

woods and the dense, tangled brakes of the jungle, and take toll of the blood of the wild.

In his early youth, as one of a family of six brown and black mottled cougar kittens, he had played and frolicked in Tehnami's glen. Taught by a shrewd and kindly mother, he had learned the lessons of cougar life, had learned where prey resorted, had learned where danger lurked. He had learned to stalk the spotted deer, to frighten the rabbit into betraying his presence, to catch the gossiping marmot as he chirped from his burrow's mouth.

His one great enemy was man, and he knew of men and their ways. He knew how to glide from the vision of man or the scent of hound, or when that was impossible, to "freeze" into motionless invisibility amidst rocks, logs, stumps or mounds of dull brown earth.

But all the creatures of the wildwood have their blind side, and the angel of the wild things is a one-eyed goddess. This was well-known to Cougar Finn of the vale of Tehnami. Cougar Finn was so called for his skill in the destruction of the feline denizens of the wild. A government bounty made it worth while to specialize on gathering in the skulls of the cougar tribe. Thus, one by one, the family of Tehnami's glen swelled the hunter's coffer, decorated clubroom walls, and became the theme of huntsman's fiction.

His cougar sire had passed from cougar land. His brethren had brought bounty to Finn. The mother that had nurtured and taught him posed in beautiful inanimate grandeur in the Provincial Museum. Crouch alone remained.

Time passed. He found a mate among his kindred of the wild. The rock-bossed glen of Tehnami was once more the scene of cougar merriment. Black and brown mottled kittens once more frisked, frolicked and gamboled in the rough ribbed ravine. Crouch, the mighty one, was the patriarch of the cougar tribe and lord of the wilderness vale.

But one after one, the members of this fierce and happy family fell before the deadly rifle of Cougar Finn, until, once more, old Crouch sat solitary in his rocky retreat and entertained a nameless feeling akin to resentment toward the cause of his manifold bereavement.

He did not think or plan as we do. A restless, undefinable feeling filled his cougar soul and urged him on to action. His bereavement was to him a sort of indistinct sorrow, which he had associated with the sight and sound and smell of men and dogs and gunpowder.

He left the glen of Tehnami. He wandered from the home of his youth, from the scene of his triumphs and troubles. On the skirts of the settlements he prowled, watching with inward resentment all that was of the domain of man.

Children played by the doorways, flocks fed in the pastures, vehicles rolled on the highways, dogs barked in the backyards, men