

Fur and Feather Tales

Omaha is the home of a number of thoroughly sportsmanlike hunters to whom Mr. Hamblen Sears' new book "Fur and Feather Tales" (Harper & Brothers) will be most welcome, and if his work comes into general circulation it will be almost certain to awaken in the breasts of many others a desire for sports afield with the gun. Mr. Sears has the "hunter's instinct"—a wonderful gift that has but little to do with good marksmanship. It consists, above all, of imperturbable good nature, patience and a quiet sense of humor; for the greatest pleasure of hunting is not shooting, but circumstance preceding and surrounding it. It is the descriptions of these qualities, as

in a manner that would not only attract wild game, but would bring the gun to your shoulder as you walked along the shore in his vicinity.

"After bringing these strange waddling pets of his to a maudlin state of tameness he never failed to set up a most complicated and continuous series of duck quacks and calls whenever he threw out their food. It was not long, therefore, before the birds associated corn with Henry's extraordinary imitations of duck bedlam, and as any self-respecting bird is bound to quack vociferously immediately upon seeing food, it became a consequence quite within the compass of the duck mind to infer that when-

the French kings that are gone, a survival of another age.

Another character worth knowing in this book is William, the North-of-Maine guide and hunter, a Yankee with a trace of Indian blood in him. Mr. Sears went with him after moose, and brought down the game he sought, but here again the charm of the narrative lies as much in the description of William's personality and the life in camp as in the account of the stalking and shooting of the moose.

The same may be said of Vigdal of the Jotunheim, the Norwegian hunter and guide with whom the author went after reindeer.

In the closing sketch, "A Little Upland Game," we are taken to Robins Island, and Mr. Sears gives us a good sketch of the ideal sportsman:



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A CURIOUS PET.

Mr. Sears found them in his companions, that give his book the charm it undoubtedly possesses, and, seemingly incidentally, he gives us at least three character sketches that will be remembered for many a day by him who reads this very clever book.

First of all, there is his Cape Cod friend, Henry Eldridge—a wheelwright by trade, a hunter at heart and a genius by birth and the capacity to take infinite pains. Mr. Sears went duck shooting with him and found that he was a true sportsman, for "he did not shoot to kill; he had the truest sporting spirit, the spirit that enjoyed tricking the game, and he was as satisfied with one duck well shot as with a hundred merely slaughtered." Henry used tame ducks as decoys, which is "simply a much more exciting, vastly more skillful piece of work" than shooting over wooden decoys, and he had a carefully regulated plan for training his decoys that was a constant source of interest and surprise to Mr. Sears:

"When carefully nurtured the intelligence of such a stupid bird as a barnyard duck is something extraordinary. But the training must be constant and daily and before a bird is fit for decoy work practically two seasons have been consumed. The lessons begin and turn on the question of food. Henry made it his first study to compel his friends to trust him so thoroughly that he could pick them up and put them in his pocket head downward, at any time, with the certainty that on being returned to the ground they would simply rustle their feathers and shrewdly cock one eye up at him to await the never-failing handful of corn. It has always been a question with me whether he himself had not more of the duck in him than the human being, for he could imitate duck calls of all kinds

ever Henry quacked corn was near at hand and shortly to be forthcoming. The result was an instantaneous symphony.

"Having proceeded thus far, it became his next duty to teach the birds to fly—a sufficiently original occupation to illustrate the extensive scope, the many-sided character of Henry's genius. This he practiced gradually with each bird in his barnyard, always appealing to the duck's appetite. He would grasp one of them around the body with both hands, her head meantime pointing outward. Then bending his knees and lowering the neophyte close to the ground, he would rise steadily but swiftly and hurl the bird into the air. Instinctively she put out her wings and circled around the barnyard, descending gradually and at the same time setting up a most hopeless racket, naturally starting the other twenty-nine, who fancied this was Henry calling them to dinner. As the duck's wings were clipped, she naturally could not fly away, hence she soon alighted near by and waddled comfortably back into the yard to secure the handful of corn.

"After months of trial and tribulation, with sometimes a broken back and a consequent duck funeral, the birds grasped the meaning of this peculiar flight, and Henry could then stand behind his barnyard fence and, by throwing up one bird after another, give you and any stray wild ducks flying past the impression that there was a duck Walhalla in the vicinity."

Quite different in treatment, but not a whit less interesting, is Mr. Sears' account of stag hunting in France, where alone this, probably the noblest form of sport, can be seen in its perfection. First there is a discussion of the kennels, the dogs and the head huntsman; then follows a description of the hunt itself, the favorite pastime of

"It is probable that there is no greater test of the gentleman in a man than when he acts the host on his own preserves. Any one may be a gentleman when he is in a theater fire or on a wreck at sea. He may even keep his instincts of chivalry in a foot ball game, but when he can take a friend for a day's shooting over his own uplands and keep his anger, his sarcastic smiles, his involuntary criticism and his gun from interfering until 3 o'clock in the afternoon he has actually proved himself worthy to stand by the side of a Bayard or a Charlemagne.

"My host did himself proud. He gave his guest the left side of the dog, so that he could swing easily as the quail jumped off to the left. The guest missed, heaven knows how many times he missed that day, and George did not crack a smile. I fired at a bird that was half a mile away two or three times and spoiled his shot, and the dogs only received a reprimand. Finally I fired at a cock pheasant and missed him because of the unforeseen interference of a large tree, and when he brought him down my host insisted that it was my shot which laid the bird low. Any other mortal, after such occurrences, would either have thrown down his gun and stamped on it, or would have shot his guest, but George did neither. He only said that sometimes you could shoot and sometimes you could not, and that this was his bad day.

