

ROYAL DIANA COMING to AMERICA

The Duchess of Vendome, Royal Huntress.

Duchess of Vendome to Try Her Skill With the Gun on Grizzly Bears



Lady Grizel Hamilton, Another Big Game Huntress with one of Her Kills.

"On but one occasion was I ever regularly charged by a grizzly."

"To this animal I had given a mortal wound, and, without any effort at retaliation, he bolted into a thicket of what, in my hurry, I thought was laurel—it being composed, in reality, I suppose, of thick-growing berry bushes."

"On my following him up and giving him a second wound, he charged very determinedly, taking two bullets without flinching. I just escaped the charge by jumping to one side, and he died almost immediately after striking at me as he rushed by."

"This bear charged with his mouth open, but made very little noise after the growl or roar with which he greeted my second bullet."

President Roosevelt wrote that it is his own account, in his own plain, direct style, of narrative, of that thrilling adventure—an encounter with the terrible grizzly bear at close quarters."

The handsome duchess of Vendome may have read it, for she is on the eve of one of the most dangerous hunting expeditions that huntress ever undertook—the quest of the ferocious grizzly in his native American wilds."

If her famed skill and self-possession in crises do not stand her in perfect stead—if she fail in a single detail of the agility and cold nerve displayed by such a veteran hunter as Roosevelt—the chances are that that ardent sportsman, the duke of Vendome, may lose a very congenial wife, King Leopold a niece too good for his kingship and the Belgians one of the wealthiest princesses of their reigning house."

But her record is one that makes the chances more against the grizzlies."

The duke and duchess of Vendome, enthusiastic hunters, both, seem to have been waiting only for the President of the United States to begin his preparations for his new field of prowess in Africa, leaving them a clear field in the trail of his old exploits in the Rockies."

His writings, under the impulse of his picturesque personality, have taken a place in the literature read by fashionable Europe, beside those memoirs of royalty and nobility which it is a duty for members of those circles to read."

A Fallières, in France may be a very excellent shot after rabbits, and he may hold his own in any of the "drives" of deer on the domains of hospitable royalty. But he ends in the picture pages of the magazines as an executive who has acquired some of the accomplishments of a gentleman.—A Roosevelt, on the contrary, looms as a Nimrod among rulers."

Of all the vast literature which has dealt with America as a happy hunting ground—and the literature has been worthy of the field since the days of when the Belgians seriously discussed a law fixing the succession, married Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, and now has a couple of youthful heirs of his own."

The passing of the purpose has not worried very much the duke and the duchess. They live very splendidly in their residence at Neuilly, the Parisian suburb so affected by royalty, and find their chief delight in hunting, together or apart, as circumstances offer opportunities they think worth their while."

There is not a royal preserve in Europe that has not echoed to the shots from the guns of the duchess. The count of Flanders, her father, having received Boone—nothing has made so lively a stir abroad as the hunting books by Roosevelt."

So the Vendomes come to the United States now with the feeling that they are tackling game wearing something of the distinction which attaches to a royal preserve."

The duchess knows all about royal preserves, while the duke has a family interest of no small measure in the United States. His grandfather, who was King Louis Philippe of France, earned a living in Philadelphia, during his youthful exile there, teaching school."

The duchess inherited one third of the immense fortune left by her father, the count of Flanders, Leopold's only brother. The couple have three little daughters and a son, the latter only 2 years old."

If the royal family affairs of Belgium had gone otherwise, the Duke of Vendome would have been the heir apparent to Leopold's throne; but Prince Albert, his father's personal fortune, while Leopold got the crown, had to content himself with the pleasures of a plain gentleman. He made the hunting field his habitual haunt, and his daughter inherited his taste."

Her exploits have been numerous. In her way, she has won as much fame as a daring Diana as Roosevelt has gained as a Nimrod. She is in the class of Lady Grizel Hamilton, and, like all born hunters, her ambition is growing. Lions and elephants may come later. The American grizzly marks her present developing stage."

