## ON PARADISE PEAKS

The conventional playthings of mil-

snows had gnawed canons; tornadoes out and have some sport. had turned sculptor; forests had painted bleak slopes with the bless- to hate Mr. Chandler was a just and ing of green-in order that old man true emotion. Angus might have his plaything. Paradise Peaks he called it, having

fancy for alliteration. pole pine and aspen groves of Clearthrough the sweet, thrilling months of in Utah. the mountain summer played grand

igst to his guests He supplied all accessories to adhurting lodges, scattered over Para- only enough for that day's food." dise Peaks, each had its arsenal, its of horses and its guides at the disposal of guests.

Old man Ang s had a plaything that snubbed as a game-hog. cannot be matched on this continent. He also had a daughter. There the story really begins.

Columbine, aged twenty, had been everywhere and seen everything Angus' money had taken care of all that; but her soul belonged to her cholesome and feminine.

Of course this Columbine had her Pierrot-in plural. That summer there were two of them. One was strongly favored by Angus as future son-inlaw Chandler was what society reporters call an "eligible bachelor," which means that he was nearer forty voted exclusively to the sporting hold her hand? achievements of the unnecessarily

The other Pierrot who had followed columbine to her mountain habitat fitted into the natural environment. He did not rate him as a rival, but for he was a poet Columbine had Thicago where she had dabbled in the Pierian spring as a special student in Targlish literature the conversity of proceeded to poison the wells of this wayfarer. English literature the winter before, and when a few dancing parties at the Quadrangle Club had warmed up sunset?" a casual classroom acquaintance into omething more lively, she had invited him out to Papa's principality for a summer's airing She had been timid In making the suggestion for he, beng a faculty man with some exalted moved on a higher academic plane than she could ever hope to

He had accepted her invitation, and with some fishing tackle an old riding-suit, and an anthology of Vic-He had not suspected Columbine that he was pursuing a princess of the Continental Divide.

Ghent felt at a loss in the Paradise Peaks crowd Although it was affable negative, its talk was not his talk sively rich; and also, like John Eusment They had been all over the nap, and he, Roderick Ghent, had of mountains and plains. een nowhere in particular, except to

ils dress suit. He gathered that din-Wanor and he would have fied back o civilization and simplicity immedately if the railroad station had not Jim," she said wistfully, "and I don't driving away. In a panic he rushed him. o Columbine for advice, and she "Ilmed his embarrassment with such actful sympathy and resourcefulness 'hat his adoration of her reached a private picnic," old Rip promised. new summit of ecstasy. She merely and with her gentlest smile:

on what you want." Then she pressed a button and con-

ish ' was laid out in his room, com-

"Am I in the Wild West or the the saddle. Arabian Nights?" he asked himself as ne studied the perfect fit of someondy else's dress coat across his stopluod.

isked if he rode.

'I haven't been on a horse for fifeen years." he answered cheerfully. Pid he like trout fishing?

Ghent, candor itself, did not know,

th, yes; where did he do his fish-

Ghent mentioned northern Wisconwere received coldly. Bait-casting for fits into a horse natural-like." and in enty-one pounds which he had which Mr. Chandler was showing the so did Ghent. He spurred. caught off the Catalina Islands after effects of the climate. eleven hours of desperate battle.

Did he shoot? Well 3 cs-in a sort of a way. hooting? Grouse? Deer, clk. bear? Paradise Peaks knew no

Ghent could not specify his choice flor ures did not amuse old man of wild creature for killing, and Mr. Argus He had worked with the big Chandler saw fit to talk in a large fist in his time, and now he would mahner about the snow-leopards he spend with the open hand. But he had shot in the Himalayas, the sumwanted space for the golden sowing; mer of 1914, with his friend Lieutenhe manted to be monarch of all he ant-Colonel Apmadoc Jones of the Bengali Lancers. The war had ended So he engaged a geologic age for big-game shooting, Mr. Chandler conals landscape gardener and bought tinued, but it was beginning again himself a Titan's share of the Rocky with the coming of peace, and a man Mourtains. The water from eternal who wanted adventure could now go

