

THE YOUNG WIFE'S DEVICE.

OUT again to-night?" said Mrs. Hayes, fretfully, as her husband rose from the tea-table and donned his overcoat.

"Yes; I am not in early; leave a light on the library; good night." And with a careless nod William Hayes left the room.

"Always the way," murmured Lizzie, eyes sinking back upon the sofa; "but every night, I don't believe he has one bit about me now, and yet he has been married but two years. A man could have a more orderly wife than I am sure. And I never go out anywhere; I am not a bit extravagant, dear; I don't marry me for money, and must have loved me then; why does he now treat me with such neglect?"

With her mind filled with such reflections, Lizzie Hayes fell asleep on the sofa. Let me print her picture as she lay there. She was a blonde, with a small, graceful figure and a very pretty face. Her hair, which showed by its rich redness its tendency to curl, was brushed smoothly back and gathered into a knot behind. "It was such a bother curling it," she said. Her cheeks were pale, and her face wore a discontented expression. Her dress was a neat china shawl, but she wore neither collar nor cuffs. "What's the use dressing up for William?"

Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and then awoke suddenly. She sat up, glanced at the clock, and sighed drearily at the long interval still to be spent before bedtime.

The library was over the room in which she sat, and down the furnace passage, through the register, a voice came to the young wife's ears; it was her husband's.

"Well, Moore, what is a man to do? I was disappointed, and I must have done something. Who could have dreamed that Lizzie Jarvis, so perfectly bright and loving, could change to the fretful dowdy she now is? Who wants to stay at home and hear his wife whining all the evening about her domestic servants and headaches and all sorts of bother? She has so much to knock of drawing that, upon my life, I do not believe that she could be a pleasant word."

Lizzie sat as if stunned. Was this her husband? She looked in the glass. If not nearly a dowdy, her costume was not fit for an evening at home, with only William to admire. She rose, and slowly went to her room, with bitter and sorrowful thought, and a firm resolution to win back her husband, and then, as she regained, keep it.

The next morning William came into the breakfast room with his usual careless manner, but a bright smile came to his lip as he saw Lizzie. A pretty hair wrapper, with a neat collar, and a dress of snowy muslin, and a wreath of soft, full curls, had really metamorphosed her; while the blush his admiring glance called up to her cheek did not detract from her beauty. At first William thought there must be a mistake, but glancing, he found they were Lizzie.

"Come, William, your coffee will be some cold," said Lizzie, in a cheery, pleasant voice.

Not one fretful speech nor one complaint fell upon William's ear during the meal. The newspaper, his usual place at that hour, lay untouched, as Lizzie chattered gaily on every pleasant subject she thought of, warning by his trifled interest and cordial manner.

"You will be at home to dinner?" she said, as she went out.

"Can't do, Lizzie; I have business out of town; but I'll be home early to-night. If I have something substantial, for don't expect to dine, Good-by."

And the smiling look, warm kiss and merry whistle were a marked contrast to his lounging, careless gait the previous evening.

"I am in the right path," said Lizzie, in a low whisper; "oh, what a fool I have been for two years! A fretful dowdy! William, you shall never say that again."

Time came and William came with it; a little figure, in a tasty silk dress, smooth curls, and oh! such a lovely blush and smile, stood ready to welcome him as he came in, and tea time passed much as the morning meal had done. After tea there was no movement, as usual, toward the hat-rack. William stood up beside the table, lingering, chatting till Lizzie also arose.

"What are you making, Lizzie?"

"A pair of slippers. Do you remember how much you admired the pair I made for you ever so long ago?"

"I remember; black velvet with flowers on them. I used to put my feet on the fender and dream of blue eyes and light curls, and wished time would move faster to the day when I could bring home my bonnie wee wife to make music in my house."

Lizzie's face saddened for a moment as she thought of the last two years, and how little music she had made for his loving heart, gradually weaving it from its allegiance, and then said:

"I wonder if you love music as you did then?"

