to get over this saddle."

SO I WAITED. It did not seem long, possibly fifteen minutes, when two rifles banged above to our left and then two more. We could not see Haught, or any of the others, but we knew where they were, because their bullets sang over our heads.

"Look mighty hard now," warned Edd. Almost as he spoke I heard a crash of gravel and rock above me on the opposite ridge. Then Edd yelled: "There he comes!" And he shot. I heard the noise of brush and scattering rocks.

Edd was twenty feet above me. I looked from him across the space and suddenly saw a huge black object that seemed to be flying down to a level with us and directly toward us. How it crashed through the oak thicket! When it came out I saw a big bear in the act of leaping. He seemed like a rubber ball, so agile was he. Again he leaped down and toward us and in the middle of that leap I saw all black through my peep sight, and fired.

The bear lit on the rock he had leaped for, but there he lost something. He curled in a huge ball and bounded off the ledge to alight heavily below and slide and roll and slide again, this time on his back, with his four paws upward.

The bear lodged on a rock and moved convulsively. Edd cautioned me to shoot again. "He'll slip off and roll a mile!"

But I did not shoot again. In a moment the big black furry mass was quiet. Then my legs shook and my skin felt prickly and cold. "It was a great shot, Mr. Grey," said Edd. "He was shore pilin' our way. It made me sort of nervous."

All the others began to appear way above us on the Rim, yelling to know what it was we shot. We answered. And then they came, knocking the rocks down on us. Six of them reached us at once and last came Haught. He beamed: "It shore was an old-time chase. Pretty hot down here, I reckon."

When we told our story and pointed out the bear Haught said: "He was rimmin' high, makin' to get over this saddle. I had two shots at the old Jasper. He was in the brush, goin' fast, I'll say, an' I missed."

EDD said: "I shot high. Saw the dust fly from the rocks. I was shootin' quick, believe me."

We all clambered down to my quarry to find him a splendid bear, upward of 400 pounds, with glossy fur and a wonderful head. He measured twelve inches between his ears. Someone had shot him through the foot. My shot had entered his breast.

"Did you see his fur standin' up on his neck?" asked Edd.

"I guess I did," I replied.

"That bar was riled," said Haught seriously.

As the boys could not pack him up that steep slope they began to skin him right where he had fallen. When that was accomplished they cut him up. It took seven of them to pack out hide and meat.

On the way back to camp my good luck held further. We met Lee Doyle leading my dog Red, lost for a year. I yelled for joy. Lee had heard news of him, and yesterday had ridden twenty miles to a cowman's cabin. I jumped off my horse and called "Red! Red! Do you know me?"

Indeed he did! He leaped up and licked my face—Red, who was never a demonstrative dog. He looked thin and hard and sad, but he had his old splendid head and wonderful deep dark eyes. Never in my life had I been so glad to see a dog!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BEAR TRAILS—By Zane Grey

II

OCTOBER NINTH.

LAST night I took Red into my tent with me, chaining him to a stake outside so that he could stay inside if he liked. This necessitated leaving the tent flaps open, something we seldom did in this skunk-infested country. The natives are really more afraid of skunks than of any visitors; they have knowledge of these hydrophobia skunks and foxes. Men have been bitten and died a fearful death.

During the night Red growled and awoke me, and I saw a black-and-white skunk out

My dog Red presents an interesting study. He was in his magnificent prime a year ago when he ran off from me in this very cañon. He appears old now, thin and worn, and almost spiritless. Perhaps his heart has been broken. We have fed him and petted him, and he seems to react to it; he wags his tail, and he otherwise shows friendliness and gladness. But he is not the same dog. If I watch him I see him lose his interest and fade away into blankness.

He was an aristocrat among hounds. And now he seems a dog that has gone out into the world to fare with common, hungry and tramp dogs, and, though the contact has made him more human, so to speak, it has taken his aristocracy. Somehow his dark sad eyes hurt me. Twice he has attempted to steal away from camp. I wonder if he will run off again, and if so, why?

OCTOBER TENTH.

We were up at six. The moon was shining weirdly in the west, just over the ridge of pines. Air was cool. But no frost.

Our plan was to ride up toward the head of Willow Creek and cut across above the two water holes and try to find a bear track.

We covered a good deal of territory by noon, going clear around Carr Lake. Two old cold trails and a long chase after a bobcat were all the luck we had. I rode with the Haughts and had a rough time of it down in the thickets and windfalls. My horse was caught several times and turned

away from logs and brush, so that I had trouble in keeping up.

My dog Red made a good showing on the cat track. He has a wonderful deep, wild bay, easy to distinguish from those of the other hounds.

The weather continues beautiful, with cloudless blue sky and clear, starry nights. And the hot sun is surely helping the animals to drink up the few water holes. Lee Doyle has been riding the forest two days in search of some lost horses. We fear it will go hard with them if they are not soon found.

OCTOBER TWELFTH.

This day brought us an exciting bear chase.

We were to drive Horton Thicket for the first time, and, though we expected results, we did not plan carefully nor execute the few suggestions Haught and I made.

It was a clear, bright, cool morning with more wind than usual and it promised a gale—a condition not propitious for a bear hunt along the rim.

I sent R. C. with Captain Sid, giving them instructions to take a stand next to Takahashi's on the middle west side of Promontory Point, overlooking Horton Thicket. Haught was to take his old stand at the head of the cañon leading out of the thicket, where he had killed many bears. It fell to Edd and Verdia to take the dogs down the Z. G. Trail and wait for George and me to yell from the far point of Promontory overlooking Horton. Wiborn was given a stand on the west side, calculated to be the best.

George Haught and I had to ride the farthest, all the way out across Promontory, heading the big sag of Horton Thicket and working out on the point that overlooked the deep abyss of spruce, aspen, oak and maple that constitute the jungle called Horton Thicket.

THE ride across was productive of some beautiful vistas, but we saw no game. The west end of Promontory has two capes, the nearer of which we chose; and upon yelling a long "Wahoo!" we were soon answered from below by Edd's "Hi! Hi!"

Exactly five minutes after that the hounds gave tongue on a fresh bear trail. I hurried to an open place where I could see down and across. It was a thousand yards to the far slope, upon the rim of which I discerned Wiborn's white horse and farther down Takahashi's bay. I could not pick out R. C.

The hounds worked up into the thicket and their yelps and barks rang clearly up from the dark-green pit. There was very little of the usual autumn riot of red, cerise, yellow and gold, proving that frost had not yet told markedly upon the dense foliage. A little patch of red and gold showed up here and there on the far slopes and above these the colored gray and russet cliffs sheered up to the fringe of pines. It was an environment that fitted the chorus of the hounds.

By and by the hounds split, Rock leading his following up the cañon and Red taking a trail straight up the thicket toward the cove or sag I had cautioned Wiborn to

watch. Behind Red bayed the new hound we call Rowdy. These two alone appeared to be working close to us. The others gradually drew away.

Red's bay was indeed music for a hunter. It was a deep, ringing, rolling voice, singularly thrilling. More than any hound I ever heard he bayed like a wolf. He and Rowdy worked up that cove and out across the narrow ridge between my stand and Wiborn's. I felt sure Wiborn would attend to that end, so I did not ride around to the place where the sag played out on the level.

George went below me, a little to the left and out of my sight. To my surprise Red and Rowdy worked back down into the thicket and then I knew they had jumped a bear and were hot after him. For some reason the bear changed his mind when he made the top and went down again. Several times I heard rocks rolling, apparently nearer and nearer. But straining my gaze did not discover any moving object to me.

MEANWHILE Edd and Verdia were yelling to the dogs and to us, and their clear "Hi! Hi!" pealed up. I heard answering yells. The bay of the hounds up the cañon was now clear and now indistinct. But I gathered that the chase had changed from straight up toward Haught's stand to the slope under R. C. and Captain Sid. This encouraged me to hope they might get a shot. Presently I did hear a shot in that direction and listened intently for another. It did not come. I could no longer see any horses on the opposite rim. Then again I heard the rolling of rocks, this time



