

"PIG-STICKING" IN INDIA.

By Capt. Francis Thatcher.

As a sport "pig-sticking" is unrivaled even in the land where sport of all kinds forms a larger element in the existence of the great majority of those who spend the best portion of their lives in the "gorgeous East." Sport in one form or another, from tiger shooting to the gentle art of Izaak Walton, is the relaxation of the military man and the overworked Government official, and when the joys of each and every form are summed up, it will be found that pig sticking comes first on the list. In it are combined all the elements of the danger and excitement of tiger shooting, the exhilaration of fox hunting, and the patience and skill of fishing, for what can equal the patience of the man "sitting tight" and nursing his horse, lying back for the boar to "jink?" What can rival the excitement of waiting whilst the boar gets clear of cover, and the thrill of the command "Ride!" when you press your feet home in the stirrups, and set your mount going? Give any man who has shot tiger and ridden after "pig" his choice, which position he would rather not be in, that of missing a wounded tiger with his second barrel, or on the ground in front of an infuriated boar, and he will pause a long time before he gives his decision.

For sheer devilry and insane ferocity the boar stands pre-eminent, and for courage he has no equal among animals. A wild boar charging has been known to bring an elephant down on its knees, and one well authenticated fight is recorded between a boar and a full grown tiger, in which the boar more than held his own. Tigers have the greatest respect for wild boars and treat them accordingly. In matter of speed, the horse has not yet been foaled which can catch a boar in its first burst. I have seen a man on a thoroughbred "Arab" try to cut out a boar in breaking back into cover, and the boar literally walked round him.

Well may the old hunting song say:
"The boar, the mighty boar's my theme
What e'er the world may say;
My morning thought, my midnight dream,
And hope throughout the day.
Youth's daring courage, manhood's power,
Firm hand and eagle eye,
Do they require who dare aspire,
To see the wild boar die."

"We envy not the rich their wealth,
Nor kings their crowned career;
The saddle is our throne of health,
And our sceptre is the spear;
We rival, too, the warrior's fame,
Deep stained in purple gore;
For our field of fame's the jungle side,
And our foe's the jungle boar."

Around a huge log bonfire some half a dozen men are seated on camp stools, or lying back in "long sleeve" chairs, for it is a typical Indian night in December. A bright, tropical moon illumines all surrounding objects. A short distance away a row of tents gleams whitely, and behind the tents stand a row of horses picketed to pegs, at the heads of which lie their respective syces (grooms) huddled up in blankets, fast asleep. Perched on a rising eminence rising out of the surrounding plain, the mud-walled, flat-roofed village of Karaghora, can be dimly discerned, a barred mass through the misty haze, for this is the famous pig-sticking country of Katiwar—the home of the celebrated Kadir Cup.

Sounds of laughter and merriment fill the air, for news has just been brought in by one of the villagers that "pig" are plentiful in the vicinity of the village, presaging good sport for the morrow. Song after song, with rollicking choruses, follow one another, to the twanging accompaniment of the irresponsible banjo, and far away in the shadow of the mud-walled village, the faint echoes are carried to the ears of the great beast who lifts his head from his rooting among the crops, and listens to the strange, unfamiliar sounds, little dreaming of their portent for him, of what the rising of the sun will hold for him, when he will need all those marvellous powers with which he is endowed—the strength of the buffalo, the swiftness of the race-horse, the cunning of the fox, the nimbleness of the hare, the endurance of the camel, the ferocity of the tiger, and the courage of the lion—if he would hold his own against his enemies, whose voices dimly strike his ears. When those gleaming white "tusches" peacefully digging among the roots will be covered with foam, and those long stiff bristles lying so smoothly on his back will be erect and quivering with demoniacal frenzy; when the sleek, satin-coated horses, now quietly munching their grass, will be lathered with sweat and dirt, and those sharp pointed, deadly spears now glistening brightly in the moonlight, will be dripping red. Root on in peace, old grey boar, for to-morrow you will put up such a fight as only you among animals could put up, and Heaven help the man who misses his point, or his horse, if once you get under the spear, for other blood than your own will crimson the ground.

A soft, pearly grey sky, without the faintest suspicion of a cloud, a keen nip in the air which fills one with a sense of exhilaration, with the intense joy of being, of life; a desire for a mad gallop, anything that will give expression to the feeling that surges within you. The fresh morning breeze is intoxicating alike to man and beast; it is a morning when it is good to be alive.

