

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



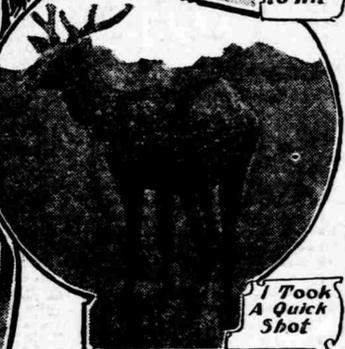
Thompson as usual led the train



We followed them for three days



Had to Hit



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 tabs 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 unobserved 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 bullet in his lungs. 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 outfit 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 spikes. The blacktail was standing in the snow 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. McClipher," 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 goodby 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 caseln 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.

camel in north China is still locomotive, baggage wagon and trolley car; out of Pekin every morning more than hundreds of these big, fat, two humped beasts, looking down with the contempt of their country on the foreign devil. The traveler who penetrates into that China which has not yet known Europe, must use these primitive roads and means of transport; the more casual visitor chooses quicker methods.—From a Hankow (China) Letter to the Boston Transcript.

For the Hostess

Chat on Interesting Topics of Many Kinds, by a Recognized Authority

A Harvest Home Party.

In Sweden they make a ceremony of bringing in the last sheaf of wheat signifying that the "summer is over and the harvest ended." With this in mind, a hostess who is noted for her originally issued invitations for a "Harvest Home" party at her place in the country. It is now quite the thing not to return to town until the first of November, so the beautiful foliage and the glories of autumn are enjoyed to the full. At this party, which was given last year, too late to get in the department owing to the fact that it must be made up several weeks in advance, the house and spacious verandas were literally covered with gorgeous oak and maple leaves, as was the lower floor of the great barn where dancing took place at eight o'clock. The hours were from five to ten, which just permitted the making of trains to and from the city.

A novel feature was the playing of the band composed of the workmen on the place. They were mostly Germans, and as each department had its own foreman with helpers the organization was quite complete as well as unique. They played for the dancing, and to a most stirring march they led the gay party to the last sheaf of wheat in the field. It was laid in the pony cart belonging to the ten-year-old daughter of the house, who drove the prettily decorated pony into the barn, where the sheaf was placed in the middle of the clean swept floor and the hostess paid a tribute to Ceres, a health being drunk in mulled cider made on the place and served by the hostess. After a supper of fried chicken, boiled ham, hot muffins, rice and tomatoes cooked together with shrimp, which the colored cook said was "Jumbalaya," tea, coffee, Maceoigne of vegetable, salad and pumpkin pie, the dancing began. After a few informal dances there was what the hostess called a "Farmers" cotillon, because all the figures pertained to work on the farm, and the favors consisted of big straw hats, sunbonnets, whips, milking stools, tin pails, spades, rakes, hoes, etc. It was all very original and pretty. Cider frappe was on hand for the dancers.

A Geographical Party.

This was given by a gay party of young people and all pronounced it a

success. The invitations had the usual day, date and hour, with the jingle given, which explained a wee bit the character of the affair, or, as a youth aptly expressed it, "what you were up against."

All guests who want to win a prize should on the atlas glue their eyes. Brush up their knowledge, cram their pates

With abbreviated states: And rivers they must put in rhyme.

The first stunt was to read the following "stately story" and fill in the blanks with the abbreviations of the name of a state. The story here has the blanks correctly filled for the benefit of the hostess.

A handsome (Md.) fell in love with a (Miss.) whom he attended when she was (Ill.), and who was sweeter than any flower of the (Del.). He asked her hand in marriage, but her (Pa.) wished her to wed his war time friend, the (Col.), who was rich, but who looked as if he had come out of the (Ark.). So he put the doctor off by saying he would (Conn.) the matter (Ore.). But the lover pressed him, and said: "(Wy.) will (U.) not give (Me.) an answer?" The father, being a Yankee, answered his question by asking another: "(Kan.) you support a wife?" and added bluntly that he feared his daughter would have to (Wash.) for her living, should she marry so poor a man. The young man replied: "Although I am poor, (Io.) No man, and I (Wis.) I could support my wife, (R. I.) would not marry." When he met his sweetheart next morning at early (Mass.) and told her of the interview, she said: "(La.) I could love you no (Mo.) had you all the wealth of (Ind.)." They were married at (Tenn.) o'clock and the husband got (Ariz.) in his profession, and there is (O.) to keep them from being happy.

