

"Got your compass, Doc?" asked one of the guides, at a short, stout figure passed out from the tents, with a double-barrelled shot-gun over his shoulder. "Yep," was to reply. "Which way re you going today?" was the

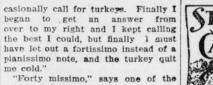
"Over by the oak ridges," was the answer, "I saw lots of turkey sign there late yesterday afternoon

"Well, look out for wildcats over there, too," remarked the guide, "theyre settin' around in the green briers over there watchin' for rabbits and turkey."

"All right," replied "Doc," "if I run across one of 'em, I'll try and scratch his back for him."

We were camped in the Arkansas wilderness, forty miles from a railroad and in the heart of the White river country. It had been a heart-rending trip through the swamps, and it had taken us two days to pitch camp, cut wood, and get our bearings a little.

Five of us had arranged to take the dogs and "drive" deer that day, and Simmons, like all but two of "Doc" us, a "tenderfoot," was going over might say, but I was a trifle confused.



guides, "what's that, 'Doc?

"It's a buck-snort translated into English," says "Doc." "Go on, 'Doc,' " says old man Waite. "Well," says "Doc," "at last I heard the sound of about a million turkeys gobbling down in the timber and constituing must here some them for something must have scared them, for they commenced flying over me by singles, pairs, threes and clouds. I got two shots before they all went past, and killed one turkey. When I started back towards where they all had seemed to light, I hung my turkey up by that old cottonwood stump, high out of reach of anything I guess."

Well, I was coming along to where the turkeys had all lit, and I got down to the green-brier patches. wormed my way through about a mile 'em, but can't raise any turkeys. I sat down and tried the 'call,' but nary a turkey. Then I made up my mind to come back to camp and pick up my turkey on the way. There was a little snow on the ground, just a smear, and every once in a while I'd come across one of those big old logs that was hard to climb over and far to go around, and the wading through the briers was awful tough besides. At last I came to a long old log that was running the way I was headed, and I made up my mind I'd 'ride her. So I climbed up on top, and as I was coming along down towards the end I saw a thick bunch of green-briers at the other end. Says I to myself, I'll jump that hurdle, and I took a little flying start and up I went over the

briers.' "Now, it's a little singular, but when I came down I lit square straddle of the biggest wild-cat in Arkansaw. Yes, sir! I was in the saddle for sure, and I squashed him right down to the ground. I wasn't exactly scared, you



THOUGHT HE KILLED A MAN. When

Martindale Relieved Samuel Told the Truth.

"It must be a dreadful thing," said Capt. John S. Tarkington, "to carry through life the knowledge-or even the suspicion-of having killed a man, of having deprived any human being of life.

"I was captain of company A. One Hundred and Thirty-second Indiana, in the civil war, and the regiment was stationed most of the time of its serv-ice at Stevenson, Ala. I was judge advocate of the general court-martial at Bridgeport, ten miles from Stevenson, on the Tennessee river. It was re-ported to me one morning that Samuel Martindale of my company was in sore distress. He had killed a man, a deserter from a union regiment, as he was escaping from the prisoners'

stockade the night before. "This deserter had gotten over the stockade, had crossed the ditch sur-rounding it and was climbing the embankment a hundred feet away where Martindale was pacing his sentry beat, when Corporal Iliff ordered him to fire on the fugitive. He did so. The man fell, shot in the back and through the body, the minie ball touching the backbone in its flight. The poor fel-low was paralyzed and Martindale had suffered a shock almost as bad. "The deserter was picked up. A de-

tail carried him to a convalescent camp up the mountain. The surgeon in charge took the body to see to its burial and our detail returned to camp.

"I consoled Martindale as best I could; told him what he had done was in the strict line of duty, but he continued to bewail this death, which he said was quite a different thing from shooting a man in actual battle.

"More than 20 years later I was talking one evening with a neighbor, Maj. W. H. Calkins, who afterward went to the state of Washington. We were calling up army incidents as we were seated on his porch when friend visiting him came out upon the porch, whom he introduced as a former surgeon in the army. The major told of a man in his regiment, a cav alry regiment, who was shot in the toe, not much more than bruising it, yet the soldier died from that apparently insignificant wound.

"Then the surgeon spoke up. He said he could tell of a most singular recovery. He told of a man brought to the hospital of which he was in charge just outside of Stevenson, Ala. a man who had been shot through the body. The surgeon had casually looked at the body when he in some mysterious way was moved to put his ear to the heart. He heard a faint beat. More than that, there was a faint breath coming from his lips. The surgeon, who was about to give orders for the burial of this body, had the man placed upon a bed. He nursed him, watched him night and day and finally sent him away entirely restored, to his regiment. Let us hope this deserter did valiant duty for his

tindale as I heard the surgeon's story, and directly afterward I told him that the deserter whose death he had mourned so many years did not die, and was probably yet in the land of the living.