Last fall, at Amerois, in Belgium, there was much perturbation over the existence of a notoriously desperate stag deer which killed a woman. The "gentle deer," popularly supposed to be an ideal candidate for the post of family pet, is actually, in certain seasons, the most dangerous of beasts."

The duchess was delighted at the reports of such a worthy quarry. She hastened straightway to—the stag's haunts, and, as speedily, found him. One bullet from her rifle ended his career, and European sporting folk have been her admirers since."

But, as a matter of fact, the Amerois deer was little more than play for her. The wild boars of Amerois and of Casleporciano, in Italy, come about as near to furnishing the eternal male hunter all the danger he desires as will any other beast alive, for the charge of the wild boar is famous for the swiftness and irresistible might of its onslaught."

The duchess, in Italy, came about as near herself as partial to those Belgian and Italian boars as she is to dangerous deer and to the hissing of the czar's preservers at Blalodige."

But it is in the noble and difficult art of chamois hunting that the plucky duchess excels. And there, if anywhere, she has acquired the sureness of foot, hand and eye that must be her safeguards against the redoubtable grizzly of the United States."

Nephew to the aged Emperor of Austria, the duke, her husband, can make himself at home in Franz Joseph's shooting box at Ischl, in Tyrol. He and his wife start out at early dawn on their chamois hunts, and rival the hardy Tyrol peasant hunters in the agility of their climbs and in the endurance they display in the arduous chase."

"One never gets two shots at a chamois," is a saying of Tyrol. Charles Boner's tales of chamois hunting have been lived over again and again by the duchess of Vendome; and here is a picture of the animal whose marvelous feet's strength and patience have surpassed:

"The agility of the chamois has become almost proverbial; but to have any idea of what it is, one must be an eyewitness of the bounds they make and see the places they will race down at full speed when pursued. A smooth surface of rock, so smooth that a footing seems impossible, and of nearly perpendicular steepness, is no obstacle to their flight. Down they go, now bounding, now gliding, with a velocity that seems to insure their being inevitably dashed to pieces."

"The chief strength of the animal lies in its hind legs, it springs upward with more ease than it descends the mountain. With a sudden bound the chamois will leap up against the face of a perpendicular rock, and, merely touching it with its hoofs, rebound again in

an opposite direction to some higher crag, and thus escape from a spot where, without wings, egress seemed impossible. When reaching upward on its hind legs, the fore hoofs resting on some higher spot, it is able to stretch to a considerable distance, and, with a quick spring, it will bring up its hindquarters to a level with the rest of the body. So, with all four hoofs close together, the chamois will stand poised on a point of rock not broader than your hand. On narrow, overhanging ledges, some thousand feet high, they walk and gaze about, enjoying the security from pursuit which such spots afford."

When one hears that the energetic duchess, during one day's chase of the chamois in the valley of the Gesso, bagged no less than a dozen of those unapproachable animal acrobats, some notion of her ability as a huntress can be gained."

If she succeed in finding as many specimens of the now elusive grizzly, she will do far better than the majority of ardent American lovers of the difficult and dangerous sport do nowadays. If she encounters only one, she is liable to find that one pretty nearly a handful. For, observes President Roosevelt, "there are savage and cowardly bears, just as there are big and little ones; and sometimes these variations are very marked among bears of the same district; and at other times all the bears of one district will seem to have a common code of behavior which differs utterly from that of the bears of another district."

But one thing is certain: the grizzly takes a lot of killing; and, unless the duchess of Vendome can shoot as straight as Mr. Roosevelt, she will find it no easy matter to bring down even the most retiring disposition on the bear's part may be transformed to one of those terrible charges which are predestined to end only in tragedy—either for the bear or the hunter."

W. A. Baillie-Grohman, who has hunted extensively in the great Northwest, tells some stories of the vitality of the grizzly which might well give pause to even so intrepid a huntress as she is:

"My trapper companions were in the habit of erecting gun traps for bears—contrivances employing an old double-barreled gun, with barrels cut down to half their length, and loaded with two spherical bullets, and set in a passage-way with a juniper of dead wood so displayed that when the bear seized the bait, both barrels would discharge their loads into his breast or throat."

