

A Camp Hunt in the South.

Against the huge gnarled trees which stand about Clear Lake, Ark., the firelight flashes red and high. The fire is built of huge fallen limbs of oak, hickory and ash, dry as powder, and it roars steadily. In its hue the beards of Spanish moss seem dripping blood and the up draught tints the leaves as its breath blew on them from a cavern below.

Thirty yards away, and half showing in the gloom, seemingly misshapen because of the shifting shadows on them, the horses are tethered munching the shelled corn in their nose bags. Two large wagons are nearer and to their heavy wheels the mules are hitched.

In a group by themselves and still, because they have been fed, are the hounds, ten of them, lop-eared, long nosed, sturdy and deep chested, with voices like bells and muscles wire like. They are of many colors, but the black and tan predominates.

Saddles and bridles lie about for men to step on and fall over. A little A tent is in the background, but it is not likely that any one will sleep in it, for the night is clear. It has been brought to serve in an emergency and to keep the heavy dew from the guns.

Surrounding the fire, but at a respectful distance, are eight men in every stage of disreputableness of dress. Their clothing is whole—as yet—but, that is the most that can be said for it. Coarse canvas trousers are stuffed into heavy boots, stained well-worn shirts cover their bodies, hats of wide brims are pulled over their eyes. About each waist is a leathern belt and from it hangs a knife in a sheath. They might pose successfully for train-robbers, or any other sort of banditti. They are lawyers, doctors, merchants and planters on a camp hunt.

Scraping off the veneer, they have gone half-way back to primal savages, and are out in the open, not much caring whether school keeps or not. As a matter of course they are talking dog, gun, horse and game. Equally as a matter of course, they are not subduing any incidents. Their recitals have the glorious tinge of exaggeration. Their imaginations are at work. With the politeness for which men in the woods are noted, each of them is telling his story without regard to his companions and the result is confusing. Two brave old pointers, stretched out near the tent, heads on extended forelegs, look up and blink in contempt—not being in the habit of giving tongue at any time and holding all noise to be vain. An undersized mongrel, showing the throw-back to his jackal progenitor in upright ears and air of apology for being alive, thinks that the talk is all about his many thefts and slinks away to another fire, where the cook and his helper are preparing supper. The helper is an institution of all such camps. His main business is to get in the way and to play the baggy when the day's work is done. He knows the mongrel to be the best squirrel dog in five counties and throws him a bit of meat in stantly.

The supper which is made of fried bacon, bread and black coffee is soon cooked and eaten. The white men make downy beds of moss, pulled green from the trees and spread thick on the ground. Over the blankets are placed, and in twenty minutes the party is in dreamland. Meanwhile the cook has baked some pounds of corn bread and fed the hounds. There is hard work ahead on the morrow and they will get no breakfast. Then the two negroes crawl into one of the wagons.

The fire lives on all through the night. Each dog has been tied to prevent it from exhausting itself in night chases. That is the reason why their lids close as soon as they have been fed. They know that they cannot get away and that it is useless to repine. Outside the circle of firelight a pair of small eyes flash now and then. They may belong to a possum coming up wind on the scent of food, or to a skunk that has smelled the bacon, or of which all stunks are deliciously fond, or a coon that is visiting the lake to fish, or even a fox, though the last is unlikely. There is too much hound-aura on the breeze for a fox to be found within a half-mile.

As the blaze dies down the shadow of the forest draws nearer and when only a great bed of coals is left the blackness is all about. From the edge of the lake frogs croon softly. Amid the mossy trees now and then the soft swish of the wings of the quosting owl tells where the night prowler sweeps its way, or perhaps from the distance of a mile may come its melancholy hooting, telling its mates that it is

hard work to live in a country where the rabbits and squirrels and mice have grown too smart to be caught.

When the morning star has climbed high the cook scrambles from the wagon, dragging the unwilling helper with him. In five minutes the fire is blazing. In another five minutes coffee is made and hunks of cold bread are placed on tin plates. The hunters are called and come readily, for it is their first morning out. Their bones do not ache, their muscles are unstrained, they are upon the beginning of the thing for which they have been longing for months.