"Martindale was again a happy man. He said that this thing of killing a man jumping over a fence was too much like murder for his peace of mind. Mr. Martindale is yet living. He's up in Newton county, where he has served as auditor and treasurer of his county."

AT PETERSBURG

War Reminiscences of One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Regiment, Pa. V.

In the winter and early spring the marshy country to the south and south-west of Petersburg, drained by Hatchers and Gravelly runs, was subject to frequent fogs so dense that from daybreak until ten o'clock a soldier wan-dering away a few rods from his camp would be unable to find his way back to the same. During the siege of Petersburg, writes John T. Porter in the Pittsburg Dispatch, the whole region between the lines of the contending armies was so cut up by covered ways, dug-out roads, rifle pits, etc., to con-ceal the movement of troops and pickets from the view of the enemy as to make it almost impossible, or at least extremely hazardous, to pass from the main lines to the picket posts when

the union picket line the sergeant and his squad were brought to a sudden halt by a challenge from a confederate picket, when, to their consternation, they found themselves prisoners within the enemy's line, unable to es on being lined up preparatory

C

starting for the rear of the confederate army Sergt. McCabe and his men were relieved by the enemy of all their valuables and most of

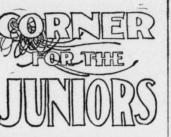


their clothing. A confederate would "Here, Yank, I'll trade hats with you!" Another would exclaim: "Off with your shoes, Yank! I'll exchange with you!" Some mercenary confederate would ask: "Have you any money? Out with it! You'll not need it where you're going, and I'll take care of it for you." When the exchanges were all com-pleted the scene mercented the appear.

pleted the scene presented the appearance of a company of confederates dressed in neat union military uni-forms, guarding within their own line a band of union soldiers dressed in ragged, tattered confederate uniforms, their heads sticking through crownless hats, toes protruding through the ends of shoes, bare spots showing through rents in trousers, es-

pecially in the rear. As the prisoners were marshaled into line by their captors and started for the rear, the appearance was that of a company of union soldiers within the enemy's lines guarding a com-pany of confederate prisoners. However, no such scene was witnessed within the enemy's main line, as the captors, becoming confused by the thick fog, struck and followed a covered way, which, to their great cha-grin, led them and their prison-

ers right back into the union where the confederates, in



A FUNNY GIANT. How a Little Fun Can Be Had In

Social Company. Some evening when your friends

lby queer-loo king much merriment. Select a bo much smaller than yourself and seat him astride on your shoulder draping your com bined figures with a shawl or long cloak. Disguise

your friend's face by making a mustache with a piece of burnt cork and ornament his head with a high hat. The more complete the disguise the more effective is the giant. If some ready-witted and genial member of the party will undertake to act as show man and exhibit the giant, holding a lively conversation with him and calling attention to his gigantic idio-syncrasies, a great deal of fun may be produced. The joke should not, however, be very long continued, as the feelings of the person carrying the other must be considered. A NEW CUT-OUT.

Cut Out White Space Around the Head.





Cut out the disk and fasten it to back of the card at the dots. Turn and see yourself as others see you.

TOYS OUT OF EGG SHELLS. What the Handy Boy Can Make In

Spare Moments.

Would you like to make this simple yet clever toy? It is easily done. Take fast as we can and get some supper." empty egg an

shell which

is

SUSIE.

The True Story of a Little Squealing Pig.

13

When Susle was a little squealing baby, Uncle Hezekiah adopted her. She was all alone in the world, and so was he. He wrapped her in a piece of old carpet and tucked her into a box filled with hay in the wood shed.

" A queer crib for a baby," you say. But Susie thought it was delightful. She had never seen such a nice bed before, for she had been born in the slummiest of slums-to tell the truth, in a pig pen.

That pigs are really cleanly cress tures, no one could doubt who saw Susie's milk-white coat. She was the dearest, sweetest little baby piggy have come in to spend an hour with in the world. Her pretty pink none and little pink ears and the curl of her tion lags, you and one of your thought Uncle Hezekiah, as he fed her friends can im-personate this times each day.

But pretty soon Susie was able to giant and cause feed herself, for baby pigs are not



Fed Her Three Times a Day.

bables long. In a short time she was trotting all over the farm at her foster-father's heels; out to the house to feed the chickens; back hen to the pump to get a pail of water for Sam, the old horse; down to the berry patch to pick berries for supper; over to the pasture after the cow. Wherever Uncle Hezekiah went Susie went, too, or wanted to. It was very funny to see the old farmer and his faithful follower.

