

Elephant Ivory and How It Is Obtained

By Capt. Fritz Duquesne

Capt. Fritz Duquesne was born of Boer parents in South Africa, educated in Europe (where he won considerable distinction as a swordsman), and has been a professional hunter of big game most of his life. At the age of 17 he was a veteran of the Boer war and also in the Congo. In the recent events of South Africa's kaleidoscopic history Capt. Duquesne took a conspicuous part. He acted in many capacities during the hostilities between the Boer and the British, being in turn spy, military detective, engineer, censor, dispatch-carrier and propagandist. He was wounded twice in the fighting around Colenso. When the British succeeded in cutting cable communication between the Boer republic and the rest of the world, Duquesne carried the news of the Boer victories over the Mozambique border, and from there he wrote dispatches to the Petit Bleu, the official European organ of the Boer government. He was once captured by the Portuguese and thrown into prison at Lorenzo Marques. Later he was taken as a prisoner to Europe at the request of the British government. When the ship that conveyed him and his guard touched at Naples he was suffering from a fever and in consequence was placed in an Italian hospital. On his recovery he was allowed to go free. He went to Brussels and was sent back to the front by Dr. Leyds, with plans for the seizure of Cape Town by the Boer commanders then mobilized in Cape Colony. Everything was ready for the taking of the city when, a traitor having revealed the plot, Duquesne and a number of others were captured in Cape Town inside the British defenses. This was the climax of what has come to be known as the "Cape Town Plot." Some of the prisoners were sentenced to death who later had their sentence changed to life imprisonment. Capt. Duquesne was among the latter. Ten months later he escaped from the Bermuda prisons, got aboard the American yacht Marguerite of New York while she was coaling at the dock, and was conveyed to Baltimore. Back to Europe he went again, as war correspondent and military writer on the Petit Bleu; thence to Africa, where he took a commission on the Congo. In East Africa he hunted big game for sport and profit, and finally he came to New York to do newspaper and magazine work.

THE experience President Roosevelt has gained hunting game on the North American continent will be of little use to him on his expedition into the wilds of East Africa. Hunting in America is a sport, something to be played at; hunting in Africa is a trade, almost a profession. In America one merely takes a rifle and goes out to shoot. In Africa, to hunt a lion, one takes a battery of arms, usually three and sometimes four, high power rifles of different caliber, ranging from a six and five-tenths millimeter to a 600 cordite express. The cartridges for these rifles are charged with various bullets, solid nickel, steel, soft nose long, soft nose short and split. Each of these bullets is designed by experts for a special use, and on the way they are used depends the success of one's shot. Often the use of the unsuitable bullet ends in the hunter's death. On small game the light caliber arm, six-fifths millimeter, is used, and on large and dangerous game the nine millimeter Mauser and 600 caliber cordite express give the best results. The last-named rifle strikes the enormous blow of 8,700 pounds, and has a recoil of close on a hundred weight. That the man whose hunting experiences has been confined to bird shooting with shot-guns, or small game, with, say, a 32-caliber rifle, may understand the meaning of these figures, let me state that the ordinary 32-caliber rifle has a recoil of perhaps ten to twelve pounds. The double-barreled shot-gun, which to the ordinary hunter seems to have all the "kicking" capacity any weapon needs, has a recoil of from 25 to 30 pounds. The 600 caliber cordite express is the most deadly hand arm made. Notwithstanding the terrific force of this 600 express bullet it must be placed in the correct part of an elephant's or a rhinoceros' anatomy to

