Tiger Hunting In The Jungle

BY "AN OLD SHIKARI."

"TIGER, tiger, burning bright," said the line in the old hymn, and therefrom have come many misapprehensions.

The tawny gold and dark glistening brown of the tiger's skin does not burn bright, except, perhaps, when he is laid out, cold and stiff, in the brilliant sunshine of an Indian day.

Ordinarily the stripings and markings of the great cat, conspicuous as they are when he is in the open, enable him to glide through the undergrowth, seeming to be nothing more harmful than flecks and bars of sunlight among the deep shadows cast by the overhead trees.

The tiger is regarded variously by different people. To the home-staying man he is one of the most dangerous of wild beasts; to the Indian prince or rajah and his guests, who regard him from the high back of an elephant, he is the object of a day's fun, while to the dwellers in a tiger-infested district he is simply a pest and nuisance, a devastator of flocks and herds and a slayer of human life.

But possibly the man who knows Mr. Tiger best and respects him least is the gentleman who, by reason of his prowess with the rifle, has been appointed official tiger-killer to a district—a kind of enuobled rat-catcher, in fact. To go tiger-shooting with such a man is to enjoy a sport that is sport indeed.

There is no triumphal procession of elephants and armies of beaters; there is no pomp and circumstance about it, no elaborate preparations, as there often is abotu a prince's hunt.

The tiger-killer is in his morning tub, perhaps, when a runner comes swiftly through the jungle to his bungalow.

"Salaam, sahib! A tiger—like a bull for size—has taken a calf from the byre of the brother of my father. He has fed, and now he sleeps. Come quickly, sahib, and slay him, lest he take more."

The tiger-killer finishes his bath and his morning meal, and possibly attends to some business, while the runner waits patiently, squatting in the shade. Then he takes down his rifles and, stuffing some cartridges in his pockets, he sets out with his guide.

The tiger-killer carries probably a double-barrel rifle firing a heavy expanding bullet sufficient to stop the charge of the biggest tiger. The native carries his second gun, which most likely is a B. S. A. magazine sporting rifle of the very latest pattern. Thus he is well prepared for anything that may happen.

As they proceed the native keeps up a chatter of talk concerning the wickedness of the particular tiger they are going to hunt, and, indeed, he does know a good deal about the jungle king. He has known of its prowlings for some weeks, but, native like, has not reported it until it has done some damage.

Presently he ceases his chatter and assumes an almost absurdly grave expression. They are getting near the place where the tiger has been sleeping off the effect of his heavy meal, and the guide is anxious, as they proceed now quietly and cautiously, that everything shall be as he has reported.

Quietly—almost as quietly as moves the great jungle cat himself—they approach the lair.

Yes, there he is, sleeping insolently within a few yards of the remains of the calf he has stolen. The hunter looks to his rifle and slowly raises it to his shoulder. Then he scrapes his foot along the ground.

The tiger lifts his head and stares. He is not frightened—only curious to see who has the audacity to disturb his slumber.

For a second or two they stare at one another, the man and the beast. Then the rifle speaks, and the heavy death messenger rushes on its way.

No possibility of missing at so short a range!

The tiger roars frightfully with mingled pain and rage, and launches himself full at his enemy—to be met in mid-spring by the bullet from the other barrel.

The great beast drops to the ground, rolls over and over with the impetus of his spring and, after a kick or two, lies dead.

The hunter turns instinctively for his other rifle, but the native is at a discreet distance. He is taking no risks. Now that he is assured that the tiger is indeed dead he comes forward, to be rated soundly for not being handy with the second gun.

Then come other of the villagers in twos and threes, and the tiger is skinned with triumphant shouts.

The hunter watches the skinning jealously lest the villagers should spoil the head by cutting off the whiskers, which are greatly esteemed as givers of courage to the possessors. Other parts of the body will be taken, he knows for their supposed virtues, but he is only concerned with the skin, which is a particularly fine one.

He has promised a newly-married niece of his at home a tiger skin for a rug, and this one is the very thing. He gives directions for the safe carriage of the skin, and goes back to his bungalow.

As has been already indicated, there are other ways of killing a tiger. You can sit perched in a tree, and shoot him when he comes to drink at the dawn. You can sit in a tree, and have him ingloriously driven toward you like a mere partridge. Both these methods are exciting enough, but are not to be compared with the sport of killing your tiger single-handed and on foot, when a badly-placed shot or the least nervousness may mean all the difference of a dead man instead of a dead tiger.

The tiger is not a beast to be attacked lightly, and even when he is shot from the back of an elephant there is some little danger, but the man who shoots a tiger from the ground is the man to whom the native gives the palm as a man of courage.

