

grain bags in the clearing; they moved away so unwillingly that Cary, in desperation, pricked his beast a little with the point of Archer's bowie. At the sting of the steel the horse lurched suddenly, crashed into a holly thicket and made such a racket that instantly furious yells made the pines echo—"Thar they go! Thar they go! Quick, we'll git 'em yet! They cain't get out o' the valley!"

"Stay close—no matter what!" Cary shouted while dashing ahead to find the trail. It was a hard, punishing task, for low sweeping branches lashed his face and shed icy showers of rain drops over his chilled body, but, skilled campaigner that he was, he managed to pick a course down the hillside.

They had ridden thus perhaps five minutes when Cary reined in with a suddenness that made the girl's horse come bumping into him. Her pale face loomed near. "What is it?"

"Horses on the trail below—not sure though—you listen, too."

"Yes, I hear them. Oh, dear, what are we to do? Listen, Archer's men are coming after us!" And indeed the mountain above them resounded to muffled yells and pounding hoofs from which Cary estimated that at least eight or ten jayhawkers had captured their animals and were probably riding bareback in pursuit.

The burning question, however, concerned those horsemen below. Were they Confederate regulars or perhaps a wandering detachment of Federal cavalry cut off from General White's retreating army? Or were they more guerrillas homeward bound from a raid? In any case the situation was desperate, Cary realized, for at this point the trail followed the narrow crest of a ridge which fell away so sharply to either side as to make it suicidal to risk sliding to safety.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



Aërial Trappers

AËRIAL trappers are helping ranchers in the West to rid their ranges of coyotes, bobcats and gray prairie wolves with ski-planes easing their work.

Armed with shotguns, young hunters patrol the air over snow-covered prairies in search of coyotes, valuable for their pelts as well as bounties. The aërial hunters swoop down upon their prey, giving it both barrels, and are able, by virtue of skis attached to their landing-gear, to land, load the carcass into the plane, and go on with the hunt.

In spite of sub-zero weather the aërial pilots are able to bag twelve pelts in a couple of hours' flying, if they have good luck—and good pelts are worth around five dollars apiece. The coyotes, which are preying upon cattle and deer, make huge depredations each winter among the young deer, calves and other animals.

The number of coyotes, cut down in one section, increases in another and thus the range pests continue to exist out West, and like the proverbial wolf at the door will no doubt always cause ranchers to worry—in spite of the modern aërial trappers.

Glen Perrins.



KENNAN
In Siberia

THE TELEGRAPHER WHO TURNED EXPLORER

George Kennan, explorer, traveler and author, was born in Norwalk, Ohio in 1845. He came of Scotch-Irish and American stock, and was a distant relative of S.F.B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph. The trend of his career was determined when as a child he ticked off his first message over the newly invented marvel of wire communication. From that day no toy could interest the boy as much as his key and wire set.



KENNAN WAS ONLY 12 WHEN HE BECAME A REGULAR OPERATOR AT NORWALK. HIS ABILITY WON HIM PROMOTION TO POSTS AT COLUMBUS, WHEELING AND CINCINNATI. TO MAKE UP FOR THE SCHOOLING HE HAD MISSED HE LITERALLY BURNED THE MIDNIGHT OIL PURSUING STUDIES. IN 1863 KENNAN, DISAPPOINTED BY FAILURE TO SEE SERVICE IN THE CIVIL WAR, UNEXPECTEDLY REALIZED HIS DREAM OF SEEING THE WORLD. RECEIVING A WIRE FROM HIS SUPERINTENDENT INQUIRING: "CAN YOU START FOR ALASKA IN TWO WEEKS?" KENNAN CLICKED BACK THE IMMEDIATE RESPONSE, "YES IN TWO HOURS."

THE FIRST ATLANTIC CABLE HAD JUST BROKEN SO IT WAS PLANNED TO SET UP AN "OVERLAND" TELEGRAPH LINE VIA ALASKA AND SIBERIA TO EUROPE. KENNAN, SCARCELY 18, TOOK UP A MISSION FRAUGHT WITH SEVEREST HARDSHIPS AMID THE WASTES OF UNEXPLORED SIBERIA. BECAUSE OF THE SUCCESS OF THE 2ND ATLANTIC CABLE THE PROJECTED LAND LINE WAS ABANDONED. BUT IN THE 2 YEARS PASSED IN THE SIBERIAN WILDERNESS KENNAN AND HIS PARTY BLAZED A 6000 MILE TRAIL. THEY OFTEN CAMPED IN 50 BELOW ZERO; THEY TRAVERSED GREAT RIVERS IN SKIN CANOES AND CROSSED TRACKLESS PLAINS ON REINDEER BROKEN IN FOR MOUNTS. HE WINTERED IN ST. PETERSBURG AND MASTERED THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE.



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