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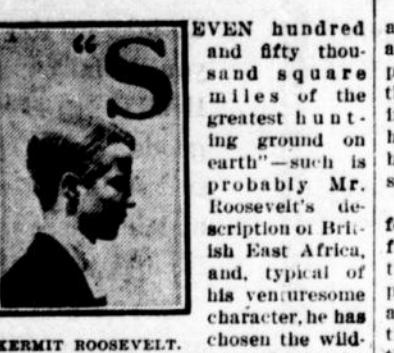
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**ROOSEVELT IN AFRICA**

**At the Hunting Ground**

By **Frederick R. Toombs**

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KERMIT ROOSEVELT.

SEVEN hundred and fifty thousand square miles of the greatest hunting ground on earth—such is probably Mr. Roosevelt's description of the British East Africa, and, typical of his venturesome character, he has chosen the wildest and most inaccessible portion of this area of forest and veldt, desert and swamp, jungle and tableland, mountain and rift, as the center of his hunting operations.

At the railway stations at Voi, Makiindu, Kiu, Athi River, Londiani and Escarpment accommodations are to be had for hunters who desire to leave the train and shoot antelopes, bucks, rhinos, elephants or any other game that may be taken. It is made artificially for travelers at these stations, and at times the train passes through fields of corn and millet and plantations of oranges and sweet potatoes.

At Port Florence the party embarks on the comfortable twin screw lake steamer Winifred, having baths, electric lights, etc., for an eighteen hour run across the lake to Entebbe, whence the Roosevelt hunting expedition in its entirety will start into the unknown for many months, lost almost as completely to the outside world as though its members were hunting hippopotamuses in the canals of Mars.

From six to seven months will be consumed by the party in the fastnesses of Uganda, for many years the kingdom of wars, murders, slave selling and wife killing, where even today cannibalism is not wholly wiped out, where the dwarf Negritos shoot poisoned arrows at white men and where

and intelligent native generalissimo of all the forces, who can make the expedition a success or a failure, next the sycophant who takes care of the ponies. If such are taken, and lastly the hunters themselves, with their gun bearers, usually Somalis of "selected stock."

Out of sight in the distance are the foremost members of the safari of from probably 200 to 400 men, when the hunters themselves tighten their puttee straps, adjust their pith helmets and, undaunted, take their places in the march into the majestic vaults of the tropical forest where many an unfortunate man has gone never to return.

The British protectorate of Uganda, still a native kingdom under youthful Kabaka Daudi Chwa, son of atrocious Mwanga, ruler of women, covers 80,000 square miles, with subterritories Mr. Roosevelt's plans include traversing the very heart of it, continuing the northward to Gondokoro, across the headwaters of the Nile, outpost of British Sudan, where Mrs. Roosevelt hopes to join him in a journey down the Nile.

The country first invaded and where the hunting is done is a virgin land of big game, the like of which exists nowhere else in the known world. It is a varied fastness, almost completely surrounded by Lake Victoria Nyanza, to the southeast; Lake Albert Edward, southwest; near Ruwenzori; Lake Albert, northwest; and the headwaters of the Nile and the ramifying Lake Choga to the northwest, north and northeast.

Although limited by his license to the killing of two male elephants, two rhinoceroses, ten hippopotamuses and twenty-one antelopes, including two kudus, two gemsbok and one bongo, species of antelope; two eagle hogs, two earth wolves, ten chevronals, two colob or other fur coated monkeys, two marabou storks, two algeas, two os-



AWAITING THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

the tsetse fly has caused the death of as many as 40,000 men, women and children in one year.

Entebbe, capital and "port of entry" of the kingdom of Uganda, reached by steaming across crocodile infested Lake Victoria Nyanza, on which one can sail over 200 miles without sighting land from the masthead, provides every facility for invaders of the surrounding unknown. Here it was that the Italian Duke of the Abruzzi prepared for his notable trip in 1906 to the snow capped though equatorial Ruwenzori range, anciently known as the mysterious Mountains of the Moon, lying west of the particular territory chosen by Mr. Roosevelt as his field, but close enough to afford him a good view of what Aristotle termed the Mountain of Silver.

