

THE CAMP.

Then have you seen the mining-camp
They're building over you?
'Twas suddenly created there
Between the night and dawn
They built it by the glancing light
Of gold, beside the street.
And they built it on the desert
Where the desolations meet.

And mountain rocks and lesser rocks
Berib the rugged scene,
And some are hard and golden rich
And some are hard and lean.
There's not enough of water there
To bicker down a hill,
But stronger drink of vicious red,
Flows ever up the hill.

The homes, of mud or canvas—like
The dice of fortune's throw—
Are scattered on the ups and downs
Of rush and fever row.
And fifty hundred men are there,
And twenty hundred mules,
And twenty dozen gambling halls,
And twenty hundred fools.

And have you seen the **ding** of chance—
The men that luck will choose—
The tyros here who win the gold,
The conditids there who lose?
And have you seen the ancient shame
Of women lost to hope?
That may not even walk to hell,
But weakly toward it grope?

And have you counted half the sum
Of pity and applause
The gods record who traffic not
With puny, human laws?
And wot ye aught of tragedy
And comedy—the twain,
So fair and dark, and dark and fair,
That march beside the train?

Yet when you see that mining-camp,
(You cannot miss the trail;
It's blazed with empty bottles and
With signs of fierce travail),
Revered the homes—the garden spots—
That on the desert press!
Where men of strength, with woman's aid,
Subdue the wilderness!

—Philip Verrill Nichols, in Harper's Week.

A Tiger Hunt in China.

By F. Hayley Bell.

Tiger shooting is, I believe, generally regarded as serious work, and not a picnic to be lightly entered on; but from the moment P. came round to my compound to say that four of the brutes had been located in the Yikma jungle, some four miles from the settlement, to the morning of the last disastrous beat the gods appeared to do their best to make fun of the whole expedition, and to rob us of that feeling of dignity due to those engaged in big-game shooting.

Perhaps I should not include P. in this. P. was different. He spoke knowingly of shikars, machans, and all paraphernalia of a big shoot; he mused pensively in the heat of the day, when he should have been asleep, over Badminton on Big-Game Shooting and guidebooks with blood-curdling pictures that made me nervous. Between whiles in a desultory manner he ran the camp mess, or sat in state receiving deputations of villagers, bringing the latest reports of the movements of the enemy.

There was no doubt about the tigers, it must be understood. The recollection of journey's of several days' length to the reported habitat of some man-eater, only to find at each village that it was so many "ji" further on, was still fresh in my recollection, and it seemed too good to be true that a whole family had taken up quarters so near to the settlement, but in the soft paddy and sweet potato fields bordering the cover, one could hardly walk ten yards without crossing their spoor. Had we the proper arms, it may be that our hunt had ended differently. P. had a Martini Henry of the old .451 bore and a Mauser pistol, and I a .44 Winchester repeating carbine.

We camped in the old, tumble-down building, half temple, half rest-house, that is common to most Chinese villages. P. insisted on cooking the dinner; also there was trouble about the bait, so that it was half-past nine and pitch dark when we sallied forth to the tree we had chosen for our watch. We had decided on a pig for bait, as he was likely to make the most noise. The grateful villagers, whom we had come out to rid of the blood-thirsty animals that were devouring their cattle, required some three times its value before they would part with it. Too late we discovered the deceptiveness of that pig. In the temple it had protested so loudly as to drown all negotiations, but when at last tied up on the field of action it was the most contented pig I have ever known, and frantic pulls at the string attached to his leg were utterly useless to stir him to a sense of what was expected of him. At length, bitten all over by mosquitoes, and covered with ants, tree frogs, and that delightful beetle known to the Chinese as the "water buffalo," I climbed down and charged out on the wretched animal, and by the light of the rising moon chased him round and round his tether till his squeals and the shouts of laughter from my companion in the tree might have been heard for miles. Hardly had I regained the foot of the tree when P. gave a shout of warning and commenced firing rapidly over my head. An instant later one short wall from piggy announced that his duty was done, and I turned in time to see the tiger—a dark, formless mass—disappear into the cover with six dollars' worth of pork belonging to us.

