

by riding with Columbine, and as Eagle was showing a bright and wagger spirit Ghent found himself leading the parade.

Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofs behind him, and Mr. Chandler appeared alongside. Eagle jumped out, and Chandler gave his horse a cut of the quirt. Chandler's bay was thrusting his nose ahead of Eagle's blue muzzle; Eagle resented this, and so did Ghent. He spurred.

It became a wild gallop for half a mile. Chandler was using leather like a jockey, but Ghent merely spoke sweet words of cheer to Eagle and gave him his head.

The road ran along the high shoulder of a hill. Its disappearing turn down a steep slope was ahead. Chandler shouted a warning at Ghent and checked the charging gallop of his bay. Ghent vanished.

A quarter of a mile down the hill road he managed to persuade the ramping Eagle that speed was no longer necessary, and turned back.

Columbine had been in fierce pursuit of them, and now she was talking to Chandler like a mother.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she was saying. "You know that Eagle is an old cow pony with a reputation to sustain. Mr. Ghent might have been thrown at that turn. You know he can't ride."

"I'm beginning to think he can," muttered Chandler.

A few miles further on the tireless pointer dog that had followed the cavalcade gave tongue in a way that signified a coyote. Old Rip's telescopic eye picked the coyote out as he squatted among the sage brush.

"A pretty shot," suggested Rip, and Mr. Chandler plucked out his carbine, dismounted, took careful aim, and fired. A puff of dust flew up near the coyote, and then a yellow streak whipped over the gray hills.

Another rifle cracked. Ghent had fired from the saddle. The yellow streak jerked up into the air and collapsed.

"That's shootin'!" shouted Rip. "Sheer luck," declared Ghent. "Too bad to kill the poor thing—but they're a kind of pest, aren't they?"

Snowdrift lodge perched among the boulders on the sunny slope of the lofty ridge after which it was named, not far from the crest.

The party arrived, took possession and prepared its travel-sore bodies with food, drink and sleep for the great deeds of the morrow. Kenneth was there; however, he sulked in his room.

Paradise Peaks knew no game-laws, in practice, except those ordained by the lord of the domain.

But as the faithful keeper of his own preserves, Mr. Angus ordained that the does should always be spared.

Ghent went out the next day with old Rip, to make a pretense at deer shooting. There was nothing else to do, unless he wanted to stay on the front porch and sulk with Kenneth.

After several false alarms, old Rip stood up in his stirrups and peered like a bird of prey. Then he stealthily got off his horse, and began to crawl down the slope, taking cover behind rocks. Ghent imitated these Indian tactics. At last Rip crouched under the blasted trunk of a fallen tree and waited. When Ghent came up he looked over the tree and then pointed.

"I don't see anything," Ghent whispered.

"Well, there he is, even if you can't see him. See him in your mind. See where his head is, and his neck, and his shoulder, and his foreleg. Put one square into his shoulder, and blow his heart out."

Ghent drew a mental picture of the deer, aimed with designs upon the deer's heart, and fired.

Then came the sound of a falling and a thrashing about among the aspen.

"Got him!" Old Rip leaped up.

"Good kid!"

There was also the sound of another commotion among the aspen, growing more and more distant.

"That's funny," said old Rip. "He'd get up and run? He ought to have done his runnin' first. Never mind; we'll find him."

They went back to the horses and then rode down to find the victim.

There was a deer among the "quakin' asp," but it was a doe! Old Rip, breathing strange oaths and lamentations, deduced this story. There had been two deer, buck and doe, browsing among the aspen side by side. The doe had taken the bullet and thus brought calamity upon the reputation for woodcraft of Paradise Peaks' top guide.

"And now we got to dress the bride of the phantom buck and pack her into camp," Rip announced, "and that's some job. I've always played on the square with the old man, so back to camp she goes to get us into trouble. Well, she means venison for dinner, anyway."

In spite of Rip's brooding, however, Ghent did not realize the full iniquity of his deed, from a sporting point of view, until dinner time.

Then Mr. Chandler, after describing the sagacity with which he had

stalked and killed a fine buck that afternoon, asked accusingly:

"Who shot the doe I saw around in back of the lodge?"

Old man Angus turned black as a thunderstorm.

"I killed her," said Ghent calmly. "I'm sorry, Mr. Angus. It was an accident."

Columbine silenced her father with a look, but the situation was strained.

Then Rip, who was dining with them—for democracy prevailed at the hunting lodges—spoke up. He told the story and took the blame upon himself, ending with:

"Anyway it was a good shot. He really killed the buck, but the fool doe got in the way."

Angus didn't believe a word of it, and told Rip so.

