

The Chronicle.

COLFAX, LOUISIANA

Chronicles OF THE Kah-pee-kog Club

NOTE—The Kah-pee-kog club is an inter-state organization of good fellows and good fishermen, so they say, who meet once a year in the wilds of Canada for a fishing expedition of from two weeks to a month in Uncle Sam's territory who once a year invade the Queen's domain for a good time. They come from all portions of the Union and congregate at a little lake in the Canadian wilds where the game laws strike hard and often. Who they are is of no interest to the reader, but they do many things and tell many stories that are interesting and entertaining to those who love a vacation time in the woods and on the water.—Editor.

The call for the annual gathering of the fishing clan came as usual from Smith, who appointed Toronto as the meeting place and named an early day in August as the time. The old-time faces were to be found in the aggregation of Americans who stepped from the various trains on the appointed day, and with them came new faces, for the organization had grown within the year, and new members were to share the pleasures of the sport with the gamey bass in the waters of Kah-pee-kog lake.

To Smith, the boss fisherman, any man who is sport enough to travel into the Canadian wilds that he may find bass worthy the fisherman's rod and line is eligible to membership.

Smith, as a part of his numerous duties, had arranged for feeding the crowd of hungry nimrods who gathered about one long table over which



AT THE PORTAGE.

Smith had demanded that the Canadian landlady display the Stars and Stripes of Old Glory as a compliment to his American guests.

After luncheon we wandered about the business district of Toronto for the purpose of completing our camping outfit. Two of the new members of our party had neglected to bring mackintoshes and when informed of the seriousness of the omission each was taken with a panicky feeling because of the prospective waste of another ten-dollar bill of good American money—not that these persons were at all close-fisted, but they believed strongly in patronizing home industries. Just at this point our friend Smith—how often we shall be called upon to mention his name when telling of some unexpected and pleasant surprise!—Smith took charge of matters. He hinted vaguely that he had a friend in the clothing business; and we followed him without question by a devious path. The greeting at the friend's store was touching. There was a whispered consultation and we were conducted to a wholesale clothing house not far away.

"These gentlemen from the states," said our new-found host, with a majestic wave of the hand, "wish to place an order for some mackintoshes. Let them have what they want on my account." We were shown upstairs. The clerk seemed surprised when we finally settled upon two garments worth only \$2.25 each, wholesale; but he wrapped them up gracefully. Now it is at just such embarrassing points as this that the true graces of our friend Smith will ever shine! We were ready to pay the bill without question on the spot. "Ahem!" said Smith as we tendered the money—and he looked at the clerk with that courteous, questioning, yet firm expression which his own wholesale dealers know so well—"I believe it is customary to allow ten per cent. for cash." The clerk reddened as if he had been caught in the act of stealing from a benefactor, looked confused, smiled, and said he would take the matter up with the head of the house. As for the rest of us, retail buyers as we habitually were, we made for the street at this juncture somewhat shame-facedly. I confess, and waited the outcome. In a moment our friend appeared jingling merrily in his hands some good coins of the realm—evidences of his surpassing shrewdness. They had split the difference with him.

That afternoon we completed our outfit and took the train for Penetang. We were a jolly crowd. The preacher—whom we afterwards came to know more intimately under the appellation, "Rain-In-The-Face," after the famous Indian chief of that name whom he closely resembled, particularly when rigged up in what he called his "camping togs," and after he had become well-browned in the sun—the preacher insisted upon singing rousing hallelujah hymns for the

delectation of such Canadian passengers and others as happened to be within reach of his deep and powerful tones. Although Smith was the only other member of the party whose voice showed any symptoms of melodiousness, we all felt impelled to join in the songs with the purpose of doing what we could to modify the sound which would have issued forth had the preacher been permitted to "pursue his solitary way."

It was our friend the photographer who suggested the scheme, saying he had found the principle very effective in his business, when he had been compelled to soften a given print that showed strong contrasts or sharp light and shade effects, by immersing the whole in a certain wash.