It was against all rules and precedent. P. had struck a match and was lighting his pipe in calm disregard of my request that he would cover my sortie. I was on the ground within a few yards of the bait, while, I repeat, the noise of laughing and talking should have been, according to all our instruction books, sufficient to scare every tiger out of the province. However, fairly or not, the tiger had scored the first point, and there was nothing to do but to return to the temple.

Early next morning the headman of the village was summoned, and, after much argument, some twenty men were produced to beat the cover for us. We started across the paddy like the chorus of a comic opera, with hoes, pitchforks, executioners' swords, and halberds. One man preceded the party with a huge gong, which he smote lustily, to the great delight of scores of children, who were enjoying holiday by reasons of our occupying the village schoolroom, and the rear was brought up by half a dozen kerosene tins and the village flautist. It was as impossible to keep them quiet till we should reach the ground and take up positions as it was to get them to stay there when we had done so. Gradually and imperceptibly the beaters—who com-

menced by prodding gingerly at the extreme edges of the jungle—melted away, and P. and I concluded that, since beating was impossible, we must watch over bait again.

This time we were enclosed in our tree long before sunset, with a goat for bait. Hardly had the moon risen than out stalked, at about 100 yards' range, an enormous tiger, who strolled nonchalantly across the glade and disappeared into the opposite cover. Again we pulled furiously at the bait. Not a sound followed, and, after some hours' wait, we descended, to find poor nanny—whether of pure fright or because she was possibly in extremis when purchased—was dead!

After a long whispered conversation as to whether tigers took carrion or not, we again trudged sadly home. Personally, I incline to the opinion that we did not talk and laugh enough, also that a cigar would have much improved our chances. Be that as it may, our third attempt was made from a machan. P. and I built it next morning, and an interested audience of some fifty old women and children sat round and commented. We hollowed out a large bush, and built the platform up inside, on the top we put a cunning roof of plaited leaves. Derivative acquaintances, who had never even seen a tiger running wild, rode out from the settlement and asked if it was a race meeting or a Punch and Judy show? But we were satisfied; at least it was better than roosting in trees with all manner of nocturnal insects, and we made it very comfortable with a mattress and cushions. Here we watched over Piggy II, for three nights without result. On the fourth we tried to tempt the tiger with a dog, which, however, apparently gnawed through its rope and escaped, the most serious part of the incident being that neither my companion nor I were awake at the time.

Alas! that such a trivial incident should cause even temporary estrangement between two fast friends. Even if it was my watch, there were plenty more dogs to be had; besides, the dog had been sleeping comfortably when I last remembered. However, P. gathered up his text-books and his punkah coolie—whom he now called a shikari—and pegged out a claim at the other end of the jungle; while I decided, since our quarry would not follow the rules as laid down in books, to try to deceive him with a simple plan of my own. At sunset, then, with several natives, I proceeded to a tree some 100 yards from the one I intended to occupy. Here we tied up a lean, scraggy pony and made the most noisy and shameless preparations for snaring the tiger. Soon after dark settled down I crept quietly out of the tree, stole back to the camp, and enjoyed the first night's rest I had had for a week. At three I was called, and went down to my own tree. Now, I will not guarantee this plan as infallible, and it may be that the result had nothing to do with what I still regard as rather an original idea; but about half an hour after the first streak of dawn, and in a light by which a .44 carbine is my only excuse for not dropping him there and then, a magnificent tiger emerged from the dense cover and passed within 50 yards of my tree. At my first shot the brute bounded into the air and made a dash in my direction, approaching to within twenty yards of the tree, where I gave him a second through the right shoulder. With a snarl like that of a dog, the animal disappeared into the cover again, and I determined, in spite of our last fiasco, to try a beat again.