About half a mile from the village is a long stretch of "kine" grass standing ten feet high. It is here the pigs retire for the day after their devastating labors of the night. Its cool shade and seclusion afford them protection from the mid-day sun. Here in ordinary times they can sleep undisturbed, but now—from out of the silence arises a terrific din, shouts and yells mingled with the banging of drums and blowing of horns, fill the air. About a hundred beaters spread out like a huge fan, making as much noise as they are capable of, are moving slowly through the patch of cover, driving all the inhabitants before them. On the far side, at varying intervals, sit a number of horsemen, clad in "khaki" riding "kit." Each is armed with a long spear, and has his reins gathered up, ready for instant work. Crouching over their saddles, their horses edging and pawing the air, eager and expectant, they wait, tense and silent, as the distant line of beaters comes nearer and nearer. Suddenly a dark form emerges from the belt of cover, and trots out into the open. Instantly every man straightens out and grips his spear more firmly, only to relax next moment into the previous pose of eager expectancy, for it is a sow, and sows are sacred to the "pig-sticker." The brute stops and listens, and then breaks back into cover, and is lost. A few minutes pass, and the horses who have seen the sow begin to chafe and fret; they have played the game before, and know what it means. The noise comes still nearer. There is another break. It is another sow, followed by a "sounder" of half a dozen tiny piglets. They, too, break back. Suddenly a huge form comes trotting out into the open. It is not black like the preceding ones, but its back is a dull grey, and as it stops and lifts its head to listen, two white curving tusks are discernible. At last! Will he break back? Each rider wishes he and his horses were invisible. The din from behind becomes louder and louder, as the beaters make their way forward. The boar hears it and moves still farther out, stops again and listens. Every horseman is now skirting down tight, his feet well home in the stirrups, his reins shortened, and his spear firmly grasped at the balance.

"Will the brute never move? It stands as if carved in stone. With a toss of its head it trots away, gradually drawing out into the open. A few yards more, and it will be too late for him to get back.
"Ride!"

The word rings out above all the noise and racket. What man sitting in the saddle with a spear in his hand, who has once heard that magic word, will ever forget it? The old time fox-hunter who knows the thrill and exultation that the "View hallo-o" sends through his brain, has some faint conception of the mad excitement of that word. The trooper who on the battlefield has heard the shrill bugle call out the "Charge" has felt the sensation. This is what the patient hunters have been waiting for. There is a mighty rush of hoofs, and the boar turns for a second. He has grasped the situation. In a flash he is off with a bound. The pace is terrific, and the boar draws away from his pursuers, but it is too late. In the front of the rush ride two men, whose mounts are faster than the others. With every nerve strained, their horses with outstretched necks and ears well laid back, race madly for "first spear." To the man who "fleshes" his spear first and draws blood, fall the tusks, or tusches, as they are called. They are to the "pig-sticker" what the "brush" is to the fox hunter. But the race is not necessarily to the swift in this game, for the boar is as numble as a hare, in spite of his ponderous size, and as a hare will "jink" or "side-step" if one may use the expression, just as the jaws of the greyhound are about to snap him up, so will a "pig" with the point of a spear half a foot behind his rump, suddenly swing off at right angles to the direction in which he was heading. This uncertainty lends additional interest to the sport, and this is where the experienced "pig-sticker" comes in.

Behind the two men in front rides a third. He is waiting for a "jink." It comes, but the boar is too quick, and is racing away to the left. The two men in front are thrown out, and those following have a chance. Still the boar flies on with another set of riders at his heels. Again he "jinks," but this time he is not quite quick enough, and the keen blade enters the flesh. With a mad yell, the rider holds his spear aloft, with the red blood trickling down the steel, that all may see the tusches are his.

