

China the World's Last Game Preserve.

Bears and Wolves Still Abound.

Many Varieties of Deer and Birds.

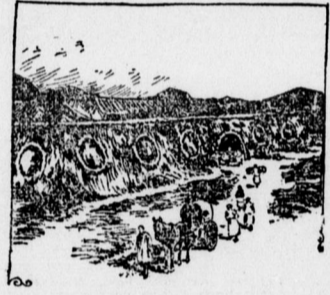
CHINA is the last great game preserve in the world. Many will be surprised to learn that, notwithstanding the dense population of China and the centuries since the country has become thickly populated, it is still the best stocked with game of any country in the world.

Even in the regions about Peking, now occupied by the allied troops, where villages dot the plains every mile or two and the population exceeds 2000 to the square mile, wolves, foxes, raccoons, weasels and rabbits are so thick as to be pests, while such game as pigeons, quail, grouse and rice birds are found in immense flocks. The wolves of China are particularly numerous and fearless, and many lives are lost every winter from their depredations.

The Chinese farmers do not live on the land that they cultivate, but gather themselves in small villages every mile or two. For protection from the wolves which infest that country these villages are usually surrounded by mud walls, on which are painted large white rings. These white rings are for the purpose of frightening the wolves away, the Chinese believing that the wolves think that the rings are the rising sun, or else traps which they must avoid, and in fear of which they slink back to their lairs.

During the summer the Chinese are too busy with their crops to give much attention to exterminating pests or taking game, but in the winter they gather for great wolf drives and with their swords and pikes beat out the fields and kill large numbers of the animals.

One reason why game is so thick in China is the absence of any finished weapon to hunt with. Although the



WOLF RINGS ON THE VILLAGE WALL.

Chinese were the first inventors of gunpowder and firearms, still their shotguns have never been sufficiently improved to be of much service in hunting. In the first place the Chinese have never invented or used the percussion cap. Their gun barrels are roughly cast and many of the cheaper ones look as if made out of pot metal. The lower end of the barrel has a small vent on the side with a flash pan attached. Over the stock of the gun is a holder shaped like a half bent finger, made of soft steel, and split so as to hold a piece of lighted punk or incense. To fire his gun the Chinaman fills the flash pan and then, with his thumb, pushes the holder forward till the lighted punk touches the powder in the flash pan. By this time any creature with an atom of intelligence is a mile away more or less, and unless something else happens along opportunely to receive the charge, the shot is wasted.

The reason for the number of foxes to be found in China lies in the Chinese belief in the transmigration of souls. The Chinese think that departed spirits prefer foxes to any other animals as post-mortem habitations. The taking of game by the Chinese is chiefly by means of nets, running nooses and dead-falls. Quail and rabbits are taken almost solely by means of nets, which the Chinese set in standing grain, and into which they then carefully drive the game. For

bears, both black and brown, and strange as it may seem, they are most numerous in the province of Shantung, which is one of the most thickly populated and the oldest province of the Chinese empire.

Tigers and leopards are also found in all the mountainous parts of China, the royal tiger of India is found in the range of mountains which parallel the coast from Canton north to the Yang-tse, while in the mountains of the north is found the great Siberian



A CHINESE FOWLING PIECE.
A CHINESE BIRD-SHARE.

or Mongolian tiger, which is the most magnificent specimen of the tiger family. In addition to these, wild boars, wild sheep and goats, antelope, and what is considered by the Chinese one of their greatest delicacies, the wild ass or onager, are common.

The northern deer park, in the mountains northwest from the capital, is one of the finest preserves in the world, and contains a very large herd of giant deer. It covers the whole mountain side and is dotted with picturesque hunting lodges. The deer in this north park are fine, large animals, of a dun color, with magnificent antlers, somewhat resembling our American wapiti, but peculiar in having what the Chinese call a mule tail.