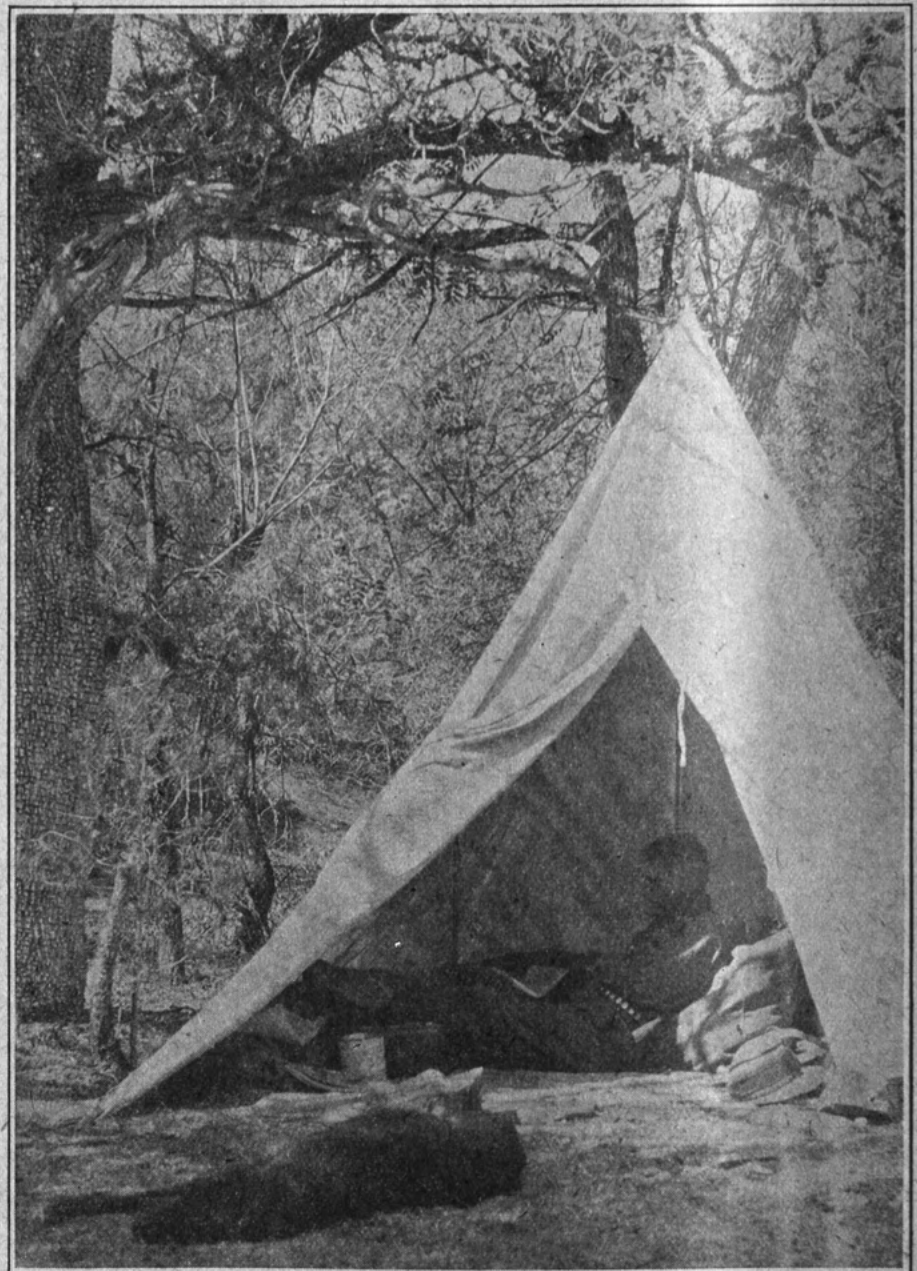
The Kind of Trophy Hunters Dream About

in the moonlight. It did not appear to be in the least afraid of the dog and this fact worried me. But at last it ambled away.

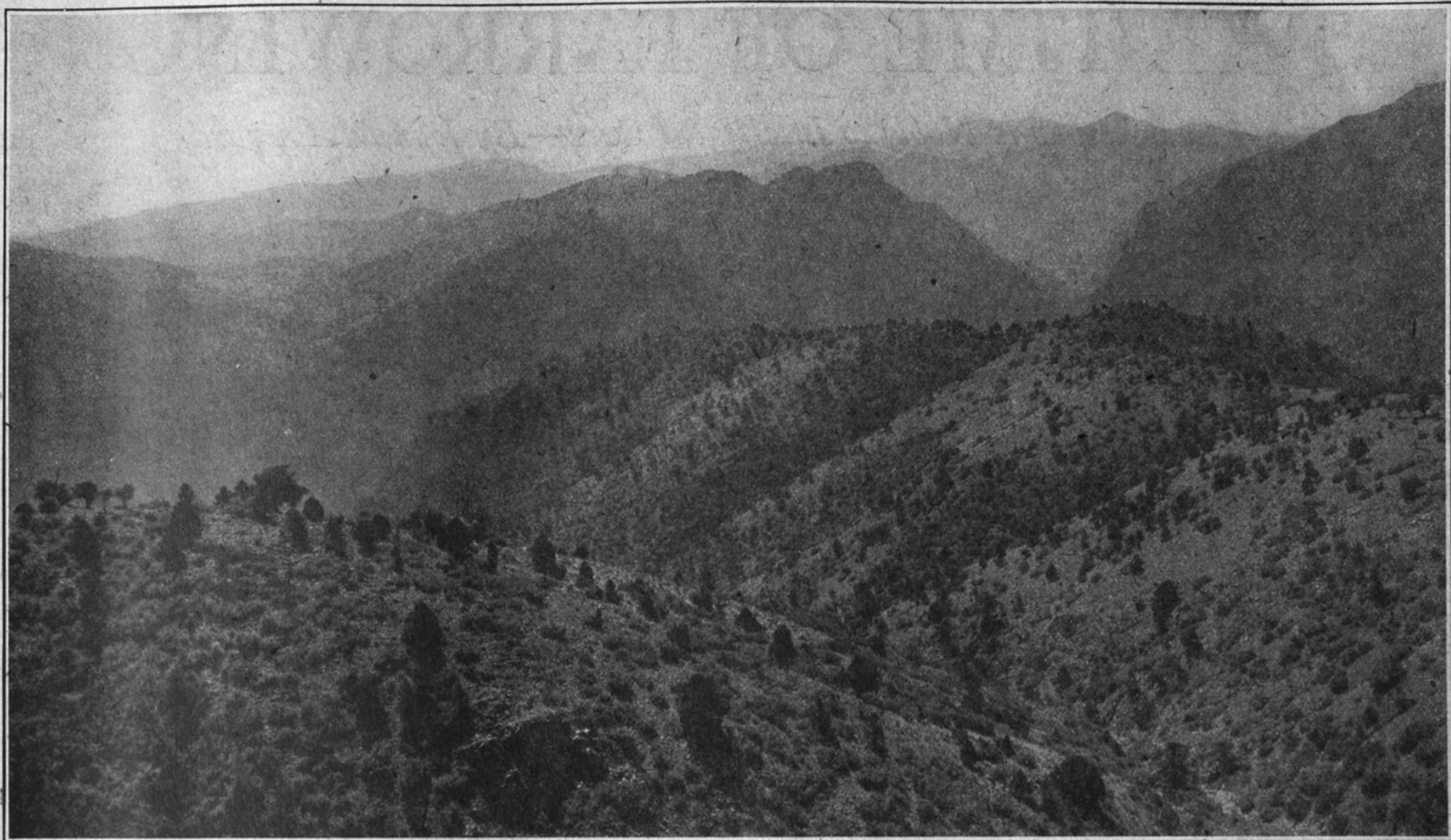
It is interesting to learn of the peculiar ways of these hydrophobia skunks and foxes. They are really more numerous than one would suppose. The dogs are well aware of the danger, and even a skunk-killing hound will severely let alone an animal with rabies. How they can discriminate is open to conjecture. Cowmen and hunters tell by the actions of the animal. A normal healthy fox or skunk will visit camp regularly, but he will run away upon being shot at or thrown at and will not do anything offensive unless he comes in close contact with dog or man.

Not so a skunk with the rabies. This species acts strangely, according to woodsmen. He is not afraid of anything. If he sees a movement or hears a sound he makes for it pronto. And for this reason men of experience lie quietly until the animal goes away.

AMUSING incidents were told me. Lee Haught was once chased by a skunk for over a mile. He was on a burro and could not elude the vicious animal. And he lashed the burro "over and under," as he termed it. Another of the Haughts was kept on a corral fence for hours. A skunk or fox bite, unless treated at once by the proper method, is almost certainly fatal. Several horrible deaths were reported to me, too gruesome to be chronicled here. Foxes with rabies are even more to be feared than skunks. Scientists, however, claim that they have not as yet found any proof for the existence of a hydrophobia skunk. But even so, it is not well to take chances. In this country it is better to sleep in a tent and lace the door up two feet and carefully peg all the sides down so nothing can crawl in.



Part of the Joy of Hunting is a Good Rest After a Hard Day



"The Marching Hills," as Zane Grey Describes Them

seemingly under me. Working around above George I called. He answered and soon I saw him laboriously climbing the steep slope.

"Did you hear the rocks rolling?" I called.

"Shore did," he panted. "Big cinnamon ran right—under me. Just saw—his back."

That was news to make me climb as fast as I could up the slope to my horse. George, being less encumbered, beat me to his animal, and as I mounted he was crashing through the brush toward the other cape. I headed to the left to find a point farther round. The oaks were thick and the going rough. I knocked knees and face and head in spite of all the care I could take. It was impossible to lope through that forest and not sustain sundry bruises.

