

Peck's Bad Boy and Airship

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK

ASSISTS AT A BUFFALO HUNT

When Pa told us that he had located a place where we could get all the wild African buffalo that we wanted, I thought of the pictures I had seen of the killing of buffaloes in America, where all the buffalo hunter had to do was to ride a horse after a herd of the animals, that couldn't run faster than a yoke of oxen, pick out a big bull and ride long side of him and fire bullets into his vital parts at about ten feet range, until his liver was filled full of holes, and he had the nose bleed, and when he fell down from loss of blood, dismount and skin him for a lap robe. The American buffalo would always run away and the hunter could kill him if he had cartridges enough, and never be in any more danger than a farmer milking a cow.

I thought we would have about the same kind of experience with African buffalo, only we intended to lasso them, and bring them to camp alive for the show business, but instead of the African buffalo running away from you, he runs at you on sight, and tries to gouge out your inside works with his horns, and paws you with his hoofs, and when he gets you down he kneels down on you, and runs horns all through your system, and rolls over on your body like a setter dog rolling on an old dead fish.

The African buffalo has a grouch, as though he had indigestion, from eating cactus thorns, and when he sees a man his eyes blaze with fire, and he gets as crazy as an anarchist, and seems to combine in his makeup the habits of the hyena, the tiger, the man-eating shark and the Texas rattlesnake.

I wouldn't want such an animal for

notify Pa that he was ready to have him scare the buffalo out of the marsh and down the fence into the corral.

Pa had the gas bag all full, a mile across the marsh, tied to a tree with a slip noose, so when we all got set he could pull a string and untie the slip noose.

Well, everything worked bully, and when Pa tied her loose we went up into the air about 50 feet, and Pa steered the thing up and down the marsh like a pointer dog ranging a field for chickens.

It was the greatest sight I ever witnessed, seeing more than 200 buffalo heads raise up out of the tall grass and watch the airship, looking as savage as lions eating raw meat.

First they never moved at all, but we began to blow the honk horns, and then we yelled through the megaphones to "get out of there, you sawed-off short horns," and then they began to move away from the airship across the marsh, and we followed until they began to get into a herd, nearly on the other side of the marsh, but they only walked fast, splashing through the mud.

When we got almost across the marsh Pa said now was the time to fire the Roman candles, so we each lit our candle, and the fire and smoke and the fire balls fairly scorched the hair of the buffaloes in the rear of the herd, and in a jiffy the whole herd stampeded out of the marsh right toward the fence, bellowing in African language, scared half to death, the first instance on record that an African buffalo was afraid of anything on earth.

We followed them until they got to

of the buffaloes, and we let the gas out of the airship, and went into camp, right there, and Pa bossed things for about two days, until the buffaloes got good and hungry, and then we backed the cages up to an opening in the fence and put hay in the far end of the cages, and the herd began to take notice.

We wanted the big bulls and some cows, and nature helped us on the bulls, 'cause they fought the weaker ones away from the cages, and walked right up the incline into the cages, and Pa went in and locked the doors, and



Some of Those Negroes Are Running Yet, and Will No Doubt Come Out at Cairo, Egypt.

when we got the cages full of bulls and started to haul the cages to camp by the aid of some of the negroes who had returned alive, by jingo, the cows followed the cages with the bulls in, and you couldn't drive them away.

We loaded the gas bag on to a sort of stone boat, and Pa rigged up a couple of ox yokes and in some way hypnotized a few cow buffaloes, so he could drive them, and they hauled the stone boat with the airship to camp and we got there almost as soon as the cages did, and Pa was smoking as contented as though he was walking on Broadway, and with an ox gad he would larrup the oxen and say: "Haw, Buck," like a farmer driving oxen to plow a field.