Probably the commonest game bird of China is the pheasant. Szechuan is the home of a peculiar animal that might be called a "missing link." It is a species of ape, growing quite large, adults reaching four feet in height. It lives in the mountains and is protected from the cold by heavy fur and mane. It is peculiar for the fact that it hibernates like a bear, and the Chinese, recognizing this peculiarity, call it the run-hung, or the man bear. It is much sought for its flesh, and its paws are prized as great delicacies.

There is so much swamp and lake country in China that it is very naturally a great country for snipe and plover, while the rich feeding to be found in its great rice fields makes it the home of greater flocks of swans and geese and wild ducks of all varieties than can be found anywhere else in the world. The Chinese are great pigeon fanciers, and take advantage of the pigeon habit of flying in droves to steal from each other and to take wild pigeons. They do this by fastening wooden whistles on the tails of the leaders of their own flock, for the purpose of attracting other pigeons to them. The air of Chinese cities is full of soft aeolian notes of these pigeon whistles.

There is another method of taking game practiced by the Chinese which might not be omitted, and this by means of trained falcons. The great sport of falconry, once so popular in all the courts of the world, survives



CHINESE FALCONRY.

larger game they use pits with trip falls and nooses with weights, arranged to catch the animal around the neck and hang it.

The abundance of game in China is not peculiar to any part of the empire. In the mountains, both north and south, are found great numbers of

strongly in China. Here hawks, eagles and falcons are still taught to pursue the quarry, and the great falcon market in the southern part of Peking, is one of the sights of the Chinese capital. Here on immense racks are thousands of hooded birds, exposed for sale, and the Chinese sport is often

seen along the street or highway with his favorite bird mounted on his leather-bound wrist. In Mongolia the golden eagle itself is still trained and much used in hunting deer.

With the quieting of the present disturbance and the creation of a better understanding between the Chinese and the outside world there will doubtless be a great influx of outside sportsmen into that country. Those who have roamed over the world seeking the dangers and pleasures of taking large game will here seek their last opportunities and find richer rewards for their skill and endurance than they have found anywhere else in the world.—Washington Star.

An Antiseptic Broom.

The most up-to-date broom, and that which sweeps the cleanest, has a microbe destroyer attached, as shown in the accompanying illustration. The new broom was designed by a South-

erner. It consists of a bag to be attached to the end of the broom handle before the straws are wired in place, with a hole drilled in the handle to a point above the straws for the insertion of the chemicals, etc., which form the microbe destroyer. The antiseptic is preferably made in the form of hard balls, which readily roll into the bag through the channel, and to promote the dissemination of the compound through the straws a quantity of water, alcohol or other solvent may also be introduced through the agency



THE NEW MICROBE-DESTROYING BROOM.

of a can, or the balls and liquid may be replaced by a semifluid antiseptic, which will slowly filter through the fabric and dampen the broom.

All germs of disease, as well as dirt, will vanish before the onslaught of the new antiseptic broom.

A Curious Timepiece.

A Parisian novelty is a sun-dial watch, with compass, as shown in our illustration. It is made of nicked copper, and is to be recommended to hunt-



POCKET TIMEPIECE.

ers, fishermen, cyclists—in short to all who spend much time in the open air. In the upper part a small compass is fixed, at the lower is marked a scale of the hours, and in the centre there is a small finger, which can be raised and lowered at will.

In order to use this novel watch it is held in the sun, flat. It is turned so as to have the blue compass needle pointing between north and northwest. Then a yellow finger is raised from its pocket in the middle, and its shadow cast on the scale will show the time.

Went Through.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "do you think it does a man much good to go 'trot college?"

"Not much," replied Meandering Mike. "I went 'trot a college once, and all I got was two dictionaries and a suit of foot ball clothes. De swag wasn't wort' do risk."

A Great Discovery.

It's a funny thing that no great historian has ever written a successful historical novel.—New York Press.

SALE OF VIOLETS.

Flowers Valued at \$1,000,000 Disposed of Annually.

The annual sales of violets throughout the United States is estimated at not less than \$1,000,000, says a bulletin that is being prepared by the agricultural department. One of the most widespread and destructive maladies known to attack the violet is the spot disease. This disease has been discussed in the florists' journals under a variety of names, but is commonly known as the "violet disease," growers not generally recognizing the fact that there is more than one malady attacking the violet.