"However, we started out a second time, and at perhaps fifty yards from the house, as we were in the act of breaking our guns to put in a couple of cartridges, one of us nearly stepped on something that moved, rose, fell, rose again higher, and then made a prodigious noise among the bushes. This particular person stood a moment in amazement as a huge creature rose and flew directly away from him. He did not even close his gun until the agonized cry of the host of "Shoot! shoot, man! Why don't you shoot?" came distinctly to his ears. Then he closed his gun as the bird disappeared. The dog stood stock still and cocked one eye at him, and George put another cartridge in his gun, remarking in his placid tones that that was pretty sudden—so near the house, you know! It was a pheasant, a beautiful cock."

Looking for a Job

The Cincinnati Enquirer says that a solemn-looking Irishman entered a business house the other day, and, walking up to one of the men employed on the lower floor, asked:

"Is there anny chanst fer a mon t' get a job av wur-rk here?"

"I don't know," answered the man addressed; "you'll have to see Mr. Hobart."

"An' pfwere is he?" asked the Irishman.

"Up on the second floor," was the answer.

"Shall Oi walk up an' talk t' him?" queried the seeker for employment.

"No need of that," replied the man. "Just whistle in that tube and he'll speak to you," pointing at the same time to a speaking tube.

The old Irishman walked over to the tube and blew a mighty blast in it. Mr. Hobart heard the whistle, came to the tube and inquired:

"What's wanted down there?"

"Tis Oi, Paddy Flynn!" answered the Irishman. "Ar' ye th' boss?"

"I am," replied Mr. Hobart.

"Well, thin," yelled Flynn, "sthick yer head out av th' second-sthory windy whistle Oi sthew out on th' solidewalk! Oi want to talk t' ye!"

Hissed a President

The only president to be hoisted at and hissed between 1840 and 1870 was Andrew Johnson, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean. Johnson, by his speech and conduct on inauguration day, March 4, 1865, had invited the censure and excited the distrust of many men in public life, and, while he became president a few weeks later, there was strong prejudice against him, says the major.

"His attitude on party questions strengthened the prejudice, and his open and violent opposition to congress so inflamed the people that when Mr. Johnson 'swung round the circle' in August, 1866, he was met with noisy demonstrations of disapproval. In fact, the decision of the president to make

crowd would not listen to the chairman or any other local celebrity.

"General Custer, then at the height of his popularity, stepped forward in his dramatic, imperious way, believing that he could quiet the tumult. The crowd was friendly, but it howled him down, and the dashing cavalryman took his seat, with the remark that he would like to clear the grounds with a brigade of cavalry. Johnson, looking down on the tumult, saw smiling, contemptuous faces, but no hatred. He turned to Grant, who had retired to the rear of the platform, and said, petulantly: 'General, you will have to speak to them.' General Grant said, decisively, 'I will not.' Then the president said, more graciously: 'Won't you show yourself, general?' Grant stepped forward, and, after a round of cheers, the people were as quiet as a church in prayer time.



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MEETING FOR THE START.

the cornerstone laying of the Douglas monument in Chicago the excuse for a stump-speaking tour in defense of his policy, was accepted by the people as a challenge, and they met him, wherever he was announced to speak, prepared to express their sentiments freely.

"There is nothing in history that corresponds to that wonderful swing of President Johnson from Washington to Chicago by way of Robin Hood's barn. Mr. Johnson planned the trip with infinite cunning. He prided himself on being a commoner, and he believed that he understood the people, and that if he could meet them face to face he could convince them that the president was right and congress wrong. To get the love of the people he carried with him General Grant, Admiral Farragut, General Custer and other men well known to the people. He reasoned that, accompanied by the popular idols of the day, he would be sure of enthusiastic reception everywhere. That was all he asked. Give him a big crowd, and he was confident that he could win them over.

"At one point a crowd of 50,000 people had gathered, mainly to see Grant, Farragut and Seward. There was tremendous enthusiasm over the party and the president was elated. But when he arose to speak the crowd hooted and hissed and set up a great shout for Grant. The people had seen through the president's scheme and were turning the tables on him by using Grant and Farragut to humiliate and punish him. The president saw the strategy of the move, and he was as furious as he was helpless. In every interval of quiet he would attempt to speak, but every word he uttered would be lost in the thunder of the shouts for Grant. It was a painful spectacle and everybody was embarrassed. The

Waiting an instant, Grant raised his hand, made a gesture toward Johnson and said, clearly: 'The president of the United States.'

"The incident was a simple one, but it spoke volumes. Grant's face was full of indignation and reproach, and the crowd, accepting his rebuke, listened to the president for an hour. And the president did not spare the people. He scolded them to his heart's content, replied to all their taunts, talked back to every man that opened his mouth, and seemed to enjoy the performance as a warhorse would a battle. The people took the scolding in good part, and realized that they had come in contact with a new sort of president. They heard him in respectful silence, but they disapproved of him, as the president knew when the votes were counted at the elections that fall.

Not the Ocean

Chicago Post: It was the morning after their arrival at a seashore resort.

"I have often heard of the roar of the ocean," she said dreamily, "but I never knew it sounded like that."

"That's not the roar of the ocean," answered her more experienced husband, "that's the roar of a departing guest who has just been presented with his bill."

Jones Knows How

Detroit Free Press: "Isn't Jones a little penurious when it comes to supplying money for household expenses?"

"I won't say as to that, but I'll tell you what happened. His wife told him that the parlor carpet had become so worn and fuzzy that it was impossible to sweep it any more without making it worse. Some men would have handed out money for more. Jones got the lawn mower and run it over the carpet."



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IN AT THE DEATH.



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THE GAME IN SIGHT.