

MINE

ELKS CAN'T EAT ELK MEAT

When They Tried it in California a Game Warden Made a Raid.

One hundred and twenty Elks gathered at the Elks' lodge at San Rafael the other night to banquet on elk meat, but a game warden descended upon the club, confiscated and bore away the savory, steaming, well-cooked elk meat, and the Elks were forced to dine on beef.

Douglas and Deane had brought back 57 pounds of delicious elk meat from their recent Wyoming elk hunt. Two hundred and fifty invitations were sent, and the cooks converted the delicious meat into savory steaks and roast. The banquet was scheduled for 7 o'clock.

Deputy Game Warden Hunter entered the lodge at 6:30 o'clock, as the Elks were chuckling over the savory odor of the cooked meat which permeated the lodge.

"You may have Elks in your lodge," said Hunter, displaying his badge of office, "but, my sirs, elks is deer, and it is closed season for deer in California, and therefore you cannot eat elk." And forthwith he carted away the banquet food.

DULLS' EDGE OF COMPLIMENT

But Amateur Musician Bravely Re-trained From Making Explanation to Young Lady.

Every evening for three weeks twin brothers had been practicing for an amateur band concert. One twin, Joseph, played a cornet, and the other, Joel, operated on the violin.

"Yes," she said, "and I think it will be very nice indeed. I've heard you and your brother practicing. That symphony of yours last night on the cornet was exquisite."

Unfortunately the keen edge of this compliment was dulled, because Joseph recalled that he had not played a cornet on the previous night. He had practiced on a trombone, but bravely refrained from making an explanation.

"And there was another piece that caught my fancy," the young lady continued. "It seemed like a Wagnerian extract. Do you also play a saxophone?"

"No, miss," was the amateur's admission.

"I wonder what was the other instrument I heard last night?"

"I can't say positively, but if it was about nine o'clock, I think brother Joel was either putting a new string on his violin or tuning the old piano."

General Invitation.

One morning Miss Lucy Halcomb, the most fastidious housekeeper in Bushby, who was reported to have washed an unfortunate grand-nephew into a decline, opened her front door, having heard strange noises on the piazza.

There stood a tramp, his shoes caked with mud, which he was scraping off with a knife and kicking off by alternate applications of his heels on her door-mat.

"What are you doing?" demanded Miss Lucy, indignantly.

"Doing!" echoed the tramp. "I was starting round to the kitchen to ask the young lady I saw hanging out your clothes if she'd hand me a bite of breakfast. Then I thought I didn't make a very good appearance, and I was about to go on to the next house when I saw this mat with the invitation, 'Please use this Mat,' right on it, so I stepped up here. In about five minutes more I'll look well enough so I can go round to the kitchen."

"Well!" said Miss Lucy. "Well!" and then she closed the door, being unable to think of any appropriate remarks.—Youth's Companion.

Jewels of Indian Princes.

Some of the Indian princes possess jewels which would put those of Abdul Hamid in the shade. At the 1903 durbar the blaze of gems surprised even the Indians themselves. The Maharajah of Darbhanga was wearing a diamond necklace which had cost £290,000, and was considered a bargain at that. Besides a necklace of 13 rows of perfectly matched pearls as large as almonds, the Maharajah of Gwalior sported a sash depending from his left shoulder to his right knee, the material of which was completely hidden by similar stones.

One-Time Tramp Reaches Honor.

William H. Davies, recently placed on England's civil pension list with a pension of fifty pounds a year, is probably the first actual tramp in the history of that country to be so honored. Davies is a Welshman by birth and a tramp by preference, having lived the life for many years in this country and England. He is minus a foot, the result of a stolen train ride. After years of vagabondage he turned his attention to literature, and following many bitter disappointments "arrived." He has written both verse and prose.



SITTING BULL.

A Sioux youth, knife in hand, leaped astride the fallen body of a buffalo bull he had just shot. The supposedly dead bison staggered to its feet and set off at a lumbering gallop; the young Sioux—Tatanka-Yo-Tanka—still sitting on its shoulders. At last, with his knife, the Indian managed to slay his strange mount. From this adventure he is said to have won the nickname of "Sitting Bull."