"Of course I do. I have often dropped in at Miss Smith's for nothing else than to hear the music."

"I can play and sing better than Miss Smith," said Lizzie, half pouting.

"But you always say you are out of practice when I ask you."

"I had the piano tuned this morning. Now open it, and we will hear its sounds."

William obeyed her joyfully, and tossing aside her sewing, Lizzie took the piano stool. She had a very sweet voice, not powerful, but most musical, and she was a fair performer, on the piano.

"Ballads, Lizzie."

"Oh, yes! I know you dislike operatic music in the parlor."

The mantel clock struck 11.

"Eleven! I thought it was about 8 o'clock to apologize, Lizzie, as I used to do, for staying so long, and, I can truly say, as I did then, that the time has passed so pleasantly I can scarcely believe it is so late."

The piano was closed, Lizzie's work put up in the basket, and William was ready to go up stairs, but, glancing back, he saw his little wife near the fireplace, her hands clasped, her head bent, and large tears fell from her eyes. He was beside her in an instant.

"Lizzie, darling, are you ill? What is the matter?"

"Oh, William, I have been such a bad wife! I heard you tell Mr. Moore last evening how I had disappointed you; but I will try to make your home pleasant, indeed I will, if you will forgive and love me."

"Love you? Oh, Lizzie, you cannot guess how deeply I love you."

As the little wife lay down that night she said:

"I have won him back again! Better than that, I have learned to keep him!"

AMERICAN WOMEN.

Their Shortcomings as Seen in a Paris Drawing-Room.

"The longer I live in Paris," writes Laurence Franklin in the Providence Journal, "the more I am convinced that our women have the largest share of beauty and the smallest amount of training among those one meets in the French capital. They have no conception of the value of that quality which the French call 'tenué,' and which embraces the idea of manners, bearing, and speech. Watch the American girl in a salon, on the beach at Dinard, or in the Casino at Ostende. She is invariably the prettiest, and often the best-dressed; but here her superiority ends. She does not hold herself well; she has a way of throwing herself about which detracts from her grace and dignity, while, although she may not talk louder than her neighbors, her voice carries farther and draws the attention of the crowd upon her. She is, in a word, as nonchalant and indifferent to her surroundings as she might be in the privacy of her own room. Do not fancy, however, that this indifference means unconsciousness. No. As a race we are like the English, notably self-conscious. This may be remarked in any salon where a mixed company is gathered. A French girl gladly contributes her share toward the evening's entertainment, however modest it may be, knowing that her listeners will accept her offerings in a sympathetic spirit, for nothing could be more kindly than a French informal gathering. The American girl, in her turn, has not music with her, or 'is not in voice,' or 'is afraid to play before people,' or most often ends by refusing to do anything for the pleasure of her fellow-guests. The chances are, in fact, that she takes flight into an obscure corner and spends her evening with some chosen man friend. Yet the training received by the two nations would lead one to expect diametrically opposite results. The American girl is allowed to grow up without restraint, mingling with the world at every age, playing tennis, golf, riding, bicycling, developing, in short, like a child of nature. The French girl, on the contrary, is repressed and shaped from her infancy. She must always wear a veil to save her complexion; play in gloves to keep her hands white; and only take part in games that are not holstons. At every instant she is told to sit up straight, to take her elbows off the table, to walk with her head erect, to talk quietly and only when spoken to. In a word, her training for the drawing-room begins before she leaves the nursery."—Argonaut.

Matrimonial Item.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Hostetter McGintus of Johnnie Fewcads.

"I am going to old Bondclipper to ask for the hand of his daughter."

"Which one?"

"That depends upon what kind of a humor he is in. If he is in a good humor I'll propose for the youngest if he has a cranky spell I'll propose for the oldest."

The Crookedest Stream.