One day Uncle Hezekiah had to go to town on business. He was already in sight of the court house tower when he remembered that he had not locked Susie in her shed as usual. He turned around and looked behind him in some uneasiness. In the distance was a small cloud of dust. It came nearer and nearer.

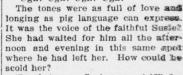
Yes, it was Susie! She had followed him these three miles to town. Uncle Hezekiah stopped his horse Susie's feet clattered faster over the dusty road as she saw the beloved face of her master turned toward When she reached the buggy she gave a joyous grunt of greeting.

"Well, Susie, what does this mean?" Uncle Hezekiah spoke sternly. "No one told you you might come. Go straight home!

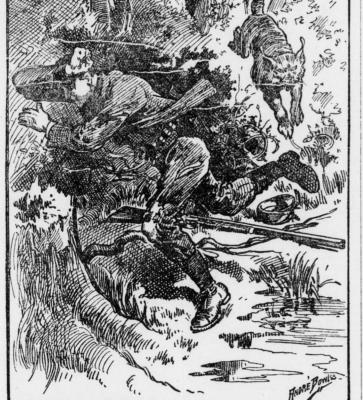
The joyous twist of Susie's tail un-wound, and she stood looking at him with mournful eyes, as he whipped mp his horse and rolled away as fast as Sam's stiff old legs could carry him. It was eight o'clock in the evening

before Uncle Hezekiah had finished his errands and started for the farm. He had reached the top of the hill, where he had left Susie in the afternoon, when he thought he heard a familiar sound in the darkness. He listened:

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!"



"Is that you, Susie, my girl?" he called. "Well! well! You must be hungry. So am I. Let's go home as Susie trotted happily along under the buggy. She was a very intelligent open only at one pig, and she pricked up her pink ears to try to hear that song Uncle Heze kiah was chanting in his deep bass. He was chuckling so she could hardly "This little pig went to market, "This little pig went to market, This little pig stayed at home, This little pig cried: 'Wee, wee, wee?" I can't find my way home." Martha D. Taylor, in Detroit Free



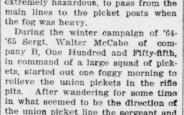
I thought if I lingered the wild cat might have robbed me of my watch and other valuables.

to try for turkeys. "Doc" had been | This old cat spit and clawed out from taking lessons from an artist in turkey-calling, and by means of scraping small cedar box on the barrels of his gun, after having previously rubbed a quantity of common chalk on the barrels, he had managed to learn call that soundor tural to

under me and I know he was almost frightened out of his senses. The effect on me was what the scientists call 'optical illusion.' Ever see these cages with a squirrel going around in 'em? Well, I thought the world was at the revolutions a minute and that I was going around with it in a sort of cage with eleventeen wild-cats on top of me

say:

country afterward. "I thought at once of poor Sam Mar-



the uninitiated, even if it didn't fool the turkeys.

But "Doc" had run across a key by accident in the brush, the bird having been scared up by the dogs while running a deer, and when it flew right into "Doc" he bowled it over as easy as he would a quail. It was a fine, big gobbler, and filled "Doc's" breast with a desire to get some more of them.

Along about five, when it was getting dark rapidly, we saw "Doc" Simmons coming down the trail, headed for camp. He didn't have any gun with him but he appeared to be perfectly serene about it. He came up just as though, nothing had happened, and says, "How soon'll supper be ready?

"What's the matter, Doc, said Emory, "anything happen to you? Didn't meet up with a panther, did ycu?" "No!" says "Doc," and then he laughed. "I got a turkey," says he. 'Where is it?" says Ed Morton.

"Hanging up out in the brush," says "Doc

"Where's your gun?" says Ed. "I left that during my tete-a-tete with my friend and contemporary, the wild-cat," says "Doc.'

"Sure enough?" says we all, "let's

"Well," says "Doc," "it's quite a story; I'll tell you all about it after supper

'Well, sir, we had supper, and then "Doc" stretches out before the blaze of about a ton of logs and he says "Are we all here, brethren?" And then he commences. "I start-

ed out this morning and went straight to the oak ridges, and built me a little sort of 'blind' and crawled in back of it and commenced to listen, and oc-

to keep me company." "That's the reason I came away without my gun. That's the reason I didn't hunt up my turkey. That's the reason I hustled for camp. I wanted the sight of human faces and the touch of human sympathy. What wanted to do was to get away from there and forget all that maze of fur and teeth and yellow eye-balls, and thrashing around there in the greenbriers, and that pungent smell of scared wild-cat."

"And that's the reason, I reckon that my clothes seem to be ripped up a little across the seams. I don't know what's the best record for travel ing through green-briers on a direct line, and I haven't measured the dis tance from here to where me and the wild-cat got introduced to each other, but I want to say that my time must have been something terrific. I sailed over the logs like a quail, and I went through the green-briers like a rabbit through an osage orange hedge.

