

HUNTING BIG GAME IN NORTHWEST

AT THIS season of the year hardly a train leaves any of the railroad stations of a great city but what it bears half a dozen enthusiastic sportsmen in search of the thrills to be found only in the woods of the far north and northwest. Thousands of dollars are spent for the purpose of securing a chance to shoot an antelope buck as he roams over his native heath. Preparations for these trips are made long in advance. As an old friend said one time about fox hunting, "Half the fun in the sport is getting ready, hacking to the meet and the long ride home with plenty of good tobacco." So are the days spent on the trail, getting into the big game country, nearly always from 90 to 200 miles from the end of the railroad.

didn't cross the divide before the snow came, we never would. Therefore we planned to start the following morning, but when morning came we found our tent entirely covered with drifted snow, the wind blowing a gale and the air full of blinding, cutting snow.

It was a hard task to catch 17 horses and ponies and pack them in the snow and rain, so it was noon before we were on the go, while the cold



WHAT'S IN A NAME, ANYWAY?

Pompous Young Lawyer Is Set Down by Unpolished Squire.

To a certain southern town, on legal business, came a most pompous young lawyer, who, notwithstanding his name was McNaught, had an excellent opinion of himself. He found it necessary to talk with Squire Gardner, an unpolished justice, who had



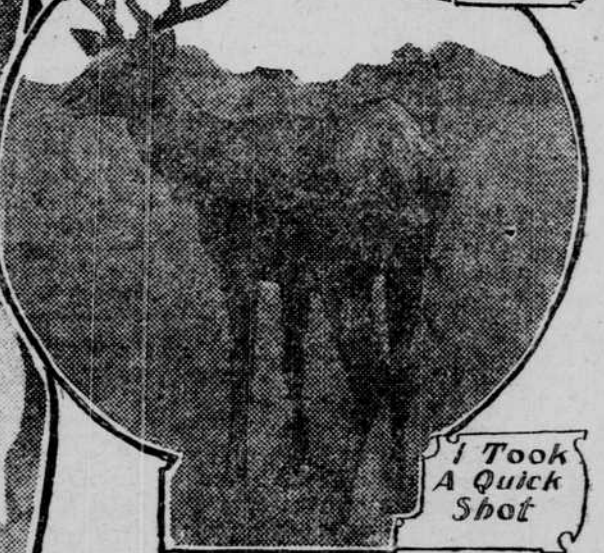
Thompson as usual led the train



We followed them for three days



Hard to Hit



I Took A Quick Shot

After making camp in the open along the Yellowstone river on one of these nights, supper being over, and Thompson, our guide, starting one of his Indian tales with Gen. Miles and himself as the heroes, two cow punchers rode up with a pack horse and asked if we objected to them making camp with us, saying several others were coming later with some cattle. Several others did come and with them 6,000 head of cattle, so we slept with the herd surrounding us on all sides; some grazing, while others would stand over one and look at the fire, while the cowboys were continually riding around the herd to keep tab on the stragglers.

By breakfast time all were gone and our party was also in the saddle by six o'clock, making for the game country.

After three more days of traveling we made camp near the foot of saddle mountain, on Bannock lake and about 15 miles from the national park line, a line at times quite hard to discover, as it may run from the top of one mountain to a bronze plate in a rock some six or eight miles away.

After resting a day in camp we started for the hunting ground with Thompson and had gone only a couple of miles when we came to some fresh elk tracks, which we followed cautiously for some time, until we could see far below us in a park (a small clearing with long grass, on which elk are fond of feeding), a small band of elk, three bulls and six cows. Getting within range noiselessly was no easy matter, owing to the dry condition of the forests, but after an exciting crawl on hands and knees, we found ourselves within about a hundred yards and unseen by the elk. I picked my bull and took a shot for the near shoulder, while my guide shot the next largest, both bulls dropped, but mine was up an off again immediately, following in the rear of the herd as best he could with a broken shoulder and a broken leg. He was going slowly and easy to follow and another shot some 500 yards further on, in very dense timber, ended his roving career. The remainder of that day was spent in skinning and cutting up the meat and hanging it high above the ground, out of reach of prowling animals at night. For dinner that evening we had elk's liver and steak and quite a celebration over our early success. Packing the meat, hides and heads back to camp consumed the next day and kept the three of us busy.

As my companions from the east shot a fine bull several days later on, we took a rest from hunting and devoted some time to fishing. Trout rose well, so all were satisfied and on returning to camp on one of these days I had a quick shot from my pony at a coyote that was galloping across the brow of the hill. It always seemed to me to have been more good luck than good marksmanship, for these little things are always hard to hit, but his skin now lies over the back of a chair before my fireplace.