The crookedest brook in America is the No Name Pond brook in Maine, beside which an electric road runs for some distance below Crowley's. The Congo river is no instance to this crooked little stream. It is so crooked that fish caught there have curvature of the spine, according to a Lewiston humorist.

The trouble with too many children is that the education of their parents has been sadly neglected.

MONTANA "CATTLE QUEEN."

Mrs. Nat Collins, Who Has Had an Adventurous Career.

Mrs. Nat Collins, the "Cattle Queen of Montana," has had a varied career. In 1854, when she was 10 years old, she went West from Rockford, Ill., with her parents. Their journey lay across the prairies and they had some adventures with Indians before they finally reached the site of the city of Denver, then a small collection of huts. Here the family located and the men engaged in mining. Being unsuccessful they drifted about from place to place and thus she passed through the most exciting times and toughest towns the West ever knew.

When she was little more than 20 she married Nat Collins, a miner. He was no more successful than her people had been, and they finally decided to go into the business of raising cattle. They were immediately successful. Taking up a small ranch near Helena, their herd soon increased to such an extent they moved to northern Montana, where immense ranges were accessible, located in the Teton valley. Mr. Collins was taken ill and the management of the ranch, cattle and cowboys devolved largely upon Mrs. Collins. He never regained his health and she has continued as the active head of the concern, adding to her fortune by her successful management.



MRS. NAT COLLINS.

NOVEL KEROSENE LAMP.

Will Interest Householders Who Use Kerosene for Lighting.

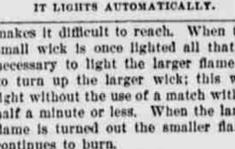
A Saxon lamp manufacturing concern has introduced a novelty which is interesting to the numerous households where kerosene is the only method of lighting. A kerosene lamp has been constructed in the center of which there is a small wick burning constantly at the expense of about 2 cents in twenty-four hours. The main wick is of the ordinary pattern and arranged in the ordinary way, the small wick projecting a little above the round one. The wicks can be raised or lowered independently of each other, the adjusting screw for the little wick being placed within the one of the larger wick. This arrangement will be particularly welcome where the lamp is only used temporarily or where it is used as a night lamp. It is also made with a lever and chain arrangement, where it hangs from the ceiling at a height which

makes it difficult to reach. When the small wick is once lighted all that is necessary to light the larger flame is to turn up the larger wick; this will light without the use of a match within half a minute or less. When the large flame is turned out the smaller flame continues to burn.

HOME-MADE CANNON.

Built for Use Against the English During the Boer War.

This, says the Wide World Magazine, represents a cannon made by the Boers for use against the English during the Boer war. The intelligent-looking gentleman standing beside the "field gun" is the sole inventor and maker of this not too deadly weapon. It is composed of ordinary tire iron, such as is used to-day for the huge wheels of Boer trek wagons; and even the imposing look-



HOME-MADE CANNON.

ing carriage upon which the gun is mounted is nothing more than the after part of a cumbersome bullock wagon.

Most Renowned Pianists.

Women have divided with the men, almost equally, the honors of excellence as soloists on the piano, violin and other instruments. Among the men the greatest names are Thalberg, Henselt, Mayor, Dreyschok, Heller, Lisolt, Kulak, Hans von Bulow, Hans von Broniak, Tausig, Bendel, Schulhoff, Scholtz and Brassin. Among the ladies are to be named Theresa Milanollo, Wilhelmine Neruda, Teresina Tua, Clara Schumann, Anna Melzig, Sophie Menter, Arabella Goddard, Marie Wieck, Annette Eslopoff, Vera Timanoff, Margarethe Herr-Stein, Laura Rappoldi and Martha Bernert. The leading piano artist of the present day is Paderewski, who undoubtedly stands at the head. After one name of acknowledged excellence is mentioned the number of those who stand second is so great that discrimination might probably be unfair.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

One of the features of the new hospital building in Berlin is to be a large room in which patients suffering from lung diseases can breathe air artificially impregnated with salt.