And when all things are considered, few will be disposed to quarrel with the native judgment in view of the nature of the dangers to which he is exposed, as described above.

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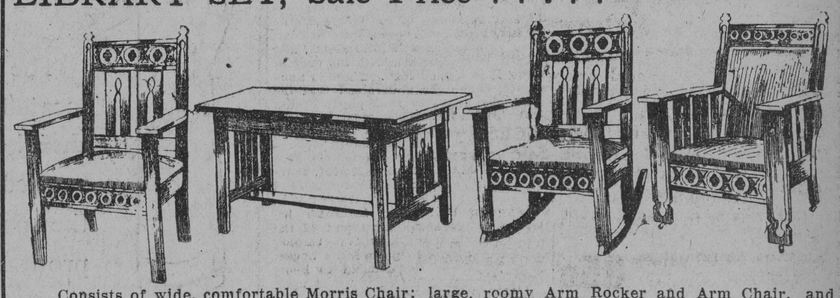

Consists of wide, comfortable Morris Chair; large, roomy Arm Rocker and Arm Chair, and large Library Table with center drawer. The entire suit is of Solid Oak, richly finished in Early English. Every joint is mortised and glued and the construction is guaranteed. The suit is upholstered in Chase Spanish Leather over steel springs. Regularly $30.00. Sale Price..... $22.50

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Has 2-inch continuous post tubing. Very heavy filler, each with tea ball top mount and husks. Lacquer absolutely guaranteed. A good-looking, substantial bed. Sale Price..... $15.00

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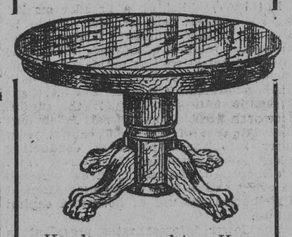
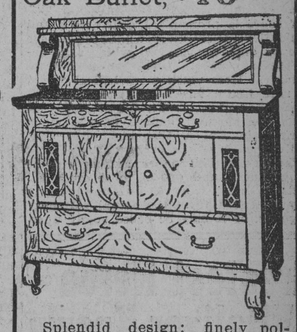


Has large round top. Heavy pedestal. Hand carved claw feet. Beautifully finished in every particular. Sale Price..... $7.49

Colonial Oak Buffet, Sale Price, $16.50



Splendid design; finely polished. Of massive appearance. Convenient drawer arrangement. Sale Price..... $16.50

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Auguste Rodin at 72

BY HENRI MAZEL.

IT has been said that Rodin is the greatest sculptor the world has known since the Renaissance. Even without going so far, it is impossible to deny that Rodin is the greatest sculptor of the present time. No artist in marble or bronze can be compared with him, either in France or abroad.

Rodin is now 72 years old, and his vigorous and fruitful old age is the admiration of the world. Short, thick-set, broad-shouldered and wide-faced, he conveys a feeling of strange power, reminding one rather of Victor Hugo, who also was not tall. At first one regrets that his long beard and his eyes, half closed behind eyeglasses, seem almost to hide his face; but through his beard one sees his thick, readily smiling lips, and behind the eyeglasses one quickly perceives the expression of his blue-gray eyes, often dreamy, always thoughtful.

He was born in Paris and has always lived there, except during a few years after the War of 1870, when he had to live in Brussels, and he has always been a sculptor, though early in his career painting seduced him. For long he worked without recognition, unlike, so many young artists who are quickly brought into prominence by an amusing or novel exhibit at the Salon.

He was 37 years of age when public attention was first drawn to him by his cast, the Bronze Age. This work represents a young man, naked, standing, apparently awaking from sleep. Rodin wished to symbolize humanity issuing from a condition of primitive barbarism and awakening to a new civilization, hence his title, Bronze Age, which by its mystery was intended to arouse curiosity. Surprise was legitimate, so great was the merit of his work. The beautiful body was so lifelike, the chest seeming to rise and fall with natural breathing, that Rodin was accused of simply having moulded his model. He had to convince his calumniators that this was not so, and in 1880 the Bronze Age, cast in bronze, obtained third medal at the Salon. Rodin began to emerge from obscurity; he was 40 years old.

One after another he produced St. John the Baptist, the Creation of Man, the busts of Jean Paul Laurence, Victor Hugo, Dalon. To his friends he showed his casts of the Gate of Hell and the Burghers of Calais. At the time of the universal exhibition of 1889 he was already well known. His fame was further assured by that of 1900. At the immense World's Fair, that great exhibition which closed the nineteenth century or ushered in the twentieth, a special pavilion on the banks of the Seine sheltered all the works of the master.