Pa got his wild oxen so tame before we got to camp that they would eat hay out of his hand, and when we rounded up in our permanent camp, and looked over our stock, and killed some of the buffaloes that had followed the cages, for meat for the negroes, and lit some sky rockets and fired them at the balance of the herd to drive them away from camp, the negroes, who had always had a horror of meeting wild buffaloes, thought Pa was a superior being, to be able to tame a whole herd of the most savage animals, and they got down on their knees and placed their faces in the dust in front of Pa and worshiped him, and they wouldn't get up off the ground until Pa had gone around and put his feet on the necks of all the negroes in token that he acknowledged himself to be their king and protector, and the wives of the negroes all threw their arms around Pa and hugged him until he got tired, and he said he had rather fight buffaloes than be hugged by half-naked negro women that hadn't had a bath since Stanley discovered them, but Pa appreciated the honor, and Mr. Hagenbach said Pa was the greatest man in the world.

The next day we shipped the buffaloes to the coast, and had them sent to Berlin, and when we got the mail from headquarters there was an order for a lot more tigers, so I suppose we will be tigring as soon as the open season is on.

The idea is that we must get all the animals we can this year, for it is rumored that Roosevelt is coming to Africa next year to shoot big game, and all of us feel that wild animals will be scarce after he has devastated Africa.

We got short of salt pork and some time ago Pa salted down some sides of rhinoceros, and yesterday was the day to open the barrel. Pa showed the cooks how to fry rhinoceros pork, and I tell you it made you hungry to smell rhinoceros frying, and with boiled potatoes, and ostrich eggs, and milk gravy, made from elephant's milk, we lived high, but the next day an epidemic broke out, and they laid it to Pa's rhinoceros pork dinner, but Pa says any man who eats eight or nine fried ostrich eggs is liable to indigestion.

Ge, but this is a great country to enjoy an outing in!

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But Not Many. Some men are so attentive to their wives that you might think they were not married.—Exchange.

tinuing brazenly to smoke, he remarked: "Tut, tut. Go away. Don't you think I know that you're made of wax?"

Good Record of Punch. Many world-famous poems, some light, bright and witty, such as W. S. Gilbert's "Bab Ballads," others serious, dignified and sad, such as Tom Taylor's magnificent tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and Hood's "Song of the Shirt," first saw the light in Punch, or The London Character.

The Limit. Ranter Hamm—the craze for razzism in make-up and properties will kill me.

Booth Garrick—What is the trouble now?

Ranter Hamm—The manager insists that in the Whitecap scene I wear a real coat of tar and feathers.—Cleveland Leader.



Pa Had to Put His Foot on Their Necks and Acknowledge Himself Their King and Protector.

a pet, but Pa said the way to get buffalo was to go after them, and never let up until you had them under your control. So we started out under Pa's lead to capture African buffalo, and while the returns are not all in of the dead and wounded, we know that our expedition is pretty near used up.

The African buffaloes live in a marsh, where the grass and cane grow high above them, and the only way you can tell where they are is to watch the birds flying around and alighting on the backs of the animals to eat wood ticks and gnats. The marsh is so thick with weeds that a man cannot go into it, so we planned to start the airship on the windward side of the marsh, after firing up the whole force of helpers, negroes and white men, and building a corral of timber on the lee side of the marsh. Pa and the cowboy and I went in the airship, with these honk-honk horns they have on automobiles, and these megaphones that are used at football games, and Pa had a bunch of Roman candles to scare the buffaloes.

When the fence was done, which 50 men had worked on for a week, it ran in the shape of a triangle, or a fish net, with a big corral at the middle. Mr. Hagenbach sent up a rocket to

the fence, but only about 100 got into the corral, the others going around the fence and chasing the keepers into the jungle and looking the negroes in the pants, and some of the negroes are running yet, and will no doubt come out at Cairo, Egypt.