Now begins the second phase of the game—the fight. The boar is beginning to get angry. Again he changes his direction, and unfortunately for him, crosses the front of one of the men left behind. They meet at an angle, and this time the spear goes in with telling effect. Now the boar means business, and is fighting mad. In a second he has swung round, and charges a man coming up on the right. With bristles standing up like a porcupine at bay, his tusches covered with foam, and murder writ large in his little red eyes, he rises as he charges, and crashes in with terrible impact. Man and horse roll over on the ground; the horse quickly scrambles on to his feet, and with empty saddle gallops away, but the man lies motionless, and the boar passes on. The others are some distance off, and seeing this, the boar turns back. Has he time to wreak his vengeance on the defenseless man

before the others can come up? He swings round. The others see the movement and know what will be the fate of their comrade if they cannot get up in time to save him. He will be ripped into ribbons, and will not be the first man who has met that end. It is a race for life, as those nearest race forward to save him. As the foremost man races up, the boar has just reached his victim. He has just one second to put in his deadly work. Fortunately for the prostrate man, he is lying partially on his side, and escapes with a gash running from knee to hip. The boar then cheerfully turns his attention to the rescuer. They meet with a crash like two knights of old in the tented ring, and the boar passes on, decorated like a unicorn, with a broken spear head sticking out of his skull. This does not bother him much, for he is mad and sees red. Another of his enemies is upon him, and as they come together, the horse swerves. That swerve cost the horse his life, for it staggers forward disembowelled. The boar never stops to rip. The man missed his point, and the boar passed underneath the horse—that is all. Away sails the boar with two of his pursuers hors-de-combat.

Again and again he charges, each time to be met with a deadly thrust, but with an incredible courage he fights on. There is no thought of flight now, only desperate resistance, as his enemies circle round him. At last the end comes. One of the hunters runs his spear through the great brute's loins and leaves it there. Covered with gaping wounds, blood and mire, he is still defiant, as he sinks to the ground. He is blinded with blood and dirt, but never a cry goes up for mercy. He rises and rips the empty air, and as the steel for the last time enters his side, he gives an "ough" as he rolls over, dead.

As the shades of night are falling, a procession of tired men and horses trail into the camp, followed by four men carrying on their shoulders the mighty beast suspended to a long pole. Later on, seated round the blazing fire, with the cold, bright stars twinkling overhead, one of them will sing:
"When age hath weakened manhood's powers
And every nerve unbraced,
Those scenes of joy shall still be ours
On memory's tablet traced.
For with the friends whom death has spared
When youth's wild course is run,
We'll tell of chases we have shared,
And 'tusches' we have won."

Then with a roar the chorus will ring through the still night. Standing up, with glasses raised, they will sing lustily:
"Then pledge the Boar, the mighty Boar,
Fill high the cup with me,
Here's luck to all who fear no fall,
And the next grey Boar we see."

Many are the tales which are told, some almost incredible to anyone who has not ridden after "pig," of incidents which have happened in the course of a run. I remember one instance which came under my personal observation, showing the dogged, tenacious courage of the boar. The old saying of Napoleon's with reference to the fighting qualities of the British in the "Peninsula" might be applied to him: "He never knows when he is beaten." On one occasion a huge grey boar had kept up a running fight for some miles, turning first one pursuer and then on another in mad fury. Charging and charging again, each time being met with a deadly spear thrust, until at last he took refuge in a muddy pond. At this stage of the game there were only three of us left, the others having dropped out or been knocked out, for the pace has been fast and furious. It was very unfortunate at this critical juncture, as it was late in the evening and there is little or no twilight in India. There were we three, utterly helpless, sitting on our beaten, fagged-out horses, with hardly a kick left in them, on the water's edge, whilst a few yards away, with his feet firmly planted in the deep mud, stood the boar, with the finest pair of "tusches" to be seen in a day's march, nonchalantly splashing water over himself, as if he had all Eternity before him. It was suicide to go in after him through the deep mud, and he knew it. "Come in" he seemed to say with a grin. "There's plenty of room in here and it's delightfully cool"—and night was closing in rapidly. As we sat eyeing him with intense disapproval, before any one could get a move on his horse, the boar was out in the midst of us like a streak of lightning and we were all tangled up in a heap of hides and hoofs. Before we had quite realized what had happened, the boar was back again in the pond, placidly splashing water over himself whilst one of our horses lay dying on the ground, and its rider left with a broken spear and a bad shaking. Again the boar made another sortie and though on the second occasion he did not do so much damage, he retired to his fastness with easy honors. After the third rally we decided that we would leave him in possession and in my last view of him in the fading light as we slowly and reluctantly turned our bridles homeward, he was still standing scornfully laving himself in the cool water.