Within an hour I had collected thirty men, and sent out coolies to find P. The animal's trail was easy to follow, for the bushes were splashed with blood, but the undergrowth was so thick that in some places it was necessary to crawl on hands and knees. In this position I suddenly heard a roar from the right of the line—of which I was the center—and a howl from one of the men. Pushing through as fast as I could I found an unfortunate beater had literally stumbled on the tiger and got badly mauled, his heel and the sole of the foot being half torn off. I directed two men to carry him out, and was just about to follow when I saw through the foliage the yellow and black stripes of the tiger snarling a few yards off and perfectly motionless, evidently listening to the banging and the howling of the beaters, who were closing round. I took a steady shot at what I imagined to have been his ribs, and the brute went down with a roar, at which all the men near me fled. There were many trees around me,

and I hurriedly selected one, for trees under certain circumstances were meant for climbing. Before, however, I had got as high as I wished a branch broke, and I came down some fifteen feet on to the ground. There was, however, no sign of the tiger, and I returned to the open, where I found P. had arrived. Between us we bound up the mauled beater—who had actually been dropped by his carriers, and had crawled out alone—and sent him into the settlement. Guided by the beaters, who were now all up trees, and gave me the impression of sailors clinging to the masts of sunken ships, P. and I made another assault on the cover. The tiger was snarling and tearing up the grass within a few yards of the edge. It was impossible to aim at a vital spot, owing to the foliage, so we each gave him a bullet, and again the brute went down with a roar, evidently (by the subsequent gasping and "thundering") shot through the lungs. Here we left him to stiffen or die, while we poured buckets of water over each other and cooled down. Within an hour the panting sounds had ceased, and soon the tired beaters called out that the brute was dead, but not a man would accompany us even those few yards to find the carcass. It was now getting late, and, as it was imperative that we should secure our bag, and induce the frightened villagers to come down from their trees before it grew dark, I started into the cover alone. As I crawled cautiously in a man called out something I could not catch, but which was a warning that there were two tigers.

An instant later the bushes to my front were shaken violently, and, with a terrifying roar, a smaller tiger, probably the female, sprang out at me, knocking me down backward. With the brute standing right over me, I doubled my self up, covering my body with my arms and legs, and after biting me several times below the knees, the animal sheered off, and I crawled back to the open. The tiger had won the second point and the rubber, for this ended our amateur tiger hunt. For some days after bringing me back P. was laid up with sunstroke, while the villagers refused to go near the cover. For all I know, the mouldering skeletons of twenty-nine beaters may yet hang in the trees of the Yikma Jungle. At least, somewhere hidden in the undergrowth lies a tiger, whose skin is destined never to grace the hearth of his enemies. Some day, when I have recovered from the effects of big-game shooting, I am going to take possession of what is left—London Field.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The ink plant of New Granada is a curiosity. The juice of it can be used as ink without any preparation. At first the writing is red, but after a few hours it changes to black.

Miss Mabel A. Ayer of San Francisco, Cal., has succeeded in training a number of butterflies. Sugar and water are the inducements, and the little winged pets go through several droll performances.

A tailor named Gabriel of Boston, England, has in his window a number of small tortoises, each bearing on its back one of the seven letters of his name. He gives a prize of \$2 to any one who discovers that the turtles have arranged themselves so as to spell the name correctly.

The builders are at work on a stone viaduct at Plauen, Saxony, over the River Syra, which contains the longest masonry arch in the world, its length being 295 feet 6 inches, measured horizontally from base to base. The Luxembourg bridge across the valley of Petruffe, which was completed a few months ago, has a span of 277 feet. The next longest masonry arch is in the United States, near Washington, and is known as the Cabin John bridge. Its length of span is 220 feet.

Some ambitious silkworms of the neighborhood of Venice have woven by themselves a ribbon three yards long and three inches wide. When they reached the chrysalis stage, according to the Indianapolis News, instead of weaving round cocoons on the twigs prepared for them they preferred to travel up and down the smooth upper side of a strip of wood nine feet long and three inches wide. Back and forth they went, spinning their silken web, until at last they made a beautiful ribbon, transparent in its centre and golden yellow at the heavier edges. The scarf is amazingly strong for a fabric so delicately woven.