Ghent then knew that his instinct

The talk of guns and kills rai around the table until Ghent wanted The Manor, set deep in the lodge- to shriek. He managed to silence the banker at his elbow who was telling vater Valley, was the heart of the of his great massacre of ducks last There old man Angus November on the Bear River marshes

with a world-weary air, "that the ler, out of the goodness of his heart, pleasure of hunting, for its own sake suggested that Ghent should join venture, from trout-flies to guns that dies out. I have come to believe that would slay an elephant. The fifteen a man has a right to kill each day

The man who had spoken of sevenhbrars, its store of liquors, its string teen dozen ducks in one morning's bag thought of eating them all within three meals, and considered himself Then Columbine began to talk of

books to Ghent. Kenneth Angus, Columbine's brother, a few years older who had been wrapped in moody saddle. I want to see Mr. Chandler silence, pricked up his ears and joined get his buck. Besides, I think that in their conversation intelligently. Kenneth, who had been blighted in

love while at Yale, was in the habit native West, and she remained simple, of wandering from one hunting-lodge to another, with only an old guide for

After dinner Columbine took Ghent out to a corner of the veranda to see what she called her demi-tasse view He began to feel lyric and exalted Was it because a poem was coming on-or because Columbine, in a platonic sort of way, was letting him

With heavy feet that gave satisfactory warning Angus and Mr Chandler bore down along the long veranda toward ihem. Chandler had sensed a foe in Ghent

as an annoyance? So he adroitly

most clubby fashion, "are you getting an inspiration for a poem from the

Angus, in whose code poets were a third and lamentable sex, grunted at this, and Ghent knew that he had been betrayed.

He became nervous and therefore stupid. His throat became dry; he sneezed violently, and followed it with a hacking little cough. Although he didnt know it, this was a high-altitude, dry-climate reaction from the respiratory tract of a lowlander.

But Mr. Chandler seized his oppor-

"You're not catching cold are you,

Mr. Ghent?" he asked fondly. Ghent felt himself branded as an

Bright and early the next morning Columbine sought out Jim Ripley. enough and its wives were pleasantly better known as old Rip, foreman of the guides, to give him certain con-They were all like Angus, impres- fidential instructions For the benefit of the visiting Easterners old Rip tare Chardler they were apparently dressed himself like the hero of a adept at every extravagant amuse- Wild West film; however, he was a simple, gentle soul, master of the craft

"Well, Miss Columbine," after she had confided in him. "he Moreover he had not brought along must be some tenderfoot, but I'll see that he don't come to no harm. Me ner was a full dress affair at the and him will just play around quiet "I don't think he is very strong.

seen a hard forty miles of motor- want the other men to make fun of "I'll give him Eagle, who's the truest

horse in the State, and if there's any laughing to be done it will be my own

So when Ghent emerged from the Manor after breakfast, he was accost-"Don't worry. I think I can find ed by a friendly old customer who asked if he didn't want to be introduced to his horse, and went down to erred with an austere major dome. the stables to meet his fate. He observe Within a few minutes an equipment ed that Eagle, a flea-bitten gray with a If what young Mr. Ghent, in his look of responsibility, had ar amicable ighter moments called "soup-and-eye; he listened to a droil lecture upon the habits and character of this plete from socks to cuff links What particular horse; and with an ease tas more important, the clothes fitted that was surprising in the victim of a hacking cough, he swung up into