It has been found in Japan that the most effective way to teach the natives to take precautions against the spread of disease is to show them the living organisms in polluted water by means of microscopes placed in the temples.

It is said that the castor oil plant is abhorred by nearly all members of the animal world; that moles may be driven from a lawn by planting a few castor beans in it, and that neither the terrible "army worm," nor the all-devouring locust will eat it.

The high quality of Swedish steel was strikingly illustrated at a recent exhibition. A steel ribbon, cold rolled, was twisted like a silken band about one of the pavilions, the length of this monster tape being 2,345 feet, its width eight inches and its weight 1,140 pounds.

The four-inch rapid-fire guns of the American navy are found to be highly effective in action. Four men handle the ammunition, and two sight and fire the piece. The projectile is a 33-pound shell, with fourteen pounds of smokeless powder, and it perforates five inches of steel at 1,500 yards. Six shots a minute are the average. All the gunboats are supplied with these formidable weapons for their main batteries.

The speed of electricity is so great that its passage from point to point along a conducting wire may be regarded as practically instantaneous. Various attempts have been made to measure the rate at which it travels, and observers, with delicate instruments, have affirmed that it was not less than 114,000 miles per second, and in one or two places its speed was as high as 240,000 miles.

Miss Elizabeth Taylor, writing in Popular Science News of the plants and flowers of Iceland, describes a curious sight which she witnessed in the lava fields near Reykjavik. Noticing wreaths of steam issuing from the summit of a small volcano, she climbed up there, and found a band about two feet wide, of beautiful plants, bearing large

"THE PRETTY SERGEANT."

A Woman Who Served in the Napoleonic Armies.

The story of Virginia Ghesquiere, the French heroine, who was decorated with the order of the Legion of Honor for distinguished bravery during one of the campaigns of the French army in Spain, is graphically told by Emile Cere in his history of the "Madame Sans-Gene et Les Femmes Soldats."

In the conscription of 1806 a young man by the name of Ghesquiere was enlisted among the forced recruits of the department of the Haut-Rhin. The beardless conscript was frail and delicate, utterly unable to bear the fatigues and hardships of war. Realizing the physical incapacity of her twin brother, the brave and unselfish sister, Virginia, decided to take his place in the ranks.

With the courage of a high and noble motive, Virginia Ghesquiere begged her parents to allow her to do for France what her brother's ill health rendered it impossible for him to do, and so earnestly did the young patriot plead that she won their consent.

Donning her brother's apparel, the intrepid girl presented herself at the department on the following day, and was assigned to the Twenty-seventh Regiment by the unsuspecting officer whose duty it was to enroll the recruits.

For six years the brave young woman preserved her disguise, and during this period was several times rewarded for gallant conduct. At Hagrain the "pretty sergeant," as the modest, effeminate-looking young soldier was generally called, had the honor of saving the life of the colonel of the regiment, who had fallen into the Danube, and would have perished but for her efforts.

On the second day of May, 1808, after the Battle of Lisbon, the "pretty sergeant" performed a deed of valor that won for her the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

The girl soldier, who was now sergeant of a company of riflemen, perceived at a short distance from the field of battle the figure of the colonel of the regiment lying under the body of his dead horse. Turning to two comrades, she said: "The body of a colonel is a flag that belongs to the regiment, and the Twenty-seventh will retake it."

As she spoke she advanced toward the prostrate officer, followed by two soldiers. Her comrades, both weak from loss of blood, were unable to reach the goal, so that the burden of the affair fell upon her slender shoulders.

On reaching the spot, she found it impossible to lift the heavy body of the fallen officer, tug and struggle as she might! She was now, moreover, beset by two snarling English soldiers. Seized by a sort of frenzy at this cowardly interruption of a merciful deed, the little sergeant fired at one of her assailants, wounded him in the shoulder, and then disabled the other by vigorous blows from her gunstock.

