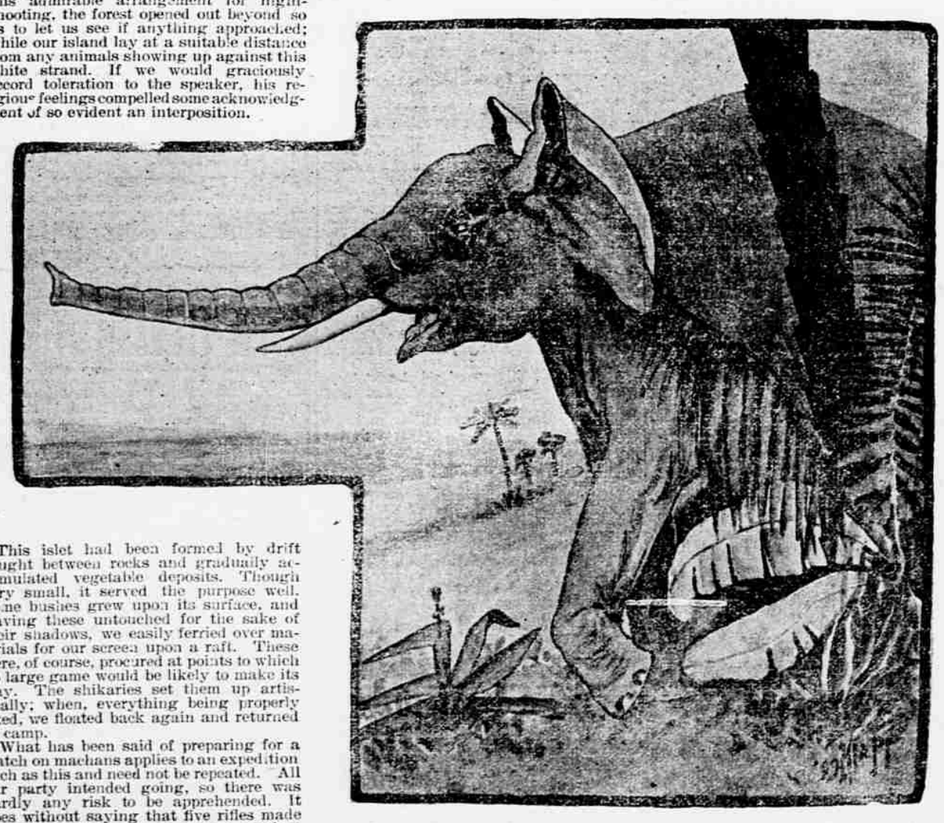
A HUNTING TRIP IN INDIA.

A Night's Adventures in Pursuit of Big Game.

BY DR. J. HAMPDEN PORTER.

Reaches of still water are rare in this mountain region, where impetuous streams, whether at flood or shrunken by Summer drouth, chafe and surge within their rocky channels. But the worthy Khudeck had found a tiny lake, and set his heart upon getting up a surprise party for thirsty tigers there. It lay amidst the jungle's deepest recesses. Two fine springs rose close together from the base of an irregular, splintered pinnacle terminating one of those ridges outcropping here in all directions, and they flowed away together towards an oval basin, whose subsoil, consisting of stiff clay, held these waters secured from sinking.

Khudeck said the place had undoubtedly been prepared for us. Nothing could be plainer here than the designs of heaven. Would we kindly take notice how karinda, cacti, and thorn-bushes grew so thickly on three sides that a snake could scarcely crawl through; whereas whatever shore remained was not only free from obstructions, but strewn with silvery sand. These things were manifest; yet, in addition to this admirable arrangement for night-shooting, the forest opened out beyond so as to let us see if anything approached; while our island lay at a suitable distance from any animals showing up against this white strand. If we would graciously accord toleration to the speaker, his religious feelings compelled some acknowledgment of so evident an interposition.



"HIS EARS WERE COCKED, THE OUTSTRETCHED TRUNK MOVED SLOWLY ROUND."

