A PHILIPPINE COURTING.

CROSS DOG WINS A HEART WHERE THE WORLD IS TOPSIDE DOWN.

Ugliest Man in the Regiment and Woman Was the Only Thing He Feared—Old Pedro's Nights Out and the Wooing Done With a Krag and Plenty of Cartridges.

ISABELLA, Negros, P. I., Nov. 4.—He was the ugliest man in the 'Steenth Infantry. And he looked it. So the men called him Cross Dog, and save on the payrolls he knew no other name.

Cross Dog was in the prime of life, but looked older. He had put in about twelve years in the Army and was at that point in a private soldier's career where he realizes that he has lost the knack of earning a livelihood in civil life, but still yearns for its freedom. For it is only after about fifteen years of service and numerous failures at civil vocations that the average enlisted man ceases to vow that he will never take on again and settles down to soldiering for life.

Cross Dog's temper was peppered dynamite. He had thrashed or been thrashed by nine-tenths of the regiment and was ready at a second's notice to begin again. His tongue matched his temper and his face was seamed with surliness.

There was only one thing in the world of which Cross Dog was afraid, and that was woman. "Shure," said Private Sevenspot, "av Cross Dog iver loved a woman he'd be scared so he'd cuss her to death and thin elope with a recruiting sergeant." Back in the States it had been a fortunate thing for Cross Dog that he was not susceptible to the charms of the fair sex, for his personality was not an attractive one and his conversation was a jumble of cuss-words and growls. But in the Philippines the world is topside down, as a chinaman calls it, and curious things happen. And it was in the Philippines, at the Hacienda de Sevilla, near Isabella, Negros, that Cross Dog won a woman's heart.

A company of the 'Steenth Infantry was stationed at Isabella and a detachment of five men, in charge of Private Sevenspot, was sent to the hacienda to protect property in that region from the raids of Papiricio bandits who swarmed in the nearby mountains. Cross Dog was one of the detachment. The Hacienda de Sevilla consisted of a big sugar mill, the blackened ruins of the plantation house burned to the ground by the Papiricos, and six native nipa shacks scattered along the western bank of the river Balinbagan. But this little hamlet supported a population of 300 native amigos, most of whom, burned out of their homes by the Papiricos, camped in the big sugar mill under the protection of Private Sevenspot's little detachment. During the day they worked in the cane fields and at night huddled together in the mill around which the six Americans stood guard.

Luisa, the woman in the case, for girls of fourteen are woman where the world is topside down, lived in a six-by-six nipa-shack built in the box of a two-wheeled cart that stood beneath the shelter of the sugar mill roof. On the evening that Sevenspot's detachment arrived at the hacienda old Pedro was absent. Old Pedro was Luisa's father. His crony, old Jose, in the next village up the river, had received a month's pay from Senor Holijos that day and Pedro had gone to pass the evening with him and help drink a bucket of tuba. At 11 o'clock he came sauntering homeward with unsteady but catlike steps, in blissful ignorance of the fact that the Americanos were in possession of the sugar mill.

Pedro's brown hide was chock of tuba and his soul was filled with great joy. In fact, he was so happy that he yearned to butcher something—an old woman or a baby or a lame dog. As he came through the trail in the cane-brake he slashed at the young stalks and grimaced blissfully as in imagination he neatly clipped the leaders of unarmed foes with his bolo-sword.

Cross Dog was on post, too, at the upper entrance to the sugar mill. The first night on guard at a strange post with a small detachment and in a country swarming with treacherous foes is a great trial to men's nerves. Especially so when it is next to impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Moreover, Cross Dog had been unfortunate in his details for a week back, and had been marched on an average of fifteen miles each day through muddy rice fields, while he expected to forty miles a day on an American highway. Consequently, Cross Dog's temper, usually peppered dynamite, was now saw-edged lightening. Sevenspot had posted him with the information that native amigos were not supposed to be abroad after 9 o'clock, and left the rest to his discretion.

Cross Dog hacked with his bayonet at the dried mud on his leggins and stared across the narrow clearing between the mill and the cane field. There came just the semblance of a rustle from the cane-brake and Cross Dog stopped hacking and dropped suddenly on one knee. For at night a man can see better squatting than standing. The nearer his eyes to the ground the higher and plainer objects are thrown up against the horizon.

The rustle in the cane field grew louder and Cross Dog unlocked the safety on his Krag. Then oblivious of his danger, Old Pedro stepped noiselessly into the clearing and the shadow of death. Cross Dog waited for the second native to come out of the brake. If he came in the footsteps of his file-leader, one bullet would do duty for two. And it is a pity to waste ammunition, and a dirty rifle barrel makes work. If old Jose had accompanied old Pedro home that night, there would have been two funeral drums to beat the next day. But as old Pedro came alone, Cross Dog hesitated a second and decided to give the intruder a chance for his life.

"Halt!" he cried.