With us the scheme worked very well and, in fact, the final result was applauded once or twice. But in each instance this applause came from persons who were just on the point of leaving the car and I have remained to this day somewhat skeptical of its meaning. The doctor, who was a true sportsman and who had been particularly fond of athletic games in his younger days, said that our performance reminded him of his boyhood and the time when he used to play the vigorous boys' game of "bull in the ring." We voted the comparison a good one and declared that the doctor was entitled to the first cast when we should reach the haunts of the small-mouthed bass. The preacher did not seem disturbed by the fact that we considered him the central figure. Instead he took his cue (perhaps I do wrong to use the word "cue" in this connection, but it has become so common that it is used outside, quite as often as behind the flies; and does not therefore now belong wholly to the the-

ater) he took his cue from the doctor's allusion and burst so quickly into song that we were caught unaware. All bounds were broken and (following out the doctor's idea) we were after him pell-mell. In a moment, however, the train's whistle shrieked long and loudly and our leading songster was verily forced to give in under this exhibition of the steam engine's more powerful lungs.

The train soon came to a standstill and there was much craning of necks to see what was the matter. There had been a slight washout, we were informed, not serious, but sufficient to derail the engine of a freight train ahead. We were some miles from any station; but since we were not delivering any messages to Garcia we took the matter philosophically and passed the time as pleasantly as possible until the way was cleared again.

We reached Penetang late that night in a rainstorm; but we soon found beds at the hotel and forgot our surroundings in sleep.

In the morning there was a certain exuberance in our manner as it came time for us to bid good-by to our last piece of tough hotel steak and board the little steam launch which was to take us 50 miles or more up the bay by a tortuous course through the 30,000 islands. This hilarity almost brought the photographer's pleasure to an abrupt end, for while in the act of running back along the dock for the purpose of securing a snap shot of the picturesque place we were about to leave, he suddenly fell sprawling on the slippery boards and narrowly missed crushing his camera beneath him.

Once aboard the launch our excellent comrade, Zuckmaier—a very worthy gentleman despite the habit he had of catching all the good fish from a hole while the rest of the party were reeling in perch for bait—took from his pocket a silver match-safe on which was inscribed: "Kah-pee-kog Club, 1901."

"This," said he, "goes to the man who catches the largest bass this season."

Whether it was his quick perception of the usefulness of the prize or his natural love for excellent others that brought that peculiar gleam of avarice into the preacher's eyes, I know not, but at any rate the sight of the glittering object seem to set on fire his usually tender eyes and we knew that he had determined to possess the trinket. As for the others of our party, each one secretly decided for himself to capture it. We arrived that afternoon at the house of a settler up the bay, and portaged our goods a mile through the woods to the head of a chain of lakes. Here we met and shook hands with our friendly guide, Fraser, whom the members of the club had not met for a year, and were off by canoe with all our luggage for the island which was to be our home in the wilderness. As for the silver match-safe and who was its winner, that must be told at another time.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Hewitt—"No news is good news." Jewett—"That may be; but if you are a reporter you can't make your city editor believe it."—Town and Country.

Old Aunt (despondently)—"Well, I shall not be a nuisance to you much longer." Nephew (reassuringly)—"Don't talk like that, aunt. You know you will!"—Punch.

Now Smythe Is Thinking.—Mr. Smythe—"I never believe anything I can't understand." Miss Cautique—"What a skeptic you must be."—Sammerville Journal.

The Provoking Jabberers.—"Don't you despise people who talk behind your back?" "I should say so. Especially at a concert or during an interesting play."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Danger Ahead.—"Now," said the guide, "we'll be ready to start as soon as I can borrow a dog." "Why?" exclaimed the amateur sportsman, "what's the matter with your own dogs?" "They're too valuable."—Philadelphia Press.

First Hunter—"It was your fault I didn't shoot that deer this morning." Second Hunter—"My fault?" "Yes; I saw something moving. When I said: 'Is that you, Jim?' the deer ran. Next time I'm going to say nothing and shoot, so look out."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A PARROT PROVES HIS WORTH

With His Tongue He Seizes a Second-Story Burglar Away from a Girls' Boarding School.