A difference of opinion seems to have arisen over the effect of firing a candle at a board. For a long time the ancient tradition has held its own that the soft tallow hurled at the mark by a musket would put a hole through an ordinary plank. Yet here comes a gun-bearer who declares that he has tried the experiment and finds the material of the candle wildly scattered upon the target. Of course, with present-day rifles and breech-loaders it may not be possible to discharge a candle effectively from a military arm or from the latest style of sporting guns. But it would certainly be a pity to leave the question unsolved.

Dottie's Prayer.

"Please, God, make Mamie Ross a good girl. Please make her a awful good little girl. An' if it ain't too much trouble, please make her so good that I can take her new doll, an' she'll think it's noble an' self-sacrificin' never to ask for it back again. Amen!"



How to Look Tall.

Ways of increasing her height are a constant source of thought to the short woman. To look her tallest at all times she should remember some simple general rules. High heels are a mistake; the cut and length of the skirt are the most important. The best materials to give height are either plain ones or those with a tiny stripe running lengthwise. Full skirts and baggy sleeves are fatal to the short woman, says the Pittsburg Press.

A very small hat is a mistake, giving an idea of insignificance, and a large one is no better, making the small wearer appear all hat. Safety lies in the medium size, trimmed in a quiet, unostentatious fashion. But, after all the way a woman walks and stands is her greatest advantage or disadvantage. It is possible for even a little woman to be so upright and hold her head so prettily that she will appear quite tall without the least suggestion of stiffness. A well-carried head will give an additional two inches to the height.

Marriage on Small Means.

Every sensible person knows that it is foolish to marry in haste or without due regard to the future. You cannot marry on nothing, because the chances are strongly against your happiness. But just how much you can marry on is another matter.

Fear of poverty and hardship never stands in the way of an engaged couple who are honestly satisfied with each other. The passion for each other's society strengthens mind and will, and such obstacles as lack of means and misty prospects instantly vanish. The man has but to think of the woman he loves in order to be confident of accomplishing any purpose he may set his mind to. The woman is ready and willing to suffer anything for the sake of being in her hero's company.

What are a top back room, a supper of bread and cheese, a shabby suit and a light purse if one is supremely happy? They can be borne with laughter, relished and accepted day after day.

It is only, perhaps, with a woman who means to be the spur of her husband's ambition that a man can accept a top back room and bread and cheese, concludes the Indianapolis News. If he fears that she cannot be happy without a villa and rose trees, it is not wise to take her into the back room, even if she is willing to go.

Thrifty Girl's Tact.

When once a girl of limited income realizes what great variety may be given to her one or two evening gowns by the use of artificial flowers as trimmings she will straightway get the credit among her friends of having more frocks than is really the case. For, by having detachable flower decorations and several sets of them, extraordinary variety is arrived at. Moreover, now that flowers are so much in vogue as a trimming, an economical arrangement is especially happy.

The flowers themselves need not be expensive at all, for they are always to be found upon bargain tables in the big shops, and it is a good thing to be on the lookout for them. Do not wait until you need a set, but buy it when you see something pretty and cheap. To tell precisely how to handle the flowers for a frock is impossible beyond giving a few general hints. The line should always be graceful, and if the neck has hollows it is quite possible to so arrange the blossoms or foliage that the bones shall be concealed. This is done best by putting on the frock and pinning on the flowers before sewing them; indeed, the trimmings will never be so successful if it is put on with the frock on a dummy.

Whatever color is used a certain amount of foliage should be introduced. The green breaks the sameness of the general color and is in itself pretty.—Indianapolis News.

Hints to Entertainers.

Above all things always know what you are going to do with your guests. Don't depend on standing round the piano, and yelling the latest songs. They could have done that without getting dressed and coming to your house.