Sitting Bull was a "medicine man," as well as a chief. Medicine men were not only doctors, but were also supposed to be in close communion with the Great Spirit and to be endowed with supernatural powers. By hymns, by the rattling of drums, etc., they stirred their people to action; by hypnotism, "magic spells" and pretended messages from the Great Spirit they commanded obedience and veneration.

Sitting Bull belonged to the Unopaga tribe of the Sioux nation. He was born at Willow Creek, Dakota, in 1847. Of a little more than medium height, he was powerfully built, was pallid and pockmarked of face, and—unusual among Indians—had rather light brown hair. From this peculiarity arose the rumor that he was a renegade West Point cadet.

As a young man, Sitting Bull enjoyed an unsavory record as a murderer, horse thief and frontier raider. In 1862 he led the Sioux in a series of massacres on the settlers of Minnesota and Iowa.

The rush of gold seekers to the Black Hills began. There was an instant clash between the miners and the local Sioux. The latter, finding themselves ousted from their lands, rallied to Sitting Bull's standard and went on the warpath. They plundered, burned and killed; their bloody path lying through huge districts of Wyoming and Montana. The government ordered out troops under Gen. Terry and Crook to drive them back to their reservation. Instead of returning home, Sitting Bull with about 4,000 warriors retreated toward the Big Horn mountains. With the Sioux were "hostile" Indians from other tribes—Cheyennes, Hannocks, etc.

They had stolen many cattle and horses and had become drunk with the love of freedom and bloodshed. They were in no mood to surrender. General Custer and Major Reno were sent to find where the Sioux army was hiding. On the morning of June 20, 1876, they discovered Sitting Bull's camp on the Little Big Horn river. Custer, thanks to a clever ruse of the medicine man, was quite deceived as to the number of his foes. Instead of withdrawing or waiting for reinforcements, he divided his force to attack the camp from different sides.

At the head of one detachment—about 300 men—Custer rode blindly into a battle—or, rather, an ambush—from which neither he nor one white man with him came out alive. Reno, with most of Custer's remaining troops, was cooped up on a hill by swarms of Indians and barely escaped.

Custer's Death.

It was Sitting Bull who had planned this death trap for Custer's soldiers. But in the battle itself, Gall, war chief of the Sioux, was the actual commander. Sitting Bull took no part in the fight. He sat at the door of his tent well out of bullet range, howling hymns to the Great Spirit and working spells of jugglery for his warriors' success.

Knowing the government would take swift revenge for Custer's death, Sitting Bull retreated, fighting before the soldiers' advance and at last quietly slipped over the border into Canada, where he was safe from pursuit. There he stayed until the country's first clamor of rage had died down. When he was called upon to surrender, Sitting Bull summed up the whole Indian question in this savage reply:

"No Indian ever lived who loved the white man, and no white man ever lived who loved the Indian. The Great Spirit made me an Indian, but he did not make me a slave to the white man, and I will not be one. Your government has made fifty-two treaties with the Sioux and has kept none of them."

In 1881 Sitting Bull accepted terms of peace and came back to the United States. There he settled near the Standing Rock agency in North Dakota. He made several tours of the east, was on exhibition in New York and elsewhere, and earned money selling his pictures and autographs. His adventurous career seemed at an end. But a few years later he was busy as of old stirring up his "nation" to discontent, advising them not to give up their remaining land to the white man, and transmitting to them fiery messages from the Great Spirit. He was in 1889 one of the preachers (if not the secret originator) of a doctrine that an Indian messiah was about to come to earth to bury all the white men thirty feet under ground and give the whole country back to the savages. This sort of talk goaded the Indians to fresh revolt. And again Sitting Bull was the central figure in a Sioux uprising. To stop the insurrection in the bud, a squad of Indian police came to his village on December 15, 1890, to arrest the old chief. He resisted and shouted to his braves to rescue him. In the hand-to-hand fight and general confusion Sitting Bull was shot dead.

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We are more than pleased with our thirty days of business. If we had been told that we could have done even half as well we would have thought it a matter of impossibility. But figures do not fake—we have them. In view of these facts we have decided to continue our marvelous sale of Men's Shoes and Oxfords for thirty days more, at the following prices:

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