SOON I reached the point desired, a great, ragged, jutting crag standing out over the whole Tonto Basin, with the slopes either way open to command. The wind was blowing a gale here and I could not distinguish any sound I could be sure belonged to a hound. I got down behind a ledge facing the north, from which direction I expected the bear to come, and there I waited. The first few moments were tense with expectation, and my eyes roved along the wonderful depths below, where open patches were scarce indeed. The rim was a splintered red-and-yellow wall of rock, full of cracks and holes, with ledges and benches covered with vines, moss, grass, and affording precarious footing for spruce and pine trees. The tips of pines and spruces below seemed to spear the space under me. Down where the slope began there were red lanes and grassy aisles and weathered slopes of rock all surrounded and covered by patches of scrub oak still green. Below that sheered the green forest and glimpses of bare red earth, merging into the vast billowy basin. Far to the west the long slope from the rim stretched down to meet the apparent level and beyond them loomed the dim dark ranges. The rim zigzagged its red-and-yellow wall along the horizon for fifty miles.

There then returned to me the glamour of this wild land, and the realization that nothing could ever take it away from me. The Tonto will forever be rugged and wild, timbered and lonely, and, no matter how much hunted, always the abode of bear and lion.

I stayed there half an hour and then went back to my horse and mounting returned along the rim in search of George. I found him back at the extreme end of the point. I also heard the hounds, some of them baying furiously not far below. Instantly I regretted I had not remained on my stand.

"He's gone on ahead!" yelled George, making for his horse. "Hear old Rock."

I had to ride harder and faster than was safe to keep George in sight. He knocked the little pines right and left. When I reached the far western end of Promontory it was none too soon for me. Before I could get off my horse I saw George point his rifle down and try to aim. His tense poise showed he had seen a bear. When I got down to him he said excitedly: "Saw the big red Jasper again. He went into that thicket of oaks." We watched and waited without reward. It was very rough down there and Bruin had made good his escape. The hounds had evidently given up. During the hour we waited there two of the pack came limping to us, having gone around to and up the Derrick Trail.

To my amazement it was already afternoon, and when we left it was two o'clock. At four we reached camp, and shortly afterwards the hounds limped in one by one. Then began the interesting problem of piecing together the several parts of each experience in order to get the whole story. It really was a wonderful hunt, though we got no bear.

RIGHT at the outset R. C. and Captain Sid were side trailed by four buck deer that jumped up in front of them. R. C. killed one of these on the third shot, and what with packing it up to the horses and tying it on R. C.'s saddle, they were effectually out of the bear hunt. Haught heard Red hot after a bear not more than seventy-five yards below his stand at the notch of the cañon and he was kneeling with cocked rifle when the bear sheered abruptly and climbed the slope. According to Edd and Verdia this bear climbed to within fifty feet of the rim where R. C. should have been. Then he worked along under the bluff toward Takahashi's supposed location. But the indefatigable Jap had plunged down into the thicket. He heard the racket and tried to climb back. But all he could do was to get far enough just to catch a glimpse of a big black bear and take a flying shot at it. Wiborn had left his stand, and so lost

his chance. Edd and Verdia reported bear tracks everywhere in the thicket and that they had started at least four bears. One, probably the big red cinnamon, the old cow killer we were after particularly, had run around the thicket up high for two hours before he had decided to leave. The hounds could not have done better. More than once they had overtaken a bear, to bay him and fight him until he had got his wind back and started on again. Edd saw the black bear working around under the bluff where I had stationed the men. Some of us were bruised and scratched and the hounds could just get back to camp. Red had done magnificent work. It pleased me to hear the Haughts praise him.

BEAR hunting along the rim and in places like Horton Thicket is a game in which the chances are a hundred to one in favor of the bear. It is the hardest kind of hard work, and as dangerous as any game I want to tackle. The rough riding is more hazardous than any other phase of it. But I found it thrilling, exhilarating, stirring. I would not want bear hunting to be easy. Some of these bears are bad cinnamons and grizzlies and they can hold their own. I would just as lief be up high when I see one. When I expressed this opinion the Haughts agreed with me.

OCTOBER FOURTEENTH.

We planned to drive Horton Thicket again. To that end we figured out the best stands and allotted them, with instructions to stick until all chances had reasonably passed.

The wind had died down somewhat and the day was beautiful. Now and then a breeze would arise and rush through the tree tops.

My stand was a narrow rocky ridge extending over and down into the very midst of the thicket. I had to do some good climbing to get down, and even then did not have time to get to the extreme end. I seemed perched upon a pinnacle of crumbling rock out over the wonderful colors of the dense foliage below. My stand was several hundred feet below the rim, nevertheless I appeared far above the spear-pointed forest of green and yellow and red. The morning was still early, so that most of the thicket was in the shade, all cool and still. R. C. was in sight on the point to the left and he was the only hunter I could see.

Almost at once a yell from Haught was answered by Edd, and in less than ten

minutes the hounds burst out in full chorus on a fresh track. That was the signal for me to grow tense with watching and listening.

The pack worked straight up the bed of Horton Creek toward the fork of the cañon. Soon I heard Edd and Verdia trying to call them back. They must have picked up the wrong end of the trail. The bays and yelps ceased for a while. Then again they burst out as strong and full as at first, and in exactly the same place. I could not definitely figure the direction in which they traveled, but I believed they jumped the bear. When all sound ceased I climbed up to the rim, mounted my horse and rode hard across the point to the west front of Promontory. I found Haught on a stand. He had not heard any baying, but he had seen one dog, down on the Z. G. Trail that wound below. R. C. came riding to us, and presently George Haught. We all told our angles of the situation. George's was most interesting. "They shore jumped a bear, right across from me, and took him up a cañon over the rim."

We waited there for an hour. Once we saw Edd far below riding over the bare ridges and we figured that he had lost the dogs. Finally George rode one way and R. C. and I another, leaving Haught at his stand. We traversed the rough trail from one point to another, stopping to listen, and at length reached the place where George had heard the hounds. Here our listening was rewarded by some bays and barks—but not many, and not very distinct, as the wind was blowing hard again. We waited there a while, during which we heard the rolling of rocks just under the rim—almost certainly started by a bear—and after perhaps an hour we headed for the main rim.

IT WAS still early and we decided to ride down to the water hole at the head of Turkey Cañon. The distance was four or five miles, which we covered in an hour. From the trail we rode into the forest, along a ridge above the narrow gorge, and tied our horses in an open spot, then proceeded on foot for a mile or more to a point above the water hole. The wind, now considerably augmented, was at our backs. The woods appeared to be deserted. No birds nor squirrels nor life of any kind did we note for an hour. Then suddenly we caught the shrill, high, sweet bugle of an elk. It rang throughout the forest. We decided the animal was going down to drink, so we stole

(Continued on Page 39)

Bear Trails

(Continued from Page 9)

to the edge of the cañon and peered through brush and trees. Our efforts were rewarded by sight of several elk. We slipped down to get a closer view and at last managed a position where we could see a band of them drinking—one huge antlered bull, five cows, and four yearling calves. I whistled to scare them and only at the third and loudest whistle did they take notice. The cows ran together, the calves cavorted and bounded and joined their mothers. Then the band trotted up the cañon, with the old bull following.

Upon reaching camp we learned what the bear hunt had really been.

Immediately at the start up Horton Thicket Edd and Verdian ran into a bear trail. The hounds went off like rockets. Presently the boys came to a dusty place in the trail and there espied the largest bear tracks they had ever seen. But the hounds were trailing the wrong way—the back end. It took an hour of riding and yelling to get Rock and Sue and Queen and some of the younger hounds off that trail. Two of them, Rowdy and Parsons, would not quit. Edd kept on after them and this was how he got out of the chase. Verdian then returned to the place where they had first crossed the bear trail and put the hounds on the right end. They broke up the ridge and over into the narrow cañon that ran up beside the Z. G. Trail and in a few moments they jumped the bear out of his bed. They took him straight up the cañon toward the rim. Verdian urged his horse up the trail and put him to such effort that when he reached the rim he was spent and could not catch the hounds.

THE bear ambled along to the head of Turkey Cañon—and that knowledge gave me a queer sensation, for R. G. and I had just come from there. The hounds eventually returned to camp, evidently more whipped than exhausted.

"Shore was an ole silvertip," said Haught, when he had heard the news. "He got tired an' just stopped an' whipped the stuffin's outen the pack. Naturally dogs that have any sense at all will not fight a bear long unless you are there to egg them on. Now that old Jasper will find the acorns over there an' he'll locate, unless he's a cow killer."

I asked Haught how he could be sure it was a silvertip. "Wal, that's easy. A silvertip has a wedge-shaped foot, broad in front and very narrow at the heel. Then his track never leaves a wrinkle. This here one must be a lammin' big bar. If he doesn't leave the country we'll kill him shore."

Later Haught told of seeing a lion track that day, the first one this hunt. Lions were down on the mountain with the deer, he said. And in talking about lions he gave a theory of his own as to why lion trails sometimes lose their scent and cannot be followed. There are times when lions seem to leave no scent whatever. Of this I was aware from my lion-hunting experience with Buffalo Jones. Haught's theory was that a lion when it begins to stalk its prey closes all its toes tight, contracting its feet, and steps very softly, thus leaving no appreciable scent. Haught said he could account for the singular phenomenon in no other way. He was years in arriving at this conclusion and the idea came to him suddenly. He had put his hounds on a fresh lion track and had come to a place where they absolutely failed to get any more scent. Haught circled and caught the trail again. The dogs jumped the lion and treed it. Haught found a deer the lion had just killed, and by going back over the ground three-quarters of a mile he proved to himself and companions that for this distance the lion had been stalking and trailing the deer. And it was exactly this distance that the lion left no scent whatever. Later lion hunts of many years have strengthened this theory in Haught's mind. It is very interesting and remarkable, and I am confident he has hit the truth.