Old Pedro started and then in his fright came on all the faster, his wicked looking bolo in hand. That was too much for Cross Dog's temper and nerves, but he was an American and instinctively hated to kill a half-armed creature whose life he could take as he would snuff a candle. Moreover, he had an American contempt for the fighting qualities of these brown pygmies and the disposition to play cat and mouse with them until they came right up to the bayonet's point. So Cross Dog's first shot made a kite of old Pedro's straw hat, his second spattered the mud in front of him and three more made shallow grooves in his bare brown legs. There was one cartridge left in Cross Dog's rifle when Pedro halted panting at the bayonet's point. An inch more and that cartridge would have been the final period in old Pedro's book of life. For Cross Dog was not only rattlesnake mad, but also grossly insulted. A bare-legged Kakiack in his shirttail and a straw hat and armed with a four-span bolo had dared to charge right up to his rifle's mouth! Cross Dog felt that he ought to kill this fool creature. It was according to orders. But somehow he couldn't quite do it. So he jabbed with his bayonet through Pedro's hide and gave him a choice selection of profanity and advice.

"Blink-blank (jab) you!" he exclaimed, "when Melicana say 'Halt' you (jab) halt! (jab) Savey. You blink blank, ca'amba fool, if you (jab) keep yamoosin', blank you, when Melicana say (jab) halt, Melicana boom-boom you, blink-blank you, blank quick! Blink-blank you, (jab) when Melicana say halt you stop quick every blank tempo, till Melicana malayo (leave) your with his blanked mala (eyes) and talkee ah kee, (come here) blank you! You (jab) savey?"

Then old Pedro, after explanations, was permitted to goto his nipa shack, and the four Americans off guard returned to their blankets. After crawling into his shack Pedro ordered his daughter Luisa to make a light and to emphasize the order he beat her with his fist in the face. And Luisa being only a woman made a great outcry. Then she got a big bundle of split bamboo and laid it upon the bed of coals in the centre of the mill and fanned the bamboo into a great flaming torch. Then old Pedro ordered her to dress his scratches, and beat her in the face to ensure obedience. The blaze of the torch fell upon Cross Dog's back so that he was a fine mark for a Papiricos Remington and blinded his eyes so he could not see five paces into the clearing. And Luisa's outcries deafened his ears to the secrets of the canefield. For these reasons, and not because he cared to interfere with Pedro's methods of parental discipline, Cross Dog deliberately violated regulations and deserted his post.

He picked up a bundle of dry, split bamboo and marched through the sugar mill to Pedro's nipa shack. He reached in and caught that disciple of Solomon by one ankle and dragged him forth after the fashion of a plantation negro who knows where the chickens roost. Then he applied the split bamboo where it is supposed to do the most good. And Pedro howled and Cross Dog swore and fifty brown babies woke up and squalled and a hundred mongrel dogs barked.

"Shure," said Sevenspot, reporting the occurrence to his Lieutenant, who visited the hacienda the following day, "when I woke up I thought I were in purgatory the day after th' bollcoust av an insane asylum, a dog pound an' an orphan asylum. An' Luisa there, th' ould divil Pedro's daughter, sat by while Cross Dog larruped her dad an' wept tears av joy an' gratitude. I'm thinkin' 'twere th' first time she iver knew th' ould bandit to get his deserts. The other amigos say he has a brother an' two sons with the Papiricos in th' mountains."

"If that's the case," said the Lieutenant mounting his carabao, "you needn't bother to halt him the next time he tries to come in after taps. I don't want this detachment to get cut up out of leniency to any native of doubtful antecedents."

When the detachment turned out for their chicory the morning after old Pedro's chastisement, Luisa was waiting for them with a baking-powder can half full of carabao milk for Cross Dog's coffee. The men squatted on the edge of a sugar vat and gnawed their hardtack and drank their bitter chicory. Cross Dog's scraggly beard bristled with bad temper and he choked in the effort to eat, drink and swear in the same breath. With eyes that beamed with gratitude and admiration little Luisa timidly presented her offering of carabao milk. Cross Dog glared at her.

"Blink blank you," he growled, "what the blink-blank do you want"

"Si, Senor," said Luisa, ducking obsequiously and holding the can so that Cross Dog could see its contents, "Mucha goodu!"

And Luisa pointed first at the milk and then to Cross Dog's cup. Then Cross Dog comprehended and grabbed the can and emptied it into his coffee.

"I'll be blink-blanked," he growled, "if the blink-blanked rag didn't bring me some blink-blank milk!"

Luisa listened like an attentive pupil. Then, with a knowing air, she nodded her little head and, pointing into the empty can, she said:

"Si, Senor. I savey. Filipino, loobkat: Melicana, dam milk. Si, I savey mucha Melicana poco tiempo."

Cross Dog stopped in the middle of a gulp of coffee and stared at the little brown woman.

"Well, I'll be blink-blanked," he exclaimed, "if the blink-blanked nigger ain't swearing at me in English!"

