

THE STOLEN SHIP.

In the year 1861 was one of the crew of the British survey brig Advance, which was surveying the islands to the south of the Sandwich group. Kingman Reef, Palmyra Island and other shoals and islands had not been closely surveyed, and we were spending the summer in this work. The brig was a craft of 200 tons, and being a government vessel was under strict discipline.

About the middle of September we were at Fanning Island, when a heavy gale came up from the west, and we had to run for the open sea to the east. The gale struck us about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and hung to us until noon the next day. During this time we were running a little east of north and having all we could do, and when the gale broke we were at least 200 miles to the north-east of our island. It was mid-afternoon before we got the brig about, and she had scarcely been headed back when a whiteboat came down upon us from the westward, and when we got her crew aboard we heard a very interesting story.

There were eight of them—a first mate, two harpooners and five boys. All belonged to the British whaling bark Penrose, of Liverpool. Twenty days previously she had run into Honolulu and discharged half a cargo of oil and shipped three Portuguese sailors to replace her crew who had been lost at sea. On leaving Honolulu she had cruised to the southward, taking a whole occasional, and on the day the gale broke she lowered for whales about 200 miles north of the group we had been surveying. Three boats were down at once as the bark ran into a school. As the breeze was light only a shipkeeper was left aboard, and he was a sailor who was just recovering from a hurt.

The three Portuguese were in the captain's boat, which made fast to a big whale within a quarter of a mile of the bark and was immediately struck and disabled, and the line had to be cut. Meanwhile the other two boats had gone to the eastward after the school, and they had no sooner made fast than their victim ran off at full speed. Owing to the direction of the wind the shipkeeper could not work down to the captain. His boat was a wreck, but was acting as a float to sustain the crew. In this emergency the three Portuguese offered to swim to the bark and return with a spare boat, and they were told to go. They reached the bark in safety, but had no sooner got aboard than the yards were trimmed, her head was brought to the south, and she sailed within 300 feet of the captain as she made off. The dark skinned sailors made no bones of the fact that they were running away with the ship. Indeed, they boasted of it, and decided the men hanging to the stolen boat.

It was a heartless, cold blooded thing to do. The two other boats were five miles to the eastward, and it was an hour after the bark made off before the men cut loose from their dead whales to follow the mystery. They found the wreck of the captain's boat, to discover that only one single man remained with it, the others having been pulled down by the sharks. By the time they had heard his story the bark was more than half down and just then the gale broke. The boats were laid head on to the sea and drifted slowly to the east, dividing their men so as to give each an equal show to live out the gale. During the night the second mate's boat was lost sight of and as it was never heard of again it must have been swamped. Had we been running a course the surviving boat could not have fetched us, but as we brought about she got the chance to do so.

As soon as the story had been told our captain decided to go in search of the stolen bark. It was a question, however, whether she should receive the full force of it, and being so short handed she was liable to disaster. The main question was whether she would sail or drift. We had adopted the former course, as the brig had a habit of flooding her decks when lying head on. The mate of the stolen bark, whose name was Cummings, felt certain that the Portuguese would let her drift. In that case we would have to cover a hundred miles of ocean to the westward before beginning to look for them. What did they want of the craft? What could they do with her? There was only one reasonable answer. They would run her down among the southern islands, find some safe spot to lay her away and then "have a good time." This meant eating, drinking, smoking and having no work to do. They would not dare to try to follow us, for we were not in sight then, and they were not to put into any prominent port.

I was Mate Cummings' belief that the Portuguese would let her drift for Christmas Island, a hundred miles to the south of where we had been surveying, and the brig's course was accordingly laid. On the afternoon of the third day after picking up the boat we sighted the bark dead ahead. We were then not over twenty-five miles from the island. The stolen craft had evidently been taking things pretty easy. She was under short sail and when we first espied her, although the weather was fine and the breeze fair, the thieves had no fear of pursuit, and perhaps all were captains except the shipkeeper and would not obey each other's orders. We had her almost half up when the fellows became suspicious, then they set everything below and aloft, and to our intense chagrin we discovered that the bark was a faster sailer than the brig. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we sighted her, and as darkness fell she had gained a couple of miles on us. Having got the alarm it was hard to tell what they would now do, but after a long consultation our captain decided to round Christmas Island and lay a course for Jarvis Island. The bark was headed directly south when we last saw her.