After hunting without any luck for perhaps a week, we finally came on some rather fresh sheep tracks and decided immediately to go after them. It was quite the hardest climbing and hunting I ever did without any success, but we followed them for three days and at times must have been within a couple of hundred yards of them, although we never had a shot.

Menacing clouds had been gathering for some days, with little snow flurries, and Thompson said a good deal about getting back to the ranch, which was a two days' trip, and as he said if we

made the train hard to manage and keep in line: one pony especially tried to buck the elk head off that was packed on him. He did manage to get it twisted around so the prongs of the antlers stuck him in the side, and such capers as he cut then I have never seen, besides delaying the cut for nearly an hour. The divide had to be crossed by daylight, but on reaching it a dense fog settled over the whole country, which, added to the snow, made it impossible to see more than 10 feet in front of one. Thompson, as usual, led the train, and after going on the narrow ridge that formed the divide, stopped to call and see if all were following, when there was a great scrambling and crashing of branches and one of the horses disappeared over the precipice, which was anywhere from 600 to a thousand feet deep on either side and only about 30 feet on top. After counting noses we found he was an unruly fellow that we had not been able to pack, but was following the others all right until he started to do a little reconnoitering on his own account. Undoubtedly he was dead long before he reached the bottom of the precipice, so we felt our way along very cautiously and anxiously until suddenly the cloud we were in lifted, when the going was moderately fair until we made camp for the night, all very thankful that we had not encountered more serious disaster.

Later, several short excursions were made from the ranchhouse, on one of which I shot a good blacktail deer, and another time a young bull elk, with only with three does, sheltered behind a clump of scrub pines, and he had evidently seen me first, for I was then attracted by the does running off. I took a quick shot and the buck made a tremendous leap of at least 30 feet, but it was his last, as my first soft-nosed bullet had mushroomed considerably on going through the shoulder and completely torn his lungs away.

The spike elk was much harder to kill, or our marksmanship was poor, owing to our having to run across a valley and up the side of a mountain to head him off. At any rate it took four of my guide's 45-70's and three of my 30-30 bullets to bring him down. Every ball had hit him, but none in a vital spot until the last.

Sage hen shooting and coursing jack rabbits with a greyhound and a collie dog offer good sport for the hunter in this country.

no good opinion of anything, and especially of anyone who had a good opinion of himself. The squire had never heard of his visitor till he called and he was a poor hand at remembering names, but he was an expert in human measurements. The young lawyer proceeded promptly to say what he had to say, the squire listening, but watching. Presently he thought it was time for him to say something.

"Hold on, Mr. McCipher," he began. "My name is McNaught," the lawyer stiffly corrected him.

"Excuse me, excuse me," apologized the squire and finished his remarks.

It was not long until the squire again felt called upon to speak.

"Well, now, Mr. McZero," he started in. "I said my name was McNaught," the lawyer interrupted sharply.

Again the squire apologized, apologized profusely, and the lawyer concluded his consultation. He was not feeling very kindly toward the squire, but he thought it wise not to manifest his feelings and said goodbye with a fair degree of politeness.

"Goodby, Mr. McNothing," said the squire as innocent as a lamb, and as the visitor walked pompously out of the office the squire chuckled.

PINEAPPLE AS A CURATIVE.

It has long been known that the pineapple is one of the healthiest of fruits, but its real medicinal qualities probably have never been realized. In Hawaii experiments have been made to determine something of these properties. It has been found that the fruit of the pineapple contains a digestive principle closely resembling pepsin in its action, and to this is probably due the beneficial results of the use of the fruit in certain forms of dyspepsia. On the casein of milk pineapple juice acts as a digestive in almost the same manner as rennet, and the action is also well illustrated by placing a thin piece of uncooked beef between two slices of fresh pineapple, where in the course of a few hours its character is completely changed. In diphtheritic sore throat and croup pineapple juice has come to be very largely relied upon in countries where the fruit is common. The false membranes which cause the closing of the throat seem to be dissolved by the fruit acids and relief is almost immediate.

Concrete Buildings in China.

The construction of houses and walls of concrete in China was instituted several centuries ago, and is peculiarly common and extensive in Swatow, where it originated in the building of a chapel by a French priest. The absence of any brick structures or walls gives ample proof of the stability of the concrete.

In a new course each year. There are many small stone bridges and a few of considerable span.

Wheeled traffic in many parts of China knows no wider gauge than a wheelbarrow track. North and Central China have the two-wheeled cart of a strength and solidity which can stand the jolting, and transfer it to the passenger, and a few four-wheeled carts navigate in dry weather. Unburdened, China abounds in beasts of burden. The commonest carriage in the south is the pack animal. The

FARMER BESTS LAWYER ON THE DIAMOND

FRED T. CLARKE.



