

THE SEA ELEPHANT HUNTER.

A little man with a red face and faded hair, with hands deep in his pockets, roams about one of the resorts in southern California, and he would attract little or no attention except by a particularly jolly smile which ripples over his weather-worn face on the very slightest provocation. The writer found him one evening at the end of the long pier looking out on the water with a contemplative expression, and, remarking upon the beauty of the night, the little man replied, 'Yes, this is paradise to me,' with a curious inflection which was rather puzzling until it was known that his mother was a Swede and his father an Irishman.

'How so? Why,' he continued, sniffing the soft evening air that came in from the little bay, 'because the best part of my life I spent at the end of the world, right where they jump off, at Inaccessible Island down on the edge of the Antarctic Ocean; there and at Kerguelen's Land. I was a sea elephant hunter, and I'm so glad to be in such a country as this after all my roving that it seems like a regular paradise. I never believed that I would take up with such a life, but men are curious things and one day, when my ship made port at the Cape of Good Hope, I left her—no matter how—and shipped on board a whaler. They told me I would come back at the end of a year with perhaps \$2,000, and as that beat \$30 a month I shipped.

'These sea elephant islands are in a region where it either snows or rains sleet all the time,' continued the former sea elephant hunter, settling himself comfortably as though for a long talk, and where I spent two years was the most desolate place I ever saw. The two men told me that sometimes the sealers died of the horrors or went crazy, and I could well believe them. I was all volcanic rock with not a tree on it, and covered with snow capped mountains and glaciers; and the only sounds we heard were the roaring of the wind and the crashing of icebergs as they broke off and drifted away. When we pulled into the harbor and the sealers came aboard I wondered how men could get so low in looks: but I was as bad in a short time—you couldn't help it. The only house, if you would call it that, was a hole in the ground, roofed over with wreckage and timbers that had washed ashore, and on which the men had piled big rocks to prevent the roof from blowing away and to protect it from being crushed by the ice and snow which in the form of avalanches sometimes came rushing down from the mountains. In this hut there was nothing but a table and some seats. The men bunked on the floor on skins of the sea lion and feathers of the penguin. Everything was covered with oil and grease.

'After leaving a load of stores the steamer sailed away and we did not see her again for a year. The stores did not last very long, and then we settled down to what was a regular diet—gulls and penguin and the meat of the sea elephant. I knew that I had been trapped, but I had the sense to say nothing about it as the schooner had sailed and I had signed for two years. The next day the life began. Raining or snowing, we were always routed out early in the morning. The second or third day I was sent by the boss to kill some penguins for breakfast, and I nearly lost my life in the hunt. A great part of the island seemed to be covered with these birds; they were so thick that it was hard to force your way through them as they pecked at you viciously on all sides. The penguin rookery was in a big mass of tussock grass that grew almost as high as my head, and the birds had laid it out in streets and lanes, and along them and in them they stood in groups and droves. The streets were slippery and undermined by other birds, and every few steps I broke through into these cellars and was also attacked by the birds that came out.

'To protect myself I laid around with the club I carried, and finally turned and tried to run out of the place as the birds came at me thicker and faster, and nearly crazed me with their pecking and the noise they made. I was bewildered, and only by chance found my way out of the bird city, into which I had gone further than I first intended, thinking to see how large the rookery was. When I reached camp, covered with blood, with my arms full of birds, the men met me with a roar, and I saw that a joke had been put upon me. I found later that they never entered the bird city, but killed the birds about and on the edge.

'The men were called sealers, but sea elephants was the game. We were supposed to catch big animals, the males being from fifteen to nearly thirty feet long

The Rheumatic's Millennium.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE
ushers it in—the days of suffering from this relentless disease in
all its phases need not be prolonged.

THIS POWERFUL SPECIFIC wins daily encomiums for its splendid work in dispelling pain. It gives perfect relief in 6 hours.

It drives out the causes—cleanses the system—paves the way and helps to perfect health.

Only those who have been its victims—whether for a shorter or a longer period—in its milder forms or in its more acute forms, can really have any correct conception of the excruciating agony that comes to the sufferer from Rheumatism.

Only those who have been its victims

and have been cured by that most powerful and never-failing remedy, South American Rheumatic Cure, can really appreciate the blessing it has proved to mankind in relieving pain, dissolving and eradicating from the system all the foreign matters, the irritating acids, the unnatural substances which through cold and exposure collect in the joints and muscles, cause swellings, stiffenings, inflammation and oft-times cripple and incapacitate those who have been so unfortunate as to be caught in its meshes.