"Si, si, Senor," she chirped, coquettishly lifting the yard of red calico that served her as petticoat and dress skirt, and exposing rather more than a peep of pretty bare ankle. "I savey. Senorita—that me in Espanol. Dam nigger—that me Melicana. Si. I savey mucha Melicana poco tiempo."

Cross Dog choked with irritation. "Well, I'll be blink-blanked!" was all he could say.

Far a week thereafter Luisa followed at Cross Dog's heels like a faithful dog, much to that individual's outspoken disgust. And, meanwhile, Luisa's vocabulary of English became a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the soldiers. She would trip up barefooted to a soldier and, pointing to his campaign hat, remark knowingly:

"Dam you, I dam savey that. Si. That dam hat!"

Then there came another Saturday night. This time old Pedro and Jose went to a village down the river to visit Juan, who had received much money from Senor Holijos. And they tarried late and drank a great deal of tuba and also benu. And the more they drank the braver they grew, until in the dark hour just before the dawn they laughed scornfully as they spoke of the white-faced Americanos, and snapped their fingers at all "Haltas!" Then Juan and Jose sallied forth to see Pedro home and help him bid defiance to the American "Halt!" And to insure success they carried their sharpest bolos.

It was the early morning relief on guard. Cross Dog was on post 2 at the down river end of the mill, and it always stirred his bile to have his sleep broken just before daybreak. The air was chill and damp and Cross Dog shivered and cursed all creation by catalogue. Then he stopped and listened. The light breeze from the east never caused that rustle in the cane field. Again Cross Dog crouched on one knee and threw the safety lock of his Krag. A half-naked native stepped out into the clearing. Again Cross Dog waited to see if he came alone. Another and another stepped out beside the first and the three advanced crouching with bolos in hand. They mockingly echoed Cross Dog's challenge, and came on, and then the hacienda awoke to the music of "Wow-rprp! Tick-tuck, tuck-tick! Wow-rprp! Tick-tuck-tuck-tick! Wow-rprprp!" And this time Cross Dog's rifle had done its deadly work as three silent Kakiacks lying there in the gray morning testified. Six men in blue stood and looked down at the silent dead. And then there was a great uproar and native men chattered and native women shrieked and native dogs barked and native babies howled. Only the soldiers were silent and grave as they looked upon the dead, until a gray haired little brown woman came and knelt beside old Pedro and sought to close his eyes and compose his limbs. Then Cross Dog's eyes looked down to the ground and he was ashamed of his handiwork for the gray old woman was old Pedro's wife and Luisa's mother. It was while his eyelids were weighted down with shame and pity that little Luisa, pretty and coquettish, nestled up to his side and caressed his hairy, freckled fist and looked up at him with smiling lips and eyes moist with love light.

"Dam you," said she, pressing his hand over her heart with both of hers, "me love you dam mucha. You boom-boom madre (pointing to her mother) and we matrimony. Esta?"

For in the outlying islands of the Philippines, where the world is top side down, the old folk pound out notice and are the better for being killed.

It was thus that Cross Dog won one woman's heart. But Sevenspot's prophecy came true, for he cursed her until his throat was sore, and then exchanged with a soldier at Isabella to get out of her sight. And now, when some young soldier boasts of his success with the fair sex, Cross Dog blurts scornfully:

"Blink blank it! I can take my blink blank krag and two hundred blink-blank cartridges and go out and get enough blink-blank women in a blink blank blank harem. All you have to do to make 'em love you is to kill their blink-blank mothers and blink blank fathers. Blank it!"

LIFE AMONG THE CAPTIVE FISHES.

Some Get Tank Weary—Most of Them Comfortable—All Would Go Free if They Could.

Sometimes fishes that have been for a considerable time in capivity in aquariums get tank weary, and dies without, apparently, suffering from any disease. It might be supposed that fishes that had been long in capivity would become quite inured to confinement, and indifferent to it. As a matter of fact, however, though fishes may not become tank weary, yet, comfortable as they are, always carefully looked after and well fed; their comfort, in fact, sought for in every way, there is never a minute when they would not all seek broader waters if they could find their way to them.

Some fishes are far more sensitive and susceptible to shock, than others, and so are least likely long to survive, but as a general thing the larger the enclosure in which the captive fishes are held the more comfortable they are and the better they stand capivity. In one of the pools on the floor of the Aquarium in this city there is a handsome lot of striped bass that have been there now more than five years, in the course of which time they have more than doubled in size and weight. Occasionally, out of this lot, a fish has died; just as creatures of any kind, anywhere, might die; but the deaths among them have been very few; it is probable, indeed, that in one way and another there would have been more lost from among them in the same time if they had been, instead of being in captivity, subjected to the vicissitudes of the open sea. These striped bass, however, besides being well cared for and well fed, have a considerable body of water in which to swim about; their pool is 28 feet in length by about 10 feet in width, with a depth of 4 feet. There is really some scope for them here, and in such a pool they could scarcely become tank weary; that is an affliction that falls to the fishes confined in the more limited space of the tanks along the walls.