Fred T. Clarke, manager of the Pittsburg team, is a native of Kansas, where he was born 38 years ago. He was reared on a farm. He first played ball with the Mascots of Des Moines, Ia., back in 1892. His showing then was so good that he was the next year engaged by the Memphis club of the Southern league, from which he was secured by the late William Barnie, who was then manager of the Louisville club. He made good in fast company from the start, and soon became the star and chief attraction of the Louisville team, with which team he remained exclusively until transferred by President Dreyfuss to Pittsburg, where in 1900 he was entrusted with the team's success as manager-captain. He not only in this trying position kept up his fine personal work, but produced the greatest possible results, coming in second in 1900 and landing the pennant three successive seasons—thus achieving the triple distinction of giving Pittsburg her first pennant, giving the west her first pennant since 1887, and giving the league the first champion playing-manager since 1886. Aside from his fine executive ability, Clarke is a grand ball player, excelling as ground coverer, fielder, batsman and base runner. He is five feet ten inches high, weighs 165 pounds and is wonderfully fast on his feet. In 1904 he became disabled in midseason, which was a large factor in the team's failure to win a fourth consecutive pennant. Since 1905, under Clarke's management, the Pittsburg team has always been a great factor in the National league races; last season the team was a pennant possibility the last week of the season, finishing tied with New York for second place; and this season the team has been a comparatively easy pennant-winner. Manager Clarke now has the distinction of being the only manager in active service who has won four National league championships. He is reputed to be worth \$150,000 and there is talk that he will not play next season.

HUGH JENNINGS.



Hugh Jennings was born April 1, 1870, at Pittston, Pa., and first played professionally during the latter part of the season of 1890, when he caught for the Allentown team of the Eastern league and had an excellent record, both in fielding and batting. Jennings commenced the next season as catcher of the Lehigh (Pa.) club, and while with this team he distinguished himself to the extent that Manager Jack Chapman signed him for the Louisville club, then of the American association. He started as Louisville's first baseman and made a good impression. When Harry Taylor returned to the team Jennings was shifted to short field and here, too, he made good. In 1893 Jennings was traded, along with Taylor, by Louisville's new manager, Billy Barnie, to the Baltimore club, which had just come under Hanlon's control. Jennings fitted in well with the hustling ambitious team Hanlon had gathered and he, McGraw, Kelley and Keeler formed the famous quartet which was the backbone of the champion Baltimore team for three seasons. During the years 1894-95-96 Jennings played wonderful ball and was rated in point of dash, speed, brains, strong batting and base running the greatest short-stop the game has yet produced. In 1899 he was transferred to Brooklyn when the Baltimore and Brooklyn clubs were consolidated. He injured his arm to such an extent that he had to give up short field and play first base. In 1901-02 he played with the Philadelphia team as first baseman and captain and manager. In 1903 he retired from the National league and went back to his first love, Baltimore, whose Eastern league team he managed in 1903-04-05-06. In between times he studied law and three years ago was admitted to the Maryland bar. He had intended retiring to devote himself to the practice of law, but the Detroit club made him so tempting an offer that he could not refuse. Jennings has saved a large part of his earnings.

LEADER OF MICHIGAN TEAM



Capt. Allerdice of the Wolverines has been playing a star game this season. He showed up especially strong in the battle against Ohio university. He brought about nine of the 33 points scored by kicking field goals and made possible two of the touchdowns by making two runs of 45 yards each.

This Is Butchery, Not Sport.

They have a queer idea of sportsmanship in France, if reports from that country are to be credited. Over there they entice pheasants to get accustomed to coming out along certain trails to eat the corn which is put there for the purpose of having these poor, innocent birds repeat when royalty or prominence come along with a shotgun. In other words they inveigle these birds into a trap where they are ruthlessly slaughtered by the hundreds and perhaps thousands by men who call themselves sportsmen.

Very Much So.

"Did you have a fine time on your country automobile trip?" "You be kidding. We struck a rural district where the constables were all along the route, and their was nothing doing but fines."

The Result.

Miss Pedigree—My family can claim a very high descent. Miss Downright—Yes, it certainly looks like it had a tumble down from somewhere.

A Matter of Business.

"I saw that fellow over there the other day in a room full of ladies, and he just puffed away without a word." "Want he rude?" "Can't say that; you see, he's a hair dresser."

