

AFTER WILD SHEEP in CENTRAL ASIA TA WEL TI

AMONG the many happy hunting grounds in which I have found myself during the last thirty years, I know of none which has interested me more than the Great Altai mountains, where, last year, I had the good fortune to spend a month in search of the Ovis ammon. I had interested me, and it is understood that this interest and experience from the sportsman's point of view, quite unnecessary to the total absence of any native hunters to assist, or even to give the least clue as to where the great sheep might be found. It may be superfluous to add that one invariably has the services and benefit of a second, and usually very keen, pair of eyes to assist in finding the game and subsequently to help in the stalk. In the present instance, however, it was a case of single blessedness with a vengeance. The reason of this absolute dearth of local skulkers is accounted for by the rooted objection which the native inhabitant of these wilds, the nomad Hassack, has to walking. To his ideas it is not the thing to do. Ponies and camels, again, are plentiful, and the Hassacks of both sexes when on foot, stand as they are in a kneeboot with a grotesquely high heel, stomp along in a most uncomfortable manner, as though every step would bring them down. Luckily, I had hunted the big sheep before, and was fairly conversant with his ways, so one morning soon after



dawn, I started off to search the valley, at the mouth of which the snow-capped mountains were beautifully clear, and I took matters somewhat easily, as I had led directions for one of our Mongol escort to follow me up with the lunch and my pony; for, an usual with these gentlemen, he was late, and enjoying his usually earned "twelve" hours repose. Needless to add, I saw nothing of him—nor of the lunch—that day. Working my way steadily up the half-frozen stream at the bottom of the valley, after a while I made out the forms of two rams at the head of the snail. They appeared to suspect nothing, and soon began to feed on the new grass shoots. Then two finer rams came to view. I felt it was in luck, but there's many a slip. Reconnoitering the rugged ground and looking for the best way to approach them I soon recognized that it was not such an easy matter. To follow up the stream bed, over the snow and ice meant being seen. The left side of the valley, a slope of broken rocks and shale, was equally out of the question. I therefore resolved to try the right side, though not without misgivings, on account of the snow slopes and forbidding-looking tracks. I concluded that if I succeeded in tracking this right side that I should be able to work round and above the sheep. After waiting for an hour, the fine beams made things somewhat easier for me by feeding down and behind a small rocky point. During my long watch I had been dressing the Mongol with the ponies should appear and scare away the sheep. Chancing this way, I started off, for having met my Mongol, I started off up the stream. Some little way on I managed to cross on a snow-bridge, expecting at any moment to disappear through the soft snow. Then followed a long and steady ascent over huge boulders of broken rock, interpreted with soft, wet shale. Here was where the local knowledge of the man on the spot would have been invaluable, for I had not been able, up to this, to discern that to reach the high ridge immediately above the sheep was impracticable. A change of plans was, therefore, necessary. Holding on, I tried to scale the rocks to the right, which rocks, I am convinced, would have delighted the heart of an bear there. Had a hunter been with me, I could have succeeded in this clambering ascent; as it was, I had to work down to the lower ground again and make the best of a bad job across the open. A bad job, too, it turned out, for having got within one hundred yards of the ridge, I discovered that the sheep had disappeared, to my disgust I discovered two rams standing on the top, staring straight down at me. Blinking slowly to the ground, and uttering a low growl, they moved behind the ridge, and the other, having been joined by a third, followed suit. The last sheep carried a fine head, and was very white—evidently an old one. As they had moved off slowly, I hoped that I might find them feeding, and still be able to get on terms; but they took no chances, and when I got to the top of the ridge there was not a sign of them. I was just about to retire when I saw a grand sight. Several thousand feet above me were my five rams,

stalking quietly away along the top of a stony ridge. The leader, who was the largest and whitest, had thick, massive horns, and they all, with one exception, would have made a fine trophy. I congratulated myself on thus getting a second chance, and watched them as they went "stiffly" along, in the way they move when scared. At length the procession stopped, and they lay down on the steep side of the slope, from whence they commanded the whole of the valley. Of I went again, over huge sharp boulders of broken rock; but I was soon held up on coming to a large open patch of deep snow. There was nothing for it but to wait patiently and make myself as comfortable and warm as possible among the boulders.