A fish that has nothing the matter with it so far as can be seen, no wounds, no fungus growths upon it to indicate that it is anything but a well fish, may lie down listlessly upon the bottom of the tank, being apparently helpless or having given up. Such fishes are taken out of the exhibition tanks and put into reserve or a hospital tank at the rear of the corridor that runs around the Aquarium, between the outer and the inner walls, back of the exhibition tanks, and cared for there. As an example, there was taken from one of the exhibition tanks at the Aquarium not long since a sea bass weighing about three pounds, that had practically grown up there, it had been in the Aquarium about four years, and in that time had come to have an individuality; to be, as might, indeed, be said of many another fish there, known to the man having him in charge.

The sea bass, after spending all those years in the tank, and growing up there, always well and apparently comfortable, suddenly one day, without any previous indication, lay down. It was taken out and put into a reserve tank and nursed along as well as it could be. Sometimes it would be up in its natural position in the water, with its body vertical, but commonly it would be lying down, the movement of its gill covers barely perceptible, with its faint respiration. After about a week the sea bass finally died, and apparently there was nothing the matter with it, no ailment; it was simply tank weary. More often the tank weary fish ends like this, but sometimes fishes thus affected and thus treated recover their spirits and go back to the exhibition tanks.

But while fishes are thus susceptible to tank weariness, still, the majority of them are not thus affected, settling down after they have become accustomed to their quarters to a hundrdm existence. It may take the nobler kinds of fishes some time to do this, and a fish, very likely with out knowing what it is doing except that it wants to get out, may, when first put into the tank, try to jump out, and jump, head on, up against the screen across the top of the tank with a force that would knock the screen endways if it were not weighted down, with a smash that would make any body who saw it uncomfortable for the fish's sake, for all fishes are very sensitive about the nose, and sometimes fishes die of shock from plunging head on into the wall of the tank.

But after a time, as a rule, the majority of the fishes settle down and lead a routine life, subject to the ills that fishes have, but on the whole, having a comfortable time of it even in captivity. But, though comparatively few may get tank weary, the instinctive love of freedom, while it may be dormant, is alive in each and every one of them. If in some way an avenue of escape could be opened into every tank at once, there isn't a fish in them all but would swim away as swiftly as it could go, and not a lobster nor a crab but would follow the fish.

Beyond Evidence.

From Pearson's Weekly.

A party was being shown over the British Museum. In one of the rooms the keeper pointed out a collection of antique vases, which had been recently dug up at Herculaneum.

"Dug up, sir?" echoed one of the party.

"Yes, sir."

"What, out of the ground?"

"Undoubtedly."

"What, just as they now are?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll be blink-blanked!"

"Pe-haps some little pains have been taken in clean na them, but in all other respects they were found just as you see them."

The wise man turned to one of his companions and, with an incredulous shake of the head, whispered:

"He may say what he likes, but he shall never persuade me that they dug up ready-made pots out of the ground."

WISCONSIN WINTER GAME.

SPORT WITH A SMALL CALIBER RIFLE IN THE FOREST.

Skill in Shooting the Snow Birds and Pleasure in Eating Them—Trailing the Partridges in Winter—Outwitting the Squirrels and Rabbits—The Medicine of It.

GAY'S MILL, Wis., Jan. 5.—Over all of western Wisconsin the snow lies six inches deep in the most exposed places and two feet deep in the hollows, swathing the shouldering hills as in a cloak and curving with the valleys. For ten days the thermometer has shown from 3 to 20 degrees below zero, a still, ringing cold with scarcely a breath of air stirring, the skies brilliant by day and almost as brilliant by night. In this temperature and air voices in ordinary conversation are audible at a half-mile and the whine of the steel shod runners of the sleighs comes from far up or down the levelled roads. There is not a hint of Lake Michigan dampness and therefore nobody minds the section of arctic frigidity that seems to have been sawed out and brought so far to the south. Ducks and wild geese have all gone to lower latitudes and woods that were once vocal with birds give out only the harsh scream of the blue jay, the chatter of the squirrel or the restless rat-tat-tat of the sapsucker, still busily boring into the frozen trunks, though he cannot hope to find worms or grubs. Still there is game for the man hardy enough to look for it. There is no month in the year when shooting of some sort may not be had somehow, despite laws and watchful wardens. To certain men the forests are more attractive now than at other seasons because they are so utterly deserted. There is no work in the lumber camps, the choppers having wintered. One may walk all day due north or south, east or west, and not find the track of a human foot stamped upon the hard crust. Everything is a dead white, save for the uncovered black of the tree-holes. No leaves stir. Even such animals as are encountered move without sound and seem ghost shapes flitting across the expanse of white snow.