Not far from this city, out in Connecticut, is a girl's boarding school which includes a number of small cottages used by the teachers and older pupils as dormitories. In one of these is kept a parrot, the mascot and private property of the senior class, says the New York Sun.

Polly is a very old bird. In fact he is almost as old as the seminary itself, and many are the classes, long since graduated, whose cheer Polly has learned and can recite to this very day.

But cheers are not his only accomplishment, for every class has taught him some phrase or other, so that in all these years he has amassed a large vocabulary, composed mostly of such words as the popular name for caoutchouc, and other schoolgirl slang.

The entire school assembles for meals in the main building. This custom leaves the smaller cottages practically unguarded during mealtime. As nothing was ever stolen, the girls gradually became more and more lax in locking the doors and windows.

One day lately, when the boarders were all enjoying their midday meal, a violent screeching and yelling was heard from the nearest cottage, that in which the parrot was kept. One of the girls suggested that a stray cat had got into the house and was the cause of the outcry.

At this one of the teachers volunteered to investigate. In a few moments she returned, breathless and excited, announcing that the cottage had been entered by burglars, and was at that very moment being robbed.

For an instant panic reigned among the pupils, but it was immediately quelled by the principal. She directed one of the teachers to telephone for the police, while she went over to the cottage with James, the gardener.

On arriving at the scene they found the building had indeed been entered. Almost all the rooms showed signs of a robbery. The bureau drawers had been rifled and things strewn about.

In the next to the last room on the second floor was found a large bag, packed with all sorts of valuable trinkets, and other articles were lying about the floor, as if the intruder, whoever he was, had beat a hasty retreat. The cause of this precipitate flight was soon made manifest by the sudden outcry of the parrot in the next room.

"Get out of here! Get out of here!" screamed the bird.

Polly was discovered in an exceedingly ruffled state, and his loud "Get out of here!" had evidently done the work.

Outside the building was a ladder leaning against one of the back windows. The burglar had entered and gone through all the rooms, taking whatever he could from each one, till the next to the last was reached.

At this point, it is supposed, Polly heard the strange footsteps, for he was well acquainted with the step of every one who lived in the building, and cried out in alarm, and by some happy chance happened to strike upon the phrase "Get out of here!"

The bird's voice was very human, and even the inmates of the cottage had often mistaken it for that of a human being. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that a burglar had been misled by the voice and fled.

On summing up the loss it was found that only a few dollars' worth of trinkets were missing, and that the bird had been the means of preventing the theft of perhaps many hundreds of dollars' worth of jewelry.

German Trade Secrets.

The Germans are very jealous in guarding their trade secrets, and I find it difficult to obtain information concerning new inventions and processes of public interest, which is always freely communicated in the United States. The patent laws over here are even more protective in the interest of patentees, but there seems to be an apprehension lest information obtained for American newspapers may in some way be utilized by Yankee ingenuity to the disadvantage of Germany.—Berlin Letter, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Sure Thing.

Sniffles—They tell me Jones is itching for office.

Biffles—You don't say?

Sniffles—Yes, he did an awful lot of scratching when he voted.—N. Y. Herald.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



WHERE IS THE PAINTER?

DANGERS OF LAUGHING.

The Occasional Inopportune Mirth Painfully Evidenced at the Expense of a Court Official.

It was awkward for the czar's confidential adviser, Baron Enidoff, a few weeks ago, that he had not a quicker control over his features, for a laugh at the wrong moment lost him his high position and £12,000 a year, says London Answers.

While the royal suite was at Compiegne, soon after the arrival, the czar was tired, and a little irritable, by the effects of the long journey. While going through the big library, which was part of the great apartments prepared for him, he slipped on a wolfskin mat that lay on the highly polished floor, made a wild attempt to save himself, and clutched at one of his attendants.