After an hour or so, about 1:30 p. m., they rose, stretched themselves, scanned the whole country-side, and again moved slowly off, away to the north. They were evidently in a nervous mood. Following them, after a while I crossed the snow patch, plunging through the snow, which in places was up to my middle, and following in the deep tracks of the herd.

It was stiff work, and was followed by a still stiffer climb to the top of a snow-backed ridge. The ground here was quite open, but wild sheep usually look for danger from below, and I remained unnoticed. They finally disappeared slowly round the slope of a high rounded hill, about eight hundred yards ahead. I quickly started off to gain the crest of this hill, hoping to intercept the game, but was doomed to further disappointment. There was not a sign of them. My nerves were registered eleven thousand feet, and we had reached the highest part of the downs. A cold wind was now blowing, mists came rolling up out of the valleys and it looked like snow.

Taking up a couple of holes in my belt and a pull at my flask, I followed along the north face of the mountain. Avoiding the patches of soft snow, in which I noticed the marks of sheep's hoofs, suddenly on the opposite side, and some way below, I saw my five old friends, evidently bent on shifting their quarters still further to the west. They must have got my wind. Clouds occasionally hid me from the sheep, so, under cover of these, I determined to make a dash back for less open ground, and to move down to get in a shot. I had now been steadily on the move for over twelve hours, and had worked back towards the open valley, though away from the camp. My hurried move failed. Now that the excitement of the stalk was over, I vented deep shakings on the Mongol's head for not having brought up the ponies. When within a mile or so of camp I was met by our whole retinue, who had turned out to conduct me in. Search parties had gone out, thinking I was lost. After a hearty meal of our standing dish—Hassack mutton—I soon turned in, and thus terminated one of the hardest and most pleasant days which have fallen to my lot, and certainly one that I am never likely to forget.

The next few days I spent looking for those fine old rams again, but without success, for those

NO HYPOCRISY ABOUT HIM



This Man Frankly Admits That He Likes the Circus, and Doesn't Care Who Knows It.

"Well, I see there's a circus or two coming to town before long," began the stocky little man with the shepherd's plaid suit and the staidest eyes and pencil alternating in his whisker pocket as he finished his lunch. "So I s'pose it won't be long till we'll be hearing the line o' talk of the phinead that is ashamed to own he likes to see a circus and says he goes for the purpose of talking his young ones.

"Right here," he went on after he'd mild the waitress, "I want to remark that when there's a circus in town I go to it because I want to go to it. I see that my 'kids' go, too; but if they attend the show with some of their friends I go by myself.

"In fact, I'd rather go by myself; because I don't want to be bothered with anybody else. I like to go to circuses, if anybody happens to make inquiry. I'm crazy about circuses. And what gets me so is that I can't get any more of a mess of chicken giblets in his skull in place of regular brains should want to act sheepish because he goes to circuses, or try to throw out that line of gab about going to take the 'kids'.

"I'd rather go to a circus than anything I know of. If I can get away from the office on circus day, I go out and see the show first, and then I go to the tents, and I hang around watchin' 'em get ready for the parade. I can put in an hour of unmitigated enjoyment around the side show, first listening to the spiel on the cut-up, and then to the weird explanations about how the freaks all come after you've paid your dime and gone into the tent.

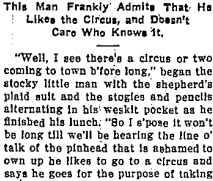
"I like the crowd around the ticket wagon, too, and I don't care a continental how often I get my feet stepped on so long's I get hold of the little piece of pasteboard that'll admit me to the savdust smell inside, where I can get and keep a busy looking from one thing to another, and sort of conjuring up pleasant, dreamy recollections of my youthful days, that I forget every trouble and care I've ever had.