Next day at noon we were to the west of Christmas and running down on our course, when we suddenly discovered the bark on our starboard quarter, standing out from the southeast end of the island, where she had been in hiding to let us pass. She had not seen us on account of a wooded peninsula jutting out for several miles, and we felt sure we had her in a box. The vessel was to the west, and it was a bit of a job to get the brig about, start as we were as we headed for her. She couldn't go to the west nor were there men enough aboard to turn her on her heel and beat her back to the northeast.

The only recourse was to stand to the southwest, heading directly for us, or to fall off and run to the west. We all looked to see her head into the wind and wait to be boarded, but the rascal had not thought of it. She suddenly

IVORY AND ITS USES.

WHY CARVED ORNAMENTS IN IVORY ARE VERY EXPENSIVE.

There are few expert workers in ivory in this country—the price of elephants' tusks has not greatly changed in recent years—a costly luxury.

When Whitely Reid was in search of a workman to decorate apartments at Ophir Farm with rich and beautiful antiques brought over from Europe he found that there was but one man in America who could do such work, and he lay sick. Had Mr. Reid been in search of skilled ivory carvers he would have found them almost as scarce. There are not above three or four ivory carvers of approved skill in New York, and hardly so many in all the rest of the country.

The men who do such work are paid high wages the year round, whether busy or idle. They are Frenchmen, Germans and Italians. Of the three the Italians are perhaps the most skillful, since ivory carving has been an art in a high degree of perfection among the Italians for centuries. The most famous ivory carver living, however, is a Frenchman, Moreau Vauthier. Few of his masterpieces have been seen in America, though two were sold at the famous Morgan art sale of a few years ago, and two more, held at a great price, are now in the possession of a noted American jeweler.

The ivory carvers of this country do little or nothing in the East Indian or Japanese manner, nor do they occupy themselves with figure work. Their chief employment is in producing decorative toilet and stationery articles. The rage for stained and carved ivory is of recent growth in the United States, and the demand for such articles is not large, as they are more costly than the same articles in silver would be. They were produced to tickle the jaded aesthetic palates of the rich and luxurious, and only those who may trifle away what they will indulge themselves to any considerable degree in carved ivory.

In all such articles the cost of the raw material is small in comparison with that of the labor. Billiard balls are costly because they contain large quantities of the finest ivory cut from the best part of the tusk. The labor cost of billiard balls is trifling, as they are turned by machinery and rapidly. Thus it often happens that a single small article, richly stained and carved, will cost five times as much as a billiard ball containing ten times the weight of ivory. The carvers of ivory use much the same tools as the wood carvers, but of lighter and more delicate make. The work is extremely tedious and laborious.

The carving is usually done in low relief, and the subjects are such as are suitable to this treatment—Persian designs in delicate curves, the cactus, with some varieties of palm, and huts caught from those marvellously simple but artistic carvings of the Alaskan Indians. The ivory is stained slightly, so as to bring out the design, and is permitted to absorb moisture, which it readily does, in order to give it that fresh look common in newly manufactured articles of ivory. The art of staining ivory is a secret guarded well by the carvers.

Some notion of the cost of ivory carving may be had from the fact that, while a hand mirror framed in plain ivory may be had for ten or twelve dollars, a mirror in carved ivory may cost \$100 or more. The small articles in carved ivory cost from five to twenty-five dollars, and a toilet set in that material may fetch as high as \$500. The American climate, with its extremes of heat and cold, is very trying upon ivory, and ivory backed mirrors of European manufacture almost invariably crack across the back after a few months of use upon this side of the Atlantic. The American manufacturers have hit upon the expedient of leaving a space between glass and frame in order to allow for contraction and expansion.

Nearly all the ivory brought to the United States is bought in the great London market, where the price is knocked about by bulls and bears, who corner ivory as they corner wheat or corn. The African rather than the Asiatic ivory is brought to this country, though one of the largest tusks ever seen in this market—that of a sacred East Indian elephant—has just been mounted in oriental style as a trophy of the chase. The tusk measures more than six feet in length and retains the marks it bore when worn by the sacred beast to which it belonged. Thanks to the predatory and murderous industry of Tippu and his black Zanzibarite the supply of ivory has kept pace with the increased demand resulting from its extended use in this country, and the price for the raw material has not permanently advanced.