Twelve years have passed since this official recognition of the fame of the national French sculptor, and during these 12 years Rodin has never ceased to produce marvels. Sometimes they are finished works, sometimes they are merely roughed out. It is perhaps then that they are most impressive. His productiveness is immense, and none of his work is without value; some of it at first sight is of disconcerting originality. Such is his famous Balzac, a species of phantom enveloped in a winding sheet, a distorted apparition, which the municipality of Paris did not dare erect in a public place, and to which it preferred Falguiere's more conventional statue. But in spite of this, with the Thinker, which stands before the Pantheon, and, above all, the numerous works in the Luxembourg Gallery, a very good idea of the genius of this great sculptor may be formed even by the casual passerby in Paris. It is in the Luxembourg that the most varied and most striking specimens of his art are to be found; the Bronze Age, so exquisitely youthful; the St. John the Baptist, of such dominating power; the torso of the ancient helmetmaker, a miserably wrinkled shriveled old woman, and the Danaide, the most delicious crouching back of a young girl that one can imagine; the bust of Puvis de Chavanne in vigorous relief; the bust of Madame de V. With the reduced models of Spring and the Kiss, which are always exhibited in Barbedienne's windows, and the casts of the Gate of Hell and the Burghers of Calais, which may also be seen in Paris, a sufficient knowledge of the works of the master may be obtained.

Rodin explained his work in a conversation which M. Gsell, the well-known critic, has preserved. "I must tell you that I have oscillated my whole life between the two great tendencies of sculpture, between the conception of Phidias and that of Michael Angelo. I began by following the classic ideal, but when I went to Italy I was suddenly captivated by the great Florentine master, and my work certainly showed signs of this passion. Since then, especially of late years, I have returned to the classic." It is the case that Rodin's work toward the middle of his life shows the influence of Michael Angelo very markedly, notably in the Burghers of Calais, where we find the same painful effort as in the Captives of the Louvres; just as the Thinker of the Place du Pantheon, though more agonized, suggests Penseroso of the tomb of the Medicis.

The master is conscious of his genius and sometimes Parisian taste, which is so subtly discreet, so measured, so inimical to anything the least out of place in a salon, has reproached him with too great a love of advertisement and a self esteem almost embarrassing to the mundane vanities of those with whom he comes in contact. Rodin is simple-minded and wise. "Compare me to Rembrandt," said he one day to a friend. "What a sacrilege! How can you think of such a thing? Before Rembrandt we must prostate ourselves. Let us set no one beside him."

Customs a Century Ago

SOCIETY balls, typical as they may be of the tastes of the day, have lost a great deal of the dignity of a generation or two ago.

Early in the last century there was less difference between the fashionable ball of great hostesses and smaller dances. Boy and girl dances were unknown. The position of the chaperon had not been impeached.

However strict the etiquette today of the state balls at Buckingham Palace and Windsor, says the London Evening Standard, manners and customs in ordinary society have lapsed from the highly strung conventions of our great-grandmothers early in the last century, when set quadrilles were de rigueur at every private dance.

These quadrilles, laden with etiquette and weighed down by rules of precedence, were a burden to the hostess and to young brides bracing themselves for the ordeal of the first rout. Their reputations for entertaining could be made by the ease with which they would arrange set after set, so that no confusion should take place before the commencement of each fresh number.

Etiquette books of the day provide food for reflection nowadays. The maetresse du bal had much to learn at the debut of her career. So much more seems to have depended upon the giver of a ball than has to be borne today, when girls seem to manage their own affairs, and the band and the caterer do the rest.

Orchestras in those days consisted of violins with harp and flute accompaniments. Much of the quadrille music of the times was written for harp and flute, and probably many a young lady during the extras—had they relaxed their strict rules to allow such things—would have been able to oblige the company with a harp accompaniment.

Guests arrived in those days between 9 and 12. This latitude allowed a hostess to effect all the necessary introductions one by one and to arrange the different quadrilles, taking her invites in order as they arrived. A great deal was made of formal introductions. A hostess took this duty upon herself, and blushing young ladies could look forward with complacency to their first balls or to their position as strangers in a new county without having to contemplate a wall-flower position all the evening.

Tea and coffee were usually served in the cloakroom. As soon as a sufficient number of dancers had arrived, the lady of the house left her position at the head of the stairs and opened the ball, her husband leading out the lady of highest rank present. Should the hostess refuse to dance, she busied herself in collecting together the next set to take the place of those who had started.

"Nothing displays more want of management and method," says the writer of an old etiquette book of late Georgian days, "than a dead pause after a dance, while the lady, all confusion at so disagreeable a circumstance, is begging those to take their places who have perhaps never been introduced to partners. There should be no monopoly of this delightful recreation, but all the dancers in the party should enjoy it in regular succession.