Three days later old Rip reported "Don't worry about that tenderfoot of yours, Miss Columbine. I'm learnin' him fast, and he seems to like it. Before Ghent's coming there had The fust mornin' I took him out for and Kenneth's familiar spirit were to whipped over the gray hills. en some teasing of Columbine about a five-mile walk on Eagle to break be conscripted into the party on aror learned and poetic tenderfoot. The him in gentle. We just ra-lied over adings had been led, of course, by the sage-brush in the front yard, and Mr Chandler of New York, who knew he asked a million questions In the In the dinner-table talk Ghent was fly caster—keeps snapping off the files him. and cussin' the man that invented 'em. Says it's a fiddlin', foolish sport for silly old prime ministers and heavy having tried it. But he liked around in a high wind? he says. The ler was persistently riding with Coloff twenty and clumb some mountains. The boy's got pep, Miss Columbine. sin and black bass, but his remarks and he's goin' to be a ridin' tool. He hoofs behind him, and Mr. Chandler room.

lack bass, he began to perceive, was Columbine began to feel reassured, out, and Chandler gave his horse a in practice, except those ordained by distinctly lower-class. Some one, to She observed approvingly that Ghent cut of the quirt. Chandler's bay was the lord of the domain. sare the situation, carelessly referred was taking on a becoming tan instead thrusting his nose ahead of Eagle's a sea hass weighing four hundred of the scarlet-nosed sunburn with blue muzzle; Eagle resented this, and own preserves, Mr. Angus ordained

What did he fancy in the line of Chandler was seeing too much of Col- gave him his head. Wild turkey- umbine, he was enjoying himself. He found hereabouts in abundance, and the mighty hunters began to shoot big down a steep slope was close ahead. a bird of prey. Then he stealthily thundercloud. game game verbally around the dinner table. Chandler shouted a warning at Ghent got off his horse, and began to crawl



He began to feel lyric and exalted.

gan to lust for the blood of a deer, bay. Ghent vanished. and an expedition to Snowdrift Ridge was planned for him. Angus was going along, and so were two lesser hunts- ramping Eagle that speed was no "I find as I grow older," said Ghent, men of the dinner table. Mr. Chand-

> "You'll -see a deer, anyway." he remarked, "and the ozone up on Snowdrift is recomended by doctors." Ghent accepted promptly. Then Ghent accepted prompts.
>
> Columbine said she would go too.
>
> Angus. 'It's

> "Nonsense!" boomed Angus. too hard a ride for you, my dear." "Don't be silly, Dad," she retorted sharply. ."I can ride there and back

Kenneth is up there at the lodge." "All right," he growled. "We'll go he squatted among the sage-brush. up there together and chase Kenneth out of the woods."

road he managed to persuade the longer necessary, and turned back. Columbine had been in flerce pursuit of them, and now she was talking

to Chandler like a mother. "You ought to be ashamed of your-self," she was saying "You know that Eagle is an old cow-pony with a reputation to sustain. Mr. \_ Ghent might have been thrown at that turn. You know he can't ride'

"I'm beginning to think he can." muttered Chandler.

A few miles farther on the tireless again without getting out of the pointer dog that had followed the cavalcade gave tongue in a way that aspen. signified a coyote. Old Rip's telescopic eye picked the covote out as "A pretty shot," suggested Rip, and

Mr. Chandler plucked out his carbine, more and more distant. Old Rip rode with the cavalcade, as dismounted, took careful aim, and

rocks. Ghent imitated these Indian the blasted trunk of a fallen tree and waited. When Ghent came up he looked over the tree and then pointed. "I don't see anything," Ghent whisgot in the way.'

and told Rin so

could catch a train for Denver.

let the topic of Ghent's doe rest.

their eyes when they die."

and get a buck bigger than Mr. Chandler's."

"I'm through with killing deer," he

Some good came out of Mr. Chand-

Even Columbine seemed to regard

Chandler's comic muse with favor, for

she told him that she knew where the

biggest buck on Paradise Peaks had

his stamping ground, and that to-

morrow they would go out together-

the finest antiers she had ever seen,

This suggestion caused Angus to

beam upon them, and sent Mr. Chand-

ler to bed almost ready to announce

his engagement. Ghent's feelings may

be indicated by the fact that he spent

naif the night sitting up with Kenneth

in a discussion of Baudelaire, with

awoke to find the lodge deserted ex-

cept for himself and Kenneth, also a

tardy riser. The latter was inclined

to grumble because his guide and

factotum had been commandeered

again by the hunters, but he lent a

willing hand to the improvisation of a

breakfast. Then he had an inspira-

Ghent was a dweller by the Great

From the top of a forested rise they

thought of the sight of open water

tackle too. And there's a boat.

couple of plain literary guvs.

in the world'

benedictine and brandy on the side.