Few tusks of more than five feet in length come to this country, and many are the tusks reach here after having been buried in Africa for years to save them from thievish enemies of the savage owners. Every tusk that goes through a process of seasoning, long or short, according as the process is natural or artificial, before it is made up into articles of ornament or use. It is difficult to obtain a perfect slab of ivory more than six inches in diameter, as the upper end of the tusk, which is the thickest, is hollow and the material is coarser than that in the solid part of the tusk.

From the latter are made billiard balls and the most beautifully carved articles for the toilet and the writing desk. From the coarser parts are made poker chips, buttons and a hundred small articles. Every part of the tusk is put to use. Even the chips and sawdust are converted into ivory black by burning.

—New York Sun.

A Celebrated Suicide.

Haydon, the celebrated historical painter and writer, overcome by debt, disappointment and ingratitude, laid down the brush with which he was at work upon his last great effort, "Alfred and the Trial by Jury," wrote with a steady hand, "stretch me no longer upon this rough world," and then with a pistol shot put an end to his unhappy existence.—Dr. C. W. Pilgrim in Popular Science Monthly.

A Gentleman.

Mrs. Upton—saw Mr. Newton bowling with the most courtly grace to a very commonplace woman. He's a gentleman of the old school, isn't he?

Mr. Upton—No, a gentleman of the new school.

"New school?"

"Yes, he lives in the suburbs, and that was his cook."—New York Weekly.

TRIALS OF A BORROWER.

Impudence Rebuked at a Loan Office, Where Cash is "Lent the Same Day."

A gentleman suffering from financial disability went to a loan office to negotiate a borrow on his furniture. In the advertisement it stated that the money would be lent the same day by a "Close-lipped lady, without removal and upon the note of hand of the borrower. All this looked very fine in print.

"I've got \$10,000 worth of personal property," he would be borrowing, "and I have to meet a wash bill of \$500 coming due tomorrow noon. Can I get fitted out here so as to be in a position to meet the collector without a hindrance?"

The manager of the loan office was strangely silent. The would be borrower became nervous and thought he had said the speech right, and so he began over again in this style:

"I am a person of poor but honest parentage, temporarily embarrassed. I need the sum of \$500 to meet an unpaid bill.

"Still there was no answer. Then the borrower called into the outside room and said to the office boy:

"What's the matter with the manager? Can't he talk?"

"I guess it's because you haven't paid the entrance fee. No person is a member of this loan society until he has put up one dollar."

The borrower apologized and deposited the money. Next he required to the manager and repeated his original assertion.

"We charge one dollar more for book-keeping," said the manager.

"What's book-keeping?"

"That's none of your business. One dollar, please."

He paid the money, and the manager wrote down something in a book.

"Now give me two dollars to inspect the furniture."

The borrower gave him the money.

"Now call here next time at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and get our answer."

"But the money is gone tomorrow."

"Can't help it. Put 'em off."

"But you can't put people like that off. There are some fellows that won't wait."

The manager smiled a superior smile.

"Oh, no there aren't," he said. "You'll know a little more about waiting when you get through with us."

The borrower left the office reluctantly and returned the following year at 2 o'clock. Then the manager told him something sternly that he couldn't lend money that furniture because it had got too old. In vain the borrower represented that it was new when his claim was filed. The manager ended the interview by charging him \$1.25 storage on the "papers in the case," and then had the janitor throw him out. This ended the whole transaction.—New York Herald.

Making Money Easy.

A story is of a certain Brooklyn woman who finds a peculiar significance now in the words of the psalmist, "Pride goeth before destruction and haughty spirit before a fall." Her husband is a man of prejudices, and one of them is against wearing an overcoat that costs more than fifteen dollars. This notion sorely tried his wife's aristocratic ideas, and when expostulation and entreaty availed nothing she resorted to strategy. Collusion with his tailor on the occasion of his recent need of an outdoor garment permitted his purchase of a sixty-five dollar coat for his usual price, fifteen dollars.

The wife only paid the difference and was happy for a few days.

Within a fortnight an old friend met her husband and at once noticed the unusual elegance of his new overcoat.

"Why, boy's this? You are wearing better clothes than you used to."

"Not at all," he replied. "This is one of my ordinary fifteen dollar overcoats."

"It is! Well, I'll give you twenty-five dollars for it."