Don't expect girls to feel comfortable with hanging their wraps in the hall, and going directly to the parlor. They will be on "pins and needles" unless they are allowed to run upstairs, peep into the mirror, to make sure that their noses don't shine, and that they are straight in the back. So that you will look like "the wreck of the Hesperus" just blown in by the time your guests arrive. Practice "keeping cool." Nineteenth of the hostesses are so excited, during an entertainment, that no matter what one says to them, they fail to grasp the meaning.

Don't Invite People Who Balk, and Refuse to Carry out Your Plans.

Don't think of inviting people who imagine that your friends assemble to hear what they have to say.

Your guests will go away feeling that they have had a much better time if your plans include a little activity, than if they are asked to sit still and think all evening.

Don't forget to insist on your father and mother coming into the parlor. They will be your most appreciative guests.

Don't let there be any wall-flowers. Bring them forward. Your other guests will need only a slight jog to stir up their gallantry.

Don't forget the ventilation. Twenty people in a couple of small rooms soon use up every atom of oxygen. Many an excellent social affair has been spoiled by a stuffy, irritating atmosphere.

Have pity on your friends' digestion. Don't press ice cream, candy, cakes, lemonade and freak meringues upon them. Chicken salad, bread fingers and coffee will strike a happier chord. Bestow your best smile and most gracefully word at parting.—Indianapolis News.

For Five O'clock Tea.

Our English cousins have undoubtedly convinced the American woman of the luxurious comfort of a cup of tea during the afternoon, for no girl or woman thinks her boudoir complete without some dainty tea table, covered with the choicest of china cups and saucers, tea caddie, cracker jar and brass or copper samovar.

As a consequence, the tea table of 1905 is a most ingenious and handy piece of furniture, all of the newer ones running on casters so that they can be rolled easily to any part of a room. Remarkably convenient is a tea table which is being employed in the drawing room scene of an English actor's play that is at present touring the States. A carved mahogany box rests on four slender claw-foot legs. Opening in the centre, the two halves of the cover form spreading shelves on either end of the box. As the covers are lifted, the bottom of the box rises to the top, bringing with it all the necessary equipment for serving afternoon tea.

Other tables have glass trays the exact size of the top. These afford a splendid protection for a highly polished wood, as well as an easy means of removing cups, etc. An importation from Japan shows a round tea table with upper and lower shelves, built entirely of hammered brass. Gilt tables for the drawing room have many little shelves, and the top is inlaid with enamel.

With an elaborate table of this sort the china matches the enamel. For instance, a table inlaid with olive green decorated with gold bands and a gold filigree edging, which gives the effect of gold lace.

Teacups of odd shape and delicate tints, especially in the shape of roses, tulips, poppies, etc., always will be the coveted possession of the woman who treasures her tea table. But the generous size of teacups now in use makes these delicate drinking receptacles decidedly costly, small odd cups being utilized only for the demi-tasse.

Among choice new designs for decorated sets of cups is a pattern showing a deep border of maiden-hair fern in tender green, while a narrow band of baby blue encircles the edge and middle of both cup and saucer. Wonderfully pretty are cups which are completely covered inside with tiny chrysanthemums of many colors. Buttercups are also most effective scattered daintily over white china. Cups of these designs are usually sold in sets, and have a china tea strainer with a similar decoration.—Washington Star.

Fashion Notes.

Miniature lace stoles in the way of collars.

Poncee blouses that will stand lots of service.

Little butterfly bonnets of lace for the theatre.

Regular Cinderella slippers of gold and silver, cloth.

Ribbon run through with thread, so you can pucker the edge.

Hats of embroidered batiste in colors to match any summer frock.

Leighorn hats the brims whereof are edged with a fascinating little frill of valenciennes.

Three-panel fire screens containing three breezy Remington drawings are produced in colors.

A silk and linen lining which quite phenomenally combines the qualities of one with the price of the other.

A good deal of bluet everywhere employed in spring things with likelihood of its being a very popular shade.

Linen shoes in every color to match the all-linen fad that everybody is to go crazy about when summer really comes.

Must Not Sew Bridal Gown.