"Well, there he is, even if you can't see him. See him in your mind. See where his head is, and his peck, and his shoulder, and his foreleg. Put one square into his shoulder, and blow his

Ghent drew a mental picture of the deer, aimed with designs upon the deer's heart, and fired. Then came the sound of a falling

and a threshing about among the "Got him!"

'Good kid!"

There was also the sound of another commotion among the aspen, growing

"That's funny," said old Rip. "Did



Ghent fired from the saddle. The yellow streak collapsed. "That's shootin!" shouted Rip.

man regularly stationed at Snowdrift coyote, and then a yellow streak | done his runnin' first. Never mind;

first fifteen miles he satisfied himself lapsed. ill the Rocky Mountains by their first afternoon I gave him a whirl at the and old Rip as a gay cavalier. So Mr. trout in Willow Creek. He's a rotten Chandler sprang another plot to ruin

The elder Angus was taking things a kind of pest, aren't they?" easily and lagging behind. The two huntsmen, also being men of years, swells from Long Island. Who wants straggled along to keep him company. lofty ridge after which it was named, to keep flippin' a snip of feathers Old Rip kept within view. Mr. Chandhimself leading the parade.

Suddenly there was a clatter appeared alongside. Eagle jumped

It became a wild gallop for half a

The road ran along the high shoul-

Another rifle cracked. Ghent had fired from the saddle. The yellow Ghent made no moan and for the streak jerked up into the air and col-

psed.
"That's shootin'!" shouted Rip.
"Too Ghent. "Too "Sheer luck," declared Ghent. bad to kill the poor thing-but they're had been two deer, buck and doe, Snowdrift Lodge perched among the boulders on the sunny slope of the

not far from the crest. The party arrived, took possession next day we did ten miles and got umbine, and as Eagle was showing a and prepared its travel-sore bodies bride of the phantom buck and pack some action. And yesterday we tore bright and eager spirit Ghent found with food, drink and sleep for the great deeds of the morrow. Kenneth of was there; however, he sulked in his

Paradise Peaks knew no game-laws,

But as the faithful keeper of his that the does should always be spared. Ghent went out the next day with front porch and sulk with Kenneth. After several false alarms, old Rip back of the lodge?" They were to be continued to freeze up, however, when der of a hill. Its disappearing turn stood up in his stirrups and peered like

we'll find him' They went back to the horses and then rode down to find the victim. There was a deer among the

'quakin' asp," but it was a doe! Old Rip, breathing strange oaths and lamentations, deduced this story. There browsing among the aspen side by side. The doe had taken the bullet and thus brought calamity upon the reputation for woodcraft of Paradise Peaks' top guide.

"And now we've got to dress the her into camp," Rip announced, "and back to camp she goes to get us into the human duck. trouble. Well, she means venison for feet" dinner, anyway."

In spite of Rip's brooding, however, Ghent did not realize the full iniquity delicate. of his deed, from a sporting point of view, until dinner-time. Then Mr. Chandler, after describing tion and retire"

As for Ghent's \mood, it improved mile. Chandler was using leather like old Rip, to make a pretense at deer- the sagacity with which he had every hour. Except for the fact that a jockey, but Ghent merely spoke shooting. There was nothing else to stalked and killed a fine buck that he wasn't seeing enough and Mr. sweet words of cheer to Eagle and do, unless he wanted to stay on the afternoon, asked accusingly: "Who shot the doe I saw around in I will ride around. Kenneth can es-

Old man Angus turned black as a clothes."