The weapon to be used here now is the 22 calibre rifle, one of the magazine contrivances made by Americans and infinitely superior, for their purposes, to anything that may be purchased on the other side of the water. It is as small and as light as a toy, yet deadly for all that and throws a projectile with surprising force. One of these little instruments, using a bullet no larger than a field pea, will give a perfectly flat trajectory for 100 yards and will even slay at 250 yards if proper elevation be given the muzzle. They make no more noise than the popping of an old-fashioned cap and the magazine under the barrel will carry fifteen rounds of ammunition. They are of no appreciable weight and will not burden a man on a day long tramp through the snow. Nothing better could be devised with which to train a marksman, since shooting in the woods is always difficult and just now is especially so owing to light refraction from the glittering covering of white. Stalking Wisconsin forests in January for such game as a 22 calibre may prove to be effective against teaches caution, the knowledge of sign, patience, woodcraft, accuracy and endurance of fatigue.

Not all birds go south when the gales howl down from the north. There are left here all through the bitter season a half dozen varieties of woodpeckers, which sleep in holes at night, but are out all of the day apparently foraging for food. To replace the winged wanderers which seek softer climes there comes out of the frozen wastes between here and Baffin's Bay a small flyer, locally called a snow-bird, though it is nothing of the kind. It is not larger than a man's thumb and is glaringly feathered in black, white brown and gray. Its head is a jet black and of a bullet shape, conspicuous on the snow at seventy-five yards distance. This bird is a remarkable example of a species refusing to adopt protective coloration. It lives all its life amid ice and snow, but it has never taken on the white tints which would make it invisible. The reason for this is to be found in the fact that in the temperatures it likes there is nothing which can harm it. All hawks and vultures have gone southward and, as it roosts in trees, it has nothing to fear from foxes. It does not affect water courses and, indeed, since the waters are all frozen as solid as a door, minks could not get at it under any circumstances. In defiance of every law of wild feather dyeing, it continues to flaunt its garish coat and to prosper. It travels in flocks of from ten to twenty-five. Apparently it eats snow, since it is always pecking at the frozen surface, but it is probable that it finds minute seeds of some sort, blown down from the crevices of trees. It hangs about barns a good deal also and not infrequently visits the back yards of houses in the villages, looking for kitchen refuse thrown out. When the first warm breath of spring begins to blow the snow bird gets up like a flock of quails and points its tiny iron bill to the north. It furnishes excellent shooting with the 22 calibre, its black bullet head making an excellent target at fifty yards, seeming at that distance no larger than a nickel. Picked clean and strung on a spit en brochette, two dozen of them make a repast fit for Brillat Savarin. Their breasts, of about the size of a hickory nut, are plump and fat, the flesh when taken from the fire is as white as the breast meat of the turkey and it is of a delicious flavor.

In addition to the woodpeckers, sap suckers and snow birds there are blue jays, which scream impudently at the passer in the coldest weather, and partridges. These last, next to the wild turkey, the greatest of American feathered game, have increased rapidly in Wisconsin of late years and have thrived wonderfully in all of the wooded parts of the State. They are plentiful enough now in the timbered foot hills which bear down upon the wide ravine cut through the land by the current of the upper Mississippi. They do not drum at this season, and in the added struggles for existence forced upon them by the cold they have increased in shyness. They are to be found by the man with the little rifle only as a trailer finds the deer. They leave upon the snow an unmistakable track which is to be followed without difficulty, but they will flush at a hundred yards if they know that they are pursued, and their capture demands caution and skill. They may be killed easily with the small bullet when located, as they are apt to be standing still upon the snow, or else perched upon fallen trees, their heads drawn far down into their feathers for warmth. As the rifle makes no loud report, it is not infrequent that half of the covey is shot before the others take alarm. There is a law against this, of course, but game wardens are not many. There has not been one in this county in two years. If found with the birds upon his person the hunter explains promptly that they ran up against his gun and it was accidentally discharged. Nobody says anything, for all of this part of the State is broken up into small farms and the small farmer is rarely in sympathy with any statute which seeks to protect wild things or to make property of wild things. Deep rooted in him is the belief that everything in the woods which wears fin, furor feather, belongs to mankind in common and is to be killed so long as there is any individual of any species to be killed. Of course, the diminution of the partridge crop by small rifles wielded when the thermometer is below zero is so trifling that no account is to be taken of it. The farmer looks upon any man who spends a day unnecessarily in the woods at this season as bereft of reason.

Nature provides the Wisconsin partridge with two means of going through the winter in good condition. Its feathers in January, February and March are nearly twice as thick as in the summer and there grows next to its plump body a mass of short plumage, blue gray in color, whose filaments are exceeding fine. It wears practically a fur overcoat and no cold can strike through it. Its feet are covered with a dense growth of short, thick strong feathers which spread out when the foot is pressed down and fall close by against the toe when the foot is raised. It has thus a pair of snowshoes, which enable it to travel rapidly over any sort of crust. Because of this feathered foot, which serves it exactly as swimming fowls are served by their webs, it makes a track not unlike the impression of the ball of the human thumb, with a semicircle of little dots about it caused by the toe nails. No other bird or beast which makes a similar trail. The partridge is exceedingly rapid when on the ground, and the man who strikes a trail of this character and follows it with care will begin to think that he will be led to the jumping off place, if he does not first see the game. The covey will often travel five miles from its roosting place before it makes a halt for any length of time, unless it happens to strike a good feeding ground. The birds live almost wholly on buried berries and when digging they use bill, wings and legs with equal freedom. They will break the crust of a deep drift with the feet of a horse, scratch frozen earth in a little while, and these miniature tunnels are often found by those who like the woods in winter.

