

for ten minutes Anne stubbornly played him. Rag's frequent howlings hardly interrupted the girl's tussle with the fish. By the time she safely landed the two-pound trout, the dog lost all patience. He caught the edge of the girl's short skirt in his teeth and gave it a sharp tug.

"O Ragsie, isn't it a beauty?" Rag's response was a more vigorous pull at her skirt.

"Yes, Rags, I am satisfied now. We shall run for camp this very instant."

A clap of thunder punctuated this remark. Anne realized that she would have to hurry to escape a severe drenching. She hastily wound up her line, slipped the reel in the pocket of her jacket, and as she unjointed her fly-rod, a warm drop of rain fell upon her hand.

"O dear me, Rags, why didn't I obey your warning long ago? We shall have to take the short cut to camp."

The short cut was down a deep gorge that cleft the western wall of the mountain. Although it was midsummer, the altitude was so great that the gorge was choked with a huge drift of snow, which completely filled the upper portion and terminated in a wall of dripping ice half-way down the canon.

It was a quick but dangerous descent. The campers had used it but once before, only to find the way round by the longer trail preferable.

A flash of lightning decided Anne's course. She scrambled through a tangle of manzanitas, climbed up a rocky gully to the mountainous rim encircling Rock Lake, and followed a faint trail that took her straight to the glacier-like mass of snow that dipped downward at an astonishing angle. Rags ran ahead of her, whining pitifully at every thunder-clap. The rain came down in big warm splashes. The heart of the storm was roaring across the lake and hurrying on its drenching way hard after the fleeing girl.

A blazing glare of lightning, followed by a terrific report of thunder, frightened Anne so that she broke into a run down the hard-packed snow. She seemed to be flying along with fearful velocity, and alarmed lest she should lose entire control of herself, she dug her heels in the crust—lost her balance in so doing, and fell backward upon the snow. She sat up and was about to regain her feet, when she discovered that the canon's sheer walls were sliding uphill!

The sight made her dizzy. She closed her eyes to shut out the unnatural spectacle, only to feel beneath her an undulating movement of the snow pack.

Then it dawned upon Anne that the huge drift of snow had been started from its bed by the storm. She opened her eyes and screamed with terror as another thunderbolt crashed overhead. It seemed to rock the very mountainside and give fresh impetus to the avalanche.

Anne staggered to her feet, impelled by a wild desire to seek safety in flight. She took but half a dozen steps when the careering mass upset her, rolling her over and over in the rumpled, broken drifts. She was almost smothered, terribly frightened—and when she felt herself dashed against the projecting limbs of a tree and wedged roughly among the thick branches, she nearly lost consciousness. But with fierce tenacity she clung to the bending, crackling boughs while the avalanche boomed past with a roar that drowned even the peals of thunder.

The pine-tree, in the top of which she had been lodged, stood near the side of the gorge, and luckily escaped the full force of the snowslide. But every vestige of a branch, save the topmost cluster, was sheared off by the grinding mass of snow, ice and debris.

Anne was too badly scared to notice this; too dazed to move a muscle. She had miraculously escaped awful death from the crushing avalanche, yet she was far from being assured of her safety, perched as she was, high above the bed of the canon.

The storm, too, followed furiously in the devastated path of the snowslide. The wind swayed and rocked the towered pine. A long branch that had been torn by the avalanche was torn from the tree trunk and hurtled far down the

rain fell in sheets, soaking poor

Anne to the skin. Through it all she kept her arms locked about the tree trunk. The thunder grew less heavy. From her elevated position Anne saw the black storm-clouds sweeping past the camping-grounds. For a moment she forgot her own plight in thinking of the danger of her companions; then she shivered with cold as a blast of wind gave the big pine a farewell twist.

The storm had spent its short, fierce career. The rays of the sun penetrated a rift in the clouds. Close to the horizon was this rift, but the welcome sunshine was none the less comforting to the cold, marooned girl.

At camp they were greatly worried when the storm-clouds broke over Rock Lake. The dull roar of the snowslide caused a panic among the women. It sent the men post-haste to find Anne.

When they had gone half-way across the meadow, they saw Rags, wet, bruised, and running on three legs. He was coming over the short-cut route, and yelping at every limping step.

The men were sick at heart. Rounding the shoulder of the mountain, that cut off their view of the gorge, they saw a mass of snow, earth, and uprooted trees scattered over the mountainside.

"Do you suppose she started home that way?" asked Tom Sanders.

"I—I hope not. Why, oh, why didn't I go with her!" moaned Elliott Noxon.

A faint halloo seemed to echo this plaint. It was repeated with more emphasis.

In a very few moments Anne's whereabouts were discovered by the astonished searchers.

"Well, of all things, Anne! Do tell us how you ever got up in that tree?" shouted Elliott Noxon.

"Oh, I can tell you that, Elliott," came



Our mountain friend—the Rocky Mountain goat.

the somewhat hysterical reply, "if you will first tell me how I am ever to get down!"

It did appear to be a difficult problem to solve. The pine's big, smooth bole soared up sixty feet, with never a branch for a foothold. The floor of the canon was a ragged bed of boulders. A fall from the tree meant death.