When I renewed my acquaintance with him some few days later in a place where there was no pond, he fell fighting bravely against overwhelming odds, and his magnificent tusks now adorn the sides of a photograph frame. There is probably no pursuit that so rouses the fighting instinct as pig-sticking.—From Recreation.

London has 300,000 one-room dwellers.

..Is..
"Widow Woman"
Correct?
By Professor T. R. Lounsbury.

NUMEROUS indeed are the motives which have led and still lead men to resort to epithets. Certain of those now in use contain little more than a repetition of the same idea expressed by two different words. A part of the compound has become obsolete or archaic; hence it needs or needed to have its meaning strengthened. Luke, for instance, meant "tepid"; but as it came to be somewhat unfamiliar, the sense was brought out with precision by adding to it warm. Different from this, though possibly allied to it, may be the attributive use of widow in the expression widow woman. The second word of the combination is clearly unnecessary; but it may not have been always so. The difference of the final vowel in the original Anglo-Saxon words constituted the sole distinction between widuwa a "widower" and widuwe a "widow." When the levelling processes that went on after the Conquest gave to both these words the same ending -a, a natural way to fix definitely the idea of femininity, before -er was added to create the masculine form, would be to append "woman" to the common word. If this were so, it would be almost inevitable that the combination would survive long after the necessity for it had disappeared. However this may be, the expression has subsisted for centuries in our speech. When in our version of the Bible the woman of Tekoah tells King David, "I am indeed a widow woman, and mine husband is dead," we are supplied in the same short sentence with illustrations of two different sorts of epithets. For the one, the original Hebrew is necessarily responsible; for the other, the sixteenth-century translators. The Wycliffite version of the fourteenth century had "woman-widow." But whatever the origin, the expression has come down to the present time. Nor is it confined, as is often asserted, to colloquial speech. To cite one instance out of many, it is used in Barnaby Rudge by Dickens, when speaking in his own person. "To find this widow woman," he says, "linked mysteriously with an ill-omened man... was a discovery that pained as much as startled him."—Harper's Magazine.

Happy Farmers
They and Nature Smile While Wall Street
Groans Under the Knife.
By Cham Cristadoro, Tent Village,
Point Loma, Cal.

TIME was when if Wall Street sneezed it sent the farmers of the country to the banks to beg that their mortgages be not foreclosed. Now Wall Street sneezes and yells and shouts and kicks up a devil of a fuss—in Wall Street—and the farmer follows the plough, the wheat grows, the chickens lay abundantly, the stock increases, all nature smiles in peace and plenty, and the farmer buys autos and gives not a rap for Wall Street.

The wires are broken. The farmer is not interested. The barometer has ceased to be the barometer of the nation's prosperity. The barometer has been moved elsewhere. Wall Street drops three billions in values and the farmer reads of such "terrible doings" with a chuckle and says: "Things are droppin' some in Wall Street and no mistake, b'gosh!"

No better time could have been selected to thrust the lance into the Wall Street ulcer; and no better period for the good of the public could have been chosen. It is, of course, hard upon the innocent investor, especially the "common investor," who bought wind and water and nothing else; but it was a case of caveat emptor. The man at the White House—well, has he not done the national body a good service, just as does the surgeon to the body when he cuts a boil that is ripe for lancing? It had to come.—From the New York Sun.

Playing
By Louise McGrady.

Most people who have had a real childhood, not cramped by overwork, physical or mental, or starved by sordidness, or filled with an intellectuality beyond their years, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" are not far afield, the children of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's, "Gold Age" are real people; and "Peter Pan" is more than a delightful play. Lewis Carroll and Mr. Grahame and Mr. Barrie have all told the truth, because, with real children, things are always being "made believe" just a little different from what they actually are. Playing house in a fire-tree where your roof is made by broad leaves, and where wide branches make your floor, your successive stories, your easy stairways; playing ship on a sofa or in an invalid's chair; playing street-cars with chairs for horses and quarrelling as to which child should be conductor and which driver,—that was before the days of electricity; playing that you are a horse eating hay in your stall, "a real horse, you know," as a child said to me last summer; playing wild animals in the most gruesome places until you are paralyzed with terror and afraid of yourself in the dark; "making believe" in every instance that you are grown up or different from what you really are.—That is a wonderfully rich life.—From the Atlantic.