TAKAHASHI, with several of the boys, went down under the rim to my hunting lodge to pack up some supplies.

On the way a wildcat leaped upon his horse, between saddle and neck, and scared the horse so badly that it bolted off through the forest. Takahashi was swept off by a branch of a tree, and fell backwards heavily, so that his cartridge belt hurt him severely. The horse ran a mile or more and when

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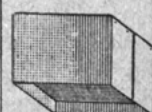
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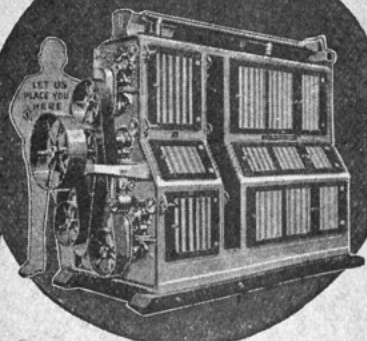
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caught was none the worse for the accident. Neither Takahashi nor any of the boys saw what became of the wildcat.

No one can ever tell what will happen in the woods. Accidents are common and many of them unusual. All the caution possible cannot forestall some of them. In Takahashi's case he was fortunate in not being seriously injured.

GREEN VALLEY, October seventeenth.

We came down to Green Valley in response to a hurry call from Haught's nephew, Sam, who sent word about three bears in a cañon, one of them an old Jasper big as a bull.

Getting down here in one day was a job. We were high on the rim and twenty miles by trail over rough country. But we accomplished it. We were up at five o'clock and began to break camp at daylight and were ready for saddle horses at nine.

Lee packed most of our supplies, tents, bedding, and reached here at three-thirty, beating us by half an hour. However, we had tarried at the hunting lodge for a short while. Before dark we had five tents pitched and all beds made. Takahashi was waiting for the burros to bring the supplies. Edd arrived with the Haught pack horses, and at eight o'clock Verdia and Haught himself got in with the pack train of sixteen burros. They reported a hard, long trip and after dark the burros were contrary and unruly. We maintained three camps, so to speak—our own with Takahashi as cook, one for the five Haughts and the third for Lee Doyle and his men. So it takes horses and burros to move this outfit in a hurry.

NEXT day at dawn we were saddled and ready for the chase. There had been a great deal of bear talk. Sam Haught was keen to lead us to the big Jasper. Edd took only five hounds, leaving Red and the rest of the pack in camp. How they howled! What did they care about their sore feet? This morning we had several extra riders, relatives and friends of the Haughts, all of one clan.

The trail Sam Haught put us to was one of the steepest and roughest I ever saw, not excepting the trails in the Grand Cañon. We climbed in short zigzags up the brushy front of a mountain. Live oak and manzanita had to be crashed through. It was bend and twist and dodge, to say nothing of holding on. Once having breasted this mountain, from which I saw the sun rise golden and glorious over that vast wild range of rolling domes, we rode up and down for two hours, getting out into the cow country of great slopes and ridges, all running down into the ragged vent, dark and bronzed-colored—the chasm of the Tonto.

At length Sam separated the gang at the head of the cañon the boys were to drive. Edd and Verdia went down with the hounds. Sam turned me over to Boy Haught, the crack shot, rider and outdoor man of this country, and I soon saw the last of my companions. After Boy I followed at a trot for an hour, downhill, over rocks all the time and through brush. When we rode as far as we could, or I could, down the razor back of that ridge Boy gave the word to dismount. None too soon for me! Tying our horses we kicked off spurs and chaps and, grasping our rifles, began to climb, or rather slide, down the ragged slope to our objective point.

WE HAD descended but a little way when Boy called from below that he heard the hounds. "Rustle along!" he added. I thought I had been sliding down pretty fast, but I accelerated my descent a little until the spanging of rifles made me fly down on seven-league boots. I crashed through the brush and sent the avalanches rattling. Boy worked to the right of me. Once he yelled and leaped down to get away from a rattlesnake. Another time he called out: "Fresh bear tracks!"

At last I got down to an outcropping ledge of rock and ensconced myself there, panting, wet and out of breath.

Yells across the cañon, rifle shots up the cañon, deep-sounding bays of the hounds deep down in the cañon were enough to put me on edge. I looked everywhere, but mostly down. The cañon was immense. From my stand I could not have hit a bear on the opposite slope nor in the bed of the stream. There was a chance of a bear working below me and so I bent eager gaze on the open and likely places.

Meanwhile I was counting rifle shots. The last two, not far apart, ran the number

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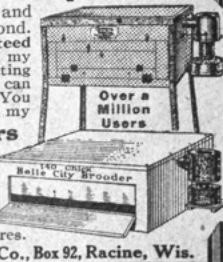
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up to fifty-seven. After that there was no more shooting. Still the hounds kept baying clearer and louder. I heard Edd yelling and then Sam answered from across the valley. Finally I descried Sam and Wiborn on a projecting point of the beetling cliff opposite.

From the yells and calls I gathered that Edd had shot a bear and that another was running somewhere. He never came near us, that was certain. We held that stand for three hours, until all sounds of men and dogs and guns ceased.

When I came to facing the ascent I was dismayed. It looked a mile straight up. I was an hour and a quarter climbing what had taken me but few minutes to descend. Boy was waiting for me and we mounted to ride back to camp. The sun was hot now and the dust flew from the dry places. Yet that was a wonderful ride. All about me rolled brown and gray and bronze slopes, and in between them yawned deep cañons, and beyond the ridges rose dark wavering lines of far ranges, and to the north stretched the long level line of the rim, an endless mountain tableland. On the return, without excitement as a spur, I could appreciate the country we had traversed to get to our stand.

Much of it I had to walk. And I walked until I had to give up. Some of the ascents were long and steep with treacherous footholds. I wanted to look around me and far across the open spaces, when I really needed to watch carefully where my horse stepped.

WHAT a country for cowmen to ride, with the difficulties and dangers of roping and branding cattle! Yet they did it. I marveled at Sam and Boy and had better appreciation of what I had heard about their prowess.

It took three hours to ride back to camp. And before dark all the hunters were in. They brought back the largest and ugliest black bear I ever saw.

Edd's story was brief: "We got his trail right where Sam sent us, at the water hole. And three hundred yards up the cañon the dogs hopped him. He took to the side of the slope, an' the shootin' from above began. All Verdia and I could do was to run down the cañon. Seemed like I heard a thousand shots and yells. I lost Verdia and kept on alone. Before long I saw the bear and he was fightin' the dogs. I was afraid to shoot then. He licked the whole pack and then started up the cañon. This was gettin' hot for me. I yelled for Verdia. No answer! I could hear the bear breakin' the brush. He got away from the dogs an' crossed the bed of the cañon, an' went over a ridge a little above me. Then he turned down again. When I got on top of that ridge I saw him down in the water with the dogs all around him. He made a run at Rock. An' believe me, Rock was quick in gettin' away. But he slipped on the bank an' fell back into the water. The bear plunged right on Rock. I expected to see Rock smashed, but he got out from under. I had a chance then an' shot the bear through the middle. That seemed to make him crazy. He flew out of the water an' scattered the dogs an' went out of sight over a ledge. I ran hard, for I knew he'd kill the dogs now. When I got up I saw him again, turned toward me, an' ugly as sin. I shot him in the head, an' that ended it. But he was shore the fightest black bear I ever chased."

IT TOOK six of the men to pack the bear up where they could load him on Sam Haight's mule. This mule, by the way, deserves especial mention, and not alone for the wonderful feat of packing that heavy bear back to camp. We estimated the weight of the bear as close to 500 pounds after being dressed. And that white mule packed him to camp over those rough trails. Because of his various exploits this mule of Sam's is famous in Arizona.

The bear was recognized by Sam's father as an old rascal guilty of enough misdeeds to make our chase more than justifiable. Despite his ugliness, he had a fine furry coat. Upon skinning the bear three other bullet wounds besides Edd's were discovered, but they were of small caliber and could not have bothered him much.

No one had seen the second bear, although Edd and Verdia were sure it ran along the slope under most of the hunters. We were a tired outfit that night, but hungry and cheerful.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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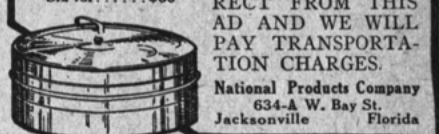
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BEAR TRAILS—By Zane Grey

YESTERDAY we were up earlier than the day before. The sky was dark and clear with a thin moon shining. The morning star blazed white and radiant. Air felt cool, but without frost.

Before sunup we were riding toward the hills, following a different direction from the day before. This time there were ten dogs in the pack. Sam Haught was master of the day's hunt, and he planned to drive the cañon east of the one where Edd had chased the big black bear the day before. If that failed of results the boys were to climb out and work down into the next cañon, a shorter one, where Sam had seen bear sign lately.

