

## MINE

BY AMORY HARE COOK

THIS day is mine; and I have wandered far,  
Bent on beholding what it is I own.  
Each slow unfolding hour has priceless grown,  
And I am covetous of every star.

The smell of hay and daisies is entwined  
Upon the heavy summer-scented air,  
And 'mid the mellow silence, lingering there,  
Replete young Noonday, drowsing, lies enshrined.

Here will I rest where faintly comes the sound  
Of fir trees murmurous, and crooning breeze,  
Where in a breath the fragrance of the trees  
Is born and dies amid a peace profound.

And now where slumbrous Noonday lay at ease,  
Pale evening trails her gown of gauzy gray,  
Lighting the dim brief moments of her stay,  
With one clear candle, low among the trees.

With gentle hands she cools the earth and fills  
The air with her own tranquil breathing sweet,  
Till straying westward with reluctant feet  
She slips away beyond the distant hills.

As spreads the peacock wide its gaudy train,  
Night spreads her stars and all her subtle snares.  
She knows her power and, knowing it, she dares  
Bewitch when all but she would think 'twere vain.

Bedecked with gems her beauty to enhance,  
She weaves a slow enchantment o'er the earth,  
As with a look, half sorrow and half mirth,  
She bids the starry hosts of heaven to dance.

It seems that this cool blue-black world of Night  
Shall never change to brilliant Day again —  
That Time has reached the last link of the chain,  
And frightened Earth must ever wait the Light.

Yet, as I watch, the caravan of stars  
Creeps out, slow-moving, on its westward way,  
And in the east the legions of the day  
March up the sky with flashing scimitars.

I know not whether I shall lift my eyes  
Unto the heavens, or bend them to the grass;  
I cannot pray, I cannot sing, alas;  
And yet before these wonders of the skies

Some spirit in me leaps to bend the knee  
In utter gratitude and love and praise  
For all the wondrous beauty of the days  
That God has given to earth; and given to me.

# LETTERS ON AN ELK HUNT

## V. ELK, THIEVES, AND ORPHANS

BY ELINORE RUPERT STEWART

CLOUDCREST, Oct. 10, 1914.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

I wonder what you would do if you were here. But I reckon I had better not anticipate, and so I will begin at the beginning. On the morning of the eighth we held a council. The physician and the two students had gone. All had their limit of elk except Mr. Haynes and myself. Our licenses also entitled each of us to a deer, a mountain sheep, and a bear. We had plenty of food, but it had snowed about a foot and I was beginning to want to get out while the going was good. Two other outfits had gone out. The doctor and the students hired them to haul out their game. So we decided to stay on a week longer.

That morning Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I melted snow and washed the clothes. It was delightful to have nice soft water, and we enjoyed our work; it was almost noon before we thought to begin dinner. I suppose you would say lunch, but with us it is dinner. None of the men had gone out that day.

Mr. Harkrudder was busy with his films and did n't come with the rest when dinner was ready. When he did come, he was excited; he laid a picture on the table and said, 'Do any of you recognize this?'

It looked like a flash-light of our camping ground. It was a little blurry, but some of the objects were quite clear. Our tent was a white blotch except for

the outlines; the wagons showed plainly. I did n't think much of it as a picture, so I paid scant attention. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy gave it close scrutiny; presently she said, 'Oh, yis, I see what it is. It's a puzzle picture and ye find the man. Here he is, hidin' beyont the pine next the tent.'

'Exactly,' said Harkrudder, 'but I had not expected just this. I am working out some ideas of my own in photography, and this picture is one of the experiments I tried the night of the storm. The result does n't prove my experiment either way. Where were you, Stewart, during the storm?'

'Where should I be? I bided i' the bed,' the Stewart said.

'Well,' said Harkrudder, 'I know where each of the other fellows was, and none of them was in this direction. Now who is the seventh man?'

I looked again, and, sure enough, there was a man in a crouching position outlined against the tent wall. We were all excited, for it was ten minutes past one when Harkrudder was out, and we could n't think why any one would be prowling about our camp at that time of the night.

As Mr. Stewart and I had planned a long, beautiful ride, we set out after dinner, leaving the rest yet at the table eating and conjecturing about the 'stranger within our picture.' I had hoped we would come to ground level enough for a sharp, invigorating canter,