Weeks before the hunter like the Roosevelt

game, the party, reach Entebbe preparations are made by commissioned persons. Native porters and guides—Bagandas, Swahilis and Somalis—are engaged as well as "boys" to aid in the work about the camps, and a large bulk of supplies is made ready, saving delay. Most carriers are Bagandas, the native population of Uganda, who have preserved a verbal record of the history of their nation reaching down through thirty-six kings from the fourteenth century. Swahilis are half Arab and half Bantu, the latter a widely scattered negro race of small stature. Somalis are generally incompetent and deceitful.

On the arrival of the hunters and explorers at Entebbe the final organization of the caravan, or "safari," as such expeditions are termed, is completed. Each man is drilled in the particular work he is to do, luggage is separated into packs of from fifty to sixty pounds to be carried on porters' heads, a critical overhauling is given guns, ammunition and medicine chest, and last letters are mailed to the "outside." Early morning, just after sunrise, the word to start is given. The porters, a hundred or more of them, gruntingly balance their packs on their heads, worn smooth by such work, and amid deafening shouts start strung out in single file on the road leading to the trail toward Lake Isoli, followed by a dusky file of askaris, or native police, armed with Snider rifles for protection of the camp at night; next the tent boys and personal servants; the leaders of the party, the cooks and cooks' helpers. Now comes the neapara, or headman, the active

are evidences of a prehistoric glacial period along the equator.

When traveling at their best speed the natives of the safari covetously stretch of from three to four hours; then a rest is taken. Intensely violent tropical thunderstorms frequently interrupt proceedings, and in the regular rainy season malarial fever persistently attacks the whites. The terrific heat at midday is tempered at times by clouds which veil the sun, and the changes of temperature and weather are strikingly sudden. A blazing sun and a bright sky will in a very few minutes be obscured, and darkness swoops down as black as anybody's midnight. Torrents of rain fall, threatening electrical discharges occur, smashing down trees and destroying native huts, and the blazing sun will as quickly reappear. Many a capture of tempting game is prevented by these cyclonic outbursts.

Making camp in the hunting field is a diverting process, the natives erecting their huts with remarkable swiftness. Laughing and singing, they stick flexible canes into the ground in a circle, bending the tops to meet in the middle of the circle, interweaving the ends in the form of a bell or dome. Bundles of elephant grass are then packed on the frame, a small space left open as an entrance. In fifteen minutes a grassy plain is transformed into a prosperous looking native village. Should some village be near, women and swarms of naked children visit to sell food and fruits, and the native chieftain and his council put on clothes and uncomfortably call on the hunters to pay their respects, in exchange to receive something more tangible, like silver trinkets or a pistol or two. Gift is not unknown even in the jungle. It is unknown only where human beings are unknown.

After the evening meal of elephant steak, redbuck, gazelle or francolin (African partridges) and sweet potatoes or deliciously cool papaw, or egg fruit, plantains or sugar cane the hunters may partake, if they wish, of the native beverages, banana wine or mbisi or mwenge (the latter very strong). Then, lighting their pipes, they discuss plans for the next day's shooting. The neapara (headman) sees that the guards are stationed correctly, and soon the jungle trackers are asleep.

No late rising human sloth can hunt big game where shines the Southern Cross. The trailer of the lion and the ponderous pachyderm must up and away from his couch before daybreak, eating his breakfast by candlelight in the quiet darkness of the early morning. By the time the sun's rays concentrate on the jungle he must be off from camp with his helpers to sight his quarry when it first starts on its day's marauding. Lions and elephants are his chief desire, and the latter usually travel in herds, crushing vegetation as they go, tearing up trees by the roots and making havoc generally. The lion is often found in wood scrub and in reed beds along the river ways and in beds of heavy green flag fringing the streams, these flag beds called "tinga-tinga" by the natives. Again, a lion or lioness and cubs will be found taking a siesta on some sunny ledge or crouching, alarmed, in a mountainous cave or under leaning boulders. Hippos or rhinos also take kindly to sunny spots when the glare is not too great.

