

THE WARY INDIAN HUNTER

Time is No Object When He is on the Trail.

It is a Case of Game or Go Hungry With the Red Man, So He Gets Close Before He Shoots—A Poor Marksman, but a Good Finder—Indian Hunting Methods.

Time is a commodity that has no value to an Indian. This, in connection with his stealth, cunning and knowledge of the habits of wild animals, makes the red man a good hunter. The expression "good hunter," however, must be taken with several qualifying adjectives. He is a good finder of game, but the most ordinary white hunter will kill ten times as much in the same length of time. As a rule the Indian's gun is of interior make, and his ammunition is limited to barely enough to supply him with food if every shot is successful. He has no powder to throw away in practice, and as a result he is a very poor marksman. In the old days when he depended upon spears, bows and arrows, his accuracy in shooting was marvelous, simply because he had plenty of ammunition and devoted days to practising upon every conceivable sort of target. I have seen some shooting done with a bow and arrow that would seem almost miraculous were I to tell of it, but I have never seen an Indian who could use a rifle with anything approaching accuracy at any distance more than 75 yards. The question then naturally arises, how does an Indian get his game? He does not get much. It is always a case of game or go hungry with the Indian, and he goes hungry oftener than he gets game.

HUNTING THE MOOSE.

In "The Camp-Fires of a Naturalist" Prof. Dyche gives a description of how the Chippewa Indians about the Lake of the Woods hunt the moose. This animal is conceded to be the warriest and gamiest animal of all that are to be found on the North American continent. The Professor tells how the Indian found the trail and then, instead of following directly behind, he went of a hundred yards to one side and followed in a parallel line, keeping well to the leeward.

At stated distances he crawled carefully through the underbrush toward the trail. His movements were so careful that he fooled Dyche, who thought the animal was feeding near where the Indian used the stalk. The fact was the Indian used as much caution in approaching the trail as he would had he known the moose was there. He continued this procedure for hours, and

I was lying on a knoll a mile or so from a Moqui village in New Mexico, watching a band of antelope one afternoon, when my attention was attracted to a moving object off to my right among the grass. It puzzled me for some time, as it appeared to be a bunch of grass that had the power of moving from place to place. Soon I saw a similar bunch moving in another direction and then fully a dozen were moving. The ground seemingly was bare and sandy with clumps of bunch grass growing over it and it appeared to be an impossibility that anything larger than a rabbit could hide, but with my glasses I finally made out the forms of a lot of Indian boys, who were trying to stalk and surround the antelope which had excited my curiosity. Fully an hour I watched those moving bunches of grass, and then saw that the band of antelope was surrounded and the circle was drawing closer and closer. I was puzzled to know how the boys expected to kill the antelope even if they succeeded in getting close to them, for I knew that their weapons could be nothing more serious than clubs, with perhaps an old bow or two.

The antelope began to show signs of uneasiness, and the old buck stamped and whistled, which brought the band together ready to fly as soon as it discovered the direction from which to expect danger. Leading off from the band in one direction was a little draw, and at this point I saw that the greater number of moving bunches of grass had congregated. Suddenly on three sides of the band there arose an Indian boy, waving his arms and yelling at the top of his voice. Like wind, the animals were off down the draw, and all but one were soon out of sight. The one that remained was on the ground, rolling and tumbling, with his feet tangled up in a lariat which the youngsters had skillfully thrown as the band was passing. It was quickly despatched, and the little fellows half-dragged and half-carried their booty to the village in triumph. The oldest boy of the lot could not have been more than 12 years, while the youngest was about 7. The campaign was planned and carried out entirely by the little fellows, and not one made a false move.

A BUFFALO SLAUGHTER.

While the game was small and the area of country hunted over insignificant in comparison to a fall buffalo hunt of the Sioux, I could not help drawing a comparison between the two on account of the military character that obtained in both. In the fall of 1880 the Indians of Standing Rock Reservation obtained permission to make their annual hunt for buffalo, which were still to be found in scattered herds along the foot hills of that country. The Indians

divided by the chiefs, assisted by the young soldiers, and the return march began in a similar manner to that of the invasion. The mysticism of an Indian plays a great part in the hunting excursions. He is a great believer in signs and omens and never goes to hunt when the omen that he looks for is bad. The flight of birds, the falling of a feather or the crawling of snakes are of import, and, unless he has belief in the efficacy of his amulet to overcome adverse circumstances, he will not go after game until a more propitious time. The Indian being very susceptible to cold, does very little hunting during the winter. He is not herdy, nor is he warmly clothed, consequently he prefers the scanty warmth of his teepee to the blasts of the plains or mountains.