"It's yours," was the prompt reply, and the bargain was completed on the spot.

When the husband reached home his wife was surprised at his appearance.

"Why, where's your coat?" she asked.

"Oh," was the complacent reply, "a fool down town offered me twenty-five dollars for it and I took it."—New York Times.

Whittier and Fields.

How the death of Fields affected Whittier may be seen from the following extract of a letter written by the poet to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and published in The Century.

I miss Fields, it seems to me, more and more—a light too early quenched, a loss irreparable. I cannot tell how his death checked me. Ah, no, if I had only known what was to be! He was my friend of nearly forty years; never a shadow rested for a moment on the sunshine of that friendship. It is a terrible loss. With him it must be well. He loved much, pitied much, but never hated. He was Christlike in kindness and sympathy, and in doing good. How strange that I outlive him! But my next will soon come. God grant I may meet with something of his simple trust and cheerfulness.

Another Snake Story.

A resident of St. Clairsville, Pa., vouches for the following snake story.

"William Brown, a friend of mine, found an artificial egg floating in the river, and it being a good imitation of a hen's egg he cut his initials on it and used it for a nest egg. Last June his mother went to the nest and found a blacksnake in possession. In a few days the nest was missing. One day last week Lou Augustus filled a large blacksnake and noticing a lump on it stepped on it and cut the artificial egg with 'W' cut on it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

How He Made Them Talk.

A youth on a bicycle trip through the Notting State frequently had occasion to ask directions about the roads, etc. Three or four when asked how far a certain town was simply stood with their mouths zapped and said not a word. The young fellow finally became exasperated and hit upon a plan to make the next person he met answer him. So when he overtook a farmer on a load of hay cut, putting the question, receiving no reply, he put up his hands and began wiggling his fingers as though talking in the deaf and dumb sign language. The old farmer couldn't stand the impudence that he was a mute and quickly gave full directions.—New York Press.

When Salvage is Allowed.

If a vessel is short handed by reason of sickness it is navigated into port by a part of the crew of another vessel, that is considered as a salvage service. Compensation has been granted for keeping near a vessel in distress at the request of her master, although that he was a mate and implicitly gave full directions.—New York Weekly.

CHRISTMAS CAKES.

ENGLISH PUDDINGS AND CAKES GO ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Strange as it may seem, there is a fashion in the manufacture of wedding cakes. A glance at the interior of a big cake store—cakes of many kinds.

Christmas cakes, New Year's cakes, Twelfth cakes, christening cakes, birthday cakes and wedding cakes all come of the same steadily family—just as to say, they are as much as rich ones. A high authority upon the whole subject chanted a dirge or two ago about them. It was a painfully appealing conversation, for it was plain in a show-room of patisserie proportions in which were to be seen specimens of every kind of cake which mankind has invented for social consumption. A cake, it must be promised, cannot be eaten in strict selection. It must be enjoyed in pleasant company or it becomes indigestible, and without a cake the Christmas board would be incomplete.

"We sell thousands of Christmas cakes," said the gentleman whose firm has probably produced more cakes of every variety than any one else in the world. "They closely resemble the wedding cake, which is a recognized institution. By the way, I think wedding cakes are getting larger and heavier, and certainly the sugar work ornamentation is more elaborate and artistically executed. Necessarily the decoration must be in white and silver, but sometimes real household flowers are used to adorn the cake."

"What is the largest size wedding cake?"

"We still some weighing five hundred weight or six hundred weight, and the largest—our republicans—has been about ten hundred weight. A saw edged knife is supplied for the convenience of 'cutting the cake,' which is frequently done, however, in advance, and a silver trowel is used by the bride to withdraw the segment away."

On all sides were wedding cakes of various sizes, some of them in the light deposit of almond paste upon their tops. They were all elaborately ornamented with flowers.

"The thing," remarked the guide, "is done as required. A very large cake is baked in sections and afterward fitted together. Then there is fancy cutting and marzipan in the form of flowers and fruit from the outside appearance whether the cake is thoroughly well baked inside. We therefore test every one."

"Now what is the real difference between a wedding cake and a Christmas plum cake?"

"It is generally in the ornamentation. The top of a Christmas cake is coated with sugar icing and picked out with colored-say pink—and there is also an inscription. A Father Christmas stands in the center, and there are small fancy ornaments around the figure. Some, too, have holly on the top, but people now and then prefer sweet nuts instead."