"If we could get a rope up to you, Anne—" suggested Elliott.

"If? Why, we must!" asserted Tom Sanders.

"O boys, I have it!" cried the girl, with sudden cheerfulness.

From the pocket of her fishing jacket she produced her reel, with its one hundred and fifty feet of oiled silk line. She fished a lead sinker out of the same pocket, attached it to the line, and then began carefully unreeling.

"Run for the picket-ropes, somebody!" shouted Elliott Noxon.

Anne superintended the details of her own rescue with exceeding calmness. She drew up the spliced picket-ropes hand over hand, and knotted an end securely round the tree. She made the descent according to the most approved gymnastic methods.

The moment she felt the touch of arms uplifted to steady her and solid ground beneath her feet she indulged in a good cry. But then she said she was entitled to at least that bit of feminine comfort, and the boys thought so, too.

Praises this Asthma Remedy.—A grateful user of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy finds it the only remedy that will give relief, though for thirteen years he had sought other help. Years of needless suffering may be prevented by using this wonderful remedy at the first warning of trouble. Its use is simple, its cost is slight and it can be purchased almost anywhere.

How I Make Big Money Out of "Ornery" Horses

By J. A. BUTLER

ABOUT two years ago I witnessed up in New York State an exhibition of horse-training that opened my eyes. A man by the name of Mackley took a devil of a mean, vicious mare that hadn't been harnessed for seven months and in a few days had her gentle enough for a schoolgirl to drive. Mackley had taken the mare off the owner's hands for \$50 and just ten days after sold her for \$175.00. A clear profit of \$125.00 in ten days!

That started me investigating. I learned that Mackley had simply used the methods introduced by the famous horse trainer, Jesse Beery. Beery, I learned, used to go about the country giving wonderful exhibitions in colt-breaking and horse-training; but realizing that he could accomplish more by teaching his methods by mail, had given up his exhibition work to spread his horse-training secrets by mail-instruction. Mackley had studied Beery's Course in his spare time and in a few months was able to accomplish magical results with green colts and horses with bad habits.

Other Successes

Mackley's work showed me a way to make some nice money and I determined to take Prof. Beery's Course in horse-training—but before doing so I made further inquiries. Here are what a few of Beery's students said. I'll let them tell of their success in their own words.

Mr. S. L. Arant writes: "Just to test Beery's methods, I bought the worst balky, kicking, fighting horse I could find. Paid \$65.00 for him. After handling him only a few hours according to Beery's system I sold him for \$135.00."

Mr. Dell Nicholson, Portland, Mich., writes: I have trained a four year old mare that was given up by everybody. Bought her for \$35.00, and now have her so gentle, my little boy handles her. Wouldn't take \$200.00 for her.

Dean L. Smith, Findley, Ohio, writes: By following Beery's instructions have changed a worthless, dangerous balker into a horse worth \$225.00.

Everett McBlock, Elkhart, Ill., writes: Have just broken a pony to drive and taught it some tricks. Owner bought it for \$17.50. Paid me \$40 to train it. He just sold it to a show company for \$150.00.

How I Work

The big source of my income is in buying up

"ornery" colts and horses at bargain prices, and after training the animals, selling them at a good profit. However, I also pick up good money handling colts and training horses for others on a fee basis. For instance, a farmer had a beautiful driving bay that had the bad habit of shying. A piece of paper blowing across the road would set the horse crazy. The owner thought a great deal of the animal, but couldn't take chances on the shying habit. A friend of his for whom I had done some work put this man in touch with me and in a few hours I had the horse completely cured of the habit—for which job I received \$50.



Curing Bad Habits

You can see from this that my work consists not only in breaking colts and "gentling" vicious horses, but in curing the various bad habits a horse can have—such as shying, balking, fear of automobiles, etc., pulling at hitching strap, pawing in the stall, etc. etc. Beery's methods of colt breaking are particularly amazing. Under the old way of handling green colts one usually had to half kill the horse as well as himself to

accomplish anything—and then the colt was usually spoiled or hurt in some way or other. But, when you apply Beery's principles, there is no hard, long work or injury to the colt.

No one should have a biting, kicking or balky horse when it is so easy to cure these vicious habits. No one should attempt to break in a colt the old fashioned way when Beery's methods make the task so easy. To every horse owner, to every lover of horseflesh, my advice is to get acquainted with the Beery principles. You can not only make money for yourself, but you can do a world of good, particularly at this day when war-demands have placed a premium on horses.

Wonderful Book Free

I have been requested to state that Prof. Jesse Beery will send his remarkable booklet, "How to Break and Train Horses" free to those interested. It is a booklet well worth having as it reveals some startling information on horse-training. I have heard men who considered themselves expert horsemen say that the booklet was a revelation to them. There is no use in my going into details on the booklet when you can get it free for the asking.

Just drop a line to Prof. Jesse Beery, Dept. 264, Pleasant Hill, Ohio, and the booklet will be sent free by return mail. A postcard will do as well as a letter.



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