From time to time he sent two or three of the men off to take different stands. Wiborn and I were at last left with Sam and Lee Doyle. We rode an hour after seeing the boys go with the hounds. This trail, long used by range stock, was vastly easier to traverse than the one of the day before. But it led us up and then down into the same wild, rugged, barren maze of cañons and ridges, until Tonto Cañon yawned almost under us and the great Diamond Butte towered high above.

Wiborn and I had a stand down on a rugged rocky slope where we could cover any direction. It was shady and cool, and beauty was everywhere in our sight. Birds were singing. The sunlight appeared dazzling on the opposite slope. I found I could discern others of our party on different stands, but could recognize only Takahashi.

SOON we heard the hounds. They were cold-trailing some "varmint" down the cañon upon which we were located. We heard them, and at last saw them. They passed on beneath us and went out of sight under the precipitous bluff. Their bays sounded deep and hollow.

We climbed back to the Rim and there awaited developments. The hounds would stop a while, then begin again. Finally we saw Edd's red shirt, and then the dark forms of the boys with him. They, too, passed beneath us, and worked down the cañon toward the ragged vent into the Tonto. We watched and listened until both dogs and men were out of hearing.

Then we mounted and rode across the rough ridge to the next cañon. Here Sam and Lee joined us. Sam said: "They're coming up Tonto and will drive into this cañon. Lee and I will go down to the point, and you fellows find stands here somewhere."

Wiborn clambered down to a crag and took up his position there. I rode up the ridge a mile or more to its highest point, and from there I rode down into the cañon fully two-thirds of its slope, and found a rocky abutment from which I could see every point, and was directly opposite a saddle where, according to Sam, there was a bear trail leading over into the next cañon.

THERE I sat and leaned and lay and stood on the hard rock, in the glaring sunlight, for hours. For long the wide prospect, the loneliness, the birds and the feel of the solitude contented me; indeed long after I had given up any hope of seeing a bear. The hunt was over, I calculated. The boys could not work round into this cañon, or else the dogs had given out, or something. So at last I climbed up to my horse, mounted, and graded out along the slope to the top. The first person I saw was Wiborn, over a mile away, riding up the ridge. I supposed at once that he had discovered Lee and Sam homeward bound and was following. So I caught up with him. He had not seen the boys and was going on his own hook. I did not exactly like the idea of leaving the boys, but I had given up also, and so we went on. I had to trail our own tracks for five miles before I could be sure we were not lost. Eventually we arrived in camp. R. C. was there, and Haught, and others of our party. But the boys with the dogs and Lee and Sam were not in. All afternoon I watched and waited for them, growing more uneasy as time passed. They arrived just before dark. What they told us made me feel keenly disappointed that I had not stayed.

Edd and the boys had found Tonto Cañon impassable. They had climbed back to the top, a feat that consumed hours. Then they went down with the dogs into the cañon Wiborn and I were supposed to be guarding. It was full of bear trails. "More

acorns than I ever seen!" said Edd. The dogs jumped a red cinnamon bear and chased it right up to the stand Wiborn had left.

The dogs were so tired they could not fight or hold this bear. Lee and Sam saw him and rushed up from their stand, and rode fast up the Rim and piled down to where Wiborn had been. But the red bear was gone. Then they stayed there. All the dogs were baying. They saw my dog Red, with Sue, work up through a little patch of colored oaks to a ledge—a place I had sentined for hours—and run plump into a bear that refused to leave its bed. Sam and Lee watched the dogs bay this bear for some minutes before it leisurely got up and just as leisurely ambled along the front of the saddle with the dogs close behind, too tired to do much of anything. Sam and Lee began to shoot. But the bullets appeared not to frighten the bear any more than did the dogs.

Said Sam: "Prettiest bear I ever saw. He had shiny black legs and sides, and his back was pure silver. The fur waved when he walked. He never did run. He just ambled over that saddle. After a while the dogs came back, all in. That bear was sure a silvertip."

WHEN I heard all this I was sick and bitterly reproached myself for not sticking to my stand. Both boys and dogs had performed miracles of effort to put these bears up in front of Wiborn and me. And we were not there! I could not find any palliation for my own lack of persistence. Haught said to me: "Wal, it shore was too bad. You should have told Sam to come after you, an' then stuck there till he did."

OCTOBER TWENTIETH.

The record of early rising was made this morning, and day had not broken when we were riding down the road to chase the big pig killer that we had heard so much about.

There was no lack of thrilling enthusiasm in any of the boys, and we were thoroughly excited, as was proved by the elaborate plan we made to drive this bear.

Day dawned cool and bright with a faint pink glow in the east, and just before

sunrise there was a wonderful rosy soft effulgence shining on the thin fleecy clouds. This time we climbed the bare knolls and ridges, up the manzanita and live-oak slopes, to the point of what was called Diamond Mesa. It was a great outlook; in fact one of the ranger fire lookouts was stationed there. So the view was far-reaching. To the north rose the belt of green pines toward the majestic Rim, and to the south the Basin rolled for leagues to the dark ragged ranges.

FOUR of the boys went with the hounds to drive up a cañon heading under the stand given me. Some of the dogs barked on a cat track, but found nothing more. So we rode around the huge dome of the point, and stationing ourselves above another wide, deep, green bowl we waited for the drive. In due time the hounds gave tongue. Yet no sound came from Red or Rock! Still when we saw six or eight dogs running wildly round under the ledge we mounted and rode furiously after them. Sam Haught led me a wild ride. But I kept him in sight, and two miles around we headed the dogs. They appeared to be chasing a fox. What was more disgusting, every point along that rim bristled with a strange hunter with rifle ready to shoot at the bear we called ours. Someone had informed the countryside and here were all kinds of riders, gunners, to take advantage of our efforts and kill the bear ahead of us.

We went back to the notch, where the dogs had returned to Edd; and soon the drivers began working up to join us. Edd and Verdia and Boy Haught were only disgusted, but Lee Haught, who had taken this day off to hunt with us for the first time, was pretty angry. The boys joked him a good deal. "You shore picked a fine day!" And another said, "Wal, we won't get nothing to eat tonight because Lee is sore."

Sam Haught did not recognize any of the strangers. He was considerably nettled at the outcome of what he had anticipated would be a big chase. His conclusion was that in some way these men had got wind of our proposed hunt and had ambushed the cañon. We were all glad that only a fox chase had been given them.



The Author Snapped His Party During a Pause in the Hunt

Yesterday my horse Night was left out in the pasture while for some reason all the others were driven into the corrals. Night evidently wanted to follow. When this was denied him he showed more than spirit. And when the horses were again let out into the pasture he began to chase them, bite at them and kick at them in the most astonishing way. He stampeded the whole herd.

ON THE day we arrived here at Green Valley Ranch, Night was one of the last horses in, and that day he had been saddled and ridden for the first time since he had been brought west. The ride from Beaver Dam Cañon down here was one to tire even the tough range horses. When Night was turned loose he saw the green pasture dotted with grazing horses, and he bolted and raced down the road, and sailed like a bird over the pole fence. Not a particularly low fence! He was in a hurry to get to that grass. Some day soon I will try to ride him once more.

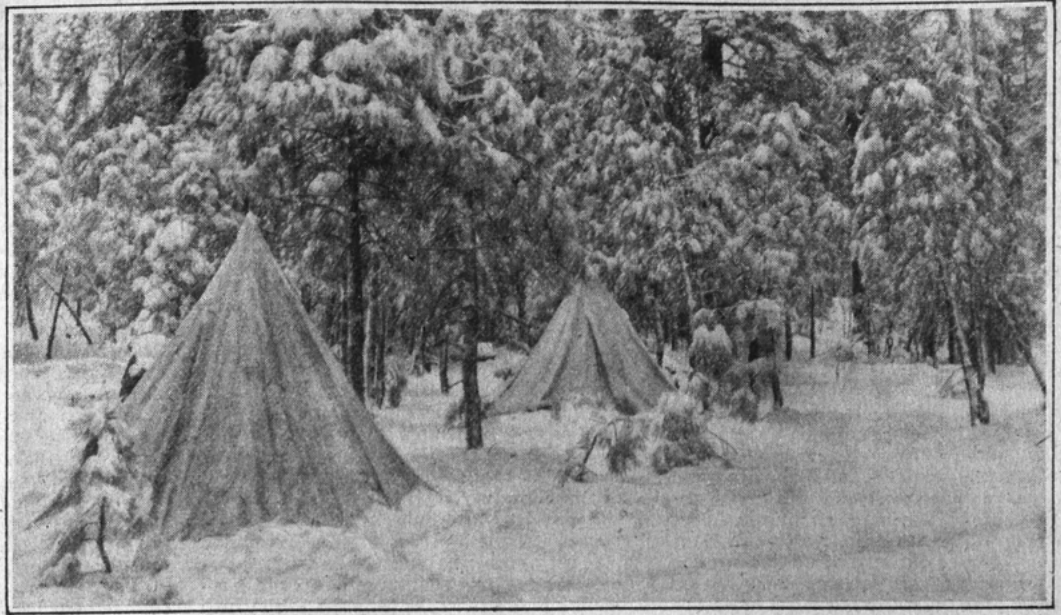
OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST.