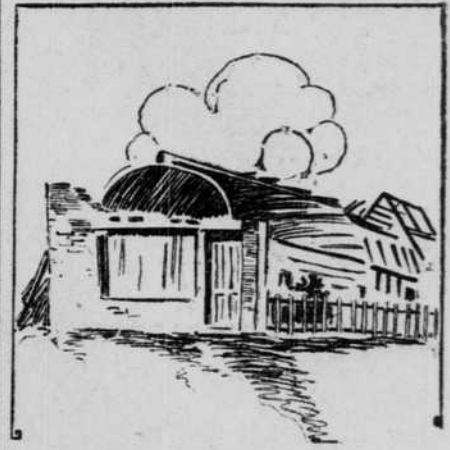
Proof of It.

"Sailors ought to be an aristocratic profession." "Why so?" "Because on board ship there is always expectation of a sailor's berth."

"PEGGOTTY" HUT A SAD RUIN

Yarmouth Scenes Which Dickens Described in His Story of "David Copperfield."

London.—A Yarmouth hundred of a erring really counts 132, and in many ways the inhabitants of the old town are credited with an open-handed generosity. Peggotty told David Copperfield, you remember, that it was the finest place in the universe, to which the boy replied that "a mound or two might have improved it, and also that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea and the town and the tide had not been quite so much mixed up, like toast and water, it would have been much nicer." But



All that is Left of Peggotty's Hut.

presently, when he got into the streets and "smelt the fish and pitch, and oakum, and tallow, and saw the sailors walking about and the carts jingling up and down over the stones," Young Copperfield admitted that he had done Yarmouth an injustice.

The remains of Peggotty's hut may still be seen, sad and forlorn, alas! but suggestive nevertheless of the quaint home where David was so happy, of Peggotty's jokes, of little Emily's pretty ways and of the dolefulness of Mrs. Gummidge. There are many ancient buildings that have stood the test of time better than the queer boat-home of Peggotty. Formerly Yarmouth was one of the principal ports of England, and its merchant adventurers enjoyed the patronage of Queen Elizabeth. Its Tolbooth claims to be the oldest municipal building in the kingdom.

WILSON WILL GO TO MEXICO

Minister to Belgium to Succeed Ambassador Thompson in Neighboring Republic.

Washington.—Henry Lane Wilson, American minister to Belgium, will soon be officially named to succeed David E. Thompson as ambassador to Mexico. Mr. Wilson has been notified of his appointment by the state department and is clearing up his business at the legation in Brussels pending his departure for his new post. Mr. Wilson, who is a native of Crawfordville, Ind., has been in the diplomatic service since 1897, when he was appointed minister to Chile. He



Henry Lane Wilson.

became minister to Belgium in 1905. Before entering the diplomatic service Mr. Wilson was successively editor, lawyer and banker. He is a graduate of Wabash college.

Deadheads Must Be Coaxed.

Concert givers in Germany find it more and more difficult to get an audience. Free tickets by no means insure one. A Berlin journal tells how audiences at recitals (Berlin often has more than 50 of them in one week) are apt to be made up.

Miss N., who plays or sings, sends out about 200 tickets, some of them to prominent persons. One of these is the wife of Prof. X. She kindly accepts the ticket, but has no intention of attending the concert, so she gives them to her dressmaker, who in turn bestows them upon her assistants, who probably may go to the concert. In one case it was found that of 200 free tickets only 47 were used.—Musical America.

Wasted Abuse.

When the Czar came to England a few weeks ago on a brief visit there were many public expressions of dissystem in London by street-corner orators. Of this G. K. Chesterton says in the Illustrated London News, replying to a fiery speaker: "What would he think of six Zulus who recklessly defied the power of the emperor of China? And what would he think of one Zulu who was slightly indifferent to the Chinese question and inclined to concentrate on the Zulu question? How much would he admire a group of Esquimaux who, with wild courage, refused to obey the king of Siam? To what degree would his blood kinde when he heard of some tribe in central Australia saying what it liked about the Lama of Tibet?" In other words, abuse of objects far away is without harm to the abuser, as it is without danger to the abused.

Many Unknown Regions.

On any map of the entire world it is impossible to indicate all the unknown regions, since many of them are comparatively small. A map showing every section of the earth's surface as yet unmapped would be dotted with thousands of such areas.

NARROW HIGHWAYS OF CHINA

Many of the Roads in Empire Have No Wider Gauge Than a Wheelbarrow Track.

The most ancient and honorable means of travel in by the highway, and writers on China extol the splendid roads built by earlier dynasties. So far as I can learn, however, there is not, outside the neighborhood of the large cities, a single main road which could pass the inspection of so easi-

ly convinced an expert as say a county commissioner in Pennsylvania, is the 800-mile stretch from Peking to Hankow; the railway does not cross a single wagon road equal to the trails of southern Texas. Chinese farmers have a way of enlarging their fields by digging into the sides of any roads that may be made; and most of the highways that you see are gullied tracks, sometimes winding across tilled fields