Owing to the ravages of this disease the cultivation of the violet has been abandoned in many sections of the country, and in others it has become necessary to adopt new methods of handling the plants during the growing season.

In view of the general interest in violet culture and the importance of the knowledge of a means of preventing the disease, a bulletin has been prepared by Mr. P. H. Dorsett of the division of vegetable physiology and pathology of the United States department of agriculture, and will soon be issued as Bulletin No. 23, of that division, entitled "Spot Disease of the Violet."

The bulletin says the disease attacks the plants at any stage of their growth, from the small unrooted cutting in the cutting bed to the mature plant in full flower. Plants making a vigorous, rapid, but soft or succulent growth are most subject to the disease. Its first appearance is characterized by small, definite, usually circular, greenish or yellowish white spots, resembling the bite or sting of an insect. They vary in size from dots scarcely perceptible to the unaided eye to spots a thirty-second of an inch or more in diameter. The point of infection is surrounded by a narrow ring of discolored tissue, usually black or very dark brown, but changes to a lighter shade as the spots grow older. As the spot develops, the central portion remains unchanged in appearance, while the tissues immediately surrounding it, either to one side or more frequently in a circle, become diseased by the ramifying growth of the mycelium of the fungus through this portion of the leaf.

Various opinions have been expressed as to the cause of the disease, and suggestions as to the possible course of treatment are numerous. Weakness of the plants, improper soil conditions, growing them in the open fields where they are exposed to drought, rains, dews and direct rays of the summer sun, and lack of attention to properly heating, ventilating and fumigating the houses, are among the explanations advanced.

It is believed there is at present no effective remedy for the disease when it has gained a foothold. The principal fungicides in common use for the prevention and check of plant diseases have frequently been tried for this trouble, but with varying results.

It seems that the solution of the problem of controlling the disease lies in preventing it by giving careful attention to the production of vigorous, healthy, plant growth rather than in attempting to check the trouble after it has once gained a foothold.—Washington Star.

A Prophetic Cat.

In a neat little villa at Gentilly, near Paris, there has lived for several years a widow named Mme. Richard, whose sole companion is a splendid Angora cat. Alone the two lived in the comfortable house, and very rarely did either go far away from home. A short time ago, however, the lady felt very lonesome, and so she decided to invite a few of her neighbors to dinner. They came, and after dinner the cat entered the room, and on account of its beauty at once attracted general attention.

The guests petted it fondly, and finally one of them, an elderly spinster, took it up in her arms and asked it a curious question.

"Tell me, pussy," she said, "which of us who are now in the room will die first?"

Straightway the cat leaped from her arms, and, with tail erect and loud purrs, went straight to an old lady who sat at the other end of the room. Not being superstitious the entire company burst out laughing, and the hostess was warmly congratulated on possessing such a wonderful cat.

A few days later, however, the old lady who had been selected by the cat as death's next victim actually died, and then the storm arose. Some persons insisted that Mme. Richard was a sorceress and that her cat was an evil spirit, while others maintained that the cat alone was to blame and ought to be promptly killed. The clamor at last became so loud that six of the ladies who had been Mme. Richard's guests on the eventful evening decided to take definite action, and so they laid a formal complaint before the police authorities, in which they urged that the offending cat, whose eyes they described as "supernatural and diabolical," should be killed without delay. What action, if any, the police have taken is not yet known.

On the List.

Meligger—ne's pretty well posted in social institutions, isn't he?

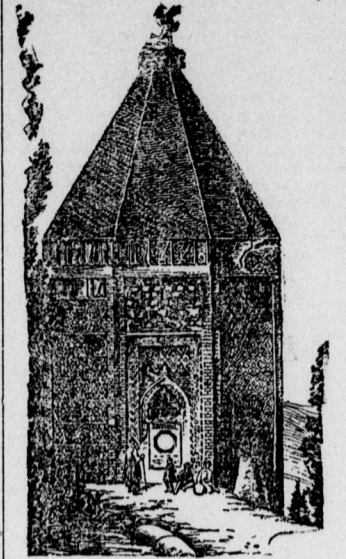
Thingumbob—Yes, I believe he's posted for non-payment of dues at all his clubs, if that's what you mean.—Philadelphia Press.