While they are pouring hot black coffee down their throats and kneading cold corn bread—probably the meanest food with which humanity has been afflicted—the horses have been watered and fed. Just as the last streaks of day have broadened into light the saddles are thrown on and the girths cinched until they sink a half inch in. Halt of the party will hunt the deer, two of them will go to nearby fields with the pointers, one of them will try the lake shore for ducks and snipe and the other, accompanied by the mongrel, will try to lead himself down with squirrels.

It is noticeable that each of the deer men wears two spurs, because there may be riding of the hardest for any or all of them. Each has a horn slung over his shoulder, a cow's horn beautifully polished and engraved and sawed off a foot from its lower end, in which a hole has been bored and the honey substance whittled to fit the lips. That is the typical hunter's horn of the south and in the hands of an artist it may be heard for miles. Each of them as he swings into the saddle carries with him a 10-gauge shotgun, and this gun is loaded with four drams of black powder and 12 blue whistles in each barrel.

One of the men because he likes the music of it, puts his horn to his lips and winds a blast. Then from the leashed

bounds surges a mighty chorus, prolonged, musical, inspiring deep. The smoke waves to it, it rolls, charge clamors and beats upon the heavy air; it sounds a challenge to the noblest buck that ever stretched his gallant length along the forest aisles. In answer to it the trumpeter swings his battered hat, emits a staccato yell and his horse bounds under him as it bard bitten with the spur. The straps are cast off and the pack streams away, tails up, noses down, whimpering like frightened women, and the men press after them.

In southwestern Arkansas there is no form of deer slaying except the drive, and the philosophy of the drive is based upon the fact that every deer of a years growth has certain avenues by which it seeks to escape when pursued. It is the business of the bounds to find the trail and follow it until the deer is jumped. Generally one man goes with the dogs, taking his chance of making a kill when the animal springs. The other men of the party take stands or positions upon some one of the runways, and there they wait for the coming of the quarry, meanwhile listening to the baying, and endeavoring to calculate, from their swells or diminishings, whether or not the deer is heading their way.

It would seem to be an easy thing to stand at ease with a shot gun in hand and bring down so large an object as a deer fifty yards away, but it is really one of the most difficult things within the range of shotgunnery. The wait of an hour or two hours, or maybe three hours, with alternate flushing of hope and sinkings of despair; the utter loneliness away in the great woods with no sound save an occasional faint wailing of the baying far away; the tension produced by the fact that there is absolutely no way of telling how far ahead of the dogs the deer is running or at what instant it might appear, and the strain of constant watchfulness and absolute quiet is wearing on the nerves. Even old hunters when subjected to a long siege of this kind sometimes get the black ague and miss simple shots. The man who is inexperienced is apt to lose all control of self and do some act of idiocy of which he will think with hot shame at intervals so long as he lives. There are many instances of raw men throwing down their guns at them or of forgetting to shoot.

Dr Chase Prevents Consumption.

By Thoroughly Curing Coughs and Colds Before They Reach the Lungs—Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Has an Enormous Sale.

There would be no use for sanitariums for consumption if Dr. Chase's advice were more generally occupied. Not that Dr. Chase claimed to be able to cure consumption in its last stages, though his treatment is a great relief to the consumptive cough, but what he did claim was that consumption can always be prevented by the timely use of his Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It is not a mere cough medicine, but a far-reaching and thorough cure for the most severe colds, bronchitis and asthma.

It is a pity that everybody on this great continent does not know of the surprising effectiveness of this great throat and lung treatment. The news is spreading fast, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has by far the largest sale of any similar remedy. It should be in every home in the land for prompt use in case of croup, bronchitis, sudden colds or sore throat. It is truly wonderful in its healing effects on the raw and inflamed linings of the air passages. It aids expectoration, loosens the light chest coughs and positively cures colds.

Mr. J. J. Dodds, of Pleasant avenue,

Furthermore, a deer in full flight is not an easy mark in the clear. It goes with exceedingly speed and seems to be going faster even than it is, which hurries a man. Its body is so stretched in its leaps that it is not more than two-thirds its usual height. It bounds or rather soars over logs and other obstructions as if it had wings. Even at its topmost rate it is taking excellent care of itself and darts in and out among the trunks in erratic fashion. Nearly always between it and the gunman are half a dozen or a dozen trees.