He nearly brought himself and his standby to the ground, but he just managed to avoid a fall. The spectacle was rather ludicrous, especially in such a stately personage; and when the rather irritated monarch turned round he found his favorite Enidoff indulging in a grin of amusement, which he could not suppress.

The czar, who detests levity on state occasions, spoke very sharply to the culprit, who, next day, was dismissed his post, and relegated to an assistant secretaryship, with plenty of hard work to do, and wherein he never sees the czar at all. Although wealthy and of the oldest nobility, the baron dared not refuse the minor service. His former stipend was £12,000 a year.

But the kaiser, on the whole, is the most dangerous person to laugh at, or before, and more than one person has "done for" himself in this way. So did the unfortunate Gough Milbanke find it—the clever but bluff Scottish colonial administrator. It was he who used to command the Sultan Abou Din's troops and manage the Arabian finances.

The kaiser took him up, four years ago, as a guest, with a view to making use of him in the new "expansion" policy of the German empire, and had decided to give him a fine position in the east, to guard German interests in China, at a princely remuneration, of course. The kaiser sees to these things himself, and anybody who becomes one of his right hand men is pretty well set up for life.

At one of the audiences given him at Potsdam, Milbanke was giving the emperor the benefit of his experience, and receiving his orders, when the kaiser made a rather absurd suggestion as to eastern diplomacy, proposing to win the confidence of the Japanese and Kurile islanders with presents.

Milbanke, bursting into a guffaw, asked the kaiser if he thought the Japanese were Congo niggers, who could be bought over with a few glass beads and a flint lock gun? The kaiser froze at once, wished Milbanke good night, and never reopened relations with him.

The moral is, when you are chatting with a king don't forget he is a

king, and dig him in the ribs. A still more amusing case of this kind was the mistake of another Scottish administrator, Duncan McVea, who was, next to McLeavy Brown, of Corea, the most famous of "wandering" governors. Scotland, by the way, supplies 80 per cent. of the world's pioneer administrators, as well as its engineers.

McVea was dealing with that pleasant but touchy monarch, the king of Portugal, who had proposed to put the rather shaky government of the Cape Verde islands into his hands, to set things going and pull the finances together. This would have been a big step, and meant some £5,000 a year to the famous adventurer; but he had too much of what Scotchmen are supposed to lack—sense of humor. At any rate, it was the ruin of the finest prospect he ever had.

The king became a little excited and irritated at the various common sense objections that McVea, knowing what he was talking about, opposed to some of the monarch's plans, and though the king speaks admirable English as a rule, when excited it becomes a very odd mixture indeed. This, finally, so worked on McVea's feelings that he smiled audibly, with the result that he was promptly ordered away, and the Cape Verdes still lack a Scottish governor to look after their affairs.

Meals in Russia.

The Russian has no fixed meal time. He eats when he is hungry, which is often. He has about six square meals a day. He has at least a dozen lunches, a little bit of salt fish or some caviare, or a piece of bread and cheese, washed down with a nip of fiery vodka. He never passes a station without a glass of tea—marvelous tea, with a thin slice of lemon floating in it. You get a fondness for Russian tea, and forswear be-milked decoctions forever. The table manners of the Russian—such as you see in hotels and buffets—are not pleasing. He sprawls with outstretched elbow on the table, and gets his mouth down to his food rather than raises the food to his mouth. He makes objectionable noises in his throat. He has a finger bowl, and rinses his mouth as the rest of us do when cleaning our teeth in our bathrooms. Then he squirts the water back into the bowl. In time one may get used to this.—London News.

It Rested with Him.

Miss Summit—I beg your pardon, Mr. Dashaway, but your shoe is untied.

Dashaway (trying to make a joke of it)—What would you do, tie it up, or make it even by untying the other?

"That depends upon whether you intend to stay here all night or not."—Harlem Life.

Not a Nice Way of Putting It.

She—O, Dr. Pillsbury, I am so anxious about poor Mrs. Perkins. She is in your hands, is she not?

Dr. Pillsbury—She was, but I have left off attending her for the present.

