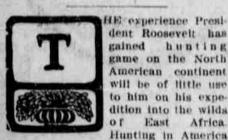
Elephant Ivory and How It Is Obtained

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 Kaffir wars. He served in 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 Borr and the British, being in turn spy, military detective, engineer, censor, dispatchcarrier and propagandist. He was wounded twice in the fighting around Colenso, When the British succeeded in culting 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 Porfuguese and thrown into prison at Lorenzo Marquis, 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 ferer 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. Legds, with plans for the seizure of Cape Town by the Boer communders then mobilized in Cape Colony, Everything was ready for the laking of the city when, a traitor having revealed the plot, Duquesne and a number of others were captured in Cape Pown 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 later had their sentence change to life imprisonment. Capt. Duquesne was among the latter. Ten months later he escaped from the Bermuda prisons, got aboard the American yacht Margaret of New York white 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 look 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.



HE 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.

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 la mode, 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 was 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 butlet ends in the hunter's death. On small game the light callber arm, six five-tenths 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 riffe 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 callber rifle, may understand the meaning of these figures, let me state that the ordinary 32-caliber rifle has a recoll of perhaps ten to twelve pounds. The double-barreled shotgup, which to the ordinary hunter seems to have all the "kicking" capacity any weapon needs, has a resoft 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 ob-

phant's c" 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 blg 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 futerior of Africa. 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 laity. 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 economics. 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 Africander and not like the average European that visits the dark

the slimy, poisonous spears 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

According to present intentions, Mr. Cunninghame 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 bunt ing, on and off, and associating with hunters since I was ten years old. Danger and hairbreadth escapes have happened so frequently to me that most of my hunting experiences appear almost too commonplace vividly from the rest, especially those of recent occurrence. It would be impossible to hunt any length of time in Africa without having some advencontinent, he will certainly find tures worth relating; adventures in

miasmal swamps, the noxious insects, the bush. I put a solid nicket ball in | arees, prepared for the slaughter. 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 it-

I took off my cont 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 cars 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 nim was bad; a piece of his tusk flew into the air. With a roar he charged down on me like an ava-

I leveled my express for a second shot and the natives stood ready. Down he came, the grass waving be fore 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, snatched my Mauser and jumped aside as he passed. My hat and coat, which were a few yards behind, at tracted his attention. With a snort of satisfaction he crushed them down, I gave him all my Mauser shots in record. Yet some of them stand out, 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 danger; danger that tries a hunter's which a steady eye, nerves of steel, ahead of me with leveled rifle.

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

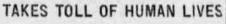
A hundred yards nearer and I gave the nearest, another bull, my second shot. It went wild. He shricked and threw his trembling head back and forth frantic with pain. I had evi dently given him a bad face wound. I fired again and must have missed. He saw me, and, trumpering loudly charged down on us, 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 thun derous charge.

moths sweeping down to destroy us leader one barrel after the other. He fell, and those behind tumbled over self behind a tree, just escaping be marked trail. I immediately set out Potter Drog & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. on the spoor of the herd in hope of getting the body of the shikaree. Al though I searched till sundown I was

That night I heard the lions roar ing down toward the river. The next morning, with a few natives, I con that the lions' roars came from dur ing the night. We soon sighted a matter.' 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 Hamlins Wizard Oil is a sure, quick cure. human being, among which I found Nick's hunting knife and belt. The wounded elephant had carried him or his fusk till it fell exhausted through loss of blood, and died. It was one of the best ivory bauls 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 s previous expedition a rhinoceros in vaded our camp and killed two native porters, wounding three and giving me a close call.

(Copyright, 1909, by Eenj. B. Hampton.



yon of the Colorado in Constant Danger.

Canyon of the Colorado take their tol ick S. Dellenbaugh, the artist-scholar rushes for hundreds of miles through gorges hundreds of feet deep.

several men, and the few other expe then all have had to pay the river the white men ever made down through that perilous portion of the Colorado years ago at least. Whether he was 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 Ni agara river below the falls are terrible to contemplate, but it can be said without exaggeration that the Niag ara rapids are peaceful waters com pared 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

I saw a tusk-crested wave of mam-

Venturesome Explorers of Grand Can-

Every year the river and the Grand in human life," recently said Freder who has painted pictures and written books about that wonderful river that

"When I was with Major Powell on his exploring expedition through the Grand canyon 40 years ago we losi ditions that have followed ours since price in the same way," he continued Powell's party was the first journey river, and almost every day of the many months it took us was full or danger. Every year some lives are lost there. Two years ago a skeletor 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 if was likely the man perished eight killed while trying to scale the insurmountable walls or whether he died

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 prospect ors go into those gloomy depths seek ing the treasures that they guard. These men, through some sudden rise of water or for some other reason, frequently lose their lives in trying | The Best in the West to escape from the canyou. Most of them, I fancy, go mad with hunger and die in trying to scale the precipices. It is the most awsome place in the world-down there where the river flows, where it never is fully ordered my caravan back into the un- daylight except for a few brief min-

THE LAW'S DELAY.



Hix-What's the best way to never settle a question?

CHILD HAD SIXTY BOILS.

Dix-Go to law about it.

Scald-Like Humor on Her Head.

And Suffered Annually with a Red

Troubles Cured by Cuticura.