bring him down. The hunter must put the shot into the animal's head or heart, or he must face a charge that will probably end in his destruction. Rifles of various caliber are carried for economy. It is cheaper to use a small six five-tenths millimeter rifle on small game, a nine millimeter on medium game, and a 600 express on big game, than to carry one weapon for all-round work, which would have to be big enough at least for the largest game. Nothing smaller than a 450 express would do for that, and it would be distinctly uneconomical, not to say foolish, to shoot a small antelope, the size of a goat, with a 600 express. It would be like using a pile driver to kill a mosquito. Again, cartridges become very costly by the time they reach the interior of Africa. A cartridge for a 600 express rifle, for instance, costing sixpence (12 cents) in London, reaches an enormous price by the time it gets into the hunting grounds of Africa. I have seen them bring five shillings (\$1.25) each, and very scarce at that. Nor is this such an extravagant price when one takes into consideration that every ounce has to be carried by porters who plod for months through swamps, across rivers, over mountains, traversing the parched veld and penetrating the dismal forest, often fighting their way foot by foot before they reach their destination. It is easy to see that weight is an important factor in cartridge economies. Four six five-tenths millimeter cartridges are equal in weight to one 600 express. That is, it is four deaths against one, for the same weight.

These are the things President Roosevelt must learn before he can consider himself up on the ways of safari. If the president hunts like an African and not like the average European that visits the dark continent, he will certainly find danger; danger that tries a hunter's

nerve, that requires an alert intelligence and a quick eye to pass through it and live. Mr. Cunningham, who is organizing the Roosevelt expedition, is one of the most experienced and clever of African hunters. He will have complete charge of everything from the largest to the smallest detail. With him at the head of things the president can depend on having a successful hunt. That is, if he is going for sport and not merely as a scribe looking for local atmosphere for his book. Many great African hunters have killed all their game in the narrow and dark confines of an ink bottle. Africa is a menagerie 11,500,000 miles in area, with the greatest combination of lakes, rivers, mountains and veld imaginable, a veritable paradise for wild animals. Notwithstanding the destruction of big game, there are still thousands of herds of everything Africa possesses for the hunter, roaming over the veld only a few days' travel from the coast. There are hundreds of rivers that have rarely been visited by the white man. On the banks of these streams hippopotami, rhinoceroses, elephants, leopards, lions, gorillas and dozens of varieties of antelope, the names of which have never been heard by the majority of Europeans or Americans, gambol and fatten in glutinous plenty undisturbed by the crack of the 600 caliber express. It is only in reachable districts that the game is killed to any great extent. The cost and danger of hunting in most of the country have protected it and will protect it for many years to come.

Frightful Diseases of the Jungle. Where game is most abundant the frightful diseases that nature seems to have placed as a barrier against the white man's invasion are also abundant. In Africa's wild, beautiful, mysterious forests, more to be feared than all the lions and rhinos, lurk the germs of the deadly blackwater fever, malaria, science-defying sleeping sickness and the unknown reason for the veld sores that drain one's life out in a few months. These, with the

malicious swamps, the noxious insects, the slimy, poisonous spores of the natives, make hunting in Africa no game for the chicken-hearted. Of course, hunting as a business is one thing and hunting for pleasure is another. It is possible to kill African game to a limited extent without the slightest hardship. One can go on safari accompanied by natives who do all the work, even to carrying the sportsman in a hammock up to the game, selecting the correct rifle, loading with the proper ammunition, pointing out the place to shoot at and handing the hunter the weapon. The hunter merely pulls the trigger, after seeing that there are a number of shikarees (native hunters) in readiness to protect him should he miss his mark and the game charge. As often as not he misses, a shikaree shoots the game, and his employer gets the credit. It is the dangerous side only of African hunting that has any attractions for the man with any sporting instincts in him, and it is only that side of the hunt that is of interest to the half.

According to present intentions, Mr. Cunningham will take the Roosevelt party over the route I have covered twice, the last time very recently. What I have passed through Roosevelt must face. He will be lucky if he comes out alive. Like most Boers, I have been hunting, on and off, and associating with hunters since I was ten years old. Danger and halfbreath escapes have happened so frequently to me that most of my hunting experiences appear almost too commonplace to record. Yet some of them stand out vividly from the rest, especially those of recent occurrence. It would be impossible to hunt any length of time in Africa without having some adventures worth relating; adventures in which a steady eye, nerves of steel,

