

The Taming of Salomon.

"What wild beast, grysbok, Chanler's reed-buck, bush-hog, klip-springer, addax, ourebi, Baker's roan, sassaby, pookoo, hartbeest, aardvark, caracal, lechee—" So, to my host's delight, my enumeration went on, as he showed me his collection of big-game heads.

We paused before a pair of ivory tusks which stood nearly eight feet high, and weighed two hundred and fifty-four pounds. The sportsman said:

"The fellow that carried those gave me the fright of my life, and incidentally, taught me not to be too hasty in my judgments."

"I encountered him in Belgian territory, on the highlands west of the Luapula River.

"My safari of ninety odd porters and attendants, native skinners, trackers, and so on, was made up at Victoria Falls, where an English agent had got them together. He had also engaged for me a white hunter to show me the country, and to help me in gathering and preparing specimens for an American museum of natural history.

"This hunter, P. Salomon by name, I did not have a chance to see until he overtook me at Broken Hill, then the terminus of the Cape to Cairo Railway.

"In appearance the man was disappointing. He was young, not more than thirty, listless in manner, and, even in hunting dress, a flop. He carried an enormous stack of white silk handkerchiefs, and his tent boy washed and ironed at every convenient stop, that his master might put on fresh clothes in the morning.

"Against all English precedent, his battery consisted of a light German rifle and a somewhat antiquated American repeating rifle.

"However, he seemed to know the country, and in giving advice was usually terse and to the point.

"When I asked him why he used an American rifle of an old model instead of the regulation cordite double-barreled gun, he said:

"She hits a lion and a half a dozen times without loading, and her double-barreled hits only twice in a hundred yards is about the same."

"One thing pleased me; languorous and easy as he was when things were going well, he was all life, motion and alert attention whenever we were in difficulties—in fording streams, for example, and in getting through tangled mazes of trails. I was beginning to warm to him, when an incident occurred that put him wholly in my bad graces.

"We were passing through a steaming jungle on a game-path as broad as a public road, when we heard big beasts crashing and snorting shrilly among the tangle of vines and bush.

"I was in the lead with my gun boy, and P. S., as he rather liked to be called, was following, when a big Cape bull bounced into my path, and confronted us not thirty yards away. I quickly changed my light rifle for a heavy express, which my gun boy carried, and was aiming low at the chest of the snorting beast, when Salomon caught me by the shoulder, and said in my ear:

"Never shoot in the midst of a herd of buffalo or elephant!"

"I know that the advice was good, but as I had my first Cape bull to kill, I turned to argue the matter. To my surprise, my hunter's face was as white as paper. With his eyes narrowed to staring points, he was gazing straight past me at the front of that threatening bull! Then, in a twinkling, the bull turned tail, and with all his fellows, tore away through the jungle.

"That settled it with me. My agent was imposed on in some way," I swiftly concluded. "P. S. is an arrant coward!"

"We made our first permanent camp among the fresh elephant pastures of the Okra Hills, five thousand feet above sea-level. We pitched our tents on a slight terrace between two cool ruidlets known to the natives as Kamboja Springs. Above us was an extensive forest inhabited by elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, and many species of monkeys and birds; below us and immediately about us was an open country filled with scattering thornbush, sedge and tall elephant grass growing in the last dry season.

"The spoor of elephant and buffalo was everywhere, and

game-trails, new and old, cut the high grass, and the jungles in all directions. We often heard the booming roar of lions at night. The country had hardly been shot over at all.

"Here, to his evident surprise and chagrin, I left my twenty-dollar-a-day white hunter to look after the camp, while, with my native trackers and my gun boy, I followed the spoor of rhinoceros and elephant. Within a week I got a good bull rhinoceros. Twice I was led up to herds of elephant, only, however, to find them made up wholly of cows and calves. My Belgian permit allowed me to kill well-grown tuskers only.

"Then on our first rainy day, while I was engaged in my tent, the big bulls I was after came almost into camp. I had taken my large caliber, big-game rifle apart and was cleaning it when my black skikaree thrusts a broadly grinning face into the opening of my tent.

"'Eluphant, baas,' he said. 'Big buck too.'

"I hurried out. Half the blacks had left their grass-roofed shelters to stare at a line of big brown bodies passing over a little ridge a quarter of a mile to the west.

"There were not less than a hundred elephants in sight. Towering high above the rest were several monster bulls, whose ivory gleamed as they shuffled forward. We were out of their short range of vision, and they hadn't caught our wind as yet.