"That's how I stand on circuses. I'm crazy about 'em. And the next time there's a circus in town and some broad, underzipped lightning springs that one about getting just to take the youngsters, he is going to get a right sharp rise out of me and have a few cutting things said to him, all inside of a minute or two, so he is!"—Boston Herald.

sheep, when thoroughly scared, travel many miles and successfully hide themselves.

Leaving camp at 4:30 one morning, shortly before dawn, the two hunters and I had not been long at work when the Kalmuk pulled up short, but too late, for we had been looking for him, who were taking their early feed on the side of a steep ravine. Of they went, towards higher ground, but in no great haste. Riding up to the ridge along which they had disappeared, we dismounted and soon viewed them on an open slope, which appeared to be secure from attack; but there was one weak spot. After scanning the herd and nodding three or four good heads among 'em, I started off with Hassack on a warm job it proved, up that steep, loose shale slope, and the pace was performed slow. At length we made the crest, and took it easy to study the situation. The wind, though light, was chilly, but all seemed well for that. They were what appeared to be about one hundred and fifty yards off, but on a slope somewhat below us. The difficulty was to select the finest head, for to raise one's self more than a few feet above the ground was soon deemed undesirable. Under such circumstances one is always apt to be deceived as to which head is going to beat previous records. The question, however, was brought up by the hunter and beginning to look suspicious. In another second they would have been off, so, taking a quick aim, I fired at the chest of what looked like the largest, as he stood looking towards me. A rub and a stampede ensued across the soft face of the steep slope below us. The animals were to bawl over a moderate-sized one only, the herd seen they were in the big valley a long way below. We descended and cut up the dead sheep. This finished, and the old Kalmuk carrying the head over his shoulder, we rode off round the slopes after the herd, eventually pulling up and dismounting at the end of a long spur. Here, while on the look-out, we suddenly saw the herd, now only seven in number, come bounding back towards us, evidently disturbed by their flight by my fellow-sportsman, who just then appeared on the top of the mountain. The over looked like charging straight at us, but swerved off and made up the mountain, except one, who, on the slope after the crest, forgot his usual cunning and stopped to have a look at me. I heard the "clap" of the bullet as it struck, and he jumped completely round, then disappeared round a small spur a short distance off. Feeling quite pleased at such good fortune, I followed up, expecting to find the sheep lying dead. Imagine my disappointment—he had vanished. There was no time to be lost, so, starting the Kalmuk off in pursuit over the shoulder of the mountain, Hassack and I took up the blood tracks. Twice during this latter proceeding I heard the report of the Kalmuk's blunderbuss, and momentarily expected to see him return again; thus, thinking all was right, we returned to where the ponies had been left. They also had all three vanished, leaving portions of the first dead sheep's carcass scattered about the mountain-side, but before we went again, we had all collected, and the Kalmuk returned, having, I understood, had a great chase after the wounded ram and marked it down in a snail, not far from where we had started the day's work. Loading up the ponies, away we went again, searching fruitlessly for a long time among the numerous snails. Things looked bad. It was getting late, and we were just about to abandon the search till the morning, when, as good luck would have it, the old Kalmuk stopped and pointed below as he did so. It was off my pony in a second, and, peering over, saw the fine old ram, only just able to stand and looking very sick, about fifty feet below. One shot in the shoulder finished him. It showed the extraordinary vitality of these fine animals that, though badly wounded, he had been able to keep going for so long. My shot had just missed the middle of his chest, and had caught him near the point of the right shoulder and hit along his ribs. His horns measured fifty inches.

ONLY THING IS TO FIND HER



Every Man Has an Affinity Somewhere on the Earth, is a Law of Nature.