The Berlin bride must not sew a stitch in her wedding dress if she hopes for happiness in her married life. A piece of money is often sewed in the train, or else it is placed in the shoe. This is supposed not only to bring her plenty of this world's goods, but also to insure to her the ruling hand in her household—a thing rather rare in the Fatherland. In some of the provinces not only money but bread and salt are sewed in the train. This is a remnant of the ancient custom, still practiced in eastern countries, of presenting bread and salt upon entering a new home.

Against Rate Reduction.

Atlanta, Ga.—The recent proposition of J. Pope Brown, Chairman of the Georgia Railroad Commission, to reduce the passenger rate in Georgia from three to two cents per mile was protested against by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Order of Railway Conductors, and unions of the blacksmiths, machinists and telegraphers, boiler-makers, railway train men, carpenters and joiners, clerks and carmen. These organizations employed an attorney especially to represent them, who urged that such a reduction would work against the prosperity of the State and lead to a reduction in the number of railroad employes as well as of their wages. The Travelers' Protective Association also protested that a reduction as proposed would result in fewer trains and poorer service.

Well Seasoned Wood.

Oak beams over one thousand years old were last year removed from the Blue Bell Inn at Bedlington, England, and were made into handsome furniture by a local manufacturer.

TORTURING HUMOR

Early a Mass of Sores—Called in Three Doctors But Grew Worse—Cured by Cuticura For 75c.

"My little daughter was a mass of sores all over her body. Her face was being eaten away, and her ears looked as if they would drop off. I had three doctors, but she grew worse. Neighbors advised Cuticura, and before I had used half of the cake of soap and box of ointment, the sores had all healed, and my little one's skin was as clear as a new-born babe's. I would not be without Cuticura if it cost five dollars, instead of 75 cents, which is all it cost us to cure our baby."—Mrs. J. Stesse, 701 Coburn St., Akron, Ohio.

Got Rich on Tips.

Francis Dumon, a French waiter, has just left Denver, on his way home to France, having made \$40,000 in tips in five years. Of this he made \$8000 last year at St. Louis. He speaks six languages. His father and grandfather were waiters all their lives, and he was brought up to the business. He is still a young man.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case that fails to cure. Write for testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Straight-Laced by the Public Schools. A bright youngster answered an advertisement for an office boy in a store in the dry goods quarter, and was turned down because he wrote too good a hand. "It is a ledger hand, and you will never rise above the level of a bookkeeper," said the merchant.—New York Press.

The Big Woman's Troubles.

There was an enormously stout German woman sitting in the corner of a street bar the other night, weeping as if her heart would break. Some kindly spirit asked her why the matter was. "I am so fat that every time I want to get off de car I have to back de door out, and de conductor man he tink I was getting on and pushes me in. I have since 10 o'clock been riding this morning, and I'm hungry." Her sympathetic listener explained, and the poor woman got off at last.—Boston Record.

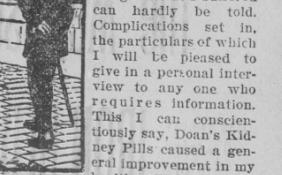
Tallest Young Soldier.

The tallest soldier that ever put in an appearance in Denver arrived in the person of Arthur W. Jaffray. Young Jaffray is just a fraction over 6 feet 10 inches tall. He is new in the army service, having become a recruit 10 days ago, and is now bound for San Francisco, from which city he will go to the Philippines. Jaffray is barely past 22 and looks much younger. He weighs 190 pounds and is awkward and ungainly.—Denver Republican.

A VOICE FROM THE FULPIT.

Rev. Jacob D. Van Doren, of 57 Sixth street, Fond Du Lac, Wis., Presbyterian clergyman, says: "I had a case of kidney disease which kept me in the house for days at a time, unable to do anything. What I suffered can hardly be told. Complications set in, the particulars of which I will be pleased to give in a personal interview to any one who requires information. This I can conscientiously say, Doan's Kidney Pills caused a general improvement in my health. They brought great relief by lessening the pain and correcting the action of the kidney secretions."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



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