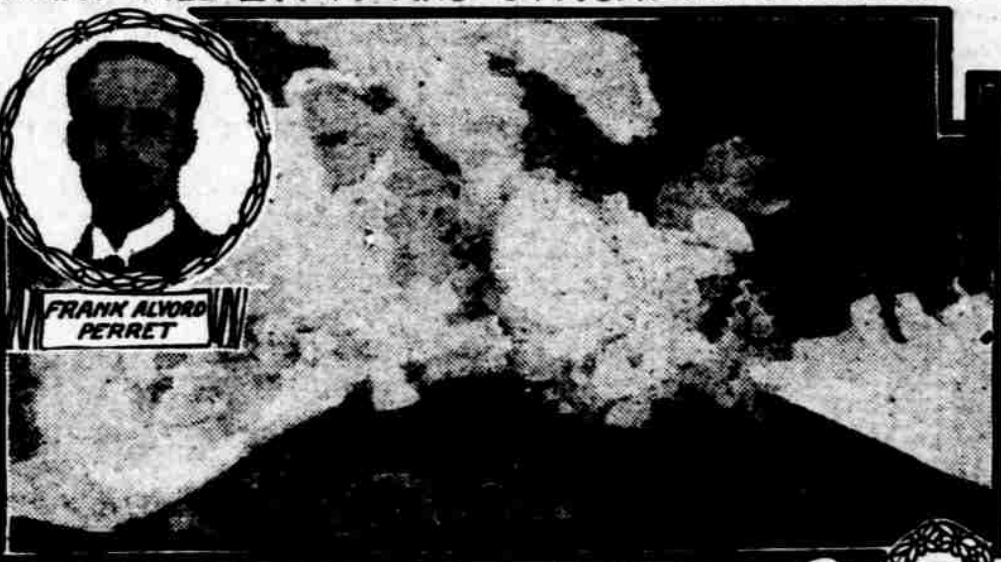
Mr. Hagenbach and the white men got up in trees, and watched Pa and the airship, and when we got where the fence narrowed up at the corral Pa let the airship come down to the ground, and anchored it to a stump and yelled for the boss of the expedition and the men to come down out of the trees and help capture some of the best specimens, so they came down and tore out the wings of the fence and placed them across so we had the buffaloes in a pen, and then Mr. Hagenbach, who had been getting a little jealous of Pa, came up to him and shook his hand and told him he was a wonder in the capturing of wild animals, and Pa said don't mention it, and Pa took the makings and made himself a cigarette and smoked up, and Mr. Hagenbach asked Pa how we were going to get the buffaloes out of the corral, 'cause they were fighting each other in the far end of the pen, and Pa said you just wait, and he sent for the cages, enough to hold about ten

times when the wires cross, just the same as if they were on a divan in the corner of an old-fashioned parlor, with the lights turned down."

Valuable Potato. In the bidding in of a monster potato auctioned off during the International fair, at San Antonio, Tex., Ollie Murphy, a soldier of Fort Sam Houston, paid what was probably the highest price ever paid for a single potato in Texas. The vegetable cost Murphy \$1.80. It was the principal item of

EYES ON THE VOLCANOES

WHAT WILL ETNA AND STROMBOLI DO NEXT?



ETNA, MONARCH OF THE VOLCANOES OF EUROPE.



TAKING MOVING PICTURES AT THE CRATER OF STROMBOLI

Ever since the terrible earthquake in Italy, the eyes of the world have been watching the volcanoes in the immediate vicinity to see what they would do as a result of the violent disturbances of the earth's crust. Would Etna and Stromboli get into violent eruption and complete the work of devastation? And with the question came absorbing interest in the past and present history of these volcanoes and the study of their peculiarities.

Perhaps no one is better qualified to speak on this point than Mr. Frank A. Perret of Naples, Italy, who is a volcano expert and was with Mateucci on Vesuvius throughout the violent eruption of 1906.

Mr. Perret is an American, but since 1903 he has made a special study of volcanic phenomena, taking up his residence at Naples that he might observe Vesuvius. He has also studied Etna and Stromboli.

There is a marked difference between Vesuvius and Etna, which is now in eruption. Vesuvius is a true cone, with one central crater from which it erupts, although its lava flows are from crevices that open in the mountain flank below the crater. Etna, with a height of 11,000 feet and a mass so tremendous that its base measures 90 miles in circumference, is flat-topped. So its great eruptions, as a rule, are not from the central crater, but break out on all sides of the mountain, wherever the wall is the weakest at the time. To-day there may be seen, scattered here and there, more than 200 different cones, each of which marks the site of an eruption. Some of these cones are more than 300 feet high, being almost as large as Vesuvius, and all have been formed by lateral eruptions.

