

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND.

They Tell an Experienced British Hunter Things Hidden from the Ordinary Hunter.

For a long series of years Mr. Lacy, the famous English hunter, has made such a close study of the footprints of the denizens of the forest in many lands that he can tell the number of different members of the antelope family, of panthers, hyenas, crocodiles, baboons and many other animals, says a London paper.

The spoor of the fore feet of the female elephant is practically a perfect circle, while that of the male is slightly oval, the hind feet of both sexes leaving oval marks. The fore feet show four toe marks, the hind feet only three, and the outline of the hind feet is more strongly marked and the pad behind the toes leaves a deeper imprint. A large spoor measures about 15 inches in diameter.

These peculiarities you can only discover by examining the footprints of the animals at rest. When the elephant moves in a leisurely manner his four feet leave a track of the width of a single foot only. The elephant in moving swings one foot across the other, beating a path the width of the front foot, the hind feet following in the same way. Thus he makes a continuous track, not a succession of footprints.

The rhinoceros is more difficult to follow. In spite of his weight the unbridled eye will lose his trail at once on stony ground. His spoor is not unlike that of the elephant, though of course much smaller. There is the same kind of pad with the toe marks in front, but there are only three marks, and the spoor of the hind feet, like the elephant's, is elongated.

When the lion discovers that a quarry is on his trail he sometimes leads him in a circle, and on reaching the spot track again continues following it up until he sees his hunter in front, when he promptly makes away.

The leopard follows his hunter in the same manner—sometimes even tracking the hunter to his camp, in the hope of finding sheep or goats. His spoor and that of the panther are similar to a lion's, but much smaller and elongated.

Among carnivores the hyena is remarkable, having four toes on all its feet. The hind feet are narrow and turn more outward than the forefeet, and the claws show, or, being a dog, he cannot draw them in as the lion does. The hunting dog and the jackal may easily be distinguished from the hyena, each having five toes on its front feet.

The bear leaves a track like the marks of a man walking in his socks. The track of a full-grown grizzly measures as much as 18 inches in length. The trail of the American musquash bear is easily seen by the practiced eye, as he continually treads in the same path, beating out defined roads for himself.

PROCLAMATION IS A WONDER.

Language of President Castro is Extraordinarily Rich in Flowery Metaphor.

President Castro, of Venezuela, on July 5, the independence day of that republic, issued a proclamation which certainly is a wonder, writes a Washington correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch. Revolutions in South America should cause little surprise if this document, which reached Washington the other day, is a fair sample of the literary products of the rulers.

The proclamation was published on the eve of President Castro's departure from the "Yellow House" at Caracas to lead his army in the field, and it is a stirring appeal to his countrymen to support him in his purpose to crush the anti-Castro forces, which has grown so formidable recently. The Venezuelan executive describes in flowery metaphor his own personality and intentions, and declares:

"Anarchy has struck deep its claw into the bowels of our country, but I will strangle that anarchy in the coils of my energy."

Announcing his purpose to revolutionize the methods of government in Venezuela, he writes:

"From this moment I consecrate to the realization of that design all the energies of my soul, the resources of the government, the humble prestige of my sword, my unshakeable faith in the success of my doing, and this life which has been spared by a torrent of bullets in 100 duels with death."

"I find myself in the condition to fulfill the mission with which I have been favored by Providence, and it is my desire to render myself worthy of that mission. Bracing myself with the conflicts of peace, and raising my stature if need be beyond the limitations of nature, I shall chain events and harness them to the car of victory in the very camp of the rebellion. I declare myself in campaign. I am going to transfuse into the operations of the war the enthusiasm of my faith, my nervous activity, and the efficacy of my personal direction."

Cattle Are Not Natives.

In an introduction to a recent bulletin on American breeds of beef cattle the broad statement is made that prior to the discovery of America there were no cattle in the western hemisphere. On one of his voyages Columbus is said to have brought a number of domestic animals with him. The escape from captivity of some of the early importations of cattle was the means of establishing the famous native cattle herds of the West Indies and Mexico, and the long-horned herds of Texas. The wild horses of the plains were similarly founded.—New York Tribune.

After Lemon Pie.

Cupful of sugar, yolks of three eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of boiled rice, mashed fine, grated rind and juice of one lemon, beat all together, pour into a lined pan and bake, when done, spread with meringue of whites and sugars.—Good Housekeeping.