The man with the little rifle, however, may, if he chooses, enjoy himself without special toil. Almost all of the live things of the woods are filled with curiosity. It is their besetting sin. If the hunter declines to pursue them, they will come to the hunter. He will not feel the cold if he is properly clad. Over his thick sweater he will wear a tightly buttoned woollen jacket, and over this, in turn, a brown shooting coat. His ears will be protected by the pulled down woollen flaps of his cap, and on his hands will be heavy, lined shooting gloves, with one stall for the thumb and one for the forefingers, the other parts of them in mitten shape. The cold of snow will not penetrate through rubber boots lined with felt. So armed, he may spend many an hour in comfort, sitting still upon a log while the bare trunks rise around him. He has no wind to fight, and the warmth of his own body incased in heavy wrappings will so store up heat that after a while he may even become uncomfortably warm. So sitting, his rifle across his lap, the first thing he will hear in the intense stillness will be the cracking of the branches about him, the creaking of limbs that seem to be motionless and the groan of the trunks protesting against the kiness. These things, inaudible when he first takes his place, will become painfully distinct after a while until all of the forest seems to be talking.

Then faintly at first, but growing louder, will come a muffled chatter, a succession of staccato noises with plaintiveness in them, which will change to a scold. That will be a gray squirrel, all or its body hidden in the hollow of some tree near by, but with one black eye peeping at him through a knot-hole. The hunter will keep perfectly quiet and must judge by the increasing loudness of the sound whether or not the squirrel has let its retreat. In a little while he judges that it is on the outside, and turns his head swiftly just in time to catch a glimpse of a bushy tail disappearing into some huge oak or elm thirty yards distant. He has the hole placed now and turns to face it, bringing his rifle in readiness for use, its sight trained on the orifice. Soon he sees the round gray head in the opening and presses the trigger. If struck fairly in front there is no danger that the squirrel will fall back into the hollow trunk. On the contrary, as the lead drives through its brains its limbs gather convulsively under it, and it leaps straight outward for a space of twenty feet, falling dead upon the snow. Feeling no compunction at all, the man with the rifle gathers it up, stows it in the pocket of his shooting coat, and moves onward a hundred yards or so to another fallen tree or stump where once again he sits and bends all his thought to hearing and distinguishing the forest sounds. He is aware that if he remains in his original position another squirrel may show itself, but not for a half-hour, at any rate. It requires the lapse of so much time for the little people of the hollow trees to recover themselves from the shock of the cartridge's faint report. If the day be sunny, a half-dozen squirrels may be picked off in an afternoon; but if there are clouds or a hint of snow, or a rising wind, nothing can tempt them from their refuges. The squirrels of this region are only the gray and fox varieties, the latter having a gray coat, but a russet belly and russet markings under the throat. It is much larger than its gray cousin and of a different disposition, being highly combative and a flesh eater. Birds in the springtime have no more remorseless enemy. Indeed, the fox squirrel will break up nests long after its hunger is satisfied, killing the fledglings apparently in wantonness. The black squirrel, which used to be common enough, has disappeared entirely. There is still the flying squirrel, however, making its tremendous leaps from tree to tree, sometimes going a hundred feet at a spring and lighting as carelessly and securely as a bird. This little rodent, two inches long and beautifully marked in stripes of black on a ground of russet and gray, has been misnamed. It does not fly in any sense of the word. In reality it is a parachute jumper. It is furnished with flaps of loose skin, which attach its forelegs to its hind legs. When it springs it spreads this skin, which buoys it up as an opened umbrella would. Its leaps are always made from an elevation, and in traversing a space of thirty yards it will drop as many feet. It cannot jump forward to any far as the ordinary fox squirrel, which is a miraculously active animal. Western Wisconsin, as is the case with other wooded American countries is subject to migrations of the gray squirrel. Year before last Vernon and adjoining counties were invaded by them, and they wrought much damage to the growing crops of corn. Last year there were few to be seen in the lists having strayed off to the northwestward. This year a number of them returned. There has been no cause discovered for these migrations. They are not traceable to lack of food, or water, or the outbreak of disease. They seem to be due to the working of a nomad spirit, or the desire for a change.