Mr. Perret spends most of his time visiting the several volcanoes of Italy when in activity, as some of them continually are. He makes his observations on the spot. Of course, he enjoys all the risks there are to be had. During the eruptions of Vesuvius, he was with 50 others, mostly carabinieri, on the mountain opposite to where the ash fell and the lava flowed. Suddenly, the wind changed, carrying ash, dust and dense smoke toward the men. It became so dark that holding the hand before the face, it could not be seen. The dust was so dense that its friction caused the lips to bleed and eyes, ears, clothing, all were filled with the ash. The gases at the same time were stifling. The people were several hundred yards from the observatory and had no way to get to it for safety. It was finally decided the guide should take the end of a rope and seek a landmark leading towards the observatory where the rest would follow along the rope; he then sought another landmark, etc., finally, all were safely gathered at the observatory, but the darkness, dust, ash and gas were as bad as ever and it was only a question of time when all would succumb to the baneful influence of the vapor. This awful condition lasted for early afternoon to midnight when the wind changed again and relief was instantaneous. Had conditions remained as they were until morning there is no doubt that all would have perished.

A remarkable occurrence, seldom if ever before seen by man, was witnessed by Mr. Perret on Vesuvius.

While conversing with a friend, standing upon lava of some remote previous eruption, their feet seemed to be getting warm; gradually they moved away as the heat grew more noticeable, and watched for the source. They noticed the rock change color, and finally grow white hot, then melt. Then a stream of lava burst out through the rock where they had been standing and flowed down the mountain. It was a rare sight. The molten lava under the rock lava gradually heated, melted it, and burst through by its tremendous heat.

Mr. Perret has the distinction of being the only volcanologist in the world to-day and his work is of profound scientific importance. His predictions have been so accurate that he did not hesitate to recommend the return of the warships sent to Stromboli to remove the 4,000 residents living on that island mountain because he said the worst of the eruption had passed. The admiral took his word for it and left the islanders at home, to the great consternation of the mayor, who had sent repeated telegrams to the government to send the ships. There was cause for alarm, of course, for the explosions were so great that every window in the city was broken from the concussion. Such confidence as Mr. Perret has in his predictions can only come of profound study of volcanoes, and accurate deductions. Much will be learned in the near future by this enthusiastic volcanologist.

The three mountains lie quite close together and, of course, all are under Italian domination. Etna is in Sicily, while Stromboli is but 40 miles from there. Therefore, Mr. Perret has it within his reach to observe all three mountains when in activity.

Mr. Perret had the following to say, when asked what was the basis for his belief that it would soon be possible to predict accurately the time of volcanic activity in any given case: "Volcanoes are of periodic activity and each one has its own individual characteristics, which must be taken into account. There are several things to be considered, when one attempts to predict what any volcano will do. The past history of the volcano must be considered carefully to learn its periodicity, although the length of the period of events is virtually the same in each case; so if the observer knows what is taking place at any given time, he can get a line on what has been happening during the elapsed eruptive period and know what will probably happen. There are indications to be observed on the spot, such as determining the character of the gases given off by the fumaroles, or smoke funnels on the mountain sides, and their temperatures, and also by microphonic examinations of the subterranean sounds, the drying up of wells in the immediate vicinity or their fouling by sulphurous gases, the rising of the shore line at the base of the mountain and the frequency and intensity of the earthquake shocks in the vicinity. Last, but not least, much may be learned by the careful study of plotted curves, showing the astronomical and gravitation influences—the gravitational influences exerted by sun and moon in their various phases, as they pull more or less strongly together in the same direction.

FOUGHT TO THE LAST GASP

Fusillade of Exploding Bullets Needed to Kill Monster Bear.