LIGHTNING-STROOK TREES.

A Frenchman's Interesting Experiments With Electricity.

Some interesting experiments have been made in France by M. Dimitre in determining the effect of lightning on different trees. Specimens of living wood of equal dimensions were subjected in the direction of their fibres to a spark from a Holtz electrical machine. Oak was found to be easily penetrated by the current, while black poplar, willow, and especially beech, were more resisting. In all these cases the heart wood was the least conductive, and behaved like laburnum.

The observations made agree in a general way with statistics of lightning strokes in Europe. Thus, in the forests of Lippe, from 1879 to 1885, and in 1890, there were 159 oaks, fifty-nine pines, twenty-one beeches and twenty-one other kinds of trees struck. M. Dimitre's investigations establish the fact that the starchy trees, poor in oil, such as oak, poplar, willow, maple, elm and ash, offer much less resistance to the spark than beeches, walnut, birches and limes, which are "fat" trees.

One branch of the experiment afforded a singular confirmation of the wisdom of the recent introduction of oil as an insulator in certain departments of electrical work. It is shown that pines, which contain a good deal of oil in winter, but have little oil in summer, are much more resisting in one season than in the other. In summer-time the wood is as easily pierced by the spark as oakwood, and in winter as difficult to penetrate as beechwood.

When the oil of beech and walnut wood is extracted by ether, the spark goes through easily. The dead wood of starchy trees is more easily pierced than the living wood, a fact which militates against the common idea that sap conducts the discharge. The bark and foliage of trees are, according to M. Dimitre, bad conductors.

JACK THE RIPPER IN AN ASYLUM

A London Detective's Story.

"I have watched the movements of this man for three years, and from the evidence in my possession I hope to be able to bring home to him the charges of the Whitechapel atrocities." So spoke an inspector of the Metropolitan Police to a London newspaper representative. A theory was elaborated and a story so circumstantially told by the inspector as to almost impel conviction. Briefly told, his investigations are as follows:—"It was while I was on duty," said the inspector, "in the vicinity of Whitechapel, that I became acquainted with the outrages upon women that baffled the police and shocked the sensibility of London. I became a detective in more than the ordinary sense. Dates, clues, suggestions, and theories I eagerly devoured. My pertinacity was rewarded. After a time I secured evidence, in my judgment, ample to lay before the Scotland Yard authorities. I have in my possession now, and have already submitted it for inspection to the Scotland Yard authorities, the knife with which I shall endeavor to prove the Whitechapel murders were committed. The Scotland Yard authorities believe in my story to this extent, that they have allowed me a bonus for the information I have supplied. I do not, however, rest satisfied with that. The man incarcerated in the Dartmoor Asylum, and has been there continuously from the date of the last Whitechapel murder. In my possession I hold the knife, of Chinese manufacture, with which the Whitechapel crimes were perpetrated. I at the same time can disclose the movements of the man, whom I am prepared to name, during the intervals between the murders. I am able to trace him to the asylum after the last crime, and although he is now abandoned to insanity, he has yet remembrance of the past, and all his conversations and confessions are relating to the East-End horrors. All I wish is that the authorities may be moved to interest themselves in my investigations, so that my story may be either confirmed or refuted."

Cannibalism in India.

In spite of the scepticism of Mr. Tyrrel Smith, the Bombay Gazette affirms that the existence of cannibalism in India among the revolting sect of the Aghori is placed beyond a doubt, both by the testimony of travellers in the past and the records of the Indian Courts of Law in more recent times. References to ancient Sanskrit literature show that human flesh was sold publicly in the markets. The Aghoris, it is proved, still exist, and practise their foul rites. The astonishing thing, in the opinion of this writer, is that these ghoulies are permitted, or were until quite recently permitted, to frequent the burying grounds of Benares and in Nassik to levy blackmail, which was given them lest they should devour the remains of the defunct. To them, it is said, there is no distinction between casts or between the righteous or the unrighteous. Their "doctrine" is reverence to no one except God and the "guru," or religious teacher, to have no care in life, to sleep anywhere, to have no scruples about anything, to subdue the natural tastes by eating human flesh and all else that is human, as well as the carrion of reptiles.