By CHARLES COLLINS

Illustrated by ERNEST FUHR

Columbine silenced her father with a look, but the situation was strained really killed the buck, but the fool doe

Ghent was crushed, in spite of Coltigued. umbine's looks of sympathy. He won-A fire was blazing on the shore, but dered how soon it would be before he

Good boy! I was sure you could make it I wouldn't have let you start answered. "I can't stand the look in if I hadn't known that the lake was fed by warm springs. See what a nice

Mr. Chandler was in great form for the rest of the evening. He could not gather the wood. I hope for some fun. Kenneth knows

ler's jocularity. Angus was thereby the way. We will ride slow. Ghent showed the note to Kenneth. "Sis has something up her sleeve," he said after studying it. "We'll row back, get the horses and follow. Well. I guess Chandler will have to admit you're champion in water-sperts and

> "Where do you think I was a few years ago?" asked Ghent as he pulled on his shirt.

Ghent nodded. "Argonne." Kenneth broke into a cheer.

"This will be a great laugh on dad and Chandler. That accounts for your

And the cough that worried Chandler a souvenir of boche gas"

salute you!" Kenneth gloated. "Are you ready sergeant? Let's go" Deep in a forested canyon, about an

"Now that the deer-shooters are out buck, I fear," said Kenneth. of the way, and Sis has gone off with He gave a cowboy's yell, which rethe ineffable Chandler," he said, "let's you and me go sight-seeing like s

"That's Sis. Something's doing." show you the prettiest mountain lake A little farther on, they could hear aughter, long and unrestrained. Lakes, and his heart leaped up at the

"There's a shack on the lake with some cooking-tools in it," continued Kenneth, "and we'll find some trout-

horse, and howled with a madman's caught their first view of the lake. Ghent caught his breath with pure "That's right, don't say a word," Kenneth remarked and they descend-

ed reverently to the shores of Blue About noon-time, as their boat stood in morose silence, rifle in hand. moved slowly toward the cabin, Kenneth in the stern, began to groan in

his best hermit's fashion. "Look who's here!" he said, point-"This means four for lunch." Glancing over his shoulder, Gheat sew Columbine and Chandler riding is anathema" down the hillside trail toward the

"What luck?" Columbine called out

to him. "For me, none at all," he answered blithely. "I've tried all the wellrecommended trout-flies. — the Pink Tarantula, the Red-headed Chauffeur and the Prime Minister's Delight,but the trout seem to regard them with suspicion. Kenneth, however has been catching them two and three at a time."

"On worms!" Kenneth bellowed shamelessly. "Good! We'll have trout for a camp-Won't that be nice.

fire luncheon. Mr Chandler?" "It would be nicer if Chandler had to clean the fish," Kenneth declared able to find the way back to campto the distant hills.

nade the fire and pecled the potatoes; Columbine was chief cook, and Mr. Chandler offered suggestions. But it was a successful luncheon Where's that prehistoric buck you

went out to get?" Kenneth wanted to know of Columbine and Chandler. "Oh, we're trailing him," Columbine answered evasively

"Did you think he came down here to take his daily bath?" Mr Chandler averred that they cerainly had seen the hoof-prints of an extremely large deer. Columbine

changed the subject. The lazy hour after luncheon was one of deep and quiet contentment.

"I should like a swim," said Ghent sleepily. Chandler spoke almost lyrically of

the joys of surf-riding at Honolulu and Ghent was tempted in his youth. "How wide is this lake?" he asked Columbine

"From here to that point, almost a

"Mr. Chandler, I will swim you from here to that point." Kenneth, without opening his eyes. applauded.