In Everybody's Rex Beach tells this incident of his adventurous "Chromatic Bear Hunt" in Alaska: "As I dashed across a snow-field I saw our guide suddenly appear on the ridge above me like a phantom, silhouetted against the evening sky. He was bare-headed—it took us three days to find his hat—his rubber boots were straddling at a ridiculous distance from each other, and he was hitting it off at the rate of 100 yards in nothing and three-fifths seconds. He was looking backward over his shoulder, fumbling at his hip pocket for shells, and yet he coursed over those loose bowlers with the sureness of foot of a mountain goat. He dipped out of sight as suddenly as he had appeared, and I heard him cracking away again, then the louder report of Fred's rifle. "An instant later I reached the top, and, glimpsing a huge, brown body rushing toward us in prodigious leaps,

I joined in the fusillade. The monster's great weight bore him deeply into the snow, which he flung behind him at every plunge, and yet, shocked and torn by those exploding bullets, he still came on and on, a tremendous, ungainly figure of rage and determination.

"Even when he was down to his haunches and deathly sick he reddened the snow in a futile endeavor to continue that charge. It was a magnificent exhibit of courage, and he died facing us as befits a monarch, the red glare of rage still in his eye. "Whew! I certainly stepped around a bit that time," said Joe, wiping the sweat out of his eyes. "My first four shots never fazed him, so I thought I'd sort of withdraw and reload on the run, but I couldn't seem to locate you fellows nowhere."

Locks Like Prosperity. New York City imported \$2,500,000 worth of precious stones during the last month.

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

Under the Mistletoe. "Ain't it awful," said Mame, "the way some girls hang around under the mistletoe?"

"Perfectly terrible," agreed Sally, shifting her gum.

"Did you see the way Amy Briggs acted at the party last night?"

"Scandalous!" "One would think she had never been kissed before."

"I don't believe she ever had," echoed Sally.

"Just as soon as that Mr. Morehouse was announced, she moved her chair right over by the chandelier and when she got up to be introduced to him, she had to stand under the mistletoe and—"

"Wasn't that good? He never kissed her a tall!"

"And when Henry came in, she was right in the way. Of course I wouldn't go under that mistletoe a-purpose," explained Mame, "but I was a-standin' right there and Henry ain't no quitter on a game like that. He—"

"Yes, I guess he kissed most every girl there, be—"

"Why, Sally Potts, he did NOT!" "He did, too! He kissed me and Mary Hopper and Sue White and I seen him trying to catch Miss Horton, but she dodged, and he—"

"Well, what do you know about that? The trifler to—"

"But ain't that what the mistletoe is there for?"

"Yes, but they ain't no use of a man makin' a hog of himself just because girls like Amy Briggs don't have no more womanly modesty than 't put themselves in their way all the time. That new Mr. Morehouse didn't like it, either. I could tell he was ashamed of Amy, the way he acted. He's coming up to call this afternoon. I'll fix Henry for— Mercy, there he is now and— Well, what do you think of that? Amy Briggs is with him!"

"You see," said Mr. Morehouse, looking fondly at Miss Briggs, as they were about to depart, "Amy and I used to be warm fr—er, that is we were engaged once, and had a quarrel—you know. I didn't expect to meet her at the party and she didn't know she was standing right under the mistletoe waiting for me."

"The idea!" scoffed Mame, when the door closed upon them.

"Didn't know she was under the mistletoe!" echoed Sally, scornfully. "Ain't men the easiest, though?"

Same Here. Oh, have you strutted down the street, all dressed up in your best—a long-tailed coat, a stovepipe hat, a silken fancy vest—to find when by a glass you go, your heart is pained and sore from learning that the hat you wear is on wrong-side-before? So have I!

Oh, have you dressed up fit to kill and called upon a maid whose heart you seek to subtly win by calling Cupid's aid, to learn, alas! when 'tis too late and made up is her mind, you might have won her but for this: Your necktie's up behind? So have I!

Oh, have you tried to get a ten by borrowing from friends and learned that every one has joined the New Year's "Never Lends"? And have you eaten lunch at noon where beer is five a glass? Oh, well, of course if you refuse, we'll let this question pass. So have I! Let it pass, I mean.

Oh, have you told your darling wife, when crawling into bed, that business kept you very late—and covered up your head—to find next morning when you woke, a world of woe and care, because the sweetheart of your life has found an auburn hair? So have I!

Oh, have you tried to write a piece to make a nation laugh—a ticklish nothing as it were, chock full of joy and chaff—to find when all is written rot and it is cold in type that you have picked a lemon that is very far from ripe? So have I!

