

MOOSE HUNTING in CASSAIR



A STARTLED MOOSE

EXCEPT in Africa and other hot countries, physical illness is rare among those who follow the hunting trail. I had been chasing big game on and off for more than 20 years without any misfortune except such as were due to accidents in canoes or boats, but now I nearly came to an end through catching a cold in the Telegraph creek. The weather had been deplorable for eight days, constant snow and rain, which drove the cold down into my chest and to my lungs. Before reaching the lake I experienced a dull pain in the base of the right lung and felt difficulty in breathing. During the night I had a slight fever; but as it started fine on the morning of September 3, I resolved to ascend the mountain toward Eagle river, in the hope that both the weather and my health might improve. It was a foolish thing to do; but then we are all foolish sometimes.

After overcoming many obstacles we finally made camp at about 4,000 feet, where there was good grazing for the horses, and started upward again the following morning.

My illness not improving any, and after encountering many other obstacles, we finally determined to return to the lower levels at Dease lake. Here I lay for two days, when, as the sun came out, the fever suddenly left me with only bronchitis to struggle with. The following day the glorious sunshine continued, and I returned to Telegraph creek.

Being quite unfit to hunt, and with that intention set off homeward. It was a lovely morning, just the morning for hunting, the hills covered with snow and even the low ground powdered with a thin coating just enough to track. The glistening Tanzilla snow reflected lights from the golden cotton-woods and scarlet blueberry bushes. Everything called the hunter, and yet we were going back. I had sold part of my collection of moose and caribou horns to put in the museum at home—all these miserable thoughts crowded the mind as we sloshed along the trail in the blazing sun. Yet how good it felt after that cold wilderness up above, and how thankful I ought to be that I was in nice comfortable reflections, more in keeping with "respectable middle age." And yet we are loth to abandon our youthful ambitions, and defeat is a thing few of us can bear with equanimity.

Yes, it was all an utter failure—but what is the matter? Albert and the mare have stopped and the hunter is gazing intently at something at his feet. Nothing would make him budge but a moose track and that a fresh one. "He not gone far you know," he said, laconically, and I was on my horse in a minute. I whistled to Jimmy to go on a mile and camp, and then I slipped into the brush and took to the undulating hills. The track was burning and the moose, evidently a very large bull, feeding at intervals as he grazed. A few hundred yards and we saw such unmistakable signs that our quarry was close in front of us that the most caution was necessary. Albert, glancing to left and right in the wood became more open.

"Getting 'bout time to lie down," he presently emerged into an open park of burnt timber, some standing and some fallen, a great mass of noisy ferns that made "still" hunting even more an impossibility. We moved as we were about to enter it, when there was a great crash to our left—"shoot quick!" said the hunter, but I knew at once what it was. My rifle was already up trying to open space between that world of wooden splinters where my bullet would go to its mark. It was a poor shot, as the bull silently moved

like a huge black ghost through the fallen forest. He was getting further and further away; but, at last, just as he reached the green timber, at about one hundred and thirty yards, he showed clear for a moment, when, holding well forward, I pulled. At the shot he half spun around, then plunged forward and was lost to view.

"You hit him—sure," said the excited Albert, setting off at a pace I could not follow.

We came to the forest edge and found plenty of blood and then started much against my will on the trail of the wounded one. I wanted to wait half an hour, but Albert felt sure he was well hit and that we should find the bull dead at no great distance. We stumbled over some bad ground and I could hardly breathe. Presently I fell over a log from exhaustion, and Nature told me ever so plainly that I was in no condition to go moose-hunting. Albert had run ahead when I fell, but presently returned saying he feared the moose was hit low and might go for miles before lying down. So I handed him my rifle and told him to go and not come back without that moose.

I had never done such a thing before and hope I never shall again. But there it was—I had to acknowledge partial defeat. In about an hour I made my way back to the Dease lake trail and, following the tracks of the horse, reached camp much exhausted. It was nearly midnight when Albert announced his arrival with a ringing whoop. A great tongue hanging round his neck spoke plainly of success. It was the usual tale. Four times had he jumped the wounded one, and then, after no fewer than seven hours' continuous tracking, he had come on the moose lying exhausted, and killed him.

The following day was spent in retrieving the head and as much meat as a horse could carry. We worked far into the night cleaning the head, which was a nice, massive one of no great measurements, and attending to the scalp. The weather was now delightful; just a little frost at night and warm sun for the greater part of the day. It appeared that several large bull moose were frequenting the Tanzilla valley in the vicinity of the river. We had not proceeded far on the 18th when we suddenly came upon a fresh track. This Albert and I at once followed, sending on Jimmy with the horses and with orders to camp within three miles if we did not return by midday. The bull led us at once down the hill to the river and, after a few wanderings, it struck across at a shallow ford. As this would entail a wading to the middle, I fumed it in my state of health, so we retreated by making a short cut back to the trail. Here we at once found the fresh track of the largest bull moose I had ever seen.