This islet had been formed by drift caught between rocks and gradually accumulated vegetable deposits. Though very small, it served the purpose well. Some bushes grew upon its surface, and leaving these untouched for the sake of their shadows, we easily ferried over materials for our screen upon a raft. These were, of course, procured at points to which no large game would be likely to make its way. The shikaries set them up artistically; when, everything being properly fixed, we floated back again and returned to camp.

What has been said of preparing for a watch on machans applies to an expedition such as this and need not be repeated. All our party intended going, so there was hardly any risk to be apprehended. It goes without saying that five rifles made such a position almost secure against assault—not even a mad elephant could have stormed the place with much hope of success. As for panthers or tigers, they would necessarily be compelled to swim, and neither had any chance of getting there.

After exploiting his sagacity and persuasiveness in selecting our hiding place and making it appear desirable, Khudeck Khan, as he called himself at moments of exaltation, quitted the shikaries and sidled up to us. There was a prospect of long enforced silence before that inveterate babbler, therefore he wanted an opportunity to show off. Beginning with skarms in general, this wretch repeated everything said before upon the excellencies attaching to his own choice, and then drifted away towards cognate topics. When Siva showed all beasts what they should eat, he remarked, most began to devour each other. How wisely that worked; for where would his lords find them more actively engaged in this occupation than at water holes? Verily their way toward drinking places was no turesgut, no path to salvation. Tigers and panthers made surprises near such spots. All animals of any account ate one another there; yea! even down to these Bunder-log (monkey people), who set free grubs innumerable from the prison of life. He, our servant, had often watched by pools, because they were schools for instruction. Thirsty creatures sought them; yet feared. What determined them? Truly it was a voice from somewhere crying Ao, bhai, Ao (come brother, come). Wood spirits did this; for they spoke like forest winds with many tongues, and deceived these doomed ones that their fate might be fulfilled. "Bap ki kusm. I swear by my father, your slave has heard it when boughs tossed and all things grew ghostly in the gloom."

Here the flow of words, at all times ready to burst forth, was abruptly stayed. Keen and high, though faint from distance, an elephant's trumpet floated to us on the breeze. Khudeck made a salaam whose mockery was manifestly assumed; then he said: "My lord, the elephant announces his presence; perhaps, if our destiny be propitious, we may see him to-night."

It was probable, quite likely, indeed, and a wild elephant is one of the most impressive objects one can look upon. Few persons fail to experience an awakening interest, some quickening of memory and imagination, even while contemplating the greater beasts under restraint. With gratified curiosity indulged in safety, come mental pictures of these creatures as story reports them; fancies of what they might do, recollections of their recorded deeds. In such regions as we were (adventuring amidst an immense loose menagerie) those emotional or intellectual states are intensified to the utmost, and actual scenes become indelible.

When we got settled on our island, everything looked favorable. A steady breeze blew towards us from the open shore, no clouds threatened as the sun went down in a blaze of glory, and evening shades gathered fast.

In regular order, kind after kind, the forest denizens came to drink. But even birds had their enemies. Each helpless species of earth or air showed in its own way how perilous they knew this simple and necessary act to be. As the numbers are, so is the slaughter. Thus stands a law that does not fail in its general operation; although no striking instance happened to occur then.

One might also see strong contrasts between animals, appreciate their different characters, and understand what kind of lives they led, from observing how these approached the dangerous water. Timid deer, trusting to scent more than sight, stood by the forest's edge trying for tainted air, and came forward finally with slow and hesitating steps. Nervous, irritable monkeys scrambled about, or scurried off on some false alarm, the elders preposterously busy and constantly cuffing heedless youngsters who wanted to play when they should have been thinking of their latter end. Bears, who could catch nothing on that open, neither feared anything except a very hungry tiger, rolled clumsily along; while the wild hog swaggered up, too stupid and truculent to apprehend danger.