Both Britons surrendered, and assisted her in placing the officer, who still breathed, upon a horse which had still strayed near. Compelling the Englishmen to allow themselves to be attached to the horse's tail, the "pretty sergeant" made a triumphal entry into camp, and soon after made a Chevalier of the Legion.

One of the most singular circumstances of this curious history is that after the wars were over, the woman who had won renown on the battlefield and public recognition from the Empire chose to return to her native province, and resumed there the old, simple, tranquil domestic life of her childhood.

Virginia Ghesquiere died in 1855, but her memory will always live among the inhabitants of Delemont, who from one generation to another will tell their children the story of the girl-soldier who served France so heroically for her brother's sake.

HER LITTLE JOKE.

The Husband Not the Only Humorist in the Family.

A Washington man connected with the publishing business is fond of a practical joke and has likewise a constant and unchangeable ambition to "show off" in the presence of his wife. Recently he was at a gathering of men where a well-known specimen of his favorite kind of humor was employed to aid in the merrymaking. The next morning at breakfast he said very gravely:

"Susan, it has been a long time since I gave you anything as a token of my affectionate esteem."

"I need a winter wrap," she suggested gently.

"We will think of that later. What I mean to give you now is diamond ring."

"Right now?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered, as he dived into his pocket. "Here's a dime and here (touching the servant's bell) is the ring. There you have a dime and ring."

Then he said "Ha-ha!" at the top of his voice many times.

He was rather tired when he got home that evening.

"Is there any dessert?" he inquired, after he had eaten all that had been placed before him.

"Yes," she answered. "It is something that I am sure you ought to appreciate. I went out and had it especially prepared for you."

She took from the sideboard and placed before him a small card, upon which was printed:

MCINE.

"What's this?" he inquired, as he held it off and started at it.

"That," she replied sweetly, "is mince pie."—Washington Star.

Litt's to Marriageable Age.

It makes considerable difference in the matrimonial advantages of a person where he may have been born or is a citizen. This remark applies with peculiar force to the minimum age which renders a union legal. It in a measure implies the consent of parents or guardians in all the instances cited, although once united the law sustains the marriage maugre dissent of the parents, etc. In Austria fourteen years are looked upon as sufficient to entitle a person of either sex to take on the burdens of matrimony. Germany requires the male to be 18 and the female 16. In France and Belgium the man must be 16 and the woman 15. In Spain the intended husband must have passed his fourteenth year and the woman her twelfth. The law in Hungary for Roman Catholics is that the man must be 14 years old and the woman 12; for Protestants the man must be 18 and the woman 15. In Greece the man must have seen at least fourteen summers and the woman twelve. In Russia and Saxony they are more sensible, and a youth must refrain from matrimony till he can count fourteen years and a woman until she can count sixteen. In Switzerland men from the age of 15 and women from the age of 12 are allowed to marry. The Turkish law provides that any youth and maid who can walk properly and can understand the necessary religious service are allowed to be united for life.

Frozen Animals Restored to Life.

If the animal is slowly frozen and as slowly thawed out life may be restored. If the freezing takes place at 5 degrees C, the temperature then remaining at 2 degrees C, there cannot be an aggravation of the condition. The temperature must be gradually raised, otherwise a fatal result will follow. The old plan, so prevalent in cold regions, of thawing out a frozen member of the body by rubbing with snow before coming into a warm room is based on scientific principles. Death follows at once if all the water contained in the body be crystallized. Complete congelation of the water of the body tissues signifies complete drying, separation of all the soluble and loosely chemically united gases, as well as crystallization of the salts. As a result of this, the structure of the protoplasm, as well as its chemical characters, is necessarily destroyed. Death follows as the result of this separation of the living substance, and not as a consequence of great reduction of temperature. Animals whose tissues are rich in water may be frozen to stony hardness, but, as shown by microscopic and microscopic examinations, a sluggish, movable life may be seen coursing among the ice needles. Too long a time must not follow freezing before the efforts to restore life commence.