FRESH FEMININE FINERY.

Notes of the Modes for Those Who Keep Pace with the Latest in Dress.

Modesty is again very simple, generally of fine silk or brown or black. Some of the smartest stockings are accented with real lace, while with ordinary folk very fine Halse thread or spun silk, in narrow rib, is popular, says a dress authority.

Large collars of every conceivable description are being worn this summer with gowns of all kinds. In shape many of them are in the Van Dyke style, as well as in the sailor collar. These large collars are most becoming and picturesque in effect and are made of various materials, some of silk muslin, applied on the edge with lace, and others of all lace in the heavier point patterns. In many instances cuffs to match the collars are worn, and stylish and dainty they are, too.

Petticoats of satin brocade, Louisiana and China silks have driven taffeta skirts out of fashion. Underwear of silk is possible only when it is completely lacking in ruffle. The same is true of linings. Spruce and fowered are chosen in preference to taffeta.

A white muslin gown with black lace trimmings is charming; wide black lace forms the shoulders and the bertha and finishes the elbow sleeves, while black lace applique in rose design straps the seams of the skirt and the waist in general lines up and down the front and back.

Women who consider style and durability a happy combination in a gown will do well to purchase just now material for a new gown of a superior quality of black velvete and trim it with a herringbone of black silk. With this should go a little silk jacket with a collar turned down and edged with Irish lace, the open bell sleeves being lined with the same lace.

Crepes de chine and liberty satins and silks are much used this season in place of the more perishable chiffons and tulle for many of the tucked blouse waists and undersleeves. Flowered peau de sole is also employed, and white silk and satin stripes, the satin stripes flowered in black or white showing rows of fagot stitching along each edge, and often the plain stripes is slashed every half-inch and threaded with black velvet bebe ribbon.

Not a few of the newest evening waists have soft transparent folds going around the figure with horizontal lines of lace insertion showing between. Others, for fuller forms, are in surplice effects, with scarf ends delicately embroidered as a finish, and for the Junoesque type are the revived pointed bodices finished with closely fitted darts in the old manner, but cleverly draped in slightly bloused style in front and in close clinging fashion at the side above the straight-fronted corset to give the effect of length and slenderness.

The new shirred skirts are exceedingly smart, made both in dark and light plain chiffons or muslins, and there are rows of the shirring three together at regular intervals from just below the waist to the top of the gathered or plaited flounce. The waist to go with these skirts has three rows close together, just above the belt, and between these the material is arranged in full, graceful folds. These "shirred" gowns, however, can be worn to advantage only by a slight and graceful figure. Deep-pointed yokes on the waist and skirt, formed by shirring, are smart and can never become too common, as the work requires an expert dressmaker.

AN OLD RAILROAD TIE.

Old Service as a Grape Trellis After Thirty Years' Usage on an Illinois Road.

"I saw an old railroad relic the other day that was quite a curiosity," said a contractor, according to the Chicago Inter Ocean. "It was in the possession of a farmer near Springfield. It was one of the ties used in the construction of the first railroad built in Illinois, 'The Northern Cross,' extending from Springfield to Naples on the Illinois river. It was built, or at least begun, in 1836, and was of a construction now strange to railroad people.

"The ties were of red cedar and were laid farther apart than is now the custom. On the ties running lengthwise were laid oak stringers, as they were called, to support the rails. These stringers were timbers about six inches square and from 20 to 30 feet long. They were held in place by oak pins about an inch in diameter, which were driven through holes bored in the stringers and ties. The rails were mere straps of iron about 2 1/2 inches wide and a half to three-quarters of an inch thick. The strap-ends were fastened to the stringers with spikes driven through their center and the heads of the spikes were countersunk so that the straps presented a smooth surface upon which the wheels revolved.

"The tie of which I speak had been taken from the track in 1866, after 30 years of use, had passed into possession of its present owner and been used as a post to support a grape trellis, where it has stood for 35 years. It is still sound, except around the holes near each end, around which are signs of decay.

"I think if enough material of this kind could be gathered it would be a good idea to construct a track after this old pattern as a part of the Illinois exhibit at the St. Louis exposition."

First American Earthquake.