Poor Setter Dog. A Battle Creek (Mich.) man had a setter dog upon which his heart was set. The dog set on the electric line and the motorman failed to set the brake soon enough, with the result that the car settled the setter. The company refused to settle for the loss of the setter, whereupon the owner set the law on it and recovered \$100 and costs, which the company settled for the dear little setter. The man better setter again.

Married Man Fixed. A citizen was overheard to make an un-gallant remark on the street the other day. He said his neighbor was speaking to him about the heavy expense connected with keeping a family, and asked: "Don't you find it so?" "No, I use my wife's temper for a furnace, her feet for a refrigerator, her company manners for sugar, and then we have tongue all the year round, so you see my expenses are very light."

Improved Pumping System. In California, where many wells yield both natural gas and water, it is stated that a system has been tried whereby the gas is separated and utilized in an engine to pump the water.

Wisdom. Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in a firmness of mind and mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do, as well as to talk; and to make our actions and words all of a color.—Seneca.

COULD NOT SHAKE IT OFF.

Kidney Trouble Contracted by Them sands in the Civil War.

James W. Clay, 666 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., says: "I was troubled with kidney complaint from the time of the Civil War. There was constant pain in the back and head and the kidney secretions were painful and showed a sediment. The first remedy to help me was Doan's Kidney Pills. Three boxes made a complete cure and during five years past I have had no return of the trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

NO TEMPTATION.



Wag (referring to Miss Oldbird)—Um, I should think it would be more suitable if she were standing under "elderberries" instead of mistletoe-berries.

Mice on the Pillow. "I'm not so much afraid of mice as some women," said she, "but I don't like them in my hair. The other night I finished a biscuit I was eating after I went to bed and naturally left some crumbs about, not meaning to, never thinking of mice.

"Well, about the middle of the night I heard scampering, and there were the mice all over my hair, trying to get at those crumbs.

"I tell you, I gave one shriek, sprang up, and lit up all the gas in the room and sat up the rest of the night watching that pillow."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Teacher's Orders. "Here, ma!" requested the boy, hurrying in from school before time; "hang my jacket up behind the stove."

"Is it wet?" "No; but teacher sent me home to tell you to warm my jacket for me!"—Judge.

The New Way. He—Darling, all is over between us. She—Oh, George, this is so absurd. —Punch.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blisters, Bleeding or Pruritic Piles in 6 to 14 days of regular use.

The average woman is fond of pets, but her husband is not in that class.

CATARRH IN HEAD.

Per-una—Per-una.



MR. WILLIAM A. PRESSER, 1723 Third Ave., Moline, Ill., writes: "I have been suffering from catarrh in the head for the past two months and tried innumerable so-called remedies without avail. No one knows how I have suffered not only from the disease itself, but from mortification when in company of friends or strangers."

"I have used two bottles of your medicine for a short time only, and it effected a complete medical cure, and what is better yet, the disease has not returned."

"I can most emphatically recommend Peruna to all sufferers from this disease."

Read This Experience. Mr. A. Thompson, Box 65, R. R. 1, Martel, Ohio, writes: "When I began your treatment my eyes were inflamed, nose was stopped up half of the time, and was sore and scabby. I could not rest at night on account of continual hawking and spitting."

"I had tried several remedies and was about to give up, but thought I would try Peruna."

"After I had taken about one-third of a bottle I noticed a difference. I am now completely cured, after suffering with catarrh for eighteen years."

"I think if those who are afflicted with catarrh would try Peruna they would never regret it."

Peruna is manufactured by the Peruna Drug Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. Ask your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1909.

A Safe and Sure Cough Cure.

Does not contain Opium. Morphine, or any other narcotic or habit-forming drug.

Nothing of a poisonous or harmful character enters into its composition. This clean and pure cough cure cures coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It has saved thousands from consumption. It has saved thousands of lives. A 25c. bottle contains 40 doses. At all druggists', 25c., 50c. and \$1. Don't accept anything else.

Byron Williams

Improved Pumping System.

Wisdom.

Locks Like Prosperity.