Perhaps the best of the small rifle practice is to be obtained in rabbit shooting. The country produces two kinds, the ordinary Molly Cottontail, of small size but delicious flesh, and a large rabbit, which is in reality a hare. This rabbit is not so common as its smaller kinsman and is accordingly more prized, though its meat is inferior. In winter time it puts out enough of white hairs to make its coat of a decided gray and it is thus partially protected by color. It is not a distinct target on the white snow when at any distance from the marksman and it is particularly shy and difficult to approach. It may be shot along the many small ravines in the hills, but it does not venture often into the open fields. Like all Northern rabbits, it burrows deeply for its winter home and its underground dwelling has sometimes as many as a half dozen exits, often yards apart. For this reason it is particularly difficult to capture with a ferret, as enough men must form the party to cover all of the holes. It makes a trail upon the snow easily distinguished from the trail of the cottontail. Not only are the footprints larger, but they are some inches further apart, showing the great length of stride. When the rabbit or hare is frightened the length of its leap is tremendous, often as long as eight feet. It is speedy, is not bothered in locomotion to any extent by the snow and will easily distance any dog which chases it, the dog being unable to keep from breaking through the crust. All rabbits, however, are as curious as other beasts and a man willing to keep still has only to sit for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes near one of the entrances to his burrow before a glimpse of its inmate will be given to him. If let severely alone the rabbit will venture entirely out and squat on the snow twenty yards away, intently studying the motionless figure of its foeman. Any motion on the part of the man will call for its instant departure toward its hole and it is the custom of hunters to aim directly at the hole when the leap is made and not at the rabbit. If the aim be quickly and correctly taken the little jumper will often be nailed just as he enters the door of his house of refuge.

The winter air in this region of wooded semi-bluffs is like good wine. It makes the blood run, the cheeks flush and the eyes brighten in the same fashion. The man who spends a short day in the frozen stillness of the forest will reach his home at nightfall with much to be thankful for. He may have partridges, snow birds, squirrels and rabbits in his pockets. He may have nothing furry or feathery. But whether he has been lucky or unlucky, there will be no discounting the fact that his appetite is the appetite of the fasting wolf, with no hint of dyspepsia following it. That night, as he stretches his tired limbs in bed, while the roof strains and creaks under the pressure of the frost's giant gripe, dreams may come to him, but they will be healthful.

GOOSE HUNTING IN MARYLAND.

How the Gunners Go About It Along the Chesapeake's Shores.

From the Baltimore Sun.

EASTON, Md., Jan. 2.—There is fine wild goose hunting at Sharp's Island. Messrs. John D. Sinclair and J. T. Miggins of Tilghman's Island recently spent two nights there and made a good bag of geese and swans. Others have done as well. "Tenderfeet" could not stand the cold, but the veteran goose hunter does not mind zero weather.

A blind in the form of a pit is made in the sand on shore near where the geese and swans are known to rest and feed. White woollen blankets are spread in and around the blind to make it comfortable, and corn is strewn within thirty yards of it. After nightfall the hunters hide themselves in the pit, strapping up in white blankets which cannot be detected from the white sand of the beach by the water fowls. Absolute silence is maintained.

From far out in the bay comes the familiar "honk, honk" of the incoming flock and the hunters get down low in the pit. The geese alight near the end of the beach and soon are in shallow feeding water. The "watch goose," which is always a gander, and which never seems to eat or sleep, makes a reconnoissance in advance of the flock and finds the corn. If, after a close inspection of the surroundings, he is satisfied of safety, he calls the flock and it eagerly responds. The geese, looming up in the night, look as big as ostriches from the blind. When within range the signal to fire is given in pantomime by the leader of the hunters and something happens when the big No. 8 guns boom.

Some geese are killed outright, others are wounded so they cannot fly, and those unhurt take to instant flight. As they rise another volley is poured into the flock. The dead and wounded birds are retrieved by trained Chesapeake Bay dogs, if the hunters have them, otherwise by the hunters themselves, who rush into the icy water, pursuing first the wounded fowls and afterward picking up the dead ones. This ends the shooting from that blind that night.

At times there is a cold, tiresome, all-night wait with no results. No. 8 guns are used and the best ammunition. The shells are loaded with six or seven drachms of powder and from two to three ounces of B. B. chilled shot.

Seven Whales in a Trap.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

TACOMA, Dec. 29.—The residents of Vaughan Bay, twenty miles from Tacoma, are having a big hunt after seven whales which entered Vaughan Bay Christmas Day. Being unable to find the narrow channel leading out of the bay, the whales have been circling around and cutting all sorts of antics. Boatmen have been able to approach within thirty feet of them, and several parties with lances have started to hunt them down.

The hunters are now trying to secure the harpoons used by Tacoma fishermen three years ago when they captured a big California gray whale which yielded 800 barrels of oil. At that time a cannon was mounted on a tug and fired at the whale several dozen times without effect. At last harpoons were sunk into him, and he towed three rowboats around Puget Sound for over a hundred miles. By that time he was so tired that lances could be used with deadly effect. It is intended to repeat this process if harpoons can be secured before the whales escape. A number of children who cross Vaughan Bay in rowboats to go to school are staying at home until the whales disappear.

THE REAL ESTATE BOARD OF BROKERS are using THE SUN as an official authority on all matters appertaining to Real Estate. A more comprehensive and detailed form of general news information is not to be found in any other publication.—*Adv.*

GAMING AMONG NEGROES.

