

"I am delighted to see you, Madam," the visitor said in the most genial manner. "I am Prince Luitpold. I have heard of your happy faculty with the rifle."

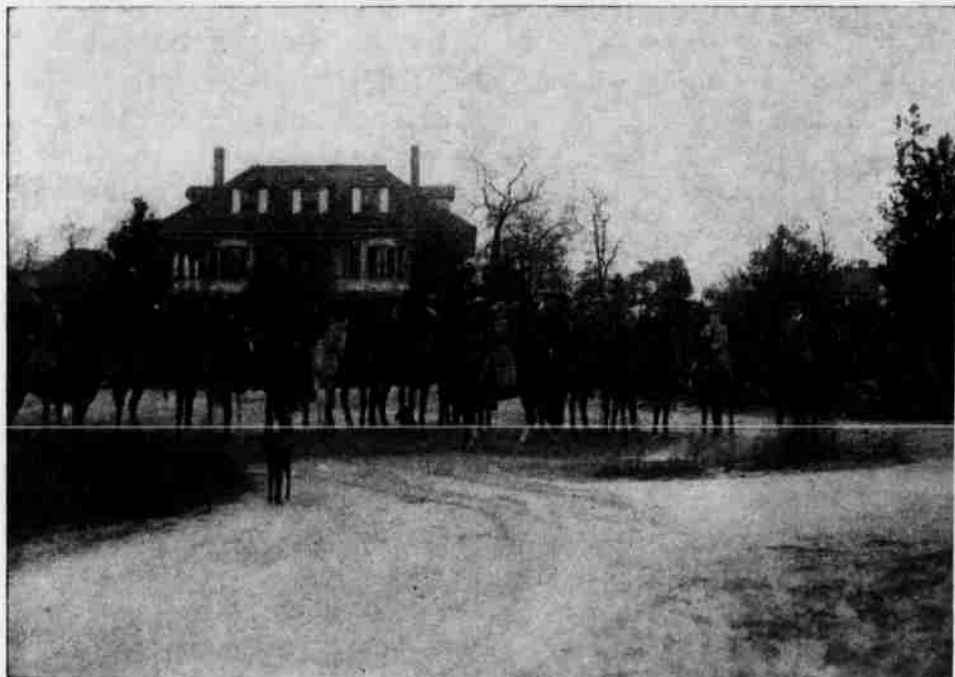
Of course we were more than flattered, and offered to show him our best at any time he would like. He said the present suited him as well as any time. It was in line with the whole houseparty welcome and effect of our stay in that wonderful city. I told him that the outfit was mostly out listening to his band, and had found a better show than they could give. But he seemed satisfied with present company, so we framed it up on the spot. He sat down on a camp stool, and I turned out my fanciest performance for him. I was shooting that day. And I am glad I was. For I have heard since that among his most treasured me-

ing somersaults. It was a thrilling exhibition, and pleased the prince all right. But he concluded that this was a trick horse and acted that way under orders. This delusion nearly cost the kingdom of Bavaria its ruler.

#### KNOCKING DOWN THE PRINCE

We were standing together near the fence when the mad beast made a break for us, coming dead on about forty feet a jump. Mitchell yelling like a fiend for us to duck. The king just laughed, and before I could manage to make him realize the danger the horse was upon us in furious career.

So I gave him a shove with all my might and threw him down on the ground, just in time for the buckler to pass over him. I suppose I am the only person alive that ever knocked a ruling sovereign down and got away with it.



ANNIE OAKLEY'S FOX. RETURN OF THE HUNT

mentoes is one of the American dimes that I winged in the air with a twenty-two.

#### DYNAMITE THE SEMFISHER

Then Mitchell and another bronco buster led out Dynamite. Dynamite was without exception the wildest and most unruly animal I ever saw. He was pure bad from his snorting head to his frenzied feet, and it was not often that the most daring rider cared to tackle him. I never saw him tamed. He would rear and buck until he either killed his man, or was dragged back to his stall. He was a fierce sight. They had a time roping and tying a saddle to him, and when they turned him loose with Mitchell on his back he made off like a Kangaroo turn-

Well sir! he was a good sportsman. He got up and enjoyed the rest of the show five times as much for his realization that he was seeing the real thing and not a parlor fake, and he left us with the most profound thanks, riding off all alone with his coachman and the trim little rig.

And then next morning came a courier from the palace with a letter bearing the Royal Crest, thanking me again for the action in the ring, and giving me this very bracelet, which came from the collection of the mad king. He also sent Mitchell a gold cigarette holder, set with diamonds—as whole souled and friendly and withal as good a sport as ever entered the ring of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.



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