The fourth book printed in a European language upon the western hemisphere was issued in the City of Mexico in 1541, and gave an account of the terrible earthquake which occurred in Guatemala by which many persons lost their lives. Among those who perished was the wife of the governor, the famous Don Pedro Alvarado, who was one of the chief lieutenants of Cortez in the conquest of Mexico 20 years before the event described. The book was printed in the Spanish language.—National Tribune.

A Feasible View.

"The fools are not all dead yet," says the Alfalfa Sage, "and the death rate is not only small, but discouraging."—Kansas City Star.

Conventional Hair-Splitting.

Harriet—Don't you think mother is a good talker, Harry?
Harry—Well, she's a fluent contractor.—Detroit Free Press.

THE FIVE-CENT CIGAR.

Average Life of the Ordinary Brand Has Been Figured at Five Years.

"The average life of the nickel cigar is five years," said a prominent tobacco man, "and it is curious to note the differences which have enabled cigar men to arrive at this general average of the five-cent cigar's life. Many cigars of this class run through a long series of years, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"There are some brands now that have been running for more than a quarter of a century under the same name, and they are really the same cigars, made in the same way, having the same flavor and all that sort of thing. In this connection I have been impressed by the remark which we often hear about certain brands of cigars for two years, or longer, but that the cigar was getting so bad that he had concluded to quit buying it at all. It is nothing like the same cigar," he said; "the taste has changed, and it tastes like a mixture of cabbage leaves." Now, he was altogether wrong about that. I know the cigar, know how it is made, and all about it, and I know that no sort of change has been made in the process of manufacture. The trouble is that a man's taste changes. He may get up feeling badly, his stomach may be in bad shape, and, of course, the cigar will not taste as it did when his system was in better condition. The cigar is blamed, and he simply dashes the thing into the street, and quite buying it. Instances of this sort are very common. Mind you, I do not mean to say that some of the brands do not change. There are tricks in the cigar business, just as there are tricks in other trades. But in nine cases out of ten the trouble is with the smoker. But, recurring to the age of cigars, the average to which I have referred has been settled upon by tobacco men and is accepted throughout the country. It is reached by taking the two extremes—the good and the bad five-cent cigar, and figuring back to the middle. Some five-cent cigars close with the first lot made. They are failures, having nothing in them to recommend them to the public. The material out of which they are made would not make decent 'three-fors.' The higher grades of five-cent cigars are made as carefully and with as much skill as the cigars that are sold at a higher price, and I do not mind saying that many of them are really far superior in material, flavor and method of manufacture. So many of them, however, are of the cheap kind that the average is lowered to five years, while the average life of the higher-priced cigars will run to a much higher figure."

ADVICE FOR ANGLERS.

Being Perfectly Noiseless and the Avoidance of Shining Apparatus Is Very Important.

The angler of experience does not need to have another hammer into him the truth that the quietest he is, the more he keeps himself concealed, the less conspicuous he makes himself, in short, the more fish he will take. That truth has been beaten into him by countless incidents of the stream and lake, says the New York Sun.

The angler of inexperience, however, always fails to recognize the importance of effacing himself, and will continue to wonder year after year why it is that the other fellow gets the trout or bass.

In the whipping of a stream for trout, going down stream, the man with the rod should lift his feet only when he is obliged to. They should be slid along just above the bottom as noiselessly, surely, and gently as possible. The object of this is to avoid sending down sand in solution, or starting small rolling stones, which infallibly notify the trout below that something unfriendly is coming down.

It is well, too, for a man to fish with the sun in his front, as his long shadow on the water will scare a good many more fish than it will allure.

In approaching a pool from the bank care should be taken not to show above its rim at all. If the angler knows where it is and how it is shaped, he should cast at it before he sees it. Thus pre-knowledge of a stream is worth a good deal.

In boat fishing for bass, the utmost quiet should be observed. Water is an excellent conductor of sound, and any unusual motion in the boat is communicated to the fish beneath.

In casting, the elbow should be against the side and almost the whole of the force imparted to the bait should come from the forearm and wrist. The man who throws his hand out far and high with the rod, much as if he were playing at shortstop and had to get a ball down to first base to beat a runner out by a foot, will be seen by bass 50 yards away and they will have none of him.