"When we reached the first bear trap we saw, from quite a distance off, that it had been sprung, for the snow was stained with bucketfuls of blood. It was surprising that the animal was not lying there dead."

"But gone the bear was. We followed the gory trail at a gallop. The trap, we knew, had been sprung the evening before. As no animal could survive such a wound very long, we expected, of course, to come upon our dead prize at any moment."

"On the other side of the valley the ground rose quite steeply, and the slope was covered with the scrub cedar so often found close to the timber line. To our surprise the trail led up this slope."

"I was leading. Suddenly Boreas, my horse, seemed to crouch down under me in abject terror. Looking up, I saw a very live and very large looking grizzly standing in a raised position not twelve feet from the horse's head, pawing the air with one foreleg, while the other was hanging down helplessly, evidently shattered by the trap-gun."

"How an animal with this wound could have got so far uphill was decidedly a puzzle which, at the time, we did not try to solve. Our escape from being dashed to pieces against the low-hanging branches of the scrub-cedar, as the horses, terrified out of their senses by the close proximity of the bear, dashed down the slope, was almost as miraculous as the bear's performance."

"Behind us came Boreas, though it was probably more in consequence of his wound, which had stiffened all his muscles during the interval, that he preferred a downhill course, for I think he was too sick to show fight. How we

got to the bottom I don't know; but, as soon as we did, and could pull up the horses, we got off to settle with the foe."

"They killed the huge beast at last. "When we came to skin him, we found over a dozen holes in him. How many we drilled into space in the bear's vicinity, history does not relate. Considering that one of the trap-gun balls had shattered the bear's fore shoulder, and the other barrel had sent two balls through the upper part of his chest, the immense vitality of a grizzly is well illustrated."

"That is a fair and very honest picture of the biggest game the duchess of Vendome hopes to find in the United States. She has behind her as good a record as any woman hunter ever earned in Europe."

"Will she take it back with her? Will she, as well as her reputation, go back in condition as good as they came? The American grizzly has ended, reputations as high, and has torn to pieces hunters far more tough than the dainty duchess of Vendome."

REMARKABLE CELEBRATION.

Taken Part in By 30,000 Gilbertese Christians.

New York Outlook. From the coral island of Apaiang, one of the Gilbert group, 5,000 miles southwest of San Francisco, the mail has just brought news of a remarkable celebration last November.

The American Cyclopaedia said of those islands in 1850: They "are sullen, passionate, cruel, treacherous. . . . fond of war. . . . eat human flesh occasionally." In November, 1857, the Rev. Hiram Bingham and wife landed at Apaiang, and began their work by reducing its language to writing.

The semi-centennial of this event was commemorated by 30,000 Gilbertese Christians, whose pastors were trained in the schools founded by Dr. Bingham, with the aid of the books prepared by him and Mrs. Bingham. Six more native pastors were ordained at the recent jubilee. Every year there is a demand for some 2,000 books in Gilbertese. The Islanders have purchased some 11,000 copies of Mr. Bingham's translation of the scriptures.

A touching letter of thanksgiving recording what he had done for them since the time when "the minds of the people were very dark," was dispatched to the veteran missionary by the churches assembled at the jubilee. Since 1875, the climate of Apaiang having become no longer endurable, Dr. Bingham has resided at Honolulu, still prosecuting literary work for the Gilbertese.

ON THE SABBATH DAY.

Sunday School Times Takes Up a Question.