A Congress on Shipboard.

The Congress of Norwegian Physicians which recently met at Christiania instead of hiring a hall held its sessions on a large steamer which moved from place to place, so that they had fresh air and change of scene while they were holding their deliberations. Thus they were hygienic as well as scientific, and possibly less depleted in purse than if lodged in hotels.

Honor to those whose words or deeds thus help us in our daily life.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Men have sight; women insight.
Earnestness commands the respect of mankind.
All human power is a compound of time and patience.
Conceit may puff a man up, but can never prop him up.
Take not too short a time to make a world-wide bargain in.
Words are an amazing barrier to the reception of truth.
If you would have the nuptial union last, let virtue be the bond that ties it last.
A smile is the color which love wears and cheerfulness, and joy—these three.
He that can not forgive others breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass.
The showy lives its little hour; the true to after-times bears raptures ever new.
Who lives to Nature rarely can be poor; who lives to Fancy never can be rich.
We are ashamed at the sight of a monkey—somehow as we are shy of poor relations.
In every age there are a few men who hold the opinions of another age, past or future.
The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it; not having it, to confess your ignorance.
One day at a time! It's a wholesome rhyme; a good one to live by, a day at a time.

Every real and searching effort at self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility.
The two most engaging powers of an author are, to make new things familiar and familiar things new.
Let truth and falsehood grapple; whoever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore, let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.
Every trait of beauty may be referred to some virtue, as to innocence, candor, generosity, modesty or heroism.

The first main thing a man has to do in this world is to turn his possibilities into powers, or to get the use of himself.

Serene will be our days and bright and happy will our nature be, when love is an unerring light, and joy her own security.

Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither justice nor freedom can be permanently maintained.

I don't like those mighty fine preachers, who round off their sentences so beautifully that they are sure to roll off the sinner's conscience.

It will be very generally found that those who sneer habitually at human nature, and affect to despise it, are among its worst and least pleasant samples.

If I were to say what I had really been to the Germans in general, and to the young German poets in particular, I should say I had been their Liberator.

It is a strange and solemn power which conscience wields. Conscience comes to us in lonely hours. It wakens us in the night. It stands at the side of the bed and says, "Come, wake up, and listen to me." And there it holds us with its remorseless eye.

It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes and pines, and thinks himself into the madhouse or the grave. Motion is all nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest and live to the most purpose.

Good manners, which give color to life or of greater importance than laws, which are but one of their manifestations. The law touches us here and there, but manners are about us everywhere, pervading society like the air we breathe. Good manners, as we call them, are neither more nor less than good behavior, consisting of courtesy and kindness.

Only One Deduction Possible

A member of a well known club in London lost his umbrella in the club and was resolved to draw attention to the circumstance. He caused the following notice to be put up in the entrance hall:—"The nobleman who took away an umbrella not his own on such a date is requested to return it." The committee took umbrage at this statement and summoned the member who had composed it before them. "Why, sir," they said, "should you have supposed that a nobleman had taken your umbrella?" "Well," he replied, "the first article in the club rules says that 'This club is to be composed of noblemen and gentlemen,' and since the person who stole my umbrella could not have been a gentleman, he must have been a nobleman."

Colour at the Cape.

The Boksburg station was, says the Johannesburg Standard and Diggers' News, on the morning of the 25th the scene of a disgraceful affair. It appears a lady hailing from Benoni, whose complexion is not of the fairest, has been accustomed to travel in the compartment set apart for Blanken (whites) for years, being well-known as a highly respectable woman although a little dark, and she was without let or hindrance allowed to do so. But this morning, when she had taken her seat for Johannesburg, a guard ordered her out, and commanded her to take up her quarters in the compartment used by niggers. This language not being understood by the traveller, she of course did not move, whereupon three of railway officials caught hold of her and literally dragged her from the train, tearing her clothes from her back, leaving her standing on the platform almost in a nude state, and inflicting several nasty bruises on her.

Good Advice.

One day recently a Scotch publican was endeavoring to remove from his spacious bar one of his customers who had partaken not wisely but too well, when, noticing the shoemaker passing the door, he called to him to give him assistance. But the man of leather replied: "Na, na, my man; when I feelish a job I aye put it in my window tea show my work; so ye can just dae the same."