Under such circumstances he must be a good hand and a good hand who aspires to kill with certainty. Between the time the deer bursts into view and the time it disappears not more than three seconds elapse as a rule and the fellow on the stand has not time to swap knives. He must estimate the distance at which the deer will cross and the speed at which it is going he must pick out a clear space which will give his shot a chance to travel and he must pull his trigger so as to catch the deer in

Deer Park, Ont., writes: "I have suffered in my head and throat and all over my body since last summer from a very heavy cold which I could not get rid of. I have tried several of what are considered good remedies, but none seemed to be of any avail. I began to think that my cold was developing into consumption, as very many have to my knowledge. I am thankful now to say that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has worked a complete cure, as I am now entirely free of the cold."

Mr. Wm. Davidson, St. Andrews, Que., states: "Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has cured me of bronchitis I have, without success, tried many remedies for the past six years. Last winter when I had a severe attack and was unable to work I procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and am happy to state that the third bottle made me a well man."

Insist on having Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine when you ask for it, and beware of druggists who offer mixtures of their own for the sake of a little more profit; 25 cents a bottle, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

that space. At seventy-five yards there are few killed of crossing deer, but fifty yards is a fair distance, and a buck of 2 years at full speed should be led by at least two feet. In other words, the proper way in which to make the shot is to press the trigger when the muzzle of the gun is slightly in front of the nose.

The beginner will often imagine that he has made a clean miss, dejectedly mount his horse and start toward his companions when there is a dead deer within a 100 yards of him. A deer that is hit too far back, say through the stomach or more than a foot behind the shoulder, will sometimes go on for a mile or two miles. It is an animal of great vitality and the amount of shock it will stand is phenomenal. Of course, a shot through the brain will stop it instantly, as will a broken neck or a broken spine, but a deer at full speed is going so fast, is exerting such a tremendous amount of energy, is so highly strung in the effort to distance its pursuers, that it will carry lead that would tumble it in its tracks if it were standing still when shot.

Bucks have been known to run without appreciably slackening their leaps for 200 yards when shot through the heart and then go dead all at once, literally dying on their feet, as birds die in the air. The old deer driver, or stander, regards no shot as a miss until he has examined the trail for a little way in search of blood marks or in the hope of stumbling upon the animal. A wounded deer will often seek a place of thickness and hide therein like a quail until the hounds come up and discover it. Men may ride all around it, passing within five yards of it, and it will not budge. Fawns when very young have the same habit and numbers of them are captured in the woods each spring by negroes who look for them, find them crouching, walk up to them slowly and pounce upon them as they would upon a sleeping rabbit.

It not infrequently happens that, owing to misuses and endavors of the marksmen to retrieve themselves, the whole party will get strung out behind the hounds and then the riding is of the most desperate fashion. The men are probably a mile behind the dogs, which are a half-mile behind the deer, and the horses are called upon to make up the difference. There is always a hope that the animal has been hit and is weaker and it is the wish of each to be in at the death. For this the two spurs are worn. One spur will excite as much, but the horse is apt to shy or bore away from the side on which punishment is inflicted, and a sidling horse is not good in the woods.

In this way a camp hunt is sometimes broken up early in the action, the riders failing to get back inside of two days, but commonly they realize that a stern chase is a long one and give up the run after four or five hours of it. If the buck elects to go straight away and to keep going there is no way of getting at the dogs, and restraining them. They are left to run themselves out. They will quit when they have caught the deer, or can go on no longer. In either case they may be trusted to return to the camp from which they started, and they get back in a surprisingly short time, principally because they are hungry.

With four men after venison, two after quail, one after ducks and snipe and one after squirrels the menu on the second night in camp is apt to be a varied if not elegant one. At this season in Arkansas the chances are good that the squirrel man, or the duck man, will return, bringing also a fat wild turkey. There are no better camp cooks than negroes who have made a specialty of the art. Certainly there is no place in which food tastes better than in camp. One man may prefer venison steaks, another may like quail broiled on hickory coals, still another may pin his faith to test stewed whole with black pepper in a big iron pot; another may swear by young squirrels smothered with pods of red pepper, but the fact is that a wise man will try them all, and most camp hunters have the wisdom of the catholic appetite.



A COSY CORNER.