Ghent was crushed, in spite of Columbine's looks of sympathy. He wondered how soon it would be before he could catch a train for Denver.

"Never mind," said Columbine softly. "Tomorrow you shall go out and get a buck bigger than Mr. Chandler's."

"I'm through with killing deer," he answered. "I can't stand the look in their eyes when they die."

tiest mountain lake in the world."

Ghent was a dweller by the Great Lakes, and his heart leaped up at the thought of the sight of open water.

"There's a shack on the lake with some cooking-tools in it," continued Kenneth, "and we'll find some trout-tackle too. And there's a boat."

From the top of a forested rise they caught their first view of the lake. Ghent caught his breath with pure delight.

"That's right, don't say a word," Kenneth remarked and they descended reverently to the shores of Blue Flower lake.

About noon-time, as their boat moved slowly toward the cabin, Kenneth in the stern, began to groan in his best hermit's fashion.

"Look who's here!" he said, pointing. "This means four for lunch."

Glancing over his shoulder, Ghent saw Columbine and Chandler riding down the hillside trail toward the cabin.

"What luck?" Columbine called out to him.

"For me, none at all," he answered blithely. "I've tried all the well-recommended trout-flies—the Pink Tarantula, the Red-headed

"From here to that point, almost a mile."

"Mr. Chandler, I will swim you from here to that point."

Kenneth, without opening his eyes, applauded.

"Fine! Sis can withdraw into the shrubbery while you peel. I'll row across with you and carry the clothes. Go on! I bet five dollars on Chandler, the human duck. He has webbed feet."

Chandler gave him to understand that he regarded the challenge indelicate.

"Then I'll swim it alone if Miss Angus will act on Kenneth's suggestion and retire."

"Of course I will," Columbine answered. "There's a trail around the lake to that point; Mr. Chandler and I will ride around. Kenneth can escort you in the boat, with your clothes."

"Roderick Ghent, the human polar bear, is now to perform," Kenneth chanted like a circus ringmaster. "Scoot, Sis."

Ghent took the water with a high-speed trudgeon-crawl stroke. Kenneth served as a convoy and life-guard in the boat, whooping merrily. The distance meant nothing

"This will be a great laugh on dad and Chandler. That accounts for your lucky shot at the coyote, I'm thinking."

"Yes, I had a sharpshooter's medal. And the cough that worried Chandler is a souvenir of bovine gas."

"Corporal Ghent, the pacific sniper, I salute you!" Kenneth gloated. "Are you ready, sergeant? Let's go."

Deep in a forested canyon, about an hour later, they heard two shots not far ahead.

"Chandler has potted the demon buck, I fear," said Kenneth.

He gave a cowboy's yell, which received a faint and apparently feminine answer.

"That's Sis. Something's doing."

A little further on they could hear laughter, long and unrestrained.

"Sis is in hysterics," Kenneth suggested flippantly.

When they caught sight of her, she seemed to be doing a waltz.

"Come on! Quick!" she called out. "See what Chandler has killed!"

Kenneth looked, and also started to laugh. He threw himself off his horse, and howled with a madman's glee.

"Have you both lost your minds?" Ghent demanded.

"Look at Chandler," gurgled Kenneth.

Ghent glanced at his rival, who stood in morose silence, rifle in hand, beside something that looked big enough to be a dead steer.

"He has killed dad's bull elk," exclaimed Columbine wearily.

"He has slain the sacred bull!" Kenneth chimed in. "Shun him. He is anathema!"

It was indeed a magnificent elk, nobly antlered.

Then Columbine and Kenneth began, in strophe and antistrophe:

"Father paid two thousand dollars for that bull elk!"

"It was the elk of all elks, destined to perpetuate his species!"

"The sacred bull bore a charmed life!"

"Al the guides had extra-special orders to keep hunters away!"

They kept up this sort of thing until Mr. Chandler walked over to his horse and rode off toward the trail.

"Better follow him, Kenneth," suggested Columbine. "He may not be able to find the way back to camp—and he's not speaking to me just now. Mr. Ghent and I will come along when I have recovered."

Kenneth mounted briskly. "I'll comfort him," he remarked. "I'll ask him if he doesn't want to bring the head into camp as a souvenir—Adios, amigos!"

Ghent merely smiled in a beautiful way and was silent. Finally he turned to Columbine and said tenderly:

"You little fiend!"

"Yes, Columbine did it," she replied. "Columbine did it with her little hatchet. She cannot tell a lie. She led Mr. Chandler up to the sacred bull, and never warned him."

"It was hard on the elk. Why did you do it?"

"Because he was so mean to you about shooting that doe. Because dad seems to be bent on my marrying him, and he bores me to death. Because Mr. Chandler is—oh, well, I must not be catty."

