

thing, but quite casually she loaded her gun and put it down on the ground. Then she picked up a little tin that lay a matter of twenty feet away, and with her back to the gun threw it over her head—not up, but parallel to the ground. It never reached the earth—not with its original tintype. And Hendren's astonishment was complete and delightful to behold.

REPELLED AT THE RUSSIAN BORDER

We asked her if this remarkable skill of her's hadn't often been unexpected and caused amazement.

"Many a time," she said. Once, not very long ago, she and her husband, Frank Butler, were on their way into Russia to give an exhibition of American shooting at St. Petersburg. At the frontier they were held up by a spangled officer of great arrogance and importance. He would let them through, certainly. But the passport said nothing about an arsenal. Under no conceivable circumstances could such an incendiary and plot hatching outfit of powder and pistols and bombs (for all he knew) go into the country. Explanation and expostulation were vain. Promises, flattery, threats and bribes were useless. His Greatness rose in a purple fury, told them to get out, hinted darkly of Siberian mines. And when Butler finally told him in good Westernese where he could go, while they went back home to a better place, he kept two frightened interpreters both busy explaining just what would happen if he ever saw them again.

So in low spirits back they went to Paris, the hospitable centre of the globe.

Well, what has that to do with astonishment and shooting? You shall see. At that time pigeon shooting was a popular sport in France among the aristocrats. And at the same time Annie Oakley among her numberless trophies held the championship of that particular performance. She had been kindly received by the people of Paris, and they were invited to make themselves at home in the great club in the Bois de Bologne. So shortly after this, one afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Butler were sitting near the traps at the club. As they came in they found four gentlemen shooting. One of them very graciously came over to Butler and said:

A SHOOTING MATCH IN PARIS

"Monsieur, I see you have a gun. It would be a great pleasure if you would shoot with us."

Butler answered that the gun belonged to the lady.

If he had said a beard belonged to the lady it would have been received with the same courteous acquiescence.

"Really? We would be all the more delighted if the lady would shoot." Rather intimating that this was a poser. Annie said she would be glad to.

"We were shooting for a Louis," went on the gentleman, "but of course the lady will not join in that?"

To increase his astonishment, Annie said she had no objection. And so without more ado took her turn at the traps.

By four o'clock these gentlemen had entirely revised their views on firearms and the feminine movement. They stood something over \$350 American money in the hole, with no prospect of getting out. And they were no mean hands at the game either.

GRAND DUKE TO THE RESCUE

A few minutes after the party dispersed a man came and presented them to the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who has since been killed at the front in command of the Czar's invading armies. He turned out to be the one who had originally invited her to shoot. He wanted to know who on earth this slip of a girl was that could casually clean up the best shots in Paris, and if there were any more at home like her. He ended the conversation by an urgent invitation for her to visit Russia.

"We tried to," said Annie, "but were thrown out at the gate."

In great indignation the Duke called for the details. He nodded his head, and squared his jaw—said nothing, but took out a card on which he wrote a few sentences in Russian.

"When next you go to Russia," he said, giving them the card, "present this. You will not be disturbed. If you are—send a message to Michael Michaelvitch, St. Petersburg. It is all that is necessary."

PUTTING IT OVER THE MOGUL

So the trip to Russia was resumed. And once more they were haled before the pompous and imperious guardian of the border. His dignity swelled to the danger point to behold such impudence, and he fairly screamed for passports for bombs and cannon. A little delay to get him into full form, and a little condescension to square the account, and the magic card was produced—not without some little misgiving. It was needless. For all the Butlers know this grand Ceberus of the gates of the Frozen Kingdom is bowing yet, sixty times to the minute, and all his standing army of guards and captains, clerks and sentries, lackeys and magistrates are bowing with him.

Further chapters from Annie Oakley's memories will appear in subsequent issues of THE OUTLOOK, including:

"Why the Sultan of Turkey Refused Admission,"

"The Story of the Gold Bracelet of Prince Luitpold,"

"A Visit to the Kaiser and a Prophecy of War,"

"The Bullet Collection of Francis Joseph of Austria."

Deer

The deer are coming back into the country. Fifteen years ago they were plentiful along the margins of the streams and the annual kill was an appreciable item. More recently the incessant hunt had driven them down into the recesses of the great Eastern swamps. The game laws came to their rescue—and now here they are back again, welcome visitors and a pleasant sight. Several were reported making themselves quite at home near Pine Bluff last week—and Sunday an automobile party were astonished to see a handsome buck surveying the improvements in the neighborhood from a vantage point on the railroad track near the Wine Press on the road to Aberdeen. This fine old fellow was evidently learned in the law, for he showed no undue uneasiness at the approach of the machine, but merely included it among the changes observable since he last left the neighborhood, in a hurry.

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