

A Goat Hunt in Washington

By DELOS W. FOWLER
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IT WAS a bright October morning, and the sun was rising over the foothills of the Cascades, spreading its glory over the beautiful Wenatchee lake, and the valleys leading to it. The vines, maples and alders in all the small canons were clothed in their gorgeous autumn colors, varying in hues from bright yellow to deep purple, and inland among the deep green of the pines and cedars, making a magnificent landscape. As we ascended the mountains we came upon a camp of Siwash Indians, and judging from the number of buck Indians with them it appeared certain that they would kill all the game in the hills, or drive it so far up to the summit of the mountains that a white man would not be able to get a shot. We made up our minds to go after the goats at the earliest moment, after reaching camp, which we intended to establish at a high elevation, because the mountain goat inhabits the least accessible solitudes.

The North Fork of the White River runs through the camp ground, making a narrow and deep canon of several hundred feet with the most exquisite scenery, consisting of waterfalls dashing over the cliffs, and through a small meadow of stream grass and rushes. Looking up through the canon we could see the glacier peaks from the foot of which springs the White river.

Our guides, Bill and John, began gathering wood for the night, and preparing supper, while Neil, Ross, and myself, attended to the erection of the tents, and a general investigation of our surroundings. Ross and I climbed up a dizzy summit that hid our camp from the main hill, to see if we could discern any game. On reaching the top of the cliff we did not see the sign of a goat, but stood scanning the hills for half an hour. Presently we saw a white spot leap across a narrow opening between two clumps of bushes, about half a mile from us, and well up on the range to our right. Then we saw another, and still another, and then the fourth goat. While we were watching these, a herd of eight goats passed the opening, and made their way leisurely down to a slide, where they stopped and began feeding. We saw that it was up to us to plan our strategy to gain a position above them where we could begin operations.

The mountain goat is extremely cautious and observing, and when pursued will never go down hill unless when wounded, when they will often hide in a clump of bushes, or in the crevices of rocks, rather than expose themselves to punishment.

I have often watched a goat try several times to get from one cliff to another, that were separated by a small chasm, which it could easily leap across, but rather than take a chance, it would walk for half a mile out of its way so as to reach the other side in safety. When hard pressed by hunters it will, of course, take leaps that it would not otherwise do in its moments of leisure. A goat, when pursued, will climb along shelves of rock on the walls of precipices, with apparent unconcern, walking in places that would completely shatter the nerves of any one who attempted to follow it.

We had breakfast about four o'clock the next morning, and packed our lunches, loaded up with ammunition, arranged our gunnysacks and ropes on our pack straps, and started for the hills. We agreed that myself, with Bill, the guide, should work our way among the crags on the other side of the sheep and secure an advantageous position above them, while Ross, Neil and John should get below them and drive them up past the position I would occupy. Bill and I climbed to an almost inaccessible position among the crags, overlooking the canon, where we could see both the herd and our companions.

With John leading the way and Ross and Neil following, they made a detour and got below the goats, and here they began to shout. The herd of five broke up into two sections, two of the animals heading for the canon that I commanded, and the other three broke off in a westerly direction, heading for a thicket of alder and willow, which offered them for the time being complete security.

At this moment Bill, the guide, with Ross, made a bee line for the thicket the sheep were heading for, in the hope of intercepting them, while Neil fired his gun at the two sheep that were rapidly approaching my position. The animals were soon within range and, of course had no suspicion that I was located right above them. Taking careful aim, I singled out the leading goat and fired. I knocked him down and he fell on his side, kicking furiously. The other goat was wounded by Neil, who was in hot pursuit, and after falling to the ground, got on its feet again, and kept on heading for the top of the canon. Signalling to Neil to go after the goat that was lying on the ground, I took another shot at my quarry and succeeded in keeling him over. As soon as Neil got up to the goat I had disabled, he put a bullet through its head, killing the animal completely. It required three more shots from my rifle to kill the hardy animal that was working its way into safety. I signalled to Neil to go back and rejoin Ross and the



guide and drive the other three goats up the canon. Ross joined Neil and Bill on the edge of the thicket and together they began to climb a small ridge in front of them.