After this came a map-drawing contest. The guests were handed large sheets of paper with pencils and told to draw any country they chose, with a few principal rivers, mountains and cities; to write their names and the name of the country on the back and pin the paper on the wall. Then all had to guess what was what. The one who guessed the most correctly received a prize. Slips of paper were then passed containing the names of two rivers, which were to be woven into a rhyme. The results were read aloud and were very amusing. Floating island and small sponge cakes were served. The prizes were interesting foreign prints framed in plain wooden mouldings.

MADAME MERRIL.

Autumn Street Suits



The suit on the left is made up of a gray cloth, and is worn with lynx fur. The collar and the cuffs are of corded silk in black. The suit on the right is of dull green broadcloth, with trimmings of silk and silk covered buttons.

LANCIES OF FASHION

Long sashes are being worn with coat suits. Paris is offering all sorts of hats except small ones. White coats will be a leader in fur coats for young girls. Gold braid will figure prominently as a colfure ornament. Corsets are longer over the hips but cut lower at the top. Newest belt buckles and pins combine mother of pearl and jet. Puffs are still worn, but are small and soft and irregular in shape. The scarf is a leader among decorations for pins and dainty decorations. For fall wear many double veils of contrasting colors are being offered. Red is a brilliant exception to the rule that makes for dull hues colors. Sleeves in little girls' dresses are fuller, long, and have often one or two puffs. Dog collars in velvet are being embroidered in tiny buds and flowers in natural colors.

Wide velvet ribbon will decorate many of the best hats. Cords are to be one of the chief novelties of the new gowns. Colored embroidery will be much used in the newest neckwear. The waist for afternoon wear can be made with Dutch round neck or with the high collar. The new coat collars are odd and attractive and cut on decidedly novel lines.

The most popular tunic is one that is draped rather low. Linens and gingham are the most comfortable wear for little girls in school. Many Kinds of Cuffs. The choice of a cuff is as broad as the choice of a collar. The cheaper variety of shirt waists have the straight stiffened cuff, cut like the one on a man's shirt, and held together with link buttons. It is far prettier, however, to avoid this sign of a cheap waist and put on narrow turnover cuffs, or wrinkle the sleeves over the wrist and finish with a tiny edge of lace; then fasten with lace buttons.

All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it. Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

AS UNDERSTOOD IN BOSTON

The Traditional Episode of "Little Miss Muffet" Brought into Every-Day Cognizance.

A diminutive specimen of juvenile femininity yept Miss Muffet had placed herself in a sitting posture upon an article of household furniture ordinarily termed an ottoman or hassock—

Ministering to the gratification of her gustatory organs by ingurgitating the coagulated portion of bovine lacteal fluid mingled with the watery serum of the same which remains after the coagulated portion has been segregated and withdrawn.

Happening to glance downward she observed that a specimen of the genus Aranea, class Arachnida, remarkable for its ability to produce filaments of extraordinary tenacity from its own interior, had taken a position upon the ottoman or hassock in immediate proximity.

SUFFERED TERRIBLY.

How Relief from Distressing Kidney Trouble Was Found.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wolf, 388 W. Morgan St., Tipton, Mo., says: "Inflammation of the bladder reached its climax last spring and I suffered terribly. My back ached and I could hardly get around and the secretions were scanty, frequent of passage and painful. I was tired all the time and very nervous. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and after taking a few boxes was cured and have been well ever since."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



WHAT DIFFERENCE? "Half a pound of tea, please?" "Green or black?" "Doesn't matter which. It's for a blind person."



As you grow for it, somewhere or other you will find what is useful for you in a book or a friend.—George Macdonald.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Louisville, Ky.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has certainly done me a world of good and I cannot praise it enough. I suffered from irregularities, dizziness, nervousness, and a severe female trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored me to perfect health and kept me from the operating table. I will never be without this medicine in the house."—Mrs. SAM'L LEE, 3523 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.

Another Operation Avoided. Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from female troubles, and my doctor said an operation was my only chance, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me without an operation."—LENA V. HENRY, R. F. D. 3.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for these distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

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 is 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 easily convinced an expert as say a county commissioner in Pennsylvania, in the 800-mile stretch from Pekin 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 tilted fields

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. Unlike Japan, China abounds in beasts of burden. The commonest carriage in the south is the pack animal. The

camel in north China is still locomotive, baggage wagon and trolley car; out of Pekin every morning more than hundreds of these big, fat, two humped beasts, looking down with the contempt of their country on the foreign devil. The traveler who penetrates into that China which has not yet known Europe, must use these primitive roads and means of transport; the more casual visitor chooses quicker methods.—From a Hankow (China) Letter to the Boston Transcript.