"Fine! Sig can withdraw into the shrubbery while you peel. I'll row that's some job. I've always played across with you and carry the clothes. on the square with the old man, so Go on! I bet five dollars on Chandler He has webbed

> Chandler gave him to understand that he regarded the challenge in-

"Then I'll swim it alone if Miss Angus will act on Kenneth's sugges-

"Of course I will," Columbine answered. "There's a trail around the lake to that point; Mr. Chandler and cort you in the boat, with your

"Roderick Ghent, the human polar "I killed her," said Ghent calmly, bear, is now to perform," Kenneth A few days later Mr. Chandler be- and checked the charging gallep of his down the slope, taking cover behind 'I'm sorry, Mr. Angus. It was an chanted like a circus ringmaster

Ghent took the water with a high-Then Rip, who was dining with speed trudgeon-crawl stroke. Kenneth them—for democracy prevailed at the served as a convoy and life-guard in hunting ledges-spoke up. He told the boat, whooping merrily. The disthe story and took the blame upon tance meant nothing to Ghent, for he had competed in water marathons. To "Anyway it was a good shot. He his surprise, he found that the water was not cold enough to sap his strongth, and he changed to a slow, Angus didn't believe a word of it easy breast-stroke that brought him to the chosen landing-place unfa-

Columbins and Chandler were gone, Spiked on a twig of pine beside the "Never mind," said Columbine blaze was a note for Ghent, which softly. "Tomorrow you shall go out read:

fire I built for you to toast yourself by Mr. Chandler was so pleased to

P.S. Follow us up Deerskin Canyon.

without a guide—and get him. He had pastimes. Say, how did you get that scar on your shoulder?"

Kenneth reflected, "Army?"

lucky shot at the coyote. I'm think-He slept late the next morning, and "Yes. I had a sharpsheoter's medal.

"Corporal Ghent, the pacifist sniper,

hour later, they heard two shots, not "Chandler has potted the demon

ceived a faint and apparently feminine answer.

"Sis is in hysterics," Kenneth suggested flippantly. When they caught sight of her, she

seemed to be doing a war-dance.
"Come on! Quick!" she called out. "See what Chandler has killed!" Kenneth looked, and also started to laugh. He threw himself off his

"Have you both lost your minds?" Ghent demanded. "Look at Chandler," gurgled Ken-

beside something that looked big enough to be a dead steer. "He has killed Dad's bull elk." ex-

plained Columbine weakly. "He has glain the sacred built" Kenneth chimed in. "Shun him. He

It was indeed, a magnificent elk nobly antiered. Then Columbine and Kenneth be-

gan, in strophe and antistrophe: "Father paid two thousand dollars for that bull elk!" "It was the elk of all elks, destined

to perpetuate his species!" The sacred bull bore a charmed

"No one was allowed to harm that olk'" "All the guides had extra-special orders to keep hunters away! They kept up this sort of thing until

Mr. Chandler walked over to his horse and rode off toward the trail. "Better fellow him, Kenneth," suggested Columbine. "He may not be and he's not speaking to me just now. Ghent cleaned the fish; Kenneth Mr. Ghent and I will come along when I have recovered.'

> "I'll comfort him." he remarked, Till ask him if he doesn't want to bring the head into camp as a souvenir-Adios, amigosi" Ghent merely smiled in a beautific

Kenneth mounted briskly.

way and was silent. Finally he turned to Columbine and said tenderly: "You little flend!"

"Yes, Columbine did it," she replied, Columbine did it with her little hatchet She cannot tell a lie. She led Mr. Chandler up to the sacred bull, and never warned him." "It was hard on the elk. Why did

you do it?" "Because he was so mean to you about shooting that doe. Because Dad seems to be bent on my marrying him, and he bores me to death. Be-

cause Mr. Chandler is oh, well, I must not be catty.' "And what am I?"

board of trustees."

"You are-just you." He told her very gravely what she was to him, and she listened with happiness in her eyes.

After a long time they arose to take the home trail, but she stopped before she reached her horse and went back to the glade where the elk had fallen. She stroked the bull's cold, hairy muzzle lightly and whispered:

"Poor old thing! Please forgive She turned to Ghent. "We won't tell Father right away. We'll wait until I prepare him for it by asking him to get you appointed head of the English Department at the State university. He's on the

Angus' wedding-present to high daughter was of small value but great importance. It was nothing but an elk's head, superbly mounted.

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