Every man has a best girl waiting for him somewhere in the world. The moment that he is born, the catalogue clerk in Time's great factory assigns him to a best girl or else puts him on the waiting list.

There is no escaping your best girl. No matter where she may be born or how far apart from her you may be when you started, the inevitable attraction will work your destiny, and when you meet you will both know it.

All that is lacking is the material realization, and inasmuch as all friends eventually find their way to the surface, yours is bound to come.

Sometimes a man's best girl is homey; sometimes her mouth is not so supple; her feet have been known to be regular; that makes no difference; he will love her just the same when he meets her.

Also, she may be another man's wife. Such things have been known. Here's hoping that it will not happen to you.—Life.

A Formal Figure.

"A delegate doesn't get a chance to take much more than a perfunctory part in a big convention nowadays."

"No," replied the prominent citizen; "if he is associated with a successful candidate he feels like an usher at a wedding. If he isn't he feels like an honorary palbearer."

Don't buy water for bluffs. Light blue is almost all water. Buy Crested Ball Blues, the blue that's all blue.

If a man is easily bought the buyer is apt to be sold.

RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

Doctors Could Not Help Mrs. Templeton—Regained Health through Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Hooper, Nebraska.—"I am very glad to tell you Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped me. For five years I suffered from female troubles so I was scarcely able to do my work. I took doctors' medicines and used local treatments but was not helped. I had such awful bearing down pains and my back was so weak I could hardly walk and could not ride. I often had to sit up nights to sleep and my friends thought I might not live long. At my request my husband got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I commenced to take it. By the time I had taken the seventh bottle my health had returned and I began doing my washing and was a well woman. At one time for three weeks I did all the work for eighteen boarders with no signs of my old trouble returning. Many have taken your medicine and in so doing what it did for me. I would not take \$1000 and be where I was. You have my permission to use my name if it will aid anyone."—Mrs. SUSIE TEMPLETON, Hooper, Nebraska.

The Pinkham record is proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of woman—ills that deal out despair.

It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?

Ship Baracelles

One of the worst nuisances that sailors have to put up with is baracelles. Baracelles abound in almost all seas, attaching themselves in great numbers to logs of wood, the bottoms of ships and other floating materials.

The common or ship baracelle is a species of alga. It is distinguished by a long, flexible stalk that is provided with muscles by means of which the creature can elongate or contract itself at will. Upon the end of the stalk there are five shelly valves, the principal organs of the animal being closed within. These valves open and close to admit of the baracelle spreading out and drawing back its net apparatus by which it obtains food.

Ship baracelles congregate in such numbers on ships that the latter's sailing powers are seriously impaired. The creature grows so rapidly, at the same time undergoing such wonderful transformation that they are objects of interesting study.

In 1916.

"But you can't vote for that woman. Remember that you have been sent here with instructions to vote for Mrs. Prollinger first, last and all of the time. You are in honor bound to obey those instructions."

"On your old instructions," replied the lady delegate. "I wouldn't vote for Mrs. Prollinger even if there were no other woman in the world to vote. She's gone and had her hair trimmed just like mine."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Autograph Nudance.

Do you know how to apply properly for autographs? Here is the formulae that has just received on a postal card:

"Dear Sir: As I am getting a collection of the autographs of all honorable and worthy men, and think you such, I hope you will forfeit by next mail. Yours, etc."—Longfellow.

CONSTITUTION VANISHES FOREVER

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS NEVER FAIL. Purely vegetable—act acutely on the liver. Stop after first use. Get rid of all stress—cure indigestion. Improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature *Warranted*

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

In this case of research and experiment, all doctors and chemists have failed to find a cure for the disease known as constipation. Science has indeed made great progress in the treatment of this disease, but it is still a mystery to the medical profession. French hospitals and that it is worthy the attention of the medical profession. It is a fact that the disease is not only a physical ailment, but it is also a mental one. It is a disease that is often cured by the use of the little pills.

DAISY FLY KILLER

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PARKER'S