Federal Control of Railroads Defended.
By United States District Judge Amidon,
of North Dakota.

IT is impossible to maintain over carriers the manifold control of the different States and the Federal government, because it is impossible to separate local from through business and because whenever the State prescribes a schedule of rates for local business, it thereby directly and necessarily regulates interstate business as well. The necessary consequence is that either the nation must take control of commerce within the State, or States will take control of commerce between the States. State control of railroads will re-establish State supremacy over interstate commerce, to prevent which was the chief domestic cause for the adoption of the Constitution. Hitherto State regulation has been inefficient, and for that reason alone its localizing power has not become manifest. It is now becoming organized, energetic, and effective. If continued it will work its inevitable result. No rivalry can surpass that of our commercial centres, and State governments, let their authority be efficient, will represent their own commercial interests. The national government and the States cannot prescribe rules to the same instrumentality without being brought into constant conflict. This has already brought us to the verge of civil war in North Carolina and been the occasion of the sharpest acrimony in other States. Such a conflict must in the end result in the complete supremacy of one authority or the other.—From Leslie's.

A Curious Postoffice.
The smallest, simplest and best protected postoffice in the world is in the strait of Magellan, and has been there for many years. It consists of a small painted keg or cask, and is chained to the rocks of the extreme cape in a manner so that it floats free opposite Terra del Fuego. Passing ships send boats to take letters out and put others in. This curious postoffice is unprovided with a postmaster, and is, therefore, under the protection of all the navies of the world.

THIRTY YEARS OF IT.
A Fearfully Long Sisy of Daily Pain and Misery.
Charles Von Soehnen, of 201 A St., Colfax, Wash., says: "For at least thirty years I suffered with kidney troubles, and the attacks laid me up for days at a time with pain in the back and rheumatism. When I was up and around sharp twinges caught me, and for fifteen years the frequent passages of kidney secretions annoyed me. But Doan's Kidney Pills have given me almost entire freedom from this trouble and I cannot speak too highly in their praise."
Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

One of the Essentials
of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Elixir remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Needy Italians.
The Italian government warns its people that 300,000 people must be fed this winter. Two hundred thousand had intended to come to America when kept out by our panic, and 100,000 will return who cannot get work here on account of the panic.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days.
Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Tyranny in Mexico.
In Mexico the government will not allow grain to be sent from one part of the country to the other, and consequently a district may be so rich in corn one year that the harvest rots for lack of labor to gather it and the following season may see positive starvation in the same section. Industry is paralyzed, for no sooner does a man show signs of wealth than the local government comes down upon him for blackmail, and if he does not pay he is thrown into a dungeon and left to starve—if, indeed, he be not decapitated and his head stuck upon a spike above the city's gate as a warning to others.—From the Review of Reviews.

A Remedy For Neuralgia or Pain in the Nerves.
For neuralgia and sciatica Sloan's Liniment has no equal. It has a powerfully sedative effect on the nerves—penetrates without rubbing and gives immediate relief from pain—quickens the circulation of the blood and gives a pleasant sensation of comfort and warmth.
"For three years I suffered with neuralgia in the head and jaws," writes J. P. Hubbard of Marietta, S. C., "and had almost decided to have three of my teeth pulled, when a friend recommended me to buy a twenty-five cent bottle of Sloan's Liniment. I did so and experienced immediate relief, and I kept on using it until the neuralgia was entirely cured. I will never be without a bottle of Sloan's Liniment in my house again. I use it also for insect bites and sore throat, and I can cheerfully recommend it to any one who suffers from any of the ills which I have mentioned."

How Knives Are Made.
In the manufacture of knives the division of labor has been carried to such an extent that one knife is handled by seventy different artisans from the moment the blade is forged until the instrument is finished and ready for the market.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength, by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials to address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Fearfully Long Sisy of Daily Pain and Misery.
Charles Von Soehnen, of 201 A St., Colfax, Wash., says: "For at least thirty years I suffered with kidney troubles, and the attacks laid me up for days at a time with pain in the back and rheumatism. When I was up and around sharp twinges caught me, and for fifteen years the frequent passages of kidney secretions annoyed me. But Doan's Kidney Pills have given me almost entire freedom from this trouble and I cannot speak too highly in their praise."
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