THE GREATEST OF PENAL COLONIES.

Here the Criminals of British India are Sent.

A few weeks ago a convict at Port Blair, in the Andaman Islands, rushed upon Col. Horsford with an axe, cut off two fingers of his left hand, and wounded him in the head before he could be disarmed. Col. Horsford, who is the Chief Commissioner of the islands, has since been reported as out of danger.

Thirteen thousand convicts are living at Port Blair, which is probably the largest penal settlement in the world. The Andaman Islands are in the Bay of Bengal, and Port Blair is sent the refuse of 260,000, 300 people. The worst criminals of British India and Burma, if they incur long sentences of imprisonment, are sent to Port Blair. Over 8,000 of them are serving life sentences.

THE ATTACK.

upon the chief official of the islands is all the more noteworthy because, since the settlement of Port Blair was started in 1857, with the mutinous Sepoys as the first colonists, there have been only two murderous assaults on Europeans by convicts; and yet to guard this army of evildoers only one company of British infantry and several hundred Punjab police are employed, a very small force when it is considered that there are no prison walls, and that the convict barracks are scattered all over the settlement, which is several miles square.

The hundred or more boats and canoes required for the work of the settlement are far more carefully guarded than the prisoners themselves. There is no chance to escape, except by capturing these boats. Even then there would be little hope of freedom, for the Andamans are far from land and lie in a region of tempests. The only refuge is the forest, where runaways are sure to die of starvation, if they are not shot by the natives. The authorities, therefore, have so little fear of any attempt to escape that as many as 500 of the convicts are often sent ten miles away with only a few guards except their own officers.

Even in this isolated place a remarkable incident occurs now and then to vary the monotony of incessant road making and forest tending. Nearly eleven years ago gouds were heard like the firing of big guns, and it was thought a war ship had gone ashore on South Andaman. The station steamer was sent to carry relief to the crew, but no wreck was found. The noises came from Krakatoa, 1,500 miles away, where the most

TREMENDOUS VOLCANIC DISTURBANCE

of modern times was in progress. Years ago the ship Runnymede sailed from Australia and the ship Briton from England, each having on board a battalion of the Eightieth Foot. The regiment was to be reunited at Rangoon. One dark night a terrible storm caught both vessels near the Andamans, and a great wave carried them high on the shore. Next morning, the regiment, without a man missing, was reunited on the island. The battalions had travelled around the world to meet, and a stranger meeting never occurred.

The administration of this penal colony is a remarkable system of rewards and punishments. Invariable good conduct secures better food, increased comforts, and finally wages for days' work. Twenty years of obedience to the rules secures a pardon for life convicts. Pardons are often granted for deeds of gallantry, and murderers, red-handed and with weapons ready, have been seized by their fellows, who risked their lives to gain the coveted freedom. The attempt to assassinate the chief official of the colony may result in restrictions that the convicts have hitherto escaped.

IRELAND IN 1893.