All forms of animate life this vast wilderness harbors passed before us in unchanged naturalness that night; but the distant trumpet heard at camp had determined our course. It was resolved then and there not to fire unless "Stripes" himself or an elephant should appear. Not a sign of either was visible until after midnight. Then a tiger and tigress stalked boldly out of the dense black jungle shadows, coming towards us with that long, heavy tread which is characteristic of these creatures when unconcerned. They were filled out, comfortably gorged with food, and, as always under such circumstances, immeasurably lazy, besides being very much athirst. It was one of those luminous nights belonging to low latitudes, and not difficult to make out their confident though languid air, that indifference of manner which overlay the deadly tigerish look, and would give place to it instantly if cause arose.

No star beam glinted on the dark-blue barrels awaiting them; our odor could not travel up wind; both were entirely unconscious of threatening danger. Close to their destination the tigress got ahead of her companion and jostled him; at which he jerked his big head around, snarling with gleaming fangs; but she only crouched a little and growled—nothing came of it. They began to drink, lapping water loudly with their long, rough tongues, and as those two told off by lot to fire first pulled trigger, the tiger reared up straight, striking wildly. He was a fearful object, nearly 10 feet high, with gushes of blood streaming over his white chest and gasping out half-strangled roars. A brief space he stood so, then toppling forward fell with his head and shoulders in the pool. When she was hit, the tigress spun round like one of our domestic cats in a fit. Her motions were too rapid for any one to shoot with accuracy; but at most these gyrations amidst flying sands could have gone on only momentarily, and they gave place to long bounds across the open. That, however, made an aim possible. Another ball struck fairly, and turning what looked like a somerset, this flying brute pitched into some depression of the ground, apparently doubled up.

The tiger was of course dead. As for his mate, that may or may not have been the case. In either event our business required us to lie still and wait. No one but a novice would have thought of breaking cover then; although if fortune failed to befriend us, these bodies were serious obstacles against the close approac of such wonderfully keen-scented an mals as elephants. Nevertheless, one could but hope for an off chance, and under like circumstances some among this party had waited successfully before. Therefore, all kept silence, and at last heard the only sound which is apt to betray an elephant when it comes on cautiously; that is to say, its involuntary intestinal rumble. Without further warning, a scout of some herd still hidden within the forest's black depths loomed up in front, and no illusive shape by which sight is mocked even while the mind detects its unreality could have more resembled a mere apparition in that deceptive light. His ears were cocked, the outstretched trunk moved slowly round, and, save for that, neither motion nor sound evinced a living creature's presence. But to act discreetly and intelligently was what this particular emissary had been sent for. There is small cause for doubt that unless well known to his companions as thoroughly qualified in both respects he would not have been allowed to come.

Elephants are very secure against mistakes in these matters. So entirely does fitness for the position govern their choice, that a wise old female sometimes acts as scout. This is remarkable, because in any herd the constant unit is a family. There may be several families together; but only temporarily. Patriarchal groups really compose all aggregates, and among these, whether they be made up of men or beasts, females are suppressed—they do not, as a rule, play any active part in social affairs, or interfere with general interests.

This was a bull, however; we saw his tusks gleam, and he did not seem disposed to advance. No actual sign of danger could as yet be detected; still this wary creature felt uncertain; softly uttered that peculiar gutteral "umph, umph," which always betokens discontent or apprehension. Thirst, however, soon overcame whatever vague fears may have disturbed him, as, moving slowly on, his vast dark form became more clearly defined each moment. But luck deserted us. Suddenly the elephant shied violently, spun round as if he had been fixed on a pivot, and crashed back into the jungle screaming with dismay. It must have been some waft of blood brought by a wind flaw that terrified him; for nothing was yet visible to his imperfect sight. Any way, our chance had gone. No more tuskers that night. We could see the false dawn then. It was no one's fault, however. If these bodies had been covered up with earth, human footsteps would have frightened an elephant just as much. This one walked directly towards the tigress, and there happened to be a little shift of wind. That accounts for everything.

