

moved hither and thither, but old Crouch squatted calmly on a spruce bough, viewing and hating all, yet fearing the creature, man.

But hunger will come to a healthy cougar, and Crouch soon viewed the varying scene with another sentiment.

As evening came on, two boys, with a beautiful Collie, slowly and leisurely drove a herd of cows homeward along a path that led even under the very bough on which old Crouch reposed.

Suddenly, swiftly, there was a stir in the air, a cry in the silent evening, and there shot from the spruce bough a mass of tawny fur that bore the struggling Collie into the jungle, to return no more. Crouch did not know that he had dined on Finn's best cougar dog, the cause of his loneliness and woe.

Canine flesh appealed to his appetite. Hunger and resentment were at the same time appeased. A new career had dawned on the life of the mighty cat.

Many were the trackers of wild life whose exits were sudden and silent. Many a household companion returned no more to the hearth. Henceforth the settlers of Tehnami mourned the loss of many a faithful dog. And Crouch was the cause.

But in no way can you so readily arouse the wrath of man as by abusing his dog. The crime of Crouch called for retribution. War was declared on the dog-eating cougar. There was organized a wide-spread cougar hunt, a hunt that should in one day scour the fields and woodlands of Tehnami, even from the waters of the gulf to the snowy summits of the interior.

The baying of a hound in the distance announced to Crouch that his enemies were abroad. As the deep-toned voice drew nearer he planned that soon he should kill and mangle and feast. He took a position on a hemlock bough and lay in wait for the foe. But, with the hound came the scent of man: yes, it was the scent of Cougar Finn, whose rifle he had learned to fear. He dared not attack the hound in the presence of the death dealer. Silent and motionless he would "freeze" on the hemlock, as he had so often done and let the danger pass.

But the hound was a sure-scented tracker, and the eyes of the hunter were keen. The ambush was soon located, and the huntsman detected the dun colored, motionless mass that he so well knew to be cougar. Steadily, carefully the rifle came to his shoulder. Firm reliable hands brought the weapon to position, while a keen unerring eye looked along the sights.

Often, O Crouch, have dangers encompassed thee, but never a danger like this. Often has Death stalked thee but never so closely as now. One second more and that death dealing weapon will speak; will speak, O King of Tehnami; speak as it spoke to thy kindred. And the rifle spoke.