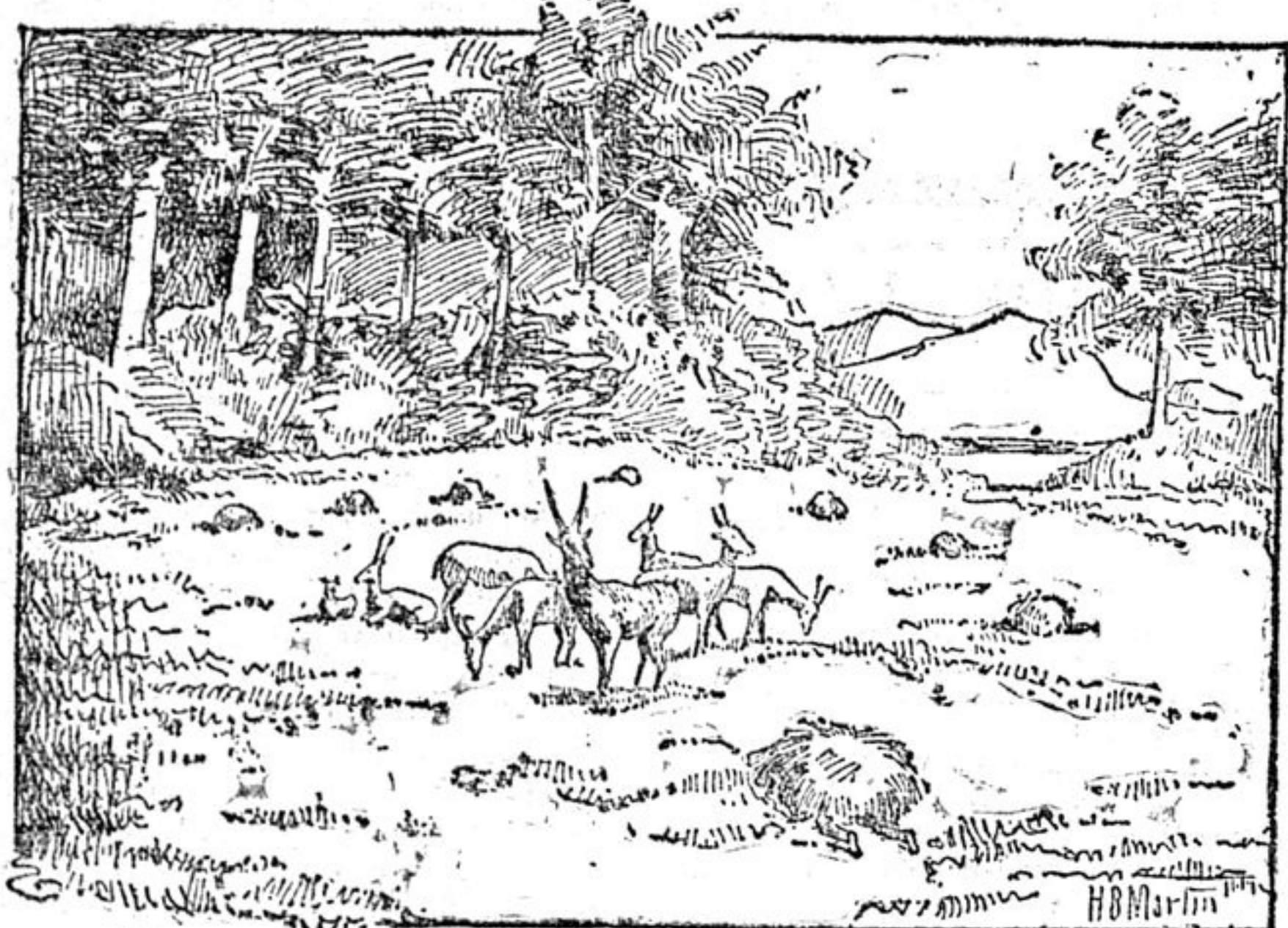
A Peaceful, Prosperous Year, According to English Authority.

The year which has just drawn to a close has been remarkable as one of the most peaceable and prosperous which has passed within the century. In view of recent occurrences it can hardly be considered uneventful, but these occurrences were exceptional and do not affect its general character. The people, as a whole, have never been freer from distress and the evils which follow in its course, according to a correspondent of the London Times. Since the year 1820, which is treasured in remembrance, they have not been favored by so dry a summer or a season more favorable to agricultural pursuits. Although the total area under cultivation showed a decrease of 5,305 acres in cereal crops and 21,236 in green crops, and some of the crops were light and thin for the want of rain, yet the drought was not felt so severely in Ireland as in England, the soil retaining a large store of moisture from previous years, which was drawn to the surface and preserved the vitality of the seeds and roots.

The result was that the harvest was saved in such good condition and so much earlier as to more than compensate for any deficiency in the acreage under cultivation, which, after all, was but slight. The total extent under cereal crops was 1,489,393 acres, and under green crops 1,153,527 acres. The extent under clover and grasses was 642,056 acres, being an increase of 18,170 acres, and under hay or permanent pasture 1,525,108 acres, showing an increase of 6,184 acres. There is also an abundant supply of sound potatoes and of turf, which are appreciable elements of comfort in the small farm houses and laborers' cabins. These advantages have had a tranquilizing and encouraging effect upon the agricultural classes, who are heartily tired of political agitation and disposed to apply themselves to more profitable pursuit. There are many satisfactory signs of a beneficial change in the moral as well as the material condition of the people. Not the least impressive of these are the willingness and comparative punctuality with which rents are generally paid, the utter failure of the attempts which have been strenuously made to revive political excitement, and the greater readiness to adopt the practical suggestions of those who are competent to give good advice and have no selfish object to gain.