Electric Cars for Spain.

Spain may be in the throes of political disorganization and financial ruin, but she cannot do without the ubiquitous trolley. Extensive systems are now to be put in at Madrid and Barcelona. The total amount of the contract is nearly \$1,000,000, and the equipment for rolling stock will include 160 motors. The money engaged in the enterprise is British.

Any man may grow richer, but no man may grow younger.

THE GAME SEASON

A TIME OF KEEN DELIGHT FOR THE SPORTSMAN.

How Various Species of Game Are Hunted by Enthusiastic Nimrod—Variety of Game Laws in the States of the Central West.

It is a pity that the game laws are so different in the States, for the habits of game are the same in the central western country, and the variation in the laws breeds confusion. Thus, in Illinois, quail shooting begins Oct. 1 and lasts sixty days, while in Indiana the season does not begin until Nov. 10. The rare hunting in Missouri, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota and Dakota lure many an Eastern sportsman to the West, and these and other Western States have been obliged to adopt stringent rules during the past few years.

The best game bird with general scope of habitation is, of course, the quail. Hardy, prolific, strong of wing and lying well to dogs, it cannot be surpassed for upland shooting. They run an average of about six weeks' easy shooting, but are away like rockets with December. For the earlier shooting a pointer is used, but a setter is the



QUAIL HUNTING.

best when the birds become scarce. The quail feeds about 9 o'clock in the morning. After that it is hard to trace them accurately, although they do a good deal of running about the corn fields, stubbles, hedges, orchards, old deserted houses and old buckwheat fields are favorite haunts with this bird. A 12-

gauge gun with three drams of smokeless powder and an ounce and a half of No. 7 or 8 shot is the proper equipment for quail shooting, although "everything goes" with this game, while in duck shooting it is necessary to have everything "just so."

The work of the game warden in the West has been of vast material advantage in respect to prairie chickens, and to their diligence sportsmen are indebted for excellent game prospects in this line. The extent of the original favorite covey for the chickens—long prairie grass—has so narrowed that the birds now take to the corn. Prairie chickens begin to "pack," or gather in large crowds, about Nov. 10. They nest in the meadows and fence corners, in the sloughs and prairies, and range from 12 to 50 birds in a group. They will fly from one to two miles when disturbed, and, gifted with keen sense of hearing, will often get up as far as 100 yards from the shooters. Eight birds a day, or 24 pounds, is a good average for a sportsman. Of late years Dakota and Minnesota have become the best spots for prairie chicken shooting, but the birds are still found within a few miles of even the large cities in most all of the Western States.

Woodcock shooting begins very generally with early September. This game favors such localities as deserted farm houses, or timber on the hillside among springs. The woodcock is an elusive bird, and its hunting has become almost a sport of the past in Illinois, Indiana and Michigan. Lakes and rivers everywhere, however, echo the swish of hurrying water fowl and the report of the shotgun. Just now, teal, mallard and woodcock are fairly plentiful in all localities, and canvas

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olded shoot. It takes a good hunter to build a blind and to pick the right place for its location. Seventeen volumes of directions would not educate a person to become a proficient in the various kinds of duck hunting; it takes nerve, skill, strength and endurance with shotgun and oar to make an adept.

Deer and turkeys may be shot up to Jan. 1. Hounding the deer with dogs is generally prohibited, and the fee



RABBIT HUNTING WITH HOUND.

charged a non-resident hunter in the deer States—about \$25—enforces still hunting. A 38-caliber rifle is the weapon most used, and a thorough knowledge of woodcraft, or the assistance of an expert guide, is essential to bring down the game finally.

The ruffed grouse season begins Oct. 1, and the birds are fairly plentiful. They are found in woods, in alder thickets, and in coveys of from 10 to 20. This bird flies like a bullet, and it takes the best of snap shooting to bring