It was dark when we left this morning—so dark that we could not keep the branches from stinging us in the face—but the stars

music of the baying hounds and the sense of obstacles difficult to overcome.

Yesterday afternoon two of the boys who had occasion to ride up the road toward the Haught ranch saw bear tracks in the dust, headed north, one of them being pretty big. Upon our return they informed us of the fact, and Haught immediately rode up to look these tracks over. He came back shortly before supper and reported that two bears had indeed been heading north the night before.

"One of them shore was a silvertip," he said. "Nary a wrinkle in his footprint, an' the end



"The Camp Seemed a White Desert With Gusts of Whirling White Dust"



"I Yelled 'Stop Bear.' But He Didn't Stop"

were bright and there was a glimmering in the east. We climbed the ridges, and when at last we got well up dawn broke. A fleet of little gray clouds floated in the eastern light. I saw them gather rose underneath, and turn purple above, and at last change to pink. Those over the great mesa were of an exquisite luminous silvery white. Then the lord of day burst into sight, a disk of yellow fire, and the world of slopes and ridges changed miraculously.

WITH the advent of the sun the fresh coolness of dawn began to lessen. We rode high on the highest ridge, from which the view of peaks and cañons was grand, and then we cracked the stones down mile after mile until we reached the places Sam Haught assigned us.

My stand was above the saddle that led from the cañon where the dogs had previously put up the silvertip and the cinnamon bear. Again the hounds gave tongue, and up the cañon resounded the echoes. I climbed down, and then up, and again over the ridge to another cañon where the hounds bayed furiously, and in all I spent the morning laboriously climbing, and listening while I rested. The day came on hot. We worked three cañons, struck bear track in each of them, all to no purpose. The hot earth and stone were not good for the hounds to run on. All of us, men, horses and dogs, suffered this day. What a long, dusty, hot and weary ride back to camp! I was just about able to get off my horse. Red could hardly walk. He wagged his tail as if to say: "There are bears down in the Tonto, and we'll chase them to you yet."

I wondered whether the fascination of this bear hunting did not consist of wonderful rides, the great beautiful open spaces, the endless cañons and slopes, the dim distant peaks, the toilsome endurance needed, the spell of watching and listening, the

of his heel wasn't any wider than my thumb. I reckon the bears are headin' for the Rim. About this time every year they leave the brush acorns."

TODAY we got the usual before day-break start. There had been a high wind the day before. It still blew hard, but not quite so violently. The air was cool, but without frost. We headed south over the ridges for Salt Lick Cañon, where there was bear sign, and where last spring Sam Haught had seen the two large silvertips, one of them being nearly white.

There was not a cloud in the sky. The golden flare in the east soon grew dazzling in the center, and as the sun rose in fiery glory all the mesas, peaks, ridges and ranges and the far lofty rim of Promontory Point seemed touched with purple and rose.

We split the crowd, some of us with Boy Haught and the rest of us with Sam. Edd and Verdia took the hounds, and waited for us until we reached our stands. By and by I found myself alone with Sam, riding down into the Hellgate bowl, into the wildest cañon I had yet seen on the trip.

This morning I rode Sam's noted steed, a white mule. He was a fast walker, and was wonderfully sure on the treacherous steep slopes of loose rock.

We reached our stand only to hear Edd's horn close under us, and then to see his red shirt down in the breaks. We climbed back, mounted, and scurried down and across to get another stand ahead of the hounds. Below us sloped a beautiful saddle, white with bleached grass, and it led down to an oak thicket and to a point of rock over the cañon. Here two buck deer bounded out ahead of us. One was a fine specimen, with half a dozen points on his antlers. They separated, and the smaller, a two-year-old, ran down a few hundred yards and stopped to watch us, his long

ears erect. When I reached my stand he was still there. I aimed at him, and could have killed him. It was a mighty temptation.

The dogs did not give tongue until they reached the mouth of that cañon. There in the Tonto they began a full chorus. I could distinguish Red's deep, ringing, haunting bay above the others. They worked one way, then another. Finally Edd and Verdia hove in sight and yelled for the hounds. All came but Red. He was baying on the bluff on the right side of the Tonto. Edd put the hounds on the other end of that trail, and they went up Tonto with a wild bawl.

Sam began to climb along the slope, up the Tonto, and he yelled for me to spur the mule and not be afraid of his falling. That mule surely did scatter the stones. We got far ahead of the hounds, so we tied our mounts and climbed down to a most wonderful point above the Tonto, where Bull Tank Creek came into the larger stream. It was very rough beneath us, cliffs, ledges, thickets—a most likely place for bears to lie. But the hounds soon ran the other way and all our labor was for naught.

I WAS tired when I got back to the white mule. We rode up and across the ridge between the two cañons and soon came upon Haught, R. C., and Takahashi, all watching the bluff opposite. Soon I espied Wiborn, Boy Haught, and others across that wide abyss, and then I heard the hounds. Luke was with them. We had to watch them ride up over the green-gold ridge and disappear. But we could hear. Old Red was in the lead. He trailed that bear all over the mountain side and up to the bare, hot, flinty ridge, where evidently the scent no longer held. When the hounds got very hot and thirsty they could not keep to a trail. So this bear was lost too.

Upon our return Sam and I looked for the two bucks. We could not find them, although we saw many fresh tracks on that brushy slope. There was also bear sign. Sometime after that we heard shots, and upon crossing the summit of this divide we saw R. C. dismounted and some of the other boys looking. When we rode up we learned R. C. had been trying to photograph a doe, and was about to do so when a buck jumped out of the brush. Quickly he set down camera for a rifle. He shot, and according to Haught crippled the deer. He trailed the buck, and it so happened that I was down on the slope with Sam when he saw him, but I could not. I heard him, however, and soon he crashed out of an oak

thicket into the open, running down over rocks on three legs. Sight of that fourth leg dangling was enough to make me hold true, and I killed the buck in the middle of a jump. He plunged downhill, rolling over, and I saw Bobby, one of the dogs, get hold of him and roll with him. We found the deer a fine three pointer, and sight of the crippled front leg made me very glad indeed I had made a good shot. To think of that deer going off with a terrible wound to die a lingering death was enough to sicken me with deer hunting. In this case we were doubly fortunate, for we prevented the suffering, and we needed the meat.

HAUGHT said he was convinced the bears were working up toward the Rim. They were surely keen and wild, and hard to head off. This ride today was fully twenty miles, over the roughest kind of ground. Sometimes I marveled that I could ride down and up some of these slopes of loose shale. But a fellow grows inured to the danger and hardship. Perhaps for that very reason the game is so fascinating. This day, upon reaching camp, I was just about able to walk. R. C. and Wiborn were worse off by far than I, and I experienced a kind of glee at their condition. "You will chase bears with me!" I said banteringly.

OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

We left Green Valley in the morning day before yesterday, and rode up to the Lodge, where we remained the rest of that day. Next morning early we packed eight horses and sixteen burros, and took the Tonto Trail for Beaver Dam. On the way up I saw one bear track in the dust of the trail, and several deer tracks. Turkey tracks, however, were not in evidence. Along in the afternoon we reached the old camp, and found the water somewhat lower, but sufficient for our camp needs.

Long-practiced hands and each man with his own task made quick work of the necessities. There were three camps to pitch, the horses to be fed, hobbled, and turned up on the ridges, supper to be cooked and wood gathered for camp fires.

THE Haughts unpacked nine burros at our camp. And Doyle and his men had already unpacked the horses. Then they went about their own tasks. First our tents had to be pitched. These were tepees, which were pegged at the four corners, poles being erected under them, and when the right height was reached the tent sides were pegged all around. Con, our handy man, R. C., Wiborn and myself put up five of these tents in less than an hour. Then we went to unrolling blankets, cutting spruce and pine to be used as mattresses, and soon had comfortable and odorous beds ready. Meanwhile Takahashi was doing many things at once, all in his marvelous way, toward the selecting and arranging of all his supplies, and at the same time cooking supper. Con then went to "snaking" firewood to camp, which task he performed with horse and rope. By five o'clock we were all snug and set, and the threatening clouds no longer worried us. Supper was something to enjoy! Venison, bear meat, hot biscuits, corn and potatoes, cocoa and

(Continued on Page 45)

To be in Carmen's own room immensely comforted her. When she shut her eyes she found she could at will transpose herself into the past. From Carmen her thoughts slipped away to Julian—that afternoon in the studio when he had held her in his arms and crushed her face against his rough tweed coat. It seemed as though she could still smell the pleasant peaty odor of his jacket. Then she had looked up into his steady gray eyes and—she hardly knew how it had happened—her ungloved arm had stolen about his neck and her lips had been pressed to his.

Dear Julian! What a friend he was! So patient, so gallant in adversity, so full of the joy of life, yet so strangely sensitive!