"My gun-bearer was at hand. I ran into the tent, brought out my express-rifle and a light German rifle that I kept in reserve, and we were off at the top of our speed.

"The herd was now dropping into a valley, where the feather-topped grass stood much higher than a man's head. They were following an old game-path that half a mile away crossed the bed of a stream. There I determined to intercept the herd, and with all possible speed I thrashed through the drenched grass in pursuit.

"If I could reach the ford in time, I knew that one or more of those mammoth tuskers would be my certain reward. And I thought of him.

"The river channel, the banks of which were thinly fringed trees, was some thirty yards in width. In the rainy season probably it held a considerable stream, but now there was merely a narrow ribbon of water winding through its hard mud flats.

"With my gun boy, I got behind the top of a small tree that, partly undermined by high water, had been recently blown forward, and now leaned into the channel. I had not regained my breath when the thumping, sucking sound of huge feet traveling in stiff mud, announced the approach of the herd.

"Something, perhaps some faint in the air, had stirred them. They came lunging over the bank and into the channel at a shuffling trot. The cows, with crowding calves of all sizes, were in the lead; the old ones followed with lifted ears and trunks curled upward to 'feel' the wind.

"These had crossed the stream when there appeared three mammoth bulls, coming on more leisurely, although showing some uneasiness. I let them come within thirty paces of me; then, with breath suppressed and every nerve tense with excitement, I let the biggest bull have both balls of my express-rifle behind the shoulder.

"My shots, which were aimed too high to reach the heart, raised a fearful commotion. The wounded bull gave an unearthly squeal; the others trumpeted in noisy alarm. Cows wheeling about across the channel, pressed forward to protect their young. These, lifting their trunk and their great flapping ears, joined in a trumpet-blast of defiance.

"I turned to my gun boy for the lighter weapon, only to find that he had flung the rifle, muzzle downward, into the mud, where it was now sticking breech up, and that he himself was going up the bank with the celerity of a monkey, with my express cartridges in his belt!

"At this instant the wounded bull, getting sight of wind of me, came plowing through the mud of mid-channel. In the same instant I saw P. Salomon standing in the open with leveled rifle. There was a sudden

flash in the air, I heard the crack of his rifle. The bulk of the big bull leaped nearer.

"The beast came on with incredible speed. I was but half-way up the bank when I was seized and lifted aloft. I was swung in a dizzy gyration. I felt my clothing loosen and tear, and then I was Jung among the brush of the higher slope, sprawling, but unhurt.

"Above me the enraged elephant waved the khaki cloth torn from by back. I heard P. Salomon's shout, high and shrill: 'My word, man! Lie still if you're all right!'

"The bull heard, as the hunter must have known that he would. As he made a quick half-turn, P. S. fired full in his face, and hit him near the eye. Such a roar as the beast gave I have never heard.

"The animal's rage vented itself on the nearest object, the leaning tree in front of him. He seized it, tore it from the bank, and shook it aloft so furiously as to fling broken limbs, twigs and dirt in showers all about him.

"Thus he advanced toward P. S., who stood his ground and waited for the chance of a shot that would reach the brain. Was the bull about to use that mighty tree as a weapon against his puny foe? Did he see the man at all? Why didn't P. S. run!

"Roused by my alarm, I leaped to my feet and shouted at the seemingly crazy hunter. Instead of heeding my frantic commands, I saw P. Salomon dodge directly under that shaking tree, pass round the bull's shoulder, turn the muzzle of his rifle upward, and fire four shots with the speed of automatic action. Then he leaped aside.

"The tree slipped from the bull's grasp, his vast body swayed for an instant on tottering legs, then dropped like a landslide into the mud. His flexible trunk writhed about in a snake-like twist, then all was over. I looked about hastily to see if there were other bulls to conquer; but having discovered the object of their alarm, the unhurt elephants had all fled.

"When I gripped the trunk of the tree, I thought of him.

Quietly in Earnest.

Silence marks the working of the greatest forces of life. No ear hears the sun draw up into the sky the countless tons of water that fall in rain. No man hears the groaning of the oak's fibers as it grows to its strength and height. Noise is usually an after-effect, and does not often accompany initial power. Sounding brass and tinkling cymbals are noisy, but not powerful. So the will reaches its decision in silence and it does not need much shouting to know when a man is in earnest. Love grows without a sound. The great Fisher of Men worked quietly, as fishers usually do, as Isaiah said, not crying nor lifting up his voice in the streets; yet he was doing his Father's work every minute. We need not become anxious when our sincerest work makes no great noise nor has any immediate effect. If we are dead in earnest, let us do what we can and keep still. Our great partner is a silent partner.—The Herald and Presbyter.