(To be continued.)

COLORED DIAMONDS.

Clear Stones are Rarer Than Generally Supposed.

Self Culture.

A large number of diamonds are white, though a clear, colorless, transparent stone is rarer than might be supposed. Besides white diamonds there are red, blue, green, yellow, brown, black and pink ones. Heat often changes the color, and after a while the acquired hue becomes permanent. Yellow diamonds perhaps afford the greatest variety of shades. Some of them surpass any other gems of that color. Specimens of canary-colored diamonds are quite common. If the gem has a rose-colored tint it is very valuable, while red tints, surpassing the ruby, and considered the most beautiful of all precious gems, are exceedingly rare. A few varieties are on record; one weighing 10 karats was bought by Emperor Paul, of Russia, for $100,000. A cinnamon or brown stone is undesirable, as it is seldom pure. A black diamond is nearly as scarce as a red one. Blue diamonds rank next to red ones in variety and beauty. Those of a dark blue color, resembling sapphires, are handsome gems, differing only from the sapphire in quality and the beautiful play of colors peculiar to the diamond. The only real blue stones are found in the mines of India. Besides the Bismarck and Hope diamonds there are only two others in the world that are properly called blue diamonds.

IN THE FAR SOUTHWEST.

El Paso—Its Picqueresque Streets. The Amateur Botanist—Mexican Music.

El Pasoans themselves and the strangers that come within the city's gates are always discussing whether the city is more Western than Southern or more Southern than Western in its general character. Being both almost as far south and as far west as it possibly can be, there is excuse for the question. At first glance one decides that it is a Western city—the bronzed men, the continual interest in ranches and cattle, the talk of mines and smelters, the furious little broncbos and their calm riders, the coiled ropes over the saddle-horn, the slang, the rush of life—all seem of the West; but the people are so many of them Southern—Virginians of the most Virginian type, having Virginia breakfasts, Virginia history, and the Virginia accent. All speech is livened up a bit by the breeziness of these highlands, but a remnant of the true Virginia drawl and restlessness is there.

Within the houses one thinks of the South; out of doors and in the streets one knows it is the West. After all, it is quite a cosmopolitan town. One hears all sorts of language besides his own. There is the speech of the Briton, which is called English, though it sometimes is as incomprehensible as a foreign tongue; there are crowds of Mexicans chattering their mutilated Spanish, and slant-eyed Celestials uttering a combination of vowel and consonant sounds, presumably Chinese—at least one cannot say that it is not. Besides, there are a good many German citizens, who in their leisure hours speak the tongue of the Vaterland, and a few Greek and Italians to add theirs to the babble.

WOMEN OF EL PASO.

It is interesting to walk aimlessly about the town and the little park, with its fountain and alligator, to peer under the shawls of the senoritas for a pretty dark face; to observe the tactics of a scarlet-sashed senor in a pointed sombrero, managing a flock of little fagot-burdened burros who patter to the roadsides to nibble at the prickly things that grow there; to smile at a group of Chinamen, their cues tucked up safely, bicycling in the cool sunset hour, or listen to a couple of Hungarian women in scarlet ribbons comparing their dark-browed little babies.

Mexican femininity—that is, the true Mexican woman—never wears a hat, and the working girls who go through the streets of El Paso always have a long black shawl thrown over the heads. On a warm day it is pushed a little back from the forehead, but from the tiniest little girl that can toddle to the oldest crone that hobbles this black shawl head-covering is the proper thing.

MEXICAN FEMININITY.

On Sundays the young women wear lace mantillas, and very picturesque they look in their fresh pink print frocks with the black lace thrown gracefully over their heads and shoulders, standing in the doorways of the white adobe houses, flirting with their bright eyes as only the light-hearted women of the South can flirt.

CACTI OF THE SOUTHWEST.