"By Jove," said Bill, "those fellows are going right into a goat if they don't look out, and none of them seem to see him."

"Bang! Bang! Crack! Ping!" "Now they've done it," said Bill. "Look at him go; the rocks are full of them. Great Heavens! what a mess they have stirred up. Even that goat is going; they have only crippled him. Now, look at him hiding behind that rock."

"Yes," said I, "but Ross sees him; he has a bead on him now. Bang! He has got him."

Ross laid down his gun, took out his knife and, on reaching the goat, attempted to take hold of a horn to lift up Mr. Goat's head and bleed him, when his quarry made a leap off the rock they were on and bounded around the other side of the cliff as though he had just woke up.

"Haven't those blamed fools got that goat killed yet?" said Bill. "Look at him go; he'll get away sure."

The goat was making across the slide where we had seen them the night before and was headed for a thick patch of timber.

"Bang! Bang!" "Well, they've got him down again," said I. "I guess they have got him this time, so we might as well go back to camp."

"Well, don't be in a hurry," said Bill, "we're not sure yet. Where are they now? Where is the goat? That's what's bothering me."

"By Jingo," said I; "there he is, heading this way."

We were so excited at the prospect of the others losing the goat that under a simultaneous impulse we both climbed down the precipice into the canon below, and headed for the clump of brush into which we had seen the goat disappear. Here is where our troubles began, for we had to try our hand at climbing up a steep rock slide for nearly half a mile. We

ran for about 20 rods and then went into a maple clump that was nearly as bad as the alder and willow brush we had crawled through early in the morning. Neil lost his hat. Then a limb of a tree sprang back and struck my forehead, knocking me into a woodchuck's den. When I came to there was Mr. Goat sitting a few yards from me, chattering as if I had plundered his orchard. I took out my Colt revolver and settled his hash, as I thought. At the crack of the weapon Neil came hurriedly up to see what was happening, and fell off a log he was climbing over, and skinned his elbow on a rock. In the meantime the goat hobbled up the mountainside and lay down upon a ledge of rock about 200 yards above us. The way we went up that rock slide on all fours would surprise a Siwash. We got up within about 25 yards of the rock and Mr. Goat stuck his head over the ledge as much as to ask where we came from.

"Shoot him," yelled Neil.

"Shoot nothing," said I, "I can't shoot a flock of balloons—shoot him yourself."

At this the goat thought it was his move and hobbled off the rock, passing Neil within about six feet. Neil grabbed a handful of wool and lost his hold. He then made another lunge and stubbed his foot and fell flat, and as he fell chanced to grab the goat's hind leg. He was dragged for about 20 feet, yelling for help at the top of his voice. Finally the goat fell down and Neil got up, still hanging on to the leg. He managed to get his revolver out, but the goat kicked and fendered so that he could not handle both.

By this time I had got to him and he gave me the goat's leg to hold, and then stepped in front of the goat to get a shot at his head. Mr. Goat did not approve of that and made a lunge sideways that upset me and I was dragged about 15 feet. When I managed to get right side up I found that the goat had wedged himself between two rocks and had to stop. Here is where we killed him at last.

The careless manner in which many people fumigate their homes after a siege of infectious disease is to say the least criminal. As soon as the physician gives permission to move the patient, he should be given a hot bath and a sponging all over with a weak solution of bichloride, and move him into the room prepared for him.

The sick room itself should be thoroughly disinfected and everything that has been used that it is necessary to keep and is washable should be soaked for several hours in a solution of carbolic acid twenty parts to a hundred of water. It is almost impossible to disinfect a mattress well at home and it should either be burned or sent to an establishment where such things are sterilized.

There are several methods of fumigation; one is the burning of sulphur, and follow that by wiping off everything in the room with a solution of bichloride, one part to five hundred of water. The walls may be wiped with a broom bag dampened with the solution.