The largest building in the Coliseum at Rome, 615 feet in greatest diameter and 120 feet high.

MAUSOLEUM OF MOSAICS.

Structure Which Reveals the Workmanship of the Ancients.

Professor Jacobsthal, of Berlin, one of the best known archaeological experts of Germany, has just returned from an exhaustive journey in Asia



MAUSOLEUM OF JOSUP IBU KUTAJR. (The exterior is a marvel of exquisite mosaic and the structure was erected in 1162.)

Minor, where he was engaged for about eighteen months in archaeological researches. Professor Jacobsthal spent most of his time in Eastern Armenia, in the valley of the Aras. In a lecture recently delivered in Berlin the professor says that but two of the ancient monuments in Eastern Armenia are still in existence, and these two are of such highly artificial work that one cannot find its equal in any part of Asia Minor. The smaller one of these monuments used to be the mausoleum of Josup Ibu Kutajr, and according to well-preserved inscriptions, was built in 1162. It is an octagonal building, some twenty-six feet in diameter and about thirty-four feet high up to the roof.

The other one is the mausoleum of Mu Mine Chatune, who was the wife of the Seldchuk Prince Iddegiz, and was built in 1186. In its form it is a ten-cornered tower, thirty-five feet in diameter and about seventy-eight feet high up to the roof. The whole exterior walls of these two monuments consist of the most skillfully made mosaic; the various brilliant colors of the tiles and stones are well preserved.

Both monuments are of brick masonry. The tiles are fixed upon a white, extraordinarily hard layer of clay, and many of them have been colored with copper. Professor Jacobsthal says that the magnificent mosaics of these mausoleums resemble in many peculiarities those found on old buildings near Venice and other places of Italy. The mosaics were made in the following way: By nailing thin wooden boards on their edges to the bottom of a wooden case, small narrow channels were formed whereby the patterns were indicated. In these channels were placed the stones and tiles whilst the space between them was filled with a kind of plaster. The latter, while still in a pliable state, was ornamented by carvings. Professor Jacobsthal stated that the ancient Armenians must have been genuine masters in their work, for the mosaic of these two monuments is unexcelled anywhere.

A Choice of Terms.

"Here's another man who got away with some money that didn't belong to him," said the young woman who was reading the paper.

"How much?" inquired Miss Cayenne.

"It doesn't state."

"That's too bad! I wanted to determine whether he is a plain thief, a misguided embezzler or a bold financier."—Washington Star.

The Boy and the Professor.

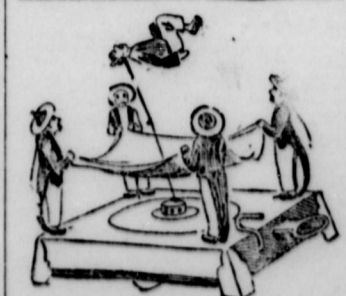
"I was mimicking Professor Bore yesterday, and he caught me."

"What did he say?"

"Told me to stop making a fool of myself."—Chicago Chronicle.

One of the New Toys.

This, says London Queen, is a clever, ingenious and most amusing mechanical tin toy, as will be gleaned from the illustration. At each corner is a Chinaman with pigtail and Chinese hat, but it would seem as if four nationalities were intended, for on the crowns of the hats are the colors of the several European allies now in the Celestial Empire. Each holds the corner of a yellow sheet, and by an ingenious device the figure of a China-



TOSSING THE BOXER.

man placed in the centre is thrown in the air as soon as a side spring is touched. By means of a regulator near at hand the throw can be either high or low, and the attitude of the victim is most natural. He can, however, be replaced with balls.

A COQUETTE.

The sky coquetted with the earth—She made a dark cloud put—And burst in angry tears of rain—That blurred her blue eyes out.