The botanist—but that is too profound a title in one way and not wide enough another, to signify the inquirer I mean, who is rather that interested person who may know little or much about plant families and their Latin names, but has infinite interest in vegetable philosophy and a love for color that never grows less—such a one will find much even in this grassless, treeless place to interest him in his walks and rides over the sands. There are four plants that are seen everywhere—the Spanish bayonet, which is like the yucca lily of Eastern gardens and blossoms very tall and fair and fragrant; the mesquite, which is a tall, wide-branching shrub of tender, fern-like leaves and long, vicious thorns whose woody roots are used for fuel; the grease wood is low and shrubby, which blossoms in scanty yellow, and is something like shabby box, and the cactus.

The cactus of the Southwest would amaze those who have cared for the tiny balls or columns of prickly green that are raised in pots in sunny windows in the North. There are cacti here which spread their sprawling, ugly, thorny parts, which are not leaves, but a fleshy growth contrived to hold moisture for the plant's life, flat on the earth; others four or five or six feet tall, and some that grow to be 20 feet or so high—tall pillars of prickly green, branching at the top and earning the nickname of "candelabra." The low ones, as I have seen them so far, blossom in scarlet and yellow, and the taller ones have blossoms of a pure bright magenta shade.

There is one plant here whose blossoming reminds one of the legend of the blossoming of Joseph's staff for that other miracle when Tannhauser, weary and worn after his tilgrimage to Rome is told at the cathedral pseps that stern sentence of the holy father, that not until his dry, hard pilgrim's staff shall blossom fairly shall such a sinner have forgiveness. It mercifully blossoms, and the only glint of sunlight in the grim old story of this sinning youth is this sign of God's great forgiveness and the hope that the flowering brings that the penitent shall see that Heaven where the gentle Elizabeth has gone. The miracle of this country is accomplished every year and is unheeded by those unblessed ones who think little of the beauty of the hills or the color of the skies or the wonder of flowers, and thereby miss the joy of joys, which is beauty.

There is a certain rough, prickly, one-stalked growth which is much used to make a rude sort of hedge, whose leaning palings look like so many brown, dead, dry, old, cruelly thorny rose tree stalks—very rough and very lifeless, but some Summer morning each stalk flashes forth in a scarlet flower as brilliant, fine and fresh as ever grew from the green and leafy stems of a garden rose. This fair crown caught to the crest of the rude interlacing stalks must give one pause and set him to think of the contrast and some reason for it.

FLOWERS OF EL PASO.

There is a certain exuberant thistle in these parts which blossoms like a poppy, with six big, crumpled, silken leaves about a shining center. Wide stretches of it decorate the roadsides, and the petals fly in the wind and the yellow centers turn to catch the last glints of the sun going down out of the heavens. There are no dandelions—at least I have found none so far, and the only other botanist I have talked with, a little six-year-old kindergartener, assures me that she has never seen one; which seems very sad, for a little girl never to have known dandelions, never to have made curls from their stalks and clocks from their fluffy seed heads; but she says there are none, and I saw none.

There is a little remote cousin of the dandelion that puts a few gold buttons about in the sandy and rocky places; a sweet wild verbena that scents the little breezes, plenty of black-eyed susans, or some near kin to them, and a certain tough weed which flowers in saffron and has a dark beautyspot on its lower lip; but there are no violets or anemones, no trout lilies, buttercups or dandelions.

Of course, the Mexican surpasses the American in music. There has only been one race yet discovered which does not—the Chinese—and I suppose they think themselves vastly better off for harmony than we are. The most grudging admirer of our country and its characteristics, however, must admit that we can make better music than the Chinamen can, and there is this little scrap of comfort in comparison. The Mexican seems to have music in his soul, and to be able to make it come out of his fingers.

An American who lived in Mexico told me that a Mexican musician could play anything that had two strings or two notes to pound out of it, and make sweet music. The Mexican dances and serenades have that combination of slow minor intervals that make one tremble and sigh from head to foot, and the wild rush of gay, pulsing measures that sets the heart to dancing with them—music that can do as it will with one's tears and smiles.