Lightning Kills Few.

In 1906 lightning killed only 169 people in this whole country. One's chance of death by lightning are less than two in a million. The chance of death from liver, kidney or stomach trouble is vastly greater, but not if Electric Bitters be used, as Robert Madsen, of West Burlington, Ia., proved. Four doctors gave him up after eight months of suffering from virulent liver trouble and yellow jaundice. He was then completely cured by Electric Bitters. They're the best stomach, liver, nerve and kidney remedy and blood purifier on earth. Only one at E. H. Honnis Drug Co.

Notice.

Having qualified as Adm. of A. S. Key deed, all persons holding claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned within 12 months from this date or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery; Also all persons owing said estate will please make immediate settlement. This December 1st, 1911. G. O. Key Adm. of A. S. Key, deed.

No man ever found true happiness by running after pleasures.

QUALITY COUNTS



Boys' Clothing

Largest stock of Boys' Clothing and Overcoats. Suits in knickerbroker pants. Prices from.....

Underwear

We have it in Men's fleece lined and ribbed. Same in boys also. Union Suits.

SHOES

Factory line of best shoes for men and boys in fine and heavy shoes. Come and see. Home made line, best on earth for price.

Everybody gets a fair deal here. Ask my customers.

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QUALITY COUNTS

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C. E. Lundy Clothing Store

Carries the best line of Clothing in Mount Airy for men and boys. Largest stock from \$3.00 a suit to \$25 for men. Same in Overcoats.

Boys' Clothing Largest stock of Boys' Clothing and Overcoats. Suits in knickerbroker pants. Prices from..... 98c to \$8.50

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We have it in Men's fleece lined and ribbed. Same in boys also. Union Suits. SHOES

Factory line of best shoes for men and boys in fine and heavy shoes. Come and see. Home made line, best on earth for price.

Everybody gets a fair deal here. Ask my customers.

Next to First Nat. Bank C. E. LUNDY

BRIDE-TO-BE IS DISSATISFIED

Didn't Like Looks of Prospective Husband Secured Through Agency.

Richmond, Va., Friday, 22.—David

is a rejected suitor. The young lady is eighteen, and the swain is forty-five. The girl got here yesterday, armed with a picture of Hamilton. He met her at the train and they went into the shopping district, making several purchases. Hamilton footing the bills. Miss Adams went to a boarding house, Hamilton going to a barber shop and sprucing up for the marriage. The girl and the man became acquainted through a matrimonial bureau.

In the afternoon the girl balked and said she wanted to go home. The police gave her quarters. Mr Hamilton said he was a gentleman, that the lady could keep the things he had bought and that he would pay her way home. The police have communicated with the girl's parents, and are awaiting directions as to what they desire.

Chronic Grumbler.

The chronic grumbler is despised by all. It is at the best a foolish habit. One can gain nothing by this habit.

Refuse to notice life's trifles and you remove at once many of your petty annoyances. Forget the failures of the past, it will do you no good to live over the disagreeable scenes of life again. No one can nor should expect to be care free in the world. Every one has friends and loved ones to think about. Even if they have passed away their memory one should revere. Life at the worst is worth living. And above all remember that the faults of one's self are too often magnified in one's imagination. We grumble at little things, of which if we should take a clearer view we would be astonished at our woeful display of temper. We are all prone to excuse ourselves from active service in life by our own grumbling imagination. It is an injustice to ourselves and injury to our friends who need our services, to make them useless in this way. And last, but not least, one must bear in mind that the grumbler is fed on fleeting fancies of ill-usage, wrongs, and illusions. Let us all by good spirits and brotherly love cast this demand of society into destruction and live for others, and not for self.—Reformatory Press.

The Rexall Store



Skin Comfort

A beautiful skin not only improves a woman's appearance but helps to make her feel comfortable and happy. Its the same with a baby. Attend to your skin as closely as your health, one is dependent on the other.

At this drug store you will find all the remedies that assist a beautiful skin and all the lotions and powders that keep it right.

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WINCHESTER

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To get good results in shotgun shooting, it is necessary to have a load that makes an even pattern, gives good penetrations and is reliable and uniform in every way. Winchester Black Powder Shotgun Shells are just such a load. The next time you buy, insist upon having them. THE RED W