In tracking the large game beasts the Uganda hunterman continually comes across countless animals of scores of species. There are over fifty kinds of antelopes alone in Africa, and giraffes, zebras, elands, haribees, sing-sing water bucks and other water bucks, impala and kongoni ever and again come into and flee from the range of vision. Multitudes of game fowl and flashily colored "birds of the air" are on every side. The "wuff-wuff" of Grant's gazelles salutes him from the rock kopies and the grass tufted wood, and above him in narrowing circles hover the vultures—eared vultures, black and disgusting; carrion vultures and the small neophrons, dark brown, with repulsive livid pink faces, boon partners all of the hyena and the jackal.

Of course the safari does not escape the deadly menace of the implacable tsetse fly, the desolation spreading scourge of whites and blacks, implanting with its bite the mysterious germ of the incurable sleeping sickness.

calculated to instantly bring down the animal are those that penetrate the brain, and this, of course, cannot be penetrated unless a man knows just how it is situated inside the skull.

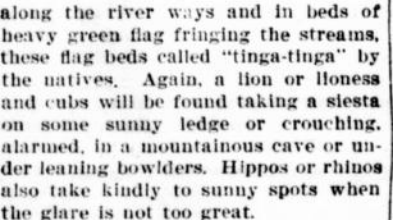
When a herd takes alarm at a party of attackers and starts on a rampage across country the hunters must travel at a punishing rate if they desire to secure any of the specimens, and woe be unto whatever is in the path of the crashing monsters. Obstructing trees torn up by the roots, are thrown aside like so much driftwood on an ocean shore, and they will go fifty miles at a stretch over country of a nature that men would cover only twenty miles in the same period. Frequently elephants of the same herd become angered at each other and indulge in forest duels that would make a bull-fight look like a kissing bee down on the old farm. The English authority, G. P. Sanderson, actually witnessed such an engagement and describes it and the subsequent hunt as follows:

"The elephants were separated from us by a deep ravine, and we saw them hunched ferociously at each other, cutting deep gashes with their sharp tusks. The cane tops bowed and trees shook as they bore each other backward and forward. The noise was terrible, when the beast nearest us, evidently having enough and losing large quantities of blood from his wounds, turned, uttered a deep roar of pain and fled across the ravine to near where we stood behind a clump of bushes. He began to destroy the foliage in sheer fury and grunted deeply. He was very large. It must have been a genuine monster that worsted him. Suddenly the animal backed away and stood stark still. Not a sound could be heard. He gazed straight in our direction, and I knew that he had winded us. His frenzy now sent his ears forward, his tail up, and straight at us he charged with incredible swiftness, considering his size. I stepped out into the open to clear my gun of the bushes and fired. I looked to see where the elephant lay. "Good heavens! To my horror he was upon me. His tusks came through the smoke like the crotchets of a locomotive, and I had just time to fall flat before being impaled on them. His ponderous left foot came within a few inches of my left thigh, and I

was thrown his life in the balance, and if the balance swings against him only he himself is to blame.

Another way of hunting the beasts in a safe way, unknown in Africa, is the Indian custom of organizing immense drives with from 300 to 500 men, encircling a herd of elephants and forcing it by noise and other demonstrations to enter a large, specially prepared inclosure, termed a kraal. There the tuskers can readily be killed, or the beasts can be taken out individually and trained to the various kinds of work they are capable of performing. While it is true that elephant drives somewhat similar in nature are at times resorted to in Africa, they are conducted on much smaller scales, and the beasts are driven in front of the hunters who kill them instead of into inclosures.

In elephant shooting it is vitally important that the hunter have a detailed knowledge of the makeup of the brain of the beast, as the shots best



AN EAST AFRICAN WARRIOR.

ness, Mr. Roosevelt has wisely studied every means of protection against this insect. Whole villages have gone to sleep never to awake. Whole tribes have disappeared from the face of the earth because of it. Particularly deadly when attacking in males in the prime of life, entire villages are found today where only women and children survive. Stricken natives are driven out of their homes to die in the forest and be torn to pieces by wild beasts.