Altogether the days spent in these sandy parts have much that is new and strange and interesting in them—and though one may moan and grow homesick for the fields and flowers and brooks of the North and East, yet every day begins with a bright, blue, cool morning, and Pippa's song comes to mind—

"God's in his heaven
All's right with the world."

Wherever is God's world there is the joy of beauty for the eyes that will see, and its strength for the heart that is faithful.

—ELSIE MCELROY SLATER.

A FLOCK OF BURROS.

A MAGENTA FLOWERED CACTUS 5 FEET TALL.

A SAMOAN TEST OF FEALTY.

What was Required of a Lover Who Courted a Maid of Another Faction.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The following gruesome though true story shows what a powerful lever family approval and tribal influence exerts upon the Samoan character. The story is vouched for in every detail:

A certain young Samoan, the son of a chief, who had reached that age when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," became deeply enamored of the taupo or belle belonging to a neighboring village, between whose "talking man," father of the taupo, and the suitor's family, there existed a bitter feud. The attachment was reciprocated, but, as is customary in such important matters as matrimony, the question of eligibility was duly submitted to the aiga (a-e-na) or family council, which promptly returned a verdict of "impossible." Instead, however, of accepting the decree of his family and renouncing his inamorata the young man rebelled and declared he would wed his dusky sweetheart in spite of all the code of Faa Samoa and the trammels of family and tribal disapproval that could be imposed. The young girl also asserted her independence and scorn for the obstacles which were put in their way, and with the help of a few girl friends began preparing her trousseau of fine mats and gaudy tapa, which brides in Samoa affect.

The wedding day approached. The feeling between the rival villages ran high, and before the arrival of the date fixed for the ceremony culminated in open hostilities. Overwhelming pressure was brought to bear upon the poor lover, who was reviled and taunted with being a traitor, and all the curses of endless generations of ancestors heaped upon his devoted head; family influence combined to exert its every wile to break the engagement, but still he stood resolute. He was driven from house and village an outcast on the world and his property confiscated and divided.

The day came and the bride sat alone, deserted by her family, waiting for her faithful bridegroom. The hours passed; he did not come. Suddenly a step was heard outside the hut, where she anxiously waited. She rose expectant. A curtain was thrust aside; something was thrown into the room and rolled to the feet of the horrified girl. She stooped and picked it up, and then screaming and laughing she fell upon the ground—a maniac.

It was the severed head of her father, and before her stood her affianced husband, stern, relentless and cold as if turned to stone, in his hand the terrible mife-oti (head knife) freshly dripping. Family persuasion had triumphed at last and the ordeal which had been given him of proving his fidelity to tribe and family in order to be forgiven was the task he had just performed—taking the head of the bride's own father and throwing it at her feet.

The shock was too great for the poor girl, whose reason, mercifully, gave way. She may yet be seen about Apia, homeless and wandering, a sadly pathetic figure, decked Ophelia-like in bridal wreaths, with a chaplet of vines twined around her head, singing her family song of victory or crooning a love ditty. The young warrior upon whose fealty so terrible a test had been imposed sought and found in war that oblivion which his poor afflicted bride-elect yet hopelessly awaits.

Why England is Afraid of Russia.

Harper's Weekly.