and a brain as quick as lightning are life-saving essentials to a big game hunter. Most game drops at the first shot from the rifle of an experienced hunter. "The game that makes the story is the game that's missed," as the Swahili (east coast natives) say, and there is nothing truer than that saying, as far as my experiences go, for a bad shot nearly ended my trek a little while ago in the Lake country. I was trekking between Lake Albert Edward N'Yanza and Lake Kivu, the greatest stretch of hunting ground in the world, with a caravan of a hundred men. We had marched steadily through the early part of the day and now that the merciless white-hot sun was directly overhead, I called a halt. Each member of the caravan threw himself down in the shade excepting my shikaree Nick, a "boy" from the other side of the continent, a native of Senegal. He never rested, and as he got a percentage of the ivory he secured, he never let the soles of his feet grow soft for want of exercise. About an hour passed before Nick came swinging into camp with his white teeth gleaming like new swords. I knew by his smile that there was something afoot. He walked straight to my elephant guns and beckoned me. I knew he had struck a fresh spoor (trail). Seizing my arms, I signaled my gun bearer and struck out, Nick leading.

A Terrible Battle with Elephants. After half an hour's walk through grass that was at least 20 feet high, we came across a herd of about twenty elephants, among which there were some fine bull tuskers. As I expected, they were all resting out of the sun. They were difficult to get at on account of the thickness of the undergrowth. It meant a long, patient crawl to a good shooting position, for to shoot at anything but close quarters in such country meant that the bullet would be deflected by

the bush. I put a solid nickel ball in the right barrel of my 600 caliber express for a head shot, and a soft nose split in the left barrel for a body shot. With the shikaree at my side and the gun bearer at my back, we crept silently, inch by inch, foot by foot, through the huge tufts of grass till a good view of the game presented itself. I looked off my coat and hat, hung them on a low limb and crawled a few yards farther on. As I could not get a vital shot at any of the elephants in their lying position, I gave a sharp whistle. In an instant they were upon their feet thrusting their trunks up in the air to get a scent of their enemies and holding out their enormous ears to catch the slightest sound. At last an old bull worked into the right position. I aimed at his weakest point, between the eye and ear, and gave him the solid shot. My aim was bad; a piece of his tusk flew into the air. With a roar he charged down on me like an avalanche. I leveled my express for a second shot and the natives stood ready. Down he came, the grass waving before him in billows. I waited 50, 40, 30, 20 yards, another second's suspense and—bang! I gave him the soft bullet full in the chest. It failed to stop him. A screeching roar of pain burst from the charging monster and blood gushed from his trunk. I snatched my Mauser and jumped aside as he passed. My hat and coat, which were a few yards behind, attracted his attention. With a snort of satisfaction he crushed them down. I gave him all my Mauser shots in the rear. With extraordinary suddenness he turned. He sighted me and charged, his tusks level with his body. My magazine was empty. I threw my rifle down and ran, the elephant gaining on me at each step. I saw Nick ahead of me with leveled rifle—

arees, prepared for the slaughter. I loaded my nine millimeter Mauser with solid bullets for long shots. At 300 yards I opened fire and the leader a fine bull, dropped in his tracks. The crack of my rifle threw the herd into consternation. They were not sure where the noise came from, and they as yet had not caught sight of us. After a little indecision they kept on the old route and marched toward us. A hundred yards nearer and I gave the nearest, another bull, my second shot. It went wild. He shrieked and threw his trembling head back and forth frantic with pain. I had evidently given him a bad face wound. I fired again and must have missed. He saw me, and trumpeting loudly charged down on us, followed by the whole herd. I emptied my magazine into them with no effect. Nearer they came, their ivory gleaming in the sun and the dust curling up in clouds behind them. The ground vibrated like a beaten drum top under their thunderous charge. I saw a tusk-crested wave of mammoths sweeping down to destroy us. It was no time for inaction. The gun bearer handed me the 600 caliber express. At a hundred yards I gave the leader one barrel behind the other. He fell, and those behind tumbled over him in a heap. For a moment the mad charge was broken. I thought we were out of danger, but another leader forged ahead and bore down on us. "Run!" I shrieked, and every man made for safety, excepting Nick, the coolest in the face of danger and always the last to run. I threw myself behind a tree, just escaping being crushed to death. A screech rose above the thunder of the hoofs and the next instant I saw Nick hoisted into the air with a blood-stained tusk through his body. The infuriated mass swept past, leaving a red marked trail. I immediately set out on the spur of the herd in hope of getting the body of the shikaree. Although I searched till sundown I was unsuccessful.