South American Rheumatic Cure is a specific for Rheumatism and Neuralgia

in all its forms. It is not an experiment. It is compounded on the most scientific principles known in modern medical science. It is the concentrated essence of the best and most potent ingredients recognized as being the most searching and healing. The formula is the outcome of years of study on Rheumatism in all its forms; its causes and medicines that are calculated to give the quickest relief and are most promising of a permanent cure. That the highest results have been attained by South American Rheumatic Cure that have been attained by any remedy of modern times is attested by the splendid testimony, the thankful words, the encouragement and faith shown in it by the hundreds and hundreds who have over their own signatures told how it has healed those who have been bed-ridden for years—those who have through its use "thrown away the crutches"—those whose stiffened joints that were affected by every whim of the weather—those who have suffered the deadly pains and pangs that are in-

cident to the inflammatory and neuralgic forms of Rheumatism.

Words cannot too strongly express its great merit, and sufferers need only to put to the test what others say of it to prove the claims of the great South American Rheumatic Cure. Years of pain may be dispelled in an hour, but it's only a matter of days at most till the most stubborn cases will vanish, and in the place of pain and suffering there'll be a joyous and lasting freedom.

J. D. McLeod of Leith, Ont., says: "I have been a victim of Rheumatism for seven years: confined to my bed for months at a time; unable to turn myself; have been treated by many physicians without any benefit. I had no faith in Rheumatic cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist, in Owen Sound. At that time I was in agony with pain. Inside of 12 hours after I took the first dose, the pain had all left me. I continued until I had used three bottles, and today I am completely cured."

South American Nervine is a power in restoring wasted nerve force; cures nervous prostration, stomach troubles and general debility. It cleanses the system and builds up the waste places.

South American Kidney Cure is a liquid Kidney specific; cures Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Bladder troubles and all Kidney disorders. Helps in four to six hours and heals permanently. Sold by E. C. Brown.

and weighing several tons. At one time, fifty or sixty years ago, they fairly covered the beaches, but they had been killed off so rapidly that they were confined to one part of the beach on a side that could not be approached by sea. So we had to travel over the glaciers and mountains, rolling our barrels. When near the divide we could look down on the elephants that looked like great black slugs on the white sand. We crossed down without frightening them, getting between them and the water. Then at the word from the boss we made a rush on them. When they saw us they slowly lifted up their heads, inflating their curious trunks that made them look like elephants. Clumsily they tried to reach the water, but a sharp blow over the head laid them out. Once one caught a man by the coat and tossed him into the herd, where he thought he would be torn to pieces, as he fell on the back of an old bull, but he escaped after having the clothes literally torn off him. Sometimes forty or fifty of the animals would be killed in an hour; then the work of skinning them began, and the boiling down. I was soon reeking in oil and that was the condition of us all the time.

'In the course of the year I never saw a whole day of sunshine, and sometimes for weeks the sun did not appear at all. That soon takes the life out of one, I can tell you, that and the snow, rain and sleet. At the end of the year some of the men whose time was up were paid off, perhaps they had been working on shares, and they went to the Cape of Good Hope; and in a week or two their money was gone in ways known only to the sailor, and several of the sea elephant hunters came back to the life of sludge and ice, of dirt and slaughter. But two years were enough for me, and two years too much,' said the little man, rising from the box on which he had been sitting.

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THE RICHES OF THE DESERT.

Gold, Silver, Lead, Iron and Copper all Found in the Mojave Sand.

The train was rushing over the white Mojave desert, a trail of sand and dust behind, an eternity of dust in the distance, a coming sandstorm high in the air. The thermometer was dancing a Highland fling, 120 degrees perhaps, anywhere you thought it might be, and the heat waves rose from the sands.

'I wouldn't care to own this land,' remarked a tourist.

'Why?' asked a Californian.

'It's so absolutely worthless.'

'There's just where you Eastern people are mistaken,' said the native. 'True this isn't the most beautiful part of California—I like Los Angeles better myself—but I can tell you, no one is going to give you the desert this year. Why, all it wants is water to convert it into the garden spot of the world.'

'That's true of Hades,' retorted the stranger, 'but the trouble is you haven't the water, and you're not going to get it here.'

'Wrong again,' said the Californian.

'They are finding the finest kind of artesian water all over the desert. Some day you'll find this desert a banana orchard; and as for value, some of the most valuable mines in the State are on the desert. The land that water has been put on has been found to be very rich, and fruit ripens five or six weeks earlier here than anywhere else. The desert is rich in gold, silver, copper, lead and iron; you don't happen to see it from the cars, but it's there all right. Dozens of paying gold mines are being worked, on the desert. The richest and largest iron mine in the West is right in such a place as this, and not far away. The iron lies around like sand, and is preferred in the fine work on the cruisers to all others. Over beyond here they raise trees, yuccas, that are ground up and sent to England where they print papers on it. Down at Ivanpah—that's a town right out on the desert, a red hot place—they have started a copper mine; began this year, and it's panned out \$180,000 profit so far. I suppose you wouldn't refuse that. And if you want to bet I'll go you any amount that within a year there'll be a dozen copper mines at work on the desert. Why, the desert is just rolling in wealth all ready to be picked up. It's warm, I'll agree to that, but there are hotter places. When you come to silver mines, there are lots of them on the desert, at Barstow, and Calico. In the worst part of the desert in the hills over beyond Daggett, is the most valuable borax deposit in any land. About six hundred people are working at it, and they think they are in great luck. You can't touch the borax king who owns it, with a ten foot pole. He makes thousands out of it.'