One important reason why England ought not to assume an offensive attitude towards Russia, if it were otherwise desirable for her to do so, is the weakness of her army. A war with Russia would not be a naval war. It would necessarily be a land war, and England, it is well known, with her present force, and her policy of voluntary enlistments could not put more than 30,000 men into China. This was asserted only the other morning in the House of Commons, and the Government did not contradict the statement. Indeed, it is perfectly well understood that it rests on the authority of Lord Wolseley himself. It is hardly worth while to enlarge upon the deplorable situation in which England would find herself if she were called upon to face Russia with a force of 30,000 men. Russia has probably already many more troops than this in Manchuria. The result of a war, then, between Russia and Great Britain, undertaken under existing conditions, would be the total destruction of British commerce in China, and the invasion, and possibly the temporary loss, of India. And in considering the possible effect of such a war we must bear in mind the attitude of the people of India towards the Imperial Government, which is that of discontent, expressing itself in riots. Surely such an attitude would be of immense assistance to Russia in the invasion that would immediately follow the breaking out of war over China. The facts which British statesmen are facing are stern and threatening, and what clamor there is in England for dealing offensively with Russia is the clamor of ignorance—an ignorance that may not be dissipated until its victims are aroused and informed through the awful surprse which is sure to follow the first shock of arms.

OUR LATEST AND GREATEST OFFER!

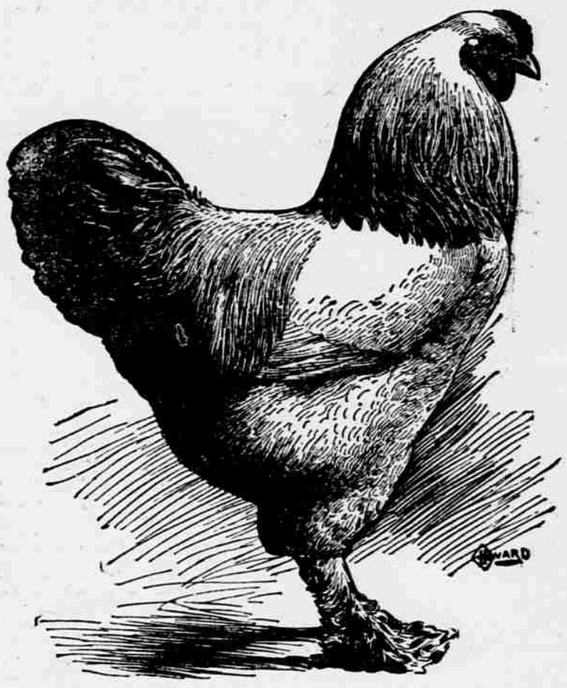
Good Only for a Limited Time. Read Every Word; It's for You.

BE SURE AND READ THE SMALL TYPE.

To every one who sends $1 for a year's subscription to The National Tribune, we will send, also, The Feather for one year absolutely free.

Constantly on the alert for good things to offer to our subscribers, we have made an exclusive arrangement good for a limited period with the publishers of THE FEATHER, the best and most interesting of all the poultry journals. By this arrangement we can give THE FEATHER for a whole year to every one of our subscribers who renews, and to each one who is a new subscriber who asks for it when he *sends in his dollar*, provided, of course, *he chooses no other book or publication*. Remember, this *splendid illustrated Monthly* without extra cost!

We do not furnish THE FEATHER at any price except in connection with a subscription, either new or a renewal.



LIGHT BRAHMA COCKEREL.
Specimen illustration from THE FEATHER.

It is not possible in this space to mention all of those who will contribute to its pages; suffice it to say that only the best things will there be found. Every branch of the business is fully described from a practical standpoint, and all topics relating to *poultry, turkeys, ducks, geese, and pigeons* are fully treated in detail.

Those who raise poultry for profit or pleasure will find it a most valuable assistant in their work, and its teachings are perfectly reliable. The regular subscription price of THE FEATHER alone is 50 cents a year.

It will be to the advantage of every one interested in either poultry or pigeons to read THE FEATHER during the coming year. The journal was established to supply the universally *admitted demand* for an illustrated magazine of the first class, which could be relied upon to give unbiased, reliable, up-to-date information to its readers. The welfare of the feathered industry is with it the first and only consideration. The publishers have devoted their whole time and energies since the publication of THE FEATHER was commenced to make it the model journal of the country, and they have succeeded so well that it has become a leader in this field of journalism. The coming year will bring as great an improvement in THE FEATHER as has the past. The best writers and the most successful poultry raisers and pigeon fanciers will contribute practical articles, giving the secrets of their success. All phases of the subject will be covered and illustrated in the most complete manner. Handsome full-page colored and half-tone supplements, suitable for framing, will accompany each number.