"When my little Vivian was about it was no time for inaction. The gun six months old her head broke out in bearer handed me the 600 caliber ex- boils. She had about sixty in all and press. At a hundred yards I gave the I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment which cured her entirely. Some time later a humor broke out behim in a heap. For a moment the hind her ears and spread up on to mad charge was broken. I thought her head until it was nearly half covwe were out of danger, but another cred. The humor looked like a scald, leader forged ahead and bore down very red with a sticky, clear fluid comon us. "Run!" I shrieked, and every ing from it. This occurred every man made for safety, excepting Nick spring. I always used Cuticura Soap the coolest in the face of danger and and Ointment which never failed to always the last to run. I threw my heal it up. The last time it broke out it became so had that I was dising crushed to death. A screech rose couraged. But I continued the use of above the thunder of the hoofs and Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolthe next fustant I saw Nick hoisted vent until she was well and has never into the air with a blood-stained tusk been troubled in the last two years. through his body. The infuriated Mrs. M. A. Schwerin, 674 Spring Wells mass swept past, leaving a red Ave., Detroit, Mich., Feb. 24, 1908."

> Couldn't Blame the Boy. "Young man," said the stern parent, when I was your age I had to work

for a living." "Well, sir," answered the frivolously inclined youth, "I'm not to blame tinued the search, in the direction for that. I have always disapproved of my grandfather's attitude in the

Faith.

Faith makes us, and not we it; and 'aith makes its own forms.-Emerson

Lewis' Single Binder made of extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 5c cigars. Tell the dealer you want them.

Too often when the heart is willing the purse is weak.



INVALUABLE for Summer Complaints

Dysentery, Diarrhea, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Colic and Cramps. Also relieves Griping Pains, Sour Stomach, Vomiting, Sea Sickness, and Hysteries and Nervousness due to bowel affections.

DR. D. JAYNE'S Carminative Balsam

stops pain immediately and alinvariably brings about speedy recovery. This medicine is just as safe as it is effective. Get a bottle at your druggist's, and keep it always in the house. For the children's sake, don't go away for the Summer without taking a supply along. Per Bottle, 25c

Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant is a reliable remedy for croup and whooping cough, coughs and colds.

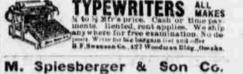
Nebraska Directory

KODAK FINISHING Mail orders THE ROBERT DEMPSTER CO., Box (197, Omaha, Neb.

THE PAXTON Hotel CAFE PRICES REASONABLE

MARSEILLES GRAIN ELEVATORS

JOHN DEERS PLOW CO.



Wholesale Millinery OMAHA, NEB

Woodwards Candies Sold by the Best Pealers. We will send to papits and leachers on receipt of licis, in stamps, a binach, hard maple, brase edged rais. JOHN G. WOODWARD & CO. "The Candy Men" Council Bluffs, ia.



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

nerve, that requires an alert intelli- | and a brain as quick as lightning are | gence and a quick eye to pass through it and live.

Mr. Cunninghame, 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 afoot from the coast. There are bundreds 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 gluttonous plentitude undisturbed by the crack of the 600 callber 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 lious and rhinos, lurk the germs of the deadly blackwater fever. malaria, science-defying sleeping sickness and the unknown reason for the veid sores that drain one's life out in a few months. These, with the

*East African term for an expedition of any kind, especially a hunting expedition.

life-saving essentials to a big game hunter.

Most game drops at the first shot from the rifle of an experienced hunt-"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 treking 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 we secured, he never let the soles of his feet grow soft for want of exercise. About an hour passed before Nick same 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. If there are any elephants about at midday, the hunter is pretty sure to make a good bag, for at that time they rest out of the direct rays of the sun, dozing the hot hours away, and are easily approached.

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

To keep running meant that would soon be overtaken. Instinctively I threw myself on the ground and Nick fired. With a thud that made the earth tremble the elephant dropped. The huge trunk twisted like a wounded snake for a moment, and then the gigantic body relaxed in death. It all took about two minutes to happen and was a pretty close shave, but it was worth the trouble, for the tusks we got were big, weighing close to a hundred nounds.

The Killing of Nick, Hunter Boy.

A few months after this occurrence, on the same trip, I lost Nick, my Senegal "boy," under terrible circumstances. This brave man who had hunted everything in Africa from the Cape to Cairo, and from Zanzibar to Banana, boasted many a time that he would never be killed by anything but old age. But he was too sure. Long association with danger had made him careless, and this cost him his We were treking south toward Lake

Tanganyika along a native path running parallel with the Rusizi river. It was frightfully hot, so hot that the gun barrels burned our hands. The porters staggered under their heavy lowis in a long string, mumbling songs, each in his native tongue, to keep up his fagged spirits, and the sun rays danced in misty vibrations from the parched earth. Suddenly the jungle ceased and we broke into the open yeld. Four hundred yards away, coming in the opposite direction, was a herd of at least twenty elephants. They had evidently made a long journey and were suffering from the intense heat. Some of them were occupied in thrusting their trunks into their mouths and drawing water from their stomachs. With this water they were sprinkling their sunburned backs. This is a habit that elephants always practice when they are overheated and cannot find the shade of a

friendly forest. To me the sight of the approaching herd was welcome. I saw ivory which meant thousands of dollars to us if we could get in a few good shots. 1 that the bullet would be deflected by dergrowth, and, bringing up the shik- uten at midday,