The use of formaldehyde is preferred by many, stopping up every crack and keyhole and letting the volatile substance penetrate every part of the room. All bedding should be spread out over chairs so that the gas will have easy access to it. Leave the room closed for 12 hours, then air thoroughly. Formalin lamps which produce the gas may be purchased. This is one of the easiest methods and one that is considered most satisfactory. Books and toys are something impossible to fumigate or disinfect, and it is much better to burn them than to run any risks of contagion. Disease germs live a long time in hiding, and one cannot use too much care and precaution. The germs of consumption are killed by a few minutes' exposure to the direct sunlight, as are many other germs, so let us use the cheap and easily available germicide and keep our homes healthful and sweet.

The Real Reason. "Can you tell me, my boy," said the prim teacher, "why the race is not always to the swift?" "Yes'm," said the little boy, promptly. "It's because sometimes their tres bust."—Baltimore American.

A Lost Homer. "I always thought a homing pigeon would go straight home," said a man who kept his country house open for the winter week-ends. "But I was up at my place a while ago and the gardener told me about a curious exception to the rule. He was out in the barn one day when in flew a pigeon through the open door. After it had flown from one post to another, he approached it gently and caught it. Then the bird was seen to be a homer, with a gilt band on one leg and two silver ones on the other. As it was toward night, the gardener thought it would be only humane to take it indoors and release it the next day after breakfast. But in the morn-

The KITCHEN CABINET



ONLY the hungry know the real joy of eating. Simple out-door life stimulates the muscular system and induces or preserves a state of health.

Food for the Invalid. Those who have sick people to feed, and care for, are often at a loss to know what to feed them; and have it at the same time appetizing and nutritious.

In serving a glass of milk, a cup of gruel or beef tea, place on a plate covered with a dolly.

In cases of kidney disease, the diet should be limited almost entirely to vegetables, skimmed milk and plenty of water.

Dyspeptic people should avoid all starchy food and take only the simplest diet.

A rheumatic patient should be denied sweets and only the white meats should be eaten; also gluten bread and toast.

The hard part of an oyster should be removed when serving them to an ill person.

Liquid foods are followed by the semi-solid foods in convalescence.

The old-fashioned method of feeding a cold and starving a fever is not considered good, as science has shown that plenty of nourishment is required to repair the waste of the tissues, caused by the fever.

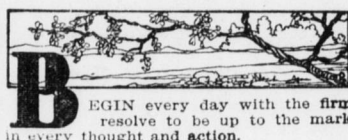
After the liquid diet comes the soups, thickened with rice and barley, eggs in various forms, milk and cream toast, chicken and beef jelly and similar foods. Grape juice, lemonade, flaxseed tea, barley water are drinks that are given frequently, in small quantities.

After a long illness, solid food is resumed very gradually and in small quantities, as the digestive system must not be over-taxed.

Typhoid fever patients are, as a rule, very ravenous when they first begin to improve, and the greatest care should be taken that they do not over-eat or take any food that may cause a relapse.

Scraped beef sandwiches, sago and rice pudding, bread and milk, baked apples, soup with an egg beaten up in it, custard and occasionally a well-baked potato may be some of the dishes that the invalid can eat with safety.

Later a broiled lamb chop or a piece of rare beef steak may be given.



How to Disinfect. The careless manner in which many people fumigate their homes after a siege of infectious disease is to say the least criminal.

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Nellie Maxwell.

Japan to Make Her Soap. According to Japanese newspapers, a British firm has organized a company for soap making on a large scale in Japan to supply good brands of soap to Japan, China, India, Siam and the South Sea Islands. American and other foreign soap manufacturers now draw considerable of their soap stock from China, the Philippines and the far east. In both Japan and China fuel and labor are cheap and plentiful.

COLDS



Munyon's Cold Remedy Believes the head, throat and lungs almost immediately. Checks Fevers, stops Discharges of the nose, takes away all aches and pains caused by colds. It cures Grip and obdurate Coughs and prevents Pneumonia. Write Prof. Munyon, 63rd and Jefferson Sts., Phila., Pa., for medical advice absolutely free.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. No relapses. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel writes of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. FREE TEST TREATMENT. (Including medicine, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending name of 2 reliable sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M. D., Dept. 2, American Express Building, Chicago.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

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Great Food

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ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE. NORTHROP & LYMAN CO. LD., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Ellen Terry's Joke.