These pauses, however, permitted refreshments to be handed round. One can but rarely imagine the confusion were footmen to arrive nowadays laden with trays at the conclusion of a waltz or a two-step and endeavor to press the ices, lemonade, negus and small rout cakes on chaperons and dancers, which custom demanded.

Supper in 1828 was served either at 12:30 or 1 o'clock. "Both with regard to the pleasure of her company and her own comfort," says the writer of the same manual, "la maitresse would do well to discountenance the habits, which is sometimes sanctioned, of the gentlemen remaining long in the supper-room after the ladies have retired. It frequently causes a formal party of silent and listless fair ones, who seem to consider this temporary suspension of their amusement as an evil of sufficient magnitude to rob their countenances of the smiles of cheerfulness and good humor which they had worn during the preceding part of the evening."

The supper tables were crowded with what they then regarded as "little delicacies." Although we should hardly include collared eels under this designation, these toothsome fishes were part of the ball supper menu, together with prawns, lobsters, chickens, tongue, blancmange, "whips," fruit trifles, jellies and ornamental confectionery. Men were not expected to sit or sup until the ladies had retired.

Six weeks' invitations were usual in those days. Cards were printed—as now—from a copper plate. Either the card announced that "Mrs. D——" was "at home," the date appearing below with the word "quadrilles" in one corner, or a more elaborate form of invitation was sent out. In this case Mrs. C—— H—— would "request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. ——'s company to an evening party Wednesday, July —. Dancing. The favor of an answer in desired." R. S. V. P. had no place in the invitations of the day.

Value of Bees.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

It has been estimated that the annual production of honey in the United States amounts to the value of $20,000,000. But, according to the Bureau of Entomology, their production of honey is not the most valuable service that bees render, since their work in fertilizing the blossoms of fruit trees is worth more than $20,000,000 every year. Because of the recent development of contagious disease among bees, it has been recommended that apiculture be not popularized, but rather that it be confined to specialists having a sufficient financial stake in the business to insure proper attention to the health of the bees.

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Seeks Pearl Forty Years.

There is a little old man in a faded gray suit and a battered brown derby hat in South street, New York city, who is the champion oyster-opener. He has been at his job through the seasons of 40 years. From the time he began this business he has had the idea that he was to find in a shell a pearl so valuable as to furnish him provision for a rainy day. For 40 years he has carefully watched every shell he has opened and has told his intimate friends of his expectation of discovering his prize. He has had a delusion, almost that of a crank, but a pleasant one. The instinct of hope is so strong in the human heart that almost everybody expects to find a pearl in his oystershell. This man in his humble occupation found a pearl in his oyster every day in the wages he earned or the profit he made, and if he be a man of character, or if he has supported a family, he has done much better for himself and the world than if he had found the valuable pearl. The steady occupations of life, however humble, have a better provision in them for a rainy day than the accidents of fortune, which are as scarce as jewels in the oysters of a restaurant. It would be well if the singleness of purpose manifested by this oyster-opener in searching for the jewel for 40 years might be copied in the search of the soul for the pearl of great price.—The Christian Herald.

Aged Criminal Gives Advice.

Nearly a score of young men, all under 20 years of age, were awaiting sentence in a New York court the other day, and with them stood an old man, hardened with crime, to receive his punishment. The young criminals laughed and jeered at the old man in his predicament. He turned seriously toward them and said: "I have spent 30 years of my life in prison, and now that I am down and out you young fools taunt me with my age. I am no preacher, but I want to tell you that crime does not pay. You should thank God that you are not as old as I am and that there is still some hope for you." There was shame in the faces of the young men and silence except the bitter sobbing of one of their number, a lad of 16. What an eloquent sermon out of such a sad experience! It is to be hoped it did some good. If the old man had in the beginning of life followed the advice he gave the young men, his gray hairs would have been a crown of glory instead of shame.—The Christian Herald.

Poisonous Grasses.

Africa labors under many diseases of a devastating kind, and the presidential address by Dr. Arnold Theiles to the South African Association drew up a rather appalling summary of the diseases of malaria, sleeping sickness, horse sickness and ostrich sickness, among others. But he added another not so well known—the disease of "lamziekte" among cattle, which has caused terrible destruction, and even threatened to ruin the newly developed northwestern districts. The investigations carried out by Mr. Burtt Davy, the government botanist, show that the cause is probably the poisons which are present in grasses of certain areas. The theory is that grasses on certain soils and under certain climatic conditions develop a poison of accumulative character, which only shows its effects in cattle after they have partaken of such grasses for a prolonged period. As an instance, the plant Seneslo latifolia at Grahamstown proved fatal to horses and cattle. The experiments in Natal with the same plant showed that it was harmless to horses and cattle there.

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