'If you want to see the greatest sight in America,' continued the enthusiastic Californian, 'in the way of a salt mine, go down to Salton on the desert. There they plough it out; and there are acres of salt, pure and white as snow. I know another desert landholder who gets a crop of bitumen; another gets phosphates; another asbestos. Another has a sulphur deposit;

still another takes out gypsum, all on the desert, and the great waste has just begun to be known. There's enough gold and silver and copper lying in that desert to make hundreds of men millionaires, and its going to be found yet. And,' added the Californian, there's another side to it; it's hot, but it's the healthiest place on earth. People are living here now who would be dead in a few months anywhere else.

'Then look at the curiosities,' he went on. 'Take Salton, way down below the level of the sea, Ten years ago it was one of the wonders of the country. Salton is 350 feet lower than sea level—a curious sort of a place. All at once the men at the salt station heard that the Indians said the whole sink was full once and was going to fill up again, and they began to take to the mountains until not one was left. That there was something in what the Indians said anyone who has been there knows, as you can see the old water line and the old fish traps, made of rock, along the shore line. The white men didn't take much stock in the story, but one day they found water running into the desert from New River, and in a few weeks there was an inland sea on the Mojave desert that you couldn't see across, and it came down into Salton and threatened to ruin the salt works. There it staid for a month or two, one of the wonders of the country, and thousands visited it.'

'Then,' said the Californian, 'there's the town of Indio on the desert: that's many feet below the sea level; and a few miles from here it blows so hard that they're started a wind ground glass factory. All they do is to set the glass out doors and the first sandstorm grinds it all right.'

'Down at Palm Springs they have a palm tree forest that is a desert attraction. How the trees got there no one knows, but there are hundreds of them. Some of people live there. One man told that in summer he spent most of his time lying in on irrigation ditch, it was that hot and roasting.

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LAXA LIVER PILLS

You can't be healthy if your bowels are constipated and your system clogged with poisonous material. There should be a natural movement every day, and the best way to secure it is to take Laxa-Liver Pills. The most obstinate cases yield to their action. They neither gripe, sicken nor weaken, are easy to take and prompt to act.

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Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

Heals and soothes the Lungs and cures Coughs and Colds of the worst kind after other remedies fail. Pleasant to take. Price 25c.

in some places on the desert the nights are so cold you feel as though you freeze to death. I tell you the desert is a great place. It isn't exactly a summer resort, but for actual value of resources it will go ahead of many like areas in the richest part of America.'

Buffalo Bill's Clever Daughter.

Mrs. H. S. Boal, one of the best known women of Wyoming, enjoys the double distinction of being the daughter of Colonel Cody better known as "Buffalo Bill" and of residing in a community whose legal title is "B. X.—Ranch, Slack, Wyoming." No one can tell more interesting stories of her distinguished father, and not even her father has been pestered with questions by foolish or inquisitive people. Among some of the startling queries which have been put to her are these:

'I suppose you have a very large collection of Indian scalps?'

'Have you ever been scalped yourself?'

'Do you keep Buffaloes as domestic pets?'

Once, on the ranch while she was entertaining a foreign stranger, her father rode by and she said, 'There's Colonel Cody now.'

The man looked at the horseman long and anxiously.

'Are you sure about it?'

'Certainly; I know him very well, indeed.'

'Well, I declare, I was never so surprised in my life. Why that man is a gentleman, and not an Indian at all.'

"Whiskey, you're the devil!"

says the Irishman, who nevertheless employs it to cast out the uglier devil, a cough or cold; how much more sensible to employ Adamson's Botanic cough Balsom, which never fails. 25c. all druggists.

Anna Gould's Professor of Feudal Law.

Professor Isaac Franklin Russell dean of the woman's law class of the University of New York, is a wit as well as a jurist and scholar. On one occasion a young woman in one of his classes said:

'The old common law seems to be full of contradictions.'

'It is,' replied the Professor. 'For example, fee-tail has no end, and a fee-male cannot have any possible relation to a woman.'

On another occasion a student asked: 'In the old days the law favored the eldest son nowadays, which of the family does the law favor?'

The Dean replied: "Why the survivor, of course."

Professor Russell was one of the counsel who drew up the marriage settlements of Anna Gould and the Count de Castellane. By an odd coincidence, a year before, the bride was a student in his class, and was one of the best informed of the women upon feudal law and legal status of royalty and nobility. Probably no French noblewoman is better acquainted with her own legal rights, duties and liabilities than the millionaire American Countess.

His Wish.

Jane—I wish I had a hundred dol lies Paul—I wish you; and that I had a hundred hammers to hit 'em with.