

been claimed. When these were done they planned to return for their families.

On Saturday morning Charles and young Ogle resolved to go on an exploring expedition a little farther over toward the Nequally than they had heretofore gone. After eating a light breakfast, they started out as soon as it was light enough to see, pushed on up the Tilton, which had here dwindled to a mere brook. After a time they left the stream and struck into the tangled woods, bearing off toward the left, and, as they supposed, toward the larger river. They were well up the base of Mount Tacoma, probably 8000 or 4000 feet above the sea level. The ground was hilly, and they wound about among the hills sometimes to save climbing their rugged sides. Finally about 9 o'clock they climbed a fallen tree to get a better view of their surroundings. As they were getting down Ogle slipped and fell. His Winchester in some way hit the log so as to discharge it, and the ball crashed through McKean's right leg half way between the knee and ankle, shattering both bones into splinters. Though the pain of the wound was great McKean at once realized that pain was the least of his troubles. He was many miles away from a surgeon. If he ever reached one he must be carried to him. He weighed over 200 pounds, and there probably were not men enough within thirty miles to carry him. But whether there were or not, and whether they could be found or not, another matter of even greater importance had to be attended to at once. His leg was so badly shattered that it hung limp if he attempted to move it. Pieces of the shivered bone protruded through the flesh. He was some miles, how many he did not know, from his cabin, where his brother was, where temporary help was, and to which he must send word as soon as possible. How he was to do this seemed doubtful. Ogle was nearly frantic with what he had done, although he had done it accidentally. He didn't believe he could find the cabin, McKean for a time thought it very doubtful if he could. But the effort must be made, and it must be made soon.

It was raining and the only shelter that could be found was the log on which the accident had occurred. He had Ogle move him into its cheerless shelter. Then he told him how to cut away his boot and his clothing so they might in some way bandage the wound temporarily. This was done and then he took the woodsman's compass and gave Ogle the direction of the river, finding which he would be able to follow it to the shack and bring relief. Not at all confident that he would be able to find it, Ogle started out and McKean was left alone. Had he known how long he was to watch and wait before help could come, his heart would possibly have failed him, but happily he didn't.

For the first hour or two he busied himself trying to dress his wound. Some splinters of bone protruded, and with his pocket knife he picked them out. Then he tried

it up as well as he could. It was a tedious wait; he was wet to the skin, and the rain, from which he could not protect himself, continued to fall. The log afforded only a partial shelter from the wet, and none from the wind. He was soon chilled to the marrow. There was no way to make a fire. Hours went by and still no relief came. A chipmunk scampered along a dead limb near him, in search of food, stopped and looked at him curiously. It disappeared, returned, and seemed to wonder who he was, and why he remained there. At last he fancied it seemed to pity him. He and it seemed to be the only living creatures on the earth, and each was powerless to help or hurt the other.

Noon came and afternoon began to wear away, and still no help came. He began to wonder if Ogle had lost his way. Then he began to study his situation more carefully, and its thoroughly desperate nature gradually unfolded itself. Ogle might find the shack. He could not miss it after he struck the river. But how was he to find him again? He was a mere speck in the vast wilderness. There was no river to follow to where he lay. He had taken the direction from him to the river, but he had neglected to suggest to him that he mark the way so he could follow it back. In his state of mind he had every reason to believe Ogle had not done so. How would he and his father and George ever be able to find the precise spot of wilderness on which he lay, which must be found before he could be rescued? His rifle lay near. He might perhaps use it to attract their attention. Any way, he would try, and he did; but his shots brought no response. Night comes on, and his situation becomes even more miserable. He was so cold that he could hardly use his rifle, yet he knew the search for him was going on, if Ogle had not himself got lost, and that help might now pass within a few yards of him at any moment and miss him unless he did something to attract it to him. So, through the long watches of the night, he kept up his fusillade, without result.

Morning came at last, and he still lived. His leg now pained him terribly. If he moved he could feel the shattered ends of the bones grate against each other. His foot was swollen and was black from the cold. In spite of pain and anxiety he began to be hungry. He had shot a grouse the day before just before he was wounded, but he had dropped it when he fell from the log. It lay beyond his reach. He began to wonder if he could reach it or if he could manage to make a fire and cook a part of it if he could get it, or if he could eat it raw, if he could not. Some of the bushes around him were covered with berries, now in that altitude beginning to have a shrivelled look. Further down a few days ago he had noticed that the huckleberry bushes were still loaded with excellent fruit, and he began to wish he could reach some of those about him, but he could not. The chipmunk came again,

and, he fancied, pitied him in his almost hopeless misery.

At 9 o'clock he had him there helpless for twenty-four hours. He took his gun and fired an occasional shot, but his ammunition began to run low, and he was reminded that the time was near when he could do nothing to attract his brother, whom he knew must now be anxiously searching for him. If ever a man's situation was thoroughly desperate his was. It was then, he says, that he remembered that he had been married just two years and six months to a day, and he resolved to live to see his wife and baby once more if such a thing was possible. As the day advanced he got a little warmer, but his situation was cheerless. It still rained. He was wet as when he fell. Not a sound broke the eternal stillness of the forest save the patter of the rain on the sodden ground. The chipmunk was his only companion.

Finally, after all these seemingly unendurable hours of waiting, night began to close in again, and with the gathering gloom his spirits began to fail him. He was starving, chilled, and dying by inches. Only a few, a very few, cartridges remained to call help with or defend him against a possible attack of wild animals. When they were gone, what then? Only one grim resource remained. He placed two cartridges in the breast of his shirt to be used last. When these were reached one of them would put an end to pain, to hope, and to despair. The second day of his misery had gone by and the second night had well started. Cartridges were running low, and yet they must be used. About 9:30 o'clock he fired one of the few remaining, and it brought an answering shot. Nobody who has not been to the very bottom of the depths of despair will ever know the music of that answering shot to Charles McKean's ear. He fired again, and again the answer came, and in a few minutes his brother stood before him in time, yet none too soon to save the little life that remained.

The meeting of the brothers under such circumstances was doubtless touching enough, but no time was wasted in congratulations. A fire was made and a leg of the grouse was roasted, the first food Charles had tasted since he had left the cabin at daylight the day before. The rest of the bird was set to cook for George's supper, but he never got it. The welcome fire soon grew too welcome for Charles' chilled and now thoroughly numbed limbs. His clothes took fire, and in the flurry of saving him from burning, after rescuing him from perishing with cold, the supper was left to burn to cinders.

Warmed and fed, Charles McKean and his brother began to realize that a great problem still confronted them. The wounded leg, now swollen to immense size and intensely painful, more than ever prevented Charles from doing the least thing to help himself. It was seventy miles to Tacoma, whither he must be carried in some way to