And then relented, bit by bit, Till sudden of her grace, Threw him a happy kiss of sun, And laughed down in his face.

—Theodosia Garrison, in Truth.

HUMOROUS.

"Young man, can you support a family?" "I only want your daughter, sir."

Hoax—He's a man of considerable rank, isn't he? Joax—Well, he supplies our boarding house with butter.

Dunne—This is the last time I'll ask you for that money. Detter—Glad to know you at last realize the hopelessness of ever getting it.

"Time is money," remarked the Wise Guy, "Ha!" chuckled the Cheerful Mug; "that's probably why the fellow who owes a little bill says he'll pay it in time."

"I want to get copies of your paper for a week back," said the visitor to the newspaper office. "Wouldn't it be better to try a porous plaster?" suggested the facetious clerk.

Studd—Well, it was rather economical for your wife to make her own pancake hat. Skinner—Yes, but I furnished the dough for the trimmings.

He—And so she's married! Ah, well! I used to have a soft spot in my heart for her myself. She—Indeed! Everybody else always supposed it was in your head.

Miss Redd—Did you hear about one of our caddies getting married? Miss Green—No; is that so? "Yes; and he requested the organist to play something appropriate." "And did he?" "Yes; he played 'After the Ball.'"

Mistress, (calling from above)—Bridget, why don't you answer the doorbell? Bridget—I'm going to, ma'am. "Well, you're very slow about it." "Faith, Oi didn't hear the bell till it rung the thoidr toime, ma'am."

Robbins—There's a good deal to be said in favor of early marriage. Upon the whole, I believe it is a good thing for a man to marry before he is five and twenty. Dobbins—H'm! I notice that when a man marries at that age he never marries so young again.

"I am very much disappointed in this dog show," remarked Mr. Wigwag. "I didn't know you took any interest in it," says Mrs. Wigwag. "Interest!" cried Mr. Wigwag; "why, the thing's over now, and I've been watching the papers closely every day and not one of them said anything about society going to the dogs."

BEAT THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

Celebrated Cases of Long-distance Somnambulism.

Among the cases of extraordinary sleepers is that of a young American who slept from November, 1894, until the middle of January, this year, a period of 38 months. He was engaged to be married to a girl, but his parents were strongly opposed to his choice of a wife. They persisted in their objection in spite of everything he could urge, and the constant irritation at length affected his brain. One day in a fit of ungovernable passion he shot and killed both his father and mother. He was, of course, arrested at once, for he did not attempt to run away or to hide the evidence of his crime.

Before he could be brought to trial, however, he fell asleep, and asleep he remained for the time mentioned, scarcely ever getting awake at all. When he finally did awake he remembered nothing of the crime he had committed, and nothing can convince him that he had not been asleep only a single night.

A short time ago the German medical papers recorded a case of a patient who was asleep and who had been sleeping for more than four months.

France also shares with Germany the distinction of having had recently a lineal descendant of the Seven Sleepers. He was a man who was arrested for being drunk and incapable. While walking along one of the chief streets in Paris two gendarmes suddenly pounced down upon him and took him to the police station and put him into a cell. Next morning, however, he was still quietly sleeping on, and when a physician examined him no symptoms due to alcohol could be discovered, so he was sent to a hospital, where he continued to sleep undisturbed for about a month, and at length awoke, presumably much refreshed.

A similar case to the last two, differing only in the length of the sleep, occurred in Cheltenham not long ago, the sleeper being a girl, who, however, awoke after she had been in the "land of nod" for a week.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Passing of Buckwheat.

The practical extinction of the buckwheat cake of our fathers must be laid at the door of the miller. He is accused of mixing with buckwheat flour wheat bran and shorts in the interests of economy. For a while the adulteration was undetected, but gradually consumers began to complain that the buckwheat cake didn't taste any more like they used to in the good old days on the farm and people began to stop buying buckwheat flour. As the demand fell off the farmers raise less and less buckwheat. A race of honest millers, cooperating with the farmers, might raise the buckwheat cake to its former proud position.