THE FEATHER contains practical ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES on standard varieties of poultry; conducting profitable poultry plants; feeding, in all phases of the subject; breeding for the farm and show-room; diseases of poultry and pigeons; production of eggs, squabs, broilers, roasters and other poultry products; poultry and pigeon houses and appliances, and upon all other subjects in which the fancier and breeder are interested.

WHAT IS THE FEATHER?

THE FEATHER is a large quarto-sized magazine devoted *exclusively to poultry and pigeons*, and contains from 32 to 48 pages each issue. It is printed on the best calendered paper, and is profusely illustrated with new and original drawings each issue. A large, fine supplement in half-tone or natural colors accompanies each number. These supplements are SUITABLE FOR FRAMING, and are high class works of art.

The best writers and authorities are engaged for the coming season to contribute to its columns, and, beginning with the AUGUST ISSUE, several new departments will be established. Besides the principal articles in each number, departments are regularly maintained which are of the greatest interest.

"THE GENERAL MANAGEMENT" DEPARTMENT is devoted to answering such questions as the readers may ask, as well as much other matter which relates to the raising of poultry for profit. It is a supremely valuable feature to the reader.

Beginning next month there will be a series of articles which will run *throughout the whole year* on the Standard descriptions of all THOROUGHBRED POULTRY. This series will be of great value to all who are interested in poultry, and *correct, precise, and authentic* drawings will illustrate each article. The Editor will be assisted in the preparation of this serial by the most prominent breeders and judges of poultry in this country.

Another department is that under which the reviews of the best things on the subject are printed each month. The PIGEON DEPARTMENT of THE FEATHER has always been one that is appreciated by its readers who are pigeon lovers. It is conducted by one of the oldest and most competent writers on pigeon topics in this country, he having also been for years a foremost judge of pigeons. He has guided this department since the commencement of THE FEATHER, and has done everything to give it *the high standing* it now has.

Some very valuable articles are now being prepared for publication in the Pigeon Department during the coming year. The general management and proper care of pigeons will be fully treated, and everything known to this paying industry will be described in full, and houses, plans, etc., will be carefully illustrated after the most approved designs. The Homing Pigeon Department will be equally interesting, and lovers of this noble bird are sure to find items which will engage their attention in each issue.

Under the heading "Chicken Chatter" is printed interesting personals and pointers on the poultry business. The "Business World" Department contains "readers" of the doings of the advertisers of the business, and proves very valuable to those who desire to purchase *stock or eggs*.

DR. D. E. SALMON, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, is a regular monthly contributor to THE FEATHER on the diseases of poultry. His writings are the best that can possibly be found on this subject, and are *authentic in every sense* of the word.

REMEMBER THE OFFER!

It is to send THE FEATHER for one year free of all cost to every one who sends us $1.00 (the regular price) for a year's subscription to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. Renewals count just the same as new subscribers. Your subscription should be mailed as soon as possible.

No other paper gives you what you get in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and no other journal will please your family so much as THE FEATHER, which comes out monthly.

It Goes Free to Every Subscriber, whether Single or in Clubs.

NOTE.—If you are getting up a club to win any of our regular premiums, you can say to each subscriber in the club that he is entitled to receive THE FEATHER, for a year, too, free. This will help you to make up clubs.

Subscribe Quickly! Time is Limited.

Address all orders to—

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

P. S.—If you prefer it, you may have THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE *sent to your address and* THE FEATHER *mailed to anyone any where. It would be a welcome gift to any person who is not now taking a paper, or who, perhaps, cannot afford one.*

Be careful to forward correct address for both papers.

PLEASE NOTICE: No free books go with this offer. It is impossible to give more than The Feather free. Ask for it WHEN you subscribe.

Address, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, 339 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.