"I thought if I lingered the wild-cat might have robbed me of my watch and other vaMables. I guess, for I never stopped to dicker about the gun And now when I come to size at all. it up, that varmint was as badly scared-I mean confused, as I was. remember he went over the log like a charge of buck-shot the minute he could squirm loose, but the optical il lusion on me was strong at that time,

and I thought I had lit right in the middle of a wild-cat convention." "Who'll go out with me in the morn

ing and help me find my gun?" Bay "Doc

"I will," says old Emory.

SOLDIERLY CANDOR



asked the beautiful "Colonel." maiden, "did you ever have a horse shot under you?'

replied the bluff old war-"No," rior, "but I had several trees shot in front of me."-Chicago Record-Herald.

Shorthand Without Hands.

A youth of 15, named Possneck, who two years ago lost both his hands in a machinery accident at Arnstadt, has accomplished the remarkable feat of fortune in American securities. His gaining a speed certificate for shorthand. After his mishap, by which his

hands were cut off at the wrists, he was received into a cripples' home The duke of Saxe-Meiningen, one of the patrons, took an active interest in gressive desiccation of the air and the lad and paid for two artificial soil is manifest in the region of the hands. The cripple soon became so expert in their use that he is now an excellent penman, and can write shorthand at the rate of 115 words per minute.

That Strange Ladder.

"Some one has said," remarked the minished, sheets of water have disap moralizer, "that the ladder of ambition peared, and the productiveness of the has no top rung."

soil is failing, until in many places the region has become almost sterile. "I guess that's right," rejoined the demoralizer, "and very often it has nothing to lean against."—Chicago the forests ignorantly; white men con-Dally News. tinue it for immediate selfish ends.

turn, became prisoners. It is needess to add that the fortunes of war having changed, there was a hasty disgorging of plunder and Sergt. McCabe and his squad came into their own again.

Diplomats Purchase Homes.

Diplomats from Latin republics, es pecially those countries where the governments seem to sit on shaky foundations, are making hay while the sun shines and acquiring permanent homes in the United States. The minister from Cuba and Mme. Quesada have just bought the home of H. Clay Evans, the place of the Leslie Shaw hospitality in Washington. Senor Calderon, the minister from Bolivia, purchased and remodeled a fine mansion in Sixteenth street, and he intends

to remain in Washington despite the whims of passing governments. Calderon has invested much of his ample wife is a Philadelphian and his daugh ter was educated in that city.

Deforestation in Africa.

According to J. Dybowski, a it from. Sudan, the underlying cause being the destruction of the original forests Cape Verde is cited as an example In the eighteenth century the botanist,

Adanson, described it as covered with vast forest, whence its name. Now the forests are gone, the rivers are di-

have one? They are quite rare.

P2 Dia. opening with a little piece of knead-E 108 ed bread, shaped like the head of a

chicken. Two tin tacks will serve for eyes; a bit of pointed wood will do for the beak. Let the bread go into the opening quite a little way to make it more secure. A few feathers insert ed at the rear will look like a tail, and two toothpicks will serve as legs Now your chicken is complete and ready to be made to stand up. Next take a couple of bent iron wires, about an inch and a half long. One is in serted a little back of the imitation legs, and is kept, as are all the other features, in place by white sealing wax; the other will serve as a support for a bit of sugar

When properly adjusted the bird will perch on your finger; it will bal-ance itself and can be made to swing backward and forward .--- Magical Experiments.

Teacher (reading aloud)-The weary sentinel leaned on his gun and stole a few moments' sleep.

Dottie-I bet I know where he stole

Teacher-Where,Dot? Dottie-From his "nap"-sack

Something Wrong.

The little girl had gotten up very early in the morning for the first time. "Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, returning from the window, "the sun 's comin' out all right, but God 's forgotten to turn off the moon."-Judge.

You are always hearing people talk about a jolly good time. Did you ever

Press.

FOR WILLING FINGERS.

A Sewing Convenience Which Mother Will Like.

Would you like to make this useful and ornamental sewing convenience?

It is easy to make and will be much appreciated hy your mother, sister or friend. The pin cushion, needlebook and scissor-case BTB fashioned of any small pieces of silk or satin that you may happen to have. The

emery bag is made of red fiannel to represent a strawberry, or of brown cloth to look like an acorn. It is filled with emery. Fasten to each article a strip of ribbon a half yard in length Join these at the top with a bow and sew a large safetypin on the under side of the bow for the purpose of pinning this dainty sewing convent ence to the dress of the user.

Could Gladys Spare It?

"Sir, I want your daughter's hand." "You may have it with the greatest pleasure, dear boy, if you'll take the one that's always in my pocket."