Then, her heart beating furiously, the blood pounding at her temples, she opened her eyes in terror upon Carmen's room, lit only by the dull glow from the radiator. Above the rustle of the curtains tossing in the draft from the open window, above the sibilant hiss of the rain, a sound had come to her from the garden.

It was a footstep on the gravel outside the window.

It grated once more. Then silence. In a rush the terrors which she had banished came crowding back into her brain. The darkness behind her was peopled with them. She did not dare look around. She sat bolt upright on the couch, seeing nothing, her ears strained to catch the slightest sound. Then

A light tread on the stone steps outside the window, a slight click, a sharp rasping sound as the curtains were swiftly drawn. The unbearable suspense braced up the girl's nerves to face this unknown visitant and she swung round on the couch.

A tall man stood inside the room, back to the window, hands clutching the curtains. He seemed to be straining forward to peer into the gloom. The orange glow of the radiator dimly illuminated stern, set features, a livid face with burning eyes that detached itself from the black background.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Bear Trails

(Continued from Page 11)

coffee, and sliced peaches. Maybe we did not eat!

The cold wind dropped at sunset, and we concluded the storm might hold off for a day or two. Haught came over to our camp with his cheerful smile.

"Bar news," he said. "George met Sam Haught down on the trail, an' Sam was ridin' up in that little cañon west of Dick Williams Cañon, an' he seen fresh bar tracks, high up under the Rim. We'll shore give them a run in the mornin'."

As it turned out, however, we never got so far west as this cañon where Sam had seen the sign. This morning we were up at daylight, and were soon riding up Beaver toward the Rim. R. C. had gone on ahead, looking for turkeys. When we got up on top we found him waiting for us along the trail. He yelled for the boys to hold back the dogs and for Haught and Wiborn and me to ride on to him. We did so. There in the trail was a fresh bear track.

"See the wrinkle in the track," said Haught, pointing. And sure enough, there was the telltale wrinkle that proclaimed this track to have been made by a black or brown bear. "Reckon this bar has been feedin' up here, an' has gone down Dick Williams," Haught added. "Some of you rustle down on the points, an' we'll turn the dogs loose."

I rode at full tilt through the pine thicket, and out onto the promontory of the west side of this big cañon. Wiborn was behind me. He took the point nearest to the apex of the cañon, while I went on to one of the long broken ledges that reach out into the void. I tied my horse, but did not take time to remove spurs and chaps. The climb down was rough and hazardous, and was rendered more so by my celerity. When I had perched myself out upon that cape I was panting hard. And the moment I could hold my breath I heard the hounds. Almost at once the baying passed out of my hearing, and I realized my hurry and labor had been for naught. The hounds had gone on, perhaps to the next cañon. From my place below I saw Wiborn climb up and mount his horse. So I set my face upward and climbed over the ledges, under the crumbling crags and through the brush,



29 Years

"I have a De Laval Separator bought in May or June, 1894, which has been run twice each day ever since, but one day. It has many a day separated 2,000 lbs. of milk and is still in first-class condition."—Fred G. Palmer.

20 Years

"We have a De Laval Separator that we bought in the fall of 1903. It has been used twice a day nearly every day, separating on an average of 83,579 lbs. of milk per year, and is still in good repair and doing its work well. The last time that the skim-milk was tested by the testing association it was skimming to 1/100 of 1% fat. If this separator ever wears out we shall want another De Laval."—A. B. and J. M. Bicknell.

22 Years

"I purchased my De Laval on December 21, 1901, and it is still in very good working condition. My neighbor has worn out two other makes already and has the third. Mine still skims cleaner than his and I hope to use it about ten years yet. It is not to be worn out."—George P. Leibold.

25 Years

"My De Laval Separator was bought in the spring of 1898. We have used no other. This summer we had our skim-milk tested at the creamery and it tested 2/100 of 1%. It will be good for years yet."—Mrs. Tena Larson.

24 Years

"My De Laval Separator was purchased in 1899 and has been in service every year. This machine has separated about 18,000 gallons of milk annually. It has given me excellent service and skims cold milk perfectly. My sister purchased a new De Laval last spring and has saved nearly enough to buy a good milch cow."—Emil S. Shubert.

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\$25 for the Oldest De Laval

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30 Years

"Our De Laval Separator was purchased July 12th, 1893. It has taken care of all the milk produced on this farm from 1893 until November, 1917, and we were milking over 30 cows at times. Since November, 1917, I have shipped the whole milk. The last time I tested the skim-milk it showed 2/100 of 1% fat."—Henry Peterson.

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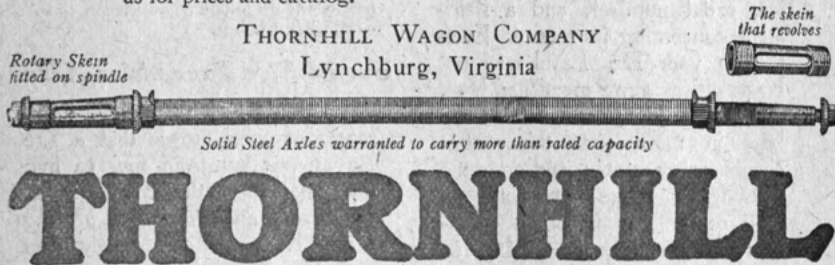
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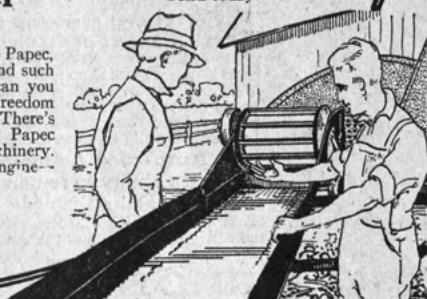
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halting every few steps to get my breath. At last I was up, and mounting I rode hard across this cape to the brink of the cañon on the other side. At once I heard the hounds, also the shrill yells of the men on the opposite side. Then I saw horses and riders, and at last the hounds. I got off, and made for an advantageous stand. I was in time to hear the pack go bawling down the middle of this deep cañon, with old Red in the lead.

Down in the big oak thicket under me the hounds ceased such steady baying. But Red and Sue came higher up and worked around toward the point of that cape, under the bluff. I clambered down over masses of broken rock, through manzanita thickets, down and down until I could get no farther. I could see on both sides, but I was more on the Dick Williams side, and farther down than I had been on my first stand. Red and Sue were baying vociferously under me, and presently in an open place I espied them. At that moment I heard Edd's horn, calling in the dogs. I thought that strange. After hesitating I called Red and Sue. At last I got them off. Then they were lost to view going around the bluff, evidently to climb out.

SO I TURNED, and began my task of working back up to the Rim. I had gotten about halfway when rifles above me began to spang. I looked up, to see Wiborn and Verdia and George all shooting down and across the cañon. When at length I reached them it was to learn that George had espied a big bear climbing the slide of rock right across from where I had been when I called Red and Sue.

We mounted and rode back to get the others. Verdia went to tell Edd and call the hounds. The rest of us rode around the head of Dick Williams—and all this was travel of the hardest kind—over loose rocks and through thickets—to find stands. At length I got down to a point only to find George ahead of me. We saw Edd and Verdia work out upon the great hogback with the hounds at their heels. Their plan was to cross the track of the bear the boys had shot at and had seen go around the end of this point, high up. We watched them and the dogs go out of sight. Then we waited. No sound! After a while George and I mounted our horses and rode back to Dick Williams Cañon. Here we heard the hounds in full chorus, working up the cañon. We separated. I headed for the apex of this cañon, and got there before anyone. Back along the Rim on my side I made out George, and then Wiborn, far out on the farthermost point. A rifle shot came on the wind, but I could not tell from which direction. Waiting a quarter of an hour, in which time I could hear the hounds now and then, I mounted and rode out toward the point.

There I found most of the boys, and before I got to Wiborn I heard he had shot a bear. When I did get to him I found him out on the extreme end of that mountain rim.

WIBORN was excited and breathless. He said: "I was here listening and looking. I heard a stone roll right there, almost behind me. I looked, and there was a red bear, almost up on the Rim. He wasn't twenty feet from the saddle that leads down on the other side, and not forty feet from me. I yelled 'Stop bear.' And he saw me. But he didn't stop. He looked nasty. I shot him and he rolled back, pitched off that bluff there, and fell over and over in the air, his legs spread wide, until he hit far below and bounded out of sight."

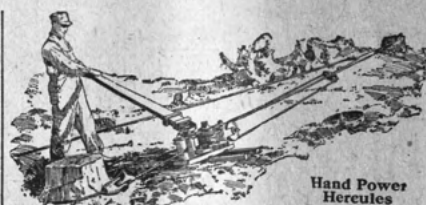
I gazed down. Surely that was a precipitous cliff, all broken and buttressed with crags, ledges, benches, narrow and steep, and covered with piñons. Far down the thickets that choked the gorges were red and orange, bright and clear in the sunlight.

We talked and waited. At last all the clan was assembled, and the boys said it would be best to climb down where the bear had come up. Eight of us essayed to drag the bear up that steepest slope. He was a cinnamon, of perhaps 300 pounds. But he seemed to weigh a ton. By concerted effort, holding to rock or brush with one hand and pulling on the rope with the other, we worked the bear up foot by foot, between very frequent rests. It was a Herculean task. But in time we accomplished it, all pretty much used up.