**ROOSEVELT IN AFRICA**

**Hunting the Elephant**

By **Frederick R. Toombs**

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A WILD bull elephant is the noblest work of God."

WILD bull elephant is the noblest work of God."

recently said a well known African hunter to the writer.

Undoubtedly the sight of him lunging through a tropical forest, trunk upraised, tusks glistening, eyes gleaming, legs like monoliths crushing all opposition, is more than enough to fill with awe akin to fear the soul of a mere human, no matter how steady his nerves, how true his rifle or how clear his conscience.

That Mr. Roosevelt should not be satisfied with the dangers of lion, hippopotamus and rhinoceros killing and desires to add to them the unquestioned perils of elephant tracking is cumulative proof of his ambition to experience every possible thrill that this little world affords. His chosen hunting field on the Uganda tableland affords probably the best elephant territory now remaining in all Africa. Remote from the coast, infrequently touched even on its edges by whites, growing luxuriantly the pachyderm's best liked foods, well watered and well shaded, central Uganda was apparently created by the gods of the elephant as the ideal breeding place and playground of their favorite children.

African elephant hunting is more hazardous than that of India, where the ventures have trained elephants, on the backs of which large baskets or howdahs are placed to carry the riflemen comparatively out of harm's way. But no such trained pachyderms are had in Africa, and the tracking and attacking must be done on foot, an operation said by the renowned authority, Sir Samuel Baker, to be the most dangerous sport on earth, for since many elephants are killed without any danger on foot, it is absolutely inevitable that the charge of a wounded animal will sooner or later have to be met successfully by the man who presses closely into combat with him—met successfully if the hunter would preserve his life from this unsought combat that calls forth every ounce of unswerving, unhesitating, intuitive courage. Like the hunter of the jungle lion, the slayer of the tusked behemoth



FACE TO FACE WITH BIG GAME.

drawn his life in the balance, and if the balance swings against him only he himself is to blame.

Another way of hunting the beasts in a safe way, unknown in Africa, is the Indian custom of organizing immense drives with from 300 to 500 men, encircling a herd of elephants and forcing it by noise and other demonstrations to enter a large, specially prepared inclosure, termed a kraal. There the tuskers can readily be killed, or the beasts can be taken out individually and trained to the various kinds of work they are capable of performing. While it is true that elephant drives somewhat similar in nature are at times resorted to in Africa, they are conducted on much smaller scales, and the beasts are driven in front of the hunters who kill them instead of into inclosures.

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would have been crushed had I not drawn my legs forward as, shrieking shrilly, he rushed directly over me.

"My companion escaped by leaping into the ravine. The beast kept straight on and disappeared, leaving me soaked and my hair matted with the blood that flowed from his wounds."

When elephants fight each other one of their favorite tricks is to bite off each other's tail. Females are especially fond of doing this to rival females in the same herd. Elephants roam about and feed both during day and night, usually resting from 9 or 10 in the morning until the middle of the afternoon. In warmest weather they bathe frequently and roll around in the mud. At such times they are shot comparatively easy. They are expert swimmers, going through the water with only the tips of their trunks or the tops of their heads showing above the surface. An elephant shot in the water floats, while a hippopotamus sinks. The fastest rate at which African ele-

phants have ever been known to travel is about fifteen miles an hour, the maximum length of their stride being from six and a half to seven feet.

Stalking one or two particular animals from a herd (the herds in Uganda number from ten to fifty members) is a task requiring consummate hunting skill. The herds travel with the females in front and the bulls in the rear, and herds are usually attacked from either the side or the rear. Solitary bulls, called "rogue" elephants, generally wildly vicious even before attacked, also present interesting problems. The natives have developed great aptitude in following and interpreting the footprints (spoor) of the quarry, whether lions, elephants, antelopes or other game. If it is old, the edges have crumbled and they are filled, or partly so, with drift sand and bits of leaves. Wounded elephants are almost tracked by the blood stains on the elephant grass through which they pass, and by the height of the stains on the grass it can be estimated how dangerous the wound is.