"O, that's good. She is out of danger then."—Punch.

The true Christian and the true soldier are made of much the same stuff.

The Spirit of Self Sacrifice

By Gen. BADEN-POWELL
The Hero of Mafeking.

It takes true Christian spirit to make of a man a good soldier. Do not understand me to say that it is always the professing Christian who performs the greatest act of true heroism, BUT THE MAN WHO PERFORMS SUCH AN ACT HAS WITHIN HIM THE PRINCIPLES OF A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

No matter who you are you cannot have a better principle to live up to than this of sacrificing yourself for others. You need not be a soldier to introduce it into your life; it applies with equal force in all walks of life.

Try to do good turns for others, and you will have a reactionary movement that will benefit you as well. It may not always place a medal upon your breast, but it will always place a bright spot upon your life, and one that you will be proud of.

PRINCESS VIROQUA, M. D.

Endorses Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound After Following Its Record For Years.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Health is the greatest boon bestowed on humanity and therefore anything that can restore lost health is a blessing. I consider Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a blessing to State and Nation. It cures her mothers and daughters and makes them well and strong."



PRINCESS VIROQUA.
Practicing Physician and Lecturer.

"For fifteen years I have noted the effect of your Vegetable Compound in curing special diseases of women."

"I know of nothing superior for ovarian trouble, barrenness, and it has prevented hundreds of dangerous operations where physicians claimed it was the only chance to get well. Ulceration and inflammation of the womb has been cured in two or three weeks through its use, and as I find it purely an herbal remedy, I unhesitatingly give it my highest endorsement."

—Fraternally yours, Dr. P. VIROQUA, Lansing, Mich. —\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

If you are ill do not hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. for special advice; it is entirely free.

Mythology in Kansas.

"Some one in Kansas proposed that a statue of Ceres be placed on the dome of the new statehouse, but now he wishes he hadn't made the proposition," remarked the exchange editor, as he laid down a Kansas paper.

"What's the objection?" asked the telegraph editor.

"It is urged that no one in Kansas knows the lady, and that she probably was an actress, anyhow. It is the opinion that the figure of Chief Feweloches, an Indian, would be more appropriate as an ornament to the dome of the Kansas statehouse."

"Well, I should think that a statue of Chief Feweloches would be a nude departure, at any rate."—Pittsburg Gazette.

Her Circulating Medium.

"She's a very cautious woman. Especially about gossip. No woman ever heard her retail any scandal."

"But I am told that stories confided to her in secrecy do get out somehow."

"Yes, I know. You see, she tells them all to her husband."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Persons contemplating a journey East or West should be careful that the rates paid for their transportation do not exceed those charged by the Nickel Plate Road.

This company always offers lowest rates and the service is efficient. Careful attention is given to the wants of all first and second class passengers by uniformed colored attendants. The dining car service of the Nickel Plate Road is above criticism and enables the traveler to obtain meals at from thirty-five (35) cents to \$1.00 but no higher.

The Pullman service is the usual high grade standard. Semi-weekly transcontinental tourist cars ply between Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. Confer with nearest agent of the Nickel Plate Road.

Then He Gets Noisy.

Mrs. Biggs—Your husband isn't much for show. He always dresses very quietly.

Mrs. Diggs—Huh! You ought to hear him sometimes when his collar button rolls under the dresser.—Chicago Daily News.

On Dec. 3rd and 17th the Norfolk & Western Ry. will sell round trip tickets from Cincinnati and Columbus to points in the Virginias and Carolinas at greatly reduced rates.

For all information as to rates, address Allen Hall, D. P. A., 45 E. 4th St., Cincinnati.

"Don't you know you oughtn't to smoke, my lad?" "So me physician tells me, but it's the only way I can get relief from business worries."—Indianapolis News.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Colds. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Some men walk as if they were the smartest on earth.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Lack of sense is too often blamed on lack of confidence.—Atchison Globe.

Half an hour is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Every man hides his deformity.—Atchison Globe.