When Ellen Terry was presented with a Founders' gold medal at the New theater, New York, recently—an honor conferred in recognition of her great services to dramatic art—she was called upon to make a speech of acceptance. It so happened that the actress was exceedingly hoarse and she was therefore forced to cut her remarks short. So she told this story: "A friend of mine once bought a parrot and gave much money for it with the understanding that it could speak fluently, but when he reached home with it he found to his dismay that the bird was dumb. So he took it back. 'This parrot cannot say a word,' he said indignantly to the bird fancier. 'It can't talk at all.' 'Talk!' the dealer exclaimed. 'Come to think of it, I know it can't, but it's a devil to think.'"

Successful Life Work.

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others, and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."—President Schurman.

CHILDREN AFFECTED

By Mother's Food and Drink.

Many babies have been hunched into life with constitutions weakened by disease taken in with their mothers' milk. Mothers cannot be too careful as to the food they use while nursing their babes.

The experience of a Kansas City mother is a case in point:

"I was a great coffee drinker from a child, and thought I could not do without it. But I found at last it was doing me harm. For years I had been troubled with dizziness, spots before my eyes and pain in my heart, to which was added, two years later, a chronic sour stomach.

"The baby was born 7 months ago, and almost from the beginning, it, too, suffered from sour stomach. She was taking it from me!

"In my distress I consulted a friend of more experience and she told me to quit coffee, that coffee did not make good milk. I have since ascertained that it really dries up the milk.

"So, I quit coffee and tried tea and at last cocoa. But they did not agree with me. Then I turned to Postum with the happiest results. It proved to be the very thing I needed. It not only agreed perfectly with baby and myself, but it increased the flow of my milk.

"My husband then quit coffee and used Postum and quickly got well of the dyspepsia with which he had been troubled. I no longer suffer from the dizziness, blind spells, pain in my heart or sour stomach.

"Now we all drink Postum from my husband to my seven months' old baby. It has proved to be the best hot drink we have ever used. We would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever drank." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Place to Buy Cheap
—IS AT—
J. F. PARSONS'



DROPS
TRADE MARK
CURES
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA
NEURALGIA and
KIDNEY TROUBLE

"DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substances and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND

Of Brewton, Ga., writes: "I had been suffering for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from 'DROPS.' I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

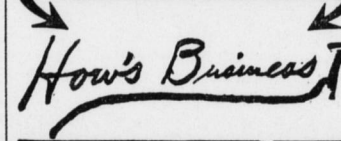
FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "DROPS," and test it yourself.

"DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

Large Size Bottle, "DROPS" (500 Doses) \$1.00. For Sale by Druggists.

SWANSON RHEUMATISM CURE COMPANY, Dept. 55, 100 Lake Street, Chicago.



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Mr. Merchant—You say you've got it all. You're selling them all they'll buy, anyhow. But at the same time you would like more business.

Make this community buy more.

Advertise strongly, consistently, judiciously.

Suppose you can buy a lot of washtubs cheap; advertise a big washtub sale in this paper. Put in an inviting picture of a washtub where people can see it the minute they look at your ad. Talk strong on washtubs. And you'll find every woman in this vicinity who has been getting along with a rickety washtub for years and years will buy a new one from you.

That's creative business power.

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Word-of-Mouth Advertising

Passing encomiums, only over your store counter, about the quality of what you've got to sell, results in about as much satisfaction as your wife would get if you gave her a box of cigars for Christmas.

Advertising in This Paper talks to everybody at once and makes them talk back with money.

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\$ Aim the \$ Ad. Gun TRUE

If it's hot weather, advertise cool things, Mr. Merchant. When it's cold, boost warmth. You know what people want when they want 'em. Profit thereby. Send your copy today for your ad. in this paper.

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