THE EVIL MORE AND MORE PREVALENT ABOUT CHARLESTON.

Unfair Advantages Taken of Players—Phosphate Factory Workers Who Play With Guns, Axes or Razors at Their Side—A Plague of Lotteries at Charleston, Also.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 6.—According to officers of the law and others who are in a position to know, gambling is more prevalent among the negroes hereabouts than it has been for many years. The long suit of the black gambler is the game of craps. Another popular form of gambling is the game known as "skin." Seven up and set-back are likewise prime favorites with the ordinary negro, while those who have had associations with white people are more apt to turn their gambling talent to the great American game of draw poker. Lotteries and policy shops also do a good business here.

The murder for which Zacharias Singleton was condemned to death was the result of a game of skin played in a butcher pen here a few weeks ago. In a quarrel about the ownership of a few cents Singleton murdered a fellow player. The case caused a detective in this city to look more thoroughly into the gaming situation and the result of his discoveries is highly interesting. A year or more ago the Episcopal ministers in South Carolina got special instructions to preach on the great amount of crime. Statistics and newspaper reports were searched and liquor was put down as the leading cause. Later and more careful inquiries seem to make the fact clear that, while this in the main is true, much of the bloodshed can be traced back directly to gaming.

The other day a very black, cross-eyed negro boy exhibited $57 which he had won the night before in a crap game. The boy went on to say that another little chap with him had started in on 15 cents and by backing the winner had taken away $41 in a few hours' play.

The boy's winnings on the first night were really remarkable considering the pitfalls he was up against. In the first place he had opposed to him the shrewdest negro gamblers in the business and was in danger at any moment of being fleeced and robbed. Another item against him was the fact that when he put down 25 cents on the table and made a pass he got only 20 cents by winning. This was the percentage taken out by the house. A man who shot for $1 and made his point got 80 cents, and so on. This was the rule of the house and it had to go. With all these things against him and the fact, too, that half the time loaded dice were slipped in by the house, the outside player had little chance of making a big winning, and nothing but the old fashion "nigger" luck was accountable for the losses of the house. The boy who won the $57 beat the record of the house by making thirteen successive winning throws. Had he had the privilege of leaving up every dollar he would have won much more, but the rules of the place set a dollar limit, and when a player shot for the dollar and won he had to be satisfied with only 50 cents.

Sunday is the big day for the negro crap shooters. In the city they play in the alleys, with a man on watch for the police, and in every game there is a very small "kitty" for the watcher. As a precaution, there is a rule that in case the police arrive before ample notice has been given by the man on guard the kitty is confiscated and the guard gets nothing. The detective says that there is a regular system known to almost every crap shooter in town, and by the means of this the players are secure against arrest. In many instances where Sunday games are started, a would-be player, temporarily broke, will request the honor of being first on watch, and in a little while the kitty will be fat enough to enable him to raise a stake for starting. And then soon after the game opens it generally happens that a player is stranded, and he hurries to the watcher, who goes in to keep the game going. This system is followed, too, by the players of skin, as well as the other games which thrive in the alleys.

Up above the city, where many big fertilizer factories give employment to hundreds of negroes, Sunday gambling is a recognized institution. The fertilizer factory negro, like the black worker in the turpentine farms, is absolutely reckless, and after toiling hard for six days he finds it necessary to finish off the week with gaming. Stories are told of Western gamblers playing with six-shooters in their laps, and this same thing can be seen here, although a razor is more frequently in evidence than a gun. Old and rusty pistols, shotguns and even axes, are brought out regularly by these negroes and unless a game is on the square a man's life is in great risk. The records of the court in this county are filled with accounts of murders committed in the phosphate regions. Much shooting and much cutting done over the games have made the average negro more careful and more skilled in handling fully armed for a game, but a player, made reckless with liquor, is in constant danger of being killed if he is any way rowdy and disposed to kick about the luck or the run of the cards. The wages of a week are lost in a day.

A few years ago a negro invaded the phosphate region with a crap table and a couple of guns and he got rich. He had a man to help him run the game, while he stood by with a gun to keep down disputes. As the dice were loaded the millworkers lost, while the banker had all the money. Every Sunday he would appear on the scene, and by night he had gone. The regular gamblers got sore on the invader and a plan was arranged to kill him. One Sunday night he was attacked by a small party and badly wounded. He left his table and satchel containing the money, and he managed to get away to a thicket and hide while his assailants were dividing the money. When they got the prize the negroes thought no more of the gambler and he was allowed to escape. But he never ventured to protest or to start other games.

The game of skin consists of simply betting on the turn of a card and it affords almost unending opportunities for cheating. This is the source of its strong popularity, and constant handling of the cards makes the negroes expert card sharpers. They are naturally shrewd in gambling ventures and they can stack and fix the pasteboards with lightning rapidity.

Just now the different lotteries are making barrels of money for the managers. These gambling devices are innumerable in Charleston and are not easily suppressed by the police. Some have as many as three drawings a day.