This turned out to be the bear that had made the track discovered by R. C. in the trail.

OCTOBER THIRTIETH.

The night of the day Wiborn got his bear we were all enthusiastic about our prospects if the weather held. Some contended



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that the continued dry spell would last out this moon. Around the camp fire we talked and planned, and while we were doing so a thin filmy fleet of clouds sailed up from the southwest. Wiborn first noted them, and pessimist that he is, he began to proclaim storm. His old cry out at Avalon when we were fishing and for some reason or other he wanted to quit was somewhat in this wise: "Blow like h—— in half an hour. Look at Jump out there bobbing round!" And he voiced it now.

And R. C., pessimist number two, exclaimed in his turn: "Wal, if it snows I'm hitting the trail for the Lodge, pronto. No more snow for me!"

I said: "But if we had a good tracking snow—say ten inches or so—on this dry ground, why, it would be great. I'm hoping we do have some!"

"BUT it never snows ten inches," was the joint reply of my comrades. "It snows feet!"

That night the wind mourned and moaned in the pines. The moon took on a spectral appearance, and the cañon seemed weird and dismal. Those thin clouds began coming faster. I went to my tent rather discouraged. If we could have only ten more days of good weather we would surely have a wonderful finish to our hunt! Takahashi had come back from Carr Lake, reporting sign of a big bear and a little one, a good many deer tracks, and turkeys galore.

At nine-thirty something awakened me. I listened. The wind had risen. There was a menace in the roar of the pines. Then I heard a long low rumble, like the sound of an avalanche. But it was thunder. That was what had roused me. A white flare lighted up the inside of my tent. And thunder again rumbled along the battlements of the sky. When I got up in the gray obscurity of a stormy dawn there was a white pale world to greet me. Snow! The forest was shrouded in a mantle of white. My coveted ten inches had fallen.

We had work to do, as we had not pitched camp for a storm, and all day we were busy. And all day snow fell desultorily, not enough to worry us. I felt more encouraged as evening approached. The air grew nipping cold. The clouds appeared to break, and several times we saw blue sky. I was optimistic in my remarks. My comrades were the opposite. Before dark we had a good squall of heavy snow that added in a few minutes more inches than had fallen all day.

As on the previous night I soon fell asleep. And just the same I was awakened early. The forest seemed to roar around and above me. Like a blast the storm had fallen. I heard someone shoveling snow from around my tent. I called. And I was to learn that my comrades were at work keeping the tents from floundering. Marvelous to learn, they were both cheerful and bade me not worry, and sleep. So much for their pessimism, when the real trouble fell! They were up all night, otherwise our tents would have gone under. At dawn the storm was raging. It was time then for me to make a quick decision. I made it. We had to get out of the woods at once.

I crawled out into the snow. The camp seemed a white desert with gusts of whirling white dust. Piercing cold! No one was stirring. I started to wade across to the camp of Doyle and the cowboys. They were snowed in. I could see that long before I got there. Short as the distance was it took half an hour to wade through the snow. It was two feet on a level, and deeper in drifts. At last I got there. Captain Sid's tent could just be seen, the conical tip of it rising out above the snow. When I yelled to Sid his answer seemed to come from deep under the ground. And he was actually weighted down by the walls of his tent.

I CALLED Doyle. He stuck his head out and said: "Hello! Say, it snowed some, didn't it? We'd better rustle out of here."

"That's why I came over to wake you," I replied. "Do some rustling now, and let's get out."

"We'll get you out all right," he returned. Likewise were the Haughts snowed in. When I got them out Verdia said we had better get out at once or risk not getting out at all.

The rest of the morning we spent in doing the hardest, coldest kind of work. But I imagine it was nothing compared with that which the boys had in finding those horses out in the forest—for in storms like this horses always hide—and then in packing them with our effects. All the tents, the heavy canned goods, and even the meat

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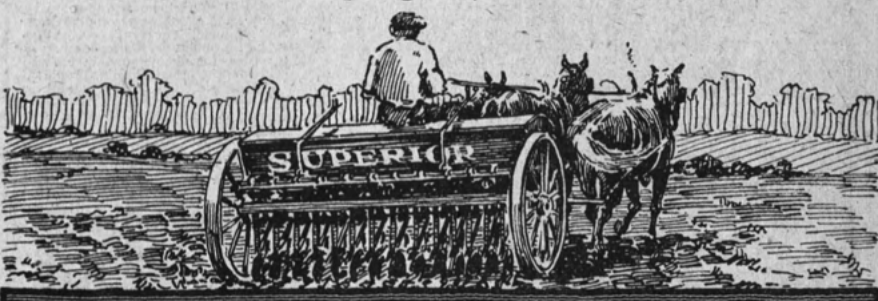
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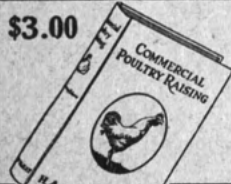
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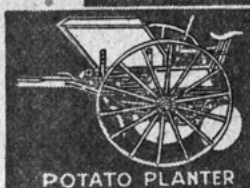
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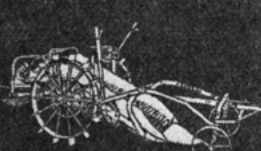
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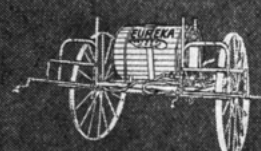
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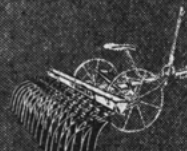
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had to be left. The Haughts would pack all that out when the weather cleared. None of the burros could be found. We packed ten horses, and by twelve o'clock we were ready to leave.

Verdia rode at the head, leading one of the pack horses in order to knock all the snow off the pine thickets.

It was a plodding task for the horses. And that hour up Beaver Dam Cañon, facing the sleet and snow, that stinging wind full against us, was about all I cared to endure.

When we climbed out of Beaver, up into the level forest, thick with pines, we got out of the wind. That was infinitely more comfortable; and gradually my frozen face, ears, hands and feet warmed to some semblance of life. The snow came in squalls, and the intervals between were really enjoyable. Sometimes the low gray clouds lightened and spread, letting out a diffused silver glow. Then again they dropped down dense and dark and mushrooming, and made a weird place of the forest. The giant pines were magnified, the aisles between lengthened into obscurity, and the thick, trooping, gray shadows came on to envelop us. I could not see the trail blazes on the trees. Trail there was none, except that which Verdia's toiling horses made.

AT TIMES when we neared the Rim I could see over, down into a gray void. It came to me how easily one could get lost in such a forest at such a time, and if so what a hopeless situation.

Once the sky lightened and the sun almost shone. That beautified the wilderness beyond expression. White avenues led everywhere, all lined and overspread by great, tall, dark-brown pines; and at the end of every vista was a clump of oaks, exquisitely green and gold and white leaved, creating a seeming glow over the snow. Here and there an aspen tree would show between the pines, a creation of wonderful gold, and then the maple thickets down in the hollows, all darkly purple and blazing red, overwhelmed by the mantle of white. But most exquisite of all was the snow-filmed foliage of the pines and spruces. The master hand of the most supreme artist—Nature—had woven an intricate design of crystal white frozen snow showing the thin edge of the green pine needles.

While I was rapt in admiration another snow squall swooped up out of the Basin. It brought sleet with cutting edge and wind with the force of a blow. I did not face it. I let my horse follow Verdia, and I bowed my head. Then I got sundry threshing blows from pine branches, and what with all these things I was soon frozen again. When we turned off the main trail to go down to Tonto the squall spent its fury right in front of me. I thought it would blow me out of the saddle. The trail ran way out on a point before starting down. That was an endless promontory. Always I had dismounted to walk down this particular trail, which is tortuous and dangerous. This time I stayed on my horse, and it was to discover that this snow-filled trail was very much easier to descend than when it was dry.

HOW glad I was when we got below the level of that last squall! Then that snow showed less deep, and the air lost its bitter cut, and the pines began to seem quiet, and there was no roar of wind in my ears. I began to thaw out. Two thousand feet down, and the storm was above me. I could hear the roar on the Rim. Only a little snow covered the ground here below, and the trail was wet. No ice! No more sleet! My slicker grew limp and wet, and water dripped off my hat. Down along Tonto Creek the sycamore trees had a beauty of autumn color, so striking against the green mass of forest. Riding out of the woods into the clearing, a modest little patch of land under the Rim, I saw the gray lodge as a refuge from the storm. And at last we all reached it, riders and dogs and horses, the last of which were not the weariest.

Then imagine my chagrin when Haught's brother, Henry, who was there to greet us, spoke up in his dry Texas drawl:

"What'd you-all let that little snow chase you out for? It'll last only a couple of days. I come down from Leonard Cañon yesterday. Had a man up there deer huntin'.. An' I seen a bear thet shore was a hummer. Silvertip, an' his hind foot measured eleven inches. Reckon you could have smoked up thet old Jasper if you hadn't rustled home!"

(THE END)

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