That night I heard the lions roaring down toward the river. The next morning, with a few natives, I continued the search, in the direction that the lions' roars came from during the night. We soon sighted a flock of vultures, a sure sign of dead game, and, coming up with them, we found the chewed carcass of an elephant and the scattered bones of a human being, among which I found Nick's hunting knife and belt. The wounded elephant had carried him on his tusk till it fell exhausted through loss of blood, and died. It was one of the best ivory hauls I ever made at one shooting and it was the saddest. Nick was a great shikaree. He possessed every attribute of manhood. He died like many a hunter has died. Nick was the twentieth native that I have lost on my various expeditions. It was in the same country that on a previous expedition a rhinoceros invaded our camp and killed two native porters, wounding three and giving me a close call. (Copyright, 1909, by Penj. B. Hampton.)



WITH A ROAR HE CHARGED DOWN ON ME LIKE AN AVALANCHE.

Every year the river and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado take their toll in human life," recently said Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, the artist-scholar who has painted pictures and written books about that wonderful river that rushes for hundreds of miles through gorges hundreds of feet deep. "When I was with Major Powell on his exploring expedition through the Grand Canyon 40 years ago we lost several men, and the few other expeditions that have followed ours since then all have had to pay the river the price in the same way," he continued. "Powell's party was the first journey white men ever made down through that perilous portion of the Colorado river, and almost every day of the many months it took us was full of danger. Every year some lives are lost there. Two years ago a skeleton of a man was discovered in Marble canyon lying on a rocky shelf a little above the whirling waters of the river. A newspaper dated in 1900 was in the pocket of his coat, so that it was likely the man perished eight years ago at least. Whether he was killed while trying to scale the insurmountable walls or whether he died of starvation no one knows. "That part of the Colorado river never gives up its dead. Those who fall into the water's clutches literally are dashed to pieces, and no trace of them ever is found. "The whirlpool rapids of the Niagara river below the falls are terrible to contemplate, but it can be said without exaggeration that the Niagara rapids are peaceful waters compared to some of the long stretches of foam on the Colorado. The whirlpools of the Colorado are of the true type—the water swirls round and round and there is a broad, hollow funnel-shaped hole in the center of them through which one might peer down a good many feet if he could hover over it. "Not all the canyon's toll, however, is collected by the river. No one knows what immeasurable mineral wealth is hidden in the canyon walls, and every year venturesome prospectors go into those gloomy depths seeking the treasures that they guard. These men, through some sudden rise of water or for some other reason, frequently lose their lives in trying to escape from the canyon. Most of them, I fancy, go mad with hunger and die in trying to scale the precipices. It is the most awesome place in the world—down there where the river flows, where it never is fully daylight except for a few brief minutes at midday.

TAKES TOLL OF HUMAN LIVES
Venturesome Explorers of Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Constant Danger.

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And Suffered Annually with a Red Scald-Like Humor on Her Head.

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"When my little Vivian was about six months old her head broke out in boils. She had about sixty in all and I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment which cured her entirely. Some time later a humor broke out behind her ears and spread up on her head until it was nearly half covered. The humor looked like a scald, very red with a sticky, clear fluid coming from it. This occurred every spring. I always used Cuticura Soap and Ointment which never failed to heal it up. The last time it broke out it became so bad that I was discouraged. But I continued the use of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent until she was well and has never been troubled in the last two years. Mrs. M. A. Schwerin, 674 Spring Wells Ave., Detroit, Mich., Feb. 24, 1908." **Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.**

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