Similarly they will have none of the chap who always strikes his rod handle against the boat's side, or sings, or swears, or stamps on the bottom, or runs the tip of the rod through the water.

WORLD'S BIGGEST HARVESTER.

Big Machine Cuts a Thirty-Six Foot Swath and Completes All the Processes.

What is said to be the largest automobile in the world, and the largest combined harvester as well, is now at work on a big ranch in central California, where it is being used in cutting 40,000 acres of barley, reports the Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald.

The big machine consists of a traction engine capable of hauling 75 tons, and which takes the place of 60 horses; a header or mowing machine, which cuts a swath 36 feet, and a thrashing machine, all complete. The thrashing machine and header are run by a 30-horse power engine, entirely separate from the traction machine, save that they both get steam from the same boiler.

The apparatus moves over the ground at different speeds, according to the thickness of the crop, while all the time the header and thrasher are going at full speed, whether the grain be thick or thin.

The average speed made is 3 1/2 miles an hour and 100 acres a day can be thrashed by the machine.

The drive wheels of this monster traction engine are eight feet in diameter and have three 48 inches wide, on which are ridges 1 1/2 inches high.

Eight men are employed on the thrasher. Half a minute after the header starts to work the thrashed grain begins to fall into the sacks at the other side from where it is cut, while the straw falls into a cart behind.

The heads are carried away from the header by a draper, or moving belt, 48 inches wide. They are carried through a colander, which breaks the beard from the barley and shells it at the same time, then by a narrow belt through two cleaners, and finally to a bin, from which it is sacked. The sacks are sewed and set aside as fast as filled.

When 12 sacks have been filled they are allowed to slide off the cart on which they are stacked to the ground. Likewise when the straw cart is full it is dumped.

This giant automobile is 66 feet long and half as wide, weighing over 100 tons. It uses oil as fuel, necessitating the use of four horses to haul oil and the water for the boiler as it travels around large areas.

THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

Blazed the Way for Civilization in Canada, But Its Day of Power Is Over.

Time was when the Hudson Bay company was the most powerful corporation on the American continent. The company is still in existence, and its shareholders are growing rich, but not at as rapid a pace as formerly, reports an eastern exchange. Interest in the company has recently been revived by the report of a dividend and a bonus of \$5.60 per share at the last meeting of the corporation in London. There was a time, not so very far away, when this company was the greatest, if not the richest, in the world; that is, its operations covered a wider field than any other; its employees were more numerous, and it did more to develop its territory and preserve peace among the wild denizens than was done by statesmen and armies. It owned Canada, or most of it, and carried to its great storehouse the pelts of the beaver, otter, mink and other fur-bearing animals that were brought to its forts by the Indians, while it placated the Indians by the insurance of a market and by occasional distributions of guns, powder, blankets, flour and kivasaws for personal adornment.

But the Hudson Bay company is forced to retire before an advancing civilization. The Indian is growing canny. He is wearing trousers and entertains bankings for pie. Moreover, he has become so industrious in the hunt that with the help of white visitors he has killed off most of the fur-bearing animals, exterminated the buffalo, is taking the salmon out of the rivers, and is putting himself and the company out of business. The company has been obliged to go into all sorts of side issues, such as the selling of real estate and the maintenance of crossroads groceries, and has abandoned its posts along what was recently the frontier. It was in time disintegrated, and the enormous territory that it possessed will pass, is now passing, into the hands of farmers, lumbermen, miners and independent tradesmen. It did a great deal for Canada, and blazed the way for its ultimate occupancy.

Lived Through Antarctic Winter. Undoubtedly the penguins live on the edge of the ice pack in winter time. A curious proof of this is that during a heavy gale in the bay near Cape Adair, the ice field broke up suddenly and the flocks drifted northwards into the ocean, carrying off one of my sled dogs. We naturally looked upon the dog as lost, but a week later the sea was frozen as far as the eye could reach, and three months afterwards that dog returned to camp from over the ice, and he was fat! Now, three dogs can kill a seal, but one dog cannot; and this dog had evidently been living on penguins out at sea at the edge of the ice pack.—Prof. C. E. Borchgrevink, in Leslie's Monthly.

Chasté of Evil.

"Do you know, sir," said the long-haired passenger, as he lined up by the side of a drummer at the ten-minutes-for-lunch joint, "that rapid eating is suicidal?"