"And what am I?"

"You are—just you."

He told her very gravely what she was to him, and she listened with happiness in her eyes.

After a long time they arose to take the home trail, but she stopped before she reached her horse and went back to the glade where the elk had fallen. She stroked the bull's cold, hairy muzzle lightly and whispered:

"Poor old thing! Please forgive me." She turned to Ghent.

"We won't tell father right away. We'll wait until I prepare him for it by asking him to get you appointed head of the English department at the State university. He's on the board of trustees."

Angus' wedding-present to his daughter was of small value but great importance. It was nothing but an elk's head, superbly mounted.

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Find Ancient Stone Boat.

Investigators of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, D. C., have unearthed in an ancient grave on Burtons mound in Santa Barbara, Cal., the prow of what was once a soap-stone canoe. The find is said to be unique in the history of American archaeological research and indicates in the opinion of the scientists, that stone boats were used by the ancient aborigines of the district.

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He began to feel lyric and exalted.

Mr. Chandler was in great form for the rest of the evening. He could not let the topic of Ghent's doe rest.

Some good came out of Mr. Chandler's jocularity. Angus was thereby restored to cheerful frame of mind. Even Columbine seemed to regard Chandler's comic muse with favor, for she told him that she knew where the biggest buck on Paradise Peaks had his stamping ground, and that tomorrow they would go out together—without a guide—and get him. He had the finest antlers she had ever seen, she said.

This suggestion caused Angus to beam upon them, and sent Mr. Chandler to bed almost ready to announce his engagement. Ghent's feelings may be indicated by the fact that he spent half the night sitting up with Kenneth in a discussion of Baudelaire, with benedictine and brandy on the side.

He slept late the next morning, and awoke to find the lodge deserted except for himself and Kenneth, also a tardy riser. The latter was inclined to grumble because his guide and factotum had been commandeered again by the hunters, but he lent a willing hand to the improvisation of a breakfast. Then he had an inspiration.

"Now that the deer shooters are out of the way, and Sis has gone off with the ineffable Chandler," he said, "let's you and me go sight-seeing like a couple of plain literary guys. I'll show you the pret-

ing to Ghent, for he had competed in water marathons. To his surprise, he found that the water was not cold enough to sap his strength, and he changed to a slow easy breast-stroke that brought him to the chosen landing place unfatigued.

A fire was blazing on the shore, but Columbine and Chandler were gone. Spiked on a twig of pine beside the blaze was a note for Ghent, which read:

Good boy! I was sure you could make it. I wouldn't have let you start if I hadn't known that the lake was fed by warm springs. See what a nice fire I built for you to toast yourself by. Mr. Chandler was so pleased to gather the wood.

C.

P. S. Follow us up Deerskin canyon. I hope for some fun. Kenneth knows the way. We will ride slow.

Ghent showed the note to Kenneth.

"Sis has something up her sleeve," he said after studying it. "We'll row back, get the horses and follow. Well, I guess Chandler will have to admit you're champion in water sports and pastime. Say, how did you get that scar on your shoulder?"

"Where do you think I was a few years ago?" asked Ghent as he pulled on his shirt.

Kenneth reflected. "Army?" Ghent nodded. "Argonne."

Kenneth broke into a cheer.

"How wide is this lake?" he asked Columbine.

Men and women famous before the revolution in Russia are habitués of the place. There is Warontsof, grandson of the former "emperor of Caucasia." Warontsof is a dancer now, at the Chateau de Madrid.

There is Vladimir Shakovsky of Moscow, one of the haughtiest aristocrats of Russia—once. Now he is a butler for a French family and is marrying a princess who has been a lady's maid.

There is Prince Mirsky, whose estates in the Caucasus were among the largest there, and who is leaving soon to take a position as chauffeur in Rome.

There is Paul Meroth, former chief of the tsar's personal body-guard.

The disillusioned man in the corner—he is there every night—is

## RUSSIA IN PARIS -:- By BASIL WOON

Paris, Sept. 1.—A courtyard behind one of the aristocratic mansions on Avenue Wagram. Tents, covered by rare carpets from Bukkharas. Soft lights, colored. Twenty or 25 tables. Thick syllables.

This is Russia; in Paris. Every night there come to this tiny restaurant people who once gave fabulous entertainments in their own palaces at St. Petersburg and Moscow.

But here they eat for three francs and 25 centimes, which is about a quarter of what an ordinary cheap Parisian restaurant charges for a meal.

The work of Russian women, done in cheap lodgings and sold in the Russian workshops—including that run by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt—makes up the deficiency of the restaurant.