Wanted a Change.

Wiffers—"How do do?"
Biffers—"Congratulate me, old boy! I'm the happiest man alive! I've got a wife who can run a whole house without the least bit of help. I married a servant-girl."
Wiffers (a month later)—"Hello, what's the matter? Trouble with your wife?"
Biffers (dolefully)—"Y-e-s, she has given me notice."



INDIAN BOYS STALKING ANTELOPES.

finally crawled up on the moose and shot it at 20 yards. An average white hunter would go insane with nervousness were he to attempt such tactics, but with the Indian it made no difference to him how long he continued on the trail if he were only sure of getting the moose in the end. It was useless for him to go back home empty handed, for the teepee was also empty and he had nothing to do but go on until he killed something to take back with him. I have known Indians to sit for two days without eating by the side of a trail where they expected a deer to pass by. Their patience was finally rewarded by getting the animal.

TAUGHT FROM INFANCY.

As the wolf, the mountain lion and other flesh-eating beasts of prey are taught from infancy how to approach and capture their food, so it is with the Indian. Almost as soon as he can run about he begins to practise the ways of the hunter. It may be the dogs and horses about the camp that are the object of the lesson, but he is taught to creep and crawl up to the animal as if it were a veritable hunt that he was being indulged in. As he grows older he becomes possessed of a bow and arrows. These latter are blunt, it is true, for there is too much danger of some member of the tribe being made the recipient of a wound, but he kills small birds, rabbits and such small animals as he can slip upon and surprise. All this while he is learning the habits of the game that one day he will follow and kill. He learns the different sounds of the forest or plain. He learns the tracks of the deer and of the bear and knows just how the velvet pad of the panther impresses the earth. He finds where the deer feed in the morning and the route taken by the wild turkey in its regular round. He learns nature.

What, to me, is the strangest feature of an Indian's existence is the fact that no one of them ever advanced far enough to invent a trap. The nearest approach to a trap, or other device for capturing game, that I know of among North American Indians is the fish weirs of the Kootenai Indians of British Columbia. These peculiar baskets are exactly the same now as they were described in the account of the Lewis and Clark expedition, ninety years ago. In all of my experience with the Indians, and with all the investigation that I have been able to give the subject, I have failed to find a single instance of the invention of any snare, pit-fall or trap of any sort for the purpose of capturing wild animals. Since steel traps have come into the country, and since the coming of the white trappers, the Indians have learned of their use, but before that time such things were unheard of.

conducted the march with all the care that is exercised in going into a hostile country. Two hundred young men were appointed guard and were divided into two bands, whose duties were to conduct the march and hunt and police the camp.

These men had their faces blackened and were well mounted. They rode on either flank of the main body from one-half to a mile away and were accompanied by a dozen "walking chiefs." Another party of "walking chiefs" preceded the main body and conducted the march. By walking they were able to tell when the women and children would become tired, and the halts were frequent and marches short. The outriding guards looked like well-mounted bodies of cavalry. On the evening of the first day a party of runners was sent out who were to push forward until they found game. On the evening of the second day these runners were seen coming toward the camp. They were received with great ceremony.

The main body of the Indians collected about the fires, singing and beating tom-toms, while about 100 of the best mounted young men dashed out to meet the runners. They escorted them to camp, yelling and circling about them with every evidence of joy and welcome. Arriving at the camp, the chief assisted the runners to alight from their horses and took them to the seat of honor close to the fire. The pipe was passed around while the chief invoked the runners three times to tell the truth about what they had seen. The runners had kept silence during all these preliminaries, and after the request to speak the truth they reported that they had found buffalo. Immediately all was pandemonium.

The camp fairly went wild with joy, the excitement, singing and dancing continuing until far into the morning. Strict orders were now issued that no gun should be fired until the general command was given. Some unlucky members of the tribe were unable to resist the temptation to shoot a deer, but the punishment visited upon them was so severe that others were deterred from trying it. They were severely beaten with clubs, two of them having their ribs broken, and their guns were taken from them.

On the morning of the second day from the return of the runners the buffalo were sighted. A herd of seventy was surrounded and the entire number killed. It took three days to annihilate the entire herd, and on the first day's run seven Indians were thrown from their horses, two had their legs broken and one was shot. The men left the carcasses where they fell, and the squaws attended to skinning and cutting them for transportation. The meat was