In "On Safari" Abel Chapman tells of an attack by a bull elephant that almost cost him his life. He says: "Archer and I approached to within thirty yards of the animal (near the shore of Lake Baringo, British East Africa) and hoped to get a good shot without detection beforehand. Suddenly the wind shifted, and the elephant caught our scent. Instantaneously he was all alert. Suddenly he disappeared in the jungle brake, and while trying to spy him a heavy crashing heard directly before us told us he was coming. At once a big square forehead appeared directly above us in the tall grass (ten or twelve feet high) only a few yards away, resembling the hoary gray tower of some old village church.

"I placed a 303 bullet in his temple at the point described by experts, 'half-way between the eye and the office of the ear,' though his ear was as big as a barn door. Archer, in front, tried the effective forehead shot, aiming at the base of the trunk. The beast swerved from sight under these blows, but quickly reappeared again just as I had reloaded. He crashed at us viciously from our right, and we each put bullets into his head from the side, his ear almost touching our rifle muzzles. Archer hitting him with a 40 and I with two more 303, following with two lead slugs from a 45 black powder rifle. But these total seven shots in vital parts had no apparent effect, and the beast headed into a heavy thorn jungle. We followed but for miles he outsped us, and we reluctantly gave up the chase, marveling that any animal could live, much less travel, so far and so fast with seven ordinarily deadly bullets in his skull. Our natives continued the pursuit twenty miles and gave up. Later the beast was found dead at a point about forty miles distant, his great tusks, weighing ninety pounds apiece, having been taken by a native ivory trader.

"This elephant was estimated to weigh almost 12,000 pounds, the greatest weight known being 14,000 pounds, and this latter animal stood practically twelve feet high, the record height for the modern pachyderm."

The elephant carcass is a choice prize for the natives. They climb upon its side and cut a large hole straight down into the interior, just as a mining shaft is sunk, and the natives climb down out of sight in the "shaft" to hunt about for choice morsels. A coating of elephant fat and blood is a popular substitute for clothing among certain Uganda savages, who believe that no people should wear clothes until after marriage.

Elephant hunters in Uganda find ant hills a valuable aid as observatories. These hills tower to a considerable height, and many of them can be easily climbed. Others rise sharply like smokestacks, and, being hollow, holes are frequently dug in their sides and fires built for cooking. A perfect draft is produced by the hollow interior, and the smoke is carried off at the top. So numerous are these hills that they are a distinctive, a typical, feature of the country. Cases are known where hunters have saved their lives from charging elephants by dodging behind convenient ant hills.

The charge of an aroused elephant herd is, by the way, a sight never to be forgotten if the object of it escapes with his life. A writer in the Geographical Magazine describes such an assault by African elephants near Lake Rudolph, as follows:

"We entered a patch of dense African jungle. Huge prickly aloes, enormous cactuses with long sharp points, and a tall feathery plant like privet made up a safe asylum from ordinary mortals. Very few minutes sufficed to turn hunters into hunted. No. 1, a cow, charged down on us. Jumping aside, I killed her as she rushed on my gun carrier not four feet from him. Hardly had we struck the spoor of another lot when a young bull suddenly bore down on me. However, a lucky forehead shot laid him low. While skinning one of these heads the whole place seemed alive with elephants smashing toward us. Seizing my rifle, I ran ahead. Suddenly a line of over forty elephants broke cover, about twenty-five in the first line jammed together like a cavalry regiment charging. Being only twenty yards from me when they appeared, with the center bearing directly down on me, I was down to feeling they had the best of me. I saw my only chance was killing the flank one. In a second I dropped the left hand one, which, falling inwardly, inclined the whole troop a little to the right. Within ten yards I fired my remaining barrel, dropping another, causing still further defection to the right. Another second the flank one on the left rushed past, almost knocking me down.

"I felt thankful for such a lucky escape and blessed my new 400 cordite rifle, which had done such good work."

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