Albert seemed to go slower and slower, till at last he stopped, and, stooping down, peered under the bushes towards a little clearing. I looked, too, and saw some dark object there which caused me to cock my rifle at once. I took a step forward and at once saw an immense bull moose lying under a small spruce within thirty yards. His head was lowered and his almost white antlers looked like the branches of a rotten tree. I saw that the latter were wide and very broad in the palms and at once raised my rifle to shoot. The sudden movement attracted his attention and he lurched heavily to his feet, whereupon I at once put a bullet behind the shoulder. He gave one plunge forward and was in the act of falling when a second ball penetrated his heart.

My moose was a beauty. Many larger have been killed in Cassair, and though not very wide, the horns were very thick and the palms of considerable breadth. It was such a trophy as I had often longed to possess, and now having got it, I felt that my journey was not a failure after all.

J. G. MILLAIS.

The more time a woman has to think the less time she has to talk.

SUFFERED TERRIBLY.
How Relief from Distressing Kidney Trouble Was Found.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wolf, 388 W. Morgan St., Tipton, Mo., says: "Inflammation of the bladder reached its climax last spring and I suffered terribly. My back ached and pained so I could hardly get around and the secretions were scanty, frequent and painful. I was tired all the time and very nervous. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and after taking a few boxes was cured and have been well ever since."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

GOOD WORK IS LOVED WORK
And Therein One Should Find the Contentment That Is Chief Part of Life.

If a man doesn't love his work, he had better get something else to do. But the trouble is that such people will hardly love any kind of work. The trouble is in them. They lack intelligence. If they knew enough to know good work, they would soon learn to love it. The manual-training scheme has this in view—to surround the job a man is doing with such intelligence and taste as will make it attractive to him.

"The man who is in love with his job gets more contentment out of life than any other," says Brander Matthews; and he gets a great part of his contentment in doing his work right. No man can love his work who shirks. No man can be contented who is dishonest about his work. This is shirking or doing it negligently. So these things always go together—honest work, contentment and love of the job.

AGONIZING ITCHING.
Eczema for a Year—Got No Relief Even at Skin Hospital—In Despair Until Cuticura Cured Him.

"I was troubled with a severe itching and dry, scurfy skin on my ankles, feet, arms and scalp. Scratching made it worse. Thousands of small red pimples formed and these caused intense itching. I was advised to go to the hospital for diseases of the skin. I did so, the chief surgeon saying: 'I never saw such a bad case of eczema.' But I got little or no relief. Then I tried many so-called remedies, but I became so bad that I almost gave up in despair. After suffering agonies for twelve months, I was relieved of the almost unbearable itching after two or three applications of Cuticura Ointment. I continued its use, combined with Cuticura Soap and Pills, and I was completely cured. Henry Searle, Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 8 and 10, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

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Merchant—What? You were robbed of everything on the way?
Messenger—Yes, but don't worry. They gave me a receipt.

Slow Recovery.
"Is the editor out?" asked a visitor to the office of the Ridgeville Banner. "Yes, sir," answered the editor's small assistant. "He's gone out to put away a jug of licker left by a subscriber."

"Do you think it will take him long to put it away?"
"Now, sir, it won't take him long ter put it away, but after that he won't be able ter do nuthin' fur a week."

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Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Hitchin*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Described.
Miss Giddigosh—Oh, uncle, have you seen the Williamses' baby. Do describe it to me.
Uncle Snark—Description! Um! ah! very small features, clean-shaven, red-faced, and looks a hard drinker.

IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND ANYTHING better for headache, backaches or stitches than Perry Davis' Painkiller. Get the large size, it is the cheapest. At all druggists, 25c, 50c and 90c bottles.

It's one thing to run into debt and another to crawl out.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint. Tiny sugar-coated granules.

Everyone can do his best thing easiest.—Emerson.

OFF DUTY.

Miss Swift—Oh, doctor, do you know you look perfectly killing this evening?
Doctor—Thank you, but I am not. I'm off duty, you know.

Woman's Daring Deed.
In southern Tunis lies an extensive salt marsh desert called the Shott Jerid, of which the Arabs stand in terror, for many a caravan has been lost in the salt incrustated morass, which, according to De Lesseps is as much as 1,200 feet deep in places. This region has been crossed for the first time in a small automobile by a woman, Myriam Harry, a well-known French novelist.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh of the Bladder. This is cured by the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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Mrs. Crawford—You must love your husband very dearly if you save all the letters he sends you while you're in the country.
Mrs. Crabshaw—I'm keeping them for comparison, my dear. I'm sure to catch him in a lie.—Judge.

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Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nervous troubles, the aches are speedily relieved by Capudine. It's Liquid—pleasant to take—Effects Immediately. 10, 25 and 50c at Drug Stores.

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FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
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375 "Guaranteed"

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Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY makes the stomach strong, promotes the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and restorative nerve tonic. It makes men strong in body, active in mind and cool in judgement.

This "Discovery" is a pure, glyceric extract of American medical roots, absolutely free from alcohol and all injurious, habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients are printed on its wrappers. It has no relationship with secret nostrums. Its every ingredient is endorsed by the leaders in all the schools of medicine. Don't accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this time-proven remedy of known composition. Ask your neighbors. They must know of many cures made by it during past 40 years, right in your own neighborhood, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.

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