"Wasn't aware of the fact," rejoined the drummer, between bites, "but I know that slow eating is starvation on this road."—Chicago Daily News.

The Smart Kid.

Mother—Did you break anything when you dropped that armful of playthings, Bessie?
Bessie—No, mother, nothing but the quiet, and that's mended already.—Detroit Free Press.

PASSING OF LIGNOUS LO.

Wooden Indians in Front of Tobacco Stores Are Seldom Seen in These Days.

Slowly but surely all the old friends of our childhood are passing away. But saddest of all is the passing of the American Indian. Not that idle, dirty aborigine that inhabits the western plains, says the Boston Advertiser.

I refer to that noble figure, the "wooden Indian," that for so many years has been to the tobacco store what the striped pole is to the barber. But, alas! his time has come. And what will the children of the future have to take his place?

This well-known sign has a distinct and logical genealogy. More than three centuries ago Sir Walter Raleigh learned that there was a plant used by the Indians in a manner unknown in Europe. Sir Walter soon acquired the art and introduced it to Europe. In an incredibly brief period all Europe had taken up this delight, while to-day you can scarcely find a region on the globe where tobacco is not known.

And credit was given where it was due. Even before the Indian was unknown, nevertheless his praise was sounded and heralded. Then came the "wooden Indian" as a tribute to the teacher of this "solace and delight of man."

As if by magic all over England and in this country the "wooden Indian" stood as a symbol of a tobaccoist. But to-day his knell is rung, and we of the present generation are seeing the last of one dear old friend.

What a delight yesterday but no delight in gazing at the noble "buck" or sweet-faced "squaw" who held in his wooden hand a bunch of cigars as if to urge upon the world the delights of smoking. In the old days a cigar store without the symbol was like a one-ring circus of to-day. Passersby would scorn at the attempt to sell the "weed" under any other device.

But all has changed. You walk block after block and pass tobacco stores by the score, but the old friend has gone. The march of an effete civilization has marked him out for slaughter.

His principal rival is the gaudy lithograph. It is with shame that I acknowledge the fact, but the youth of to-day would far rather gaze upon the picture of a chorus girl smoking that abandonment, a cigarette, than stand and admire the stolid features of the representation of the past.

Then, too, little figures of ball-players and dudes have taken a front rank. But all credit to the tobaccoist on Chelsea square. He possesses a figure that has stood for 40 years calmly surveying the crowd rush by. This Indian was formerly the figurehead on an East Indian man, and could he speak tales from foreign lands would spring from his lips of wondrous nature. But there he stands, and his owner would not take a fortune for him. And he is right. Cling to the sacred associations of the past.

But as if the invading lithographs and rival figures were not enough, along comes the city ordinance and completes the work of devastation. They say that the sidewalks shall not be obstructed and all signs must be removed. And so there is but one result—the "wooden Indian" must vanish from sight. After centuries have passed over his head, during which time he reigned supreme, his useful life is to be snuffed out, and the cities shall see him no more.

Fortunately he clings to life in the small towns, and doubtless will survive there for ages. But in the city his very existence has been curtailed, and only a small imitation in a little store on an obscure street remains to recall to mind the erstwhile proud figure, who with a bunch of cigars in one hand welcomed his friends, and with upraised tomahawk was prepared for slanders.

FAMOUS DOGS ARE EXTINCT.

Last of the Newfoundlanders Are Rapidly Disappearing from the Face of the Earth.

Dog lovers are discovering with regret that one of the finest canine species has become almost extinct. The Newfoundland is practically no more in this country and in England, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

The fast-vanishing breed is native in the island of Newfoundland, and old records say early settlers found the Indians in possession of magnificent specimens. It is generally supposed, however, that the Newfoundland was the result of a cross of some English strain and the native dogs.

At any rate, this particular animal is celebrated in history as the embodiment of courage and intelligence and kindness—the highest type of canine excellence. Landseer, in his famous painting, "The Child's Best Friend," rendered the species immortal.

In spite of this, it is a fact that the valuable dog, in its original habitat, is quite extinct. And he was most useful there, too, in saving drowning persons along the storm-swept coast, where shipwrecks are frequent. Nevertheless, it is charged that it was through starvation and neglect that these famous dogs died out in Newfoundland itself.