"And you say that there is a great demand for them?"

"We send them all over the world. We occasionally export cakes and puddings to people who are confined to bed, and then the whole year round. They go to India, Africa, China, Egypt—in fact, everywhere. A New Year's cake is similar to a Christmas cake, with fancy decoration and figures."

"Do you find that Twelfth cakes are declining in popularity?"

"Well, perhaps we do not sell quite so many. They are as you know decorated with figures, and a sheet of characters and condiments accompanies each cake, according to the old custom. They are drawn for."

"Is the plan still followed of embedding various articles in the cake?"

"Yes, that is still done. People bring us rings, coins and buttons to put in the cake. In fact, we have inclosed in the cake gold watches and diamond rings. But it has generally been arranged beforehand where they should cut for such a prize—a little rosary or colored ribbon in the decoration would be a sufficient guide."

Conversation then turned upon school cakes, which are as full of currents and suitcases as can be desired. But for people of mature years the fashion in cakes, except on formal occasions, is that they may be broken through, run upon a light and most digestible cake. Here in the neat cardboard boxes are piles of Dundee cakes, made of butter, flour and eggs, and better than a dough cake of the schoolboy kind. A Dundee cake has its due proportion of suitcases and red, and it is rather richer in quality than the popular Scotch Madeira. There are other varieties of light pound cakes, such as seed and almond, and if the taste inclines to a heavier article current cake in various degrees of richness can be had, and it is remarkable how conservative successive generations are in their liking for good substantial cake.

Before glancing at a few of the astonishing array of delicacies in the way of biscuits, attention is attracted to a huge store of plum puddings. Each pudding is in its own neat white bag and securely tied up in its cloth.

"We are making 17,000 this year," says the gentleman who is acting as guide through this palace of dainties. "A great many are sent abroad. They are dispatched in tin lined cases, sometimes thirty to forty in a case."

"But can you tell me who it is who buys your puddings?"

"Regular customers come year after year, for twenty or more at a time, to give away as Christmas presents. Most army officers, and all those of the navy, want plum puddings. The puddings which are sent abroad are not packed in boxes, but in cloth, for they travel better. The puddings in these basins are for home consumption. They are ready boiled."

"And are of all sizes?"

"The largest puddings, say, ten quarts, and it would be sufficient for 500 or 600 men."—London Telegraph.

Virtue in a Hunchback.

Some two or three years ago a hunchback, well known as "Dunce," used to clean the boots and run errands for the habitation of the Maison d'Or and Cafe Riche, in Paris, many of whom, before making a bet or sitting down to play at cards, would touch his hump "for luck."

One evening a celebrated actress, coming out of the Maison d'Or, sent a friend for two lottery tickets in a drawing that was to take place on the morrow. Many a time before she had tried her luck, but always without success, so this time she rubbed the two pieces of paper on Bosco's talismanic hump. Next day she found she had won £2,000.—London Times.

Will Encourage Stone Throwing.

Transparent glass bricks have on occasion been let into the walls of buildings to afford light at places where a window would interfere with the architectural plan. It is now proposed to cast glass, not necessarily transparent, into large blocks for building. This material is practically indestructible, perfectly nonabsorbent, and therefore damp proof in a manner which few bricks are, and in this way coarse glass of this kind could be made nearly as cheap as concrete, stone or laked clay.

—Boston Globe.

America Good Enough.

Father looking up from his paper in the public schools of Austria they now teach chess.

Boy—F, rather stay here and study football.—Good News.

TRAPPING A PANTHER.

An Old Arkansas Trick For Taking Animals Alive.

"I was down in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing it at once I tied it with a rope he had with him. He was like a pig—always able to produce from his person anything he happened to need.

"We were in the Ozarks 10 years ago this fall," said a Chicago sportsman, known to his friends as the captain, "and it was me that first ever now to think what good shooting there was. The country was mountainous and sparsely settled and abounded in big game—bears, panthers, lynxes, wildcats and some of the fiercest mountain wolves to be found this side of Siberia.

"My guide and companion in arms was a native mountaineer and an avid sportsman. One day I made a running shot at a bull grown deer and was fortunate enough to break both of his fore legs with a rifle ball. We captured the wounded animal without difficulty, and instead of killing