Jewish Exponent. Our valued contemporary, the Sunday School Times, was asked by a correspondent, "Why do men call the first day of the week the Sabbath? In the Bible the seventh day was the Sabbath. The first day of the week is never called a Sabbath in the Bible. Is it a fact that the Sabbath was given to the Jews, not to the Gentiles, and if it is still in force the penalty for breaking it is still in force?" To this the answer is given: "The stated time as ordained of God at the creation of the world, recognized in the statement of principles given in the Ten Commandments and observed by Jesus and his followers, was to be the seventh day; which particular seventh day seems to have a detail of comparative unimportance; that one-seventh of man's time should thus be devoted wholly to God was the fundamental principle. Thus the seventh day of the Hebrew dispensation came naturally to be shifted to the first day under the Christian dispensation, as the disciples of Jesus lovingly commemorated that first day of the week," etc. The answer is not a new one, nor is it a correct one so far as the facts of history are concerned. The particular seventh day was never a detail of either positive or comparative unimportance to the people to whom the command was given. It was, and is, a matter of vital importance to them. Nor did the change of the Christian church to the first day of the week come naturally. The early Christian church observed the seventh day. The change was made in obedience to the exigencies of church politics and to prove to the doubting Roman world that Christianity was entirely separated from Judaism.

THE ICE COLD CHRISTIAN

May Be in Good Standing, But How Does He Live?

The ice-cold Christian may be a member of the church, "in good and regular standing." Yes, and a contributing member, too. He attends church quite regularly, and sings in the choir. When he gets his "Sunday best" on, he looks quite like a Christian, but how does he live? No daily Bible reading. No Bible instruction for the children. No religious conversation in the home. No private prayer. No attendance at the week-day services. No attendance at Sunday school.

For Coughs

Never hesitate to ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It's a regular medicine, a strong medicine, a doctor's medicine. It would be very interesting to know how many years your family physician has prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, and all forms of lung troubles. Ask him the next time you see him. We know physicians who have used it for over half a century. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



The Kind of Game the Duchess Seeks.



Another Kind of Game the Duchess Will Encounter, the Mountain Sheep.

No Christ in his choice of reading matter.

No Christ in his favorite amusement. And only a little of Christ in his head.

Well, what has he, then, that the common sinner has not?

- 1. He has his name on the church roll.
- 2. He has his name on the list of contributing members.
- 3. He has a pew or an occasional sitting in church.

These three things and nothing more to entitle him to the glorious name of Christian. If he should suddenly die, he would be given a Christian burial, and these three things about him would be sure to be mentioned in the funeral sermon, and held out to the bereaved family as reasons for a blessed assurance that he has gone straight to glory, with an abundant entrance.

withes every fall and from them weave huge baskets during the time when they are not engaged in tilling the soil or gathering the harvest which the few berry fields of the region and the scattered oak trees furnish them. These baskets, which are cylindrical, floored with the earth or with a mat of willow withes and without covers, are often several feet deep and an equal distance in diameter. Into these the wheat or barley or corn or acorns or dried berries are poured without any wrapping. They keep well through the dry summer and well on into the next winter, when it is again time to make new baskets. Where much rain falls or the wind is heavy, covers are made for the basket-granaries and the whole affair is so closely latched together that not a drop of moisture can enter nor can the wind blow the sand through the weaving. In localities in which cattle range over the hills, or where wild animals such as deer or rabbits are plentiful, the baskets are raised off the ground on frameworks, also made of the yer present willow and there made more solid so that they last from year to year without being replaced for each new crop. Some such basket stores houses date back almost to the days of the padres.

single stock of rapid growth to the height of twelve to twenty feet, from which the tassle-like flowers sprout forth. This great flower stalk draws all the sap and vigor from the body of the plant, which soon withers and dies. At the base of the thick green leaves are found little suckers, each with a root, which, when planted, at once begin to grow. The end and edges of the leaves are well armed with stiff sharp spines, the prick of which is very painful. This is nature's way of protecting the plant from ravages of rabbits and other desert rodents. We never hear of the mother of a good boy that we don't feel like taking of our hat. A mother has so much to do with the making of her children.

We feel sorry for some people because of the ancestors they inherited. Persistence always goes ahead of success.

It's Your Liver That Makes You Constipated

The bowels move only when the liver gives up enough bile. To correct Constipation, you must correct the torpid, sluggish liver.

Abbey's Salt regulates the bowels by regulating the liver. It makes the liver active and healthy — cures Constipation — and is a tonic for the whole system.

Abbey's Effer-Vescent Salt
25c. and 50c. a bottle. At all dealers.

Black Watch
Chewing Tobacco
The big black plug.