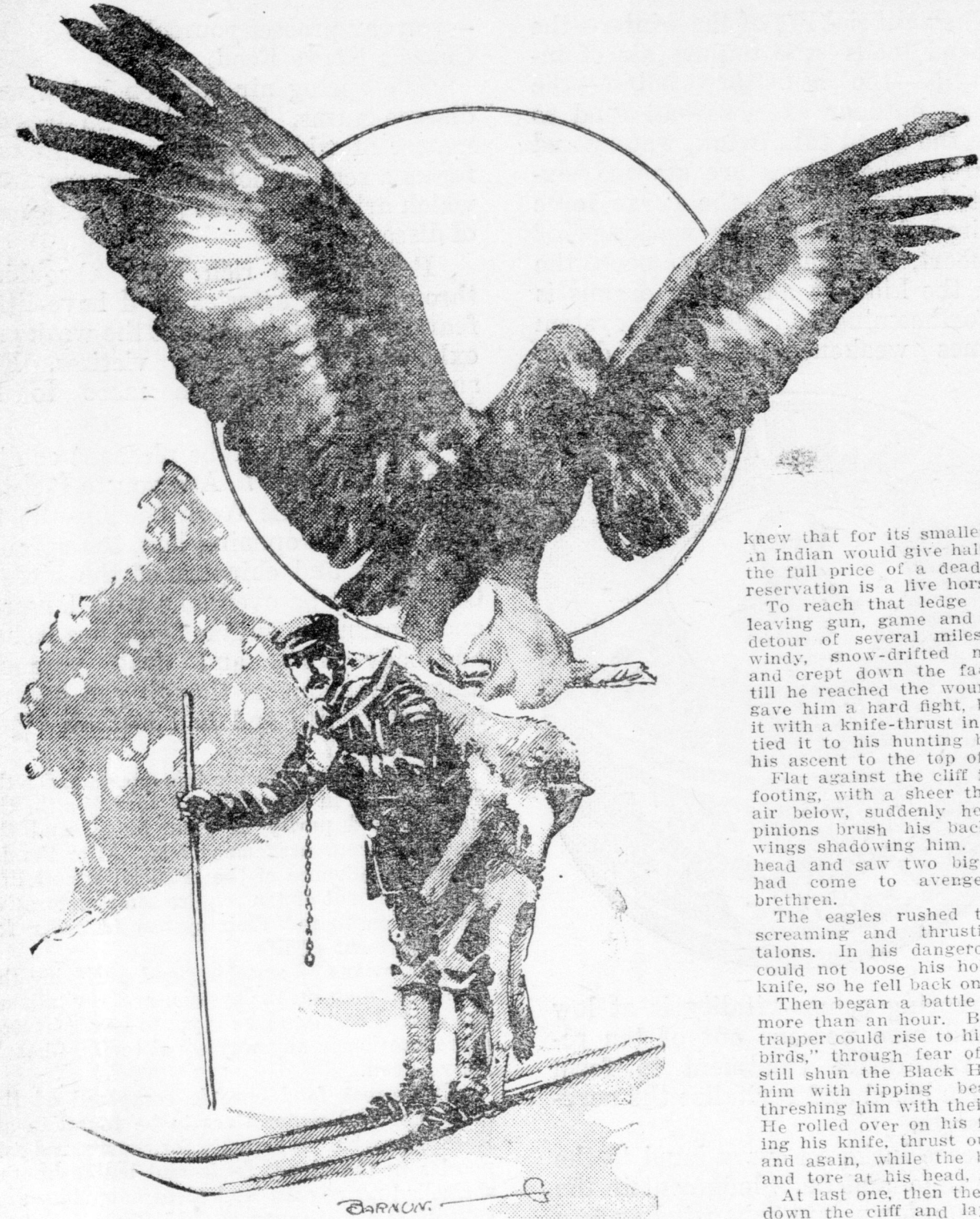


In Thrilling Battle On Cliff Ledge, Bald Hills Trapper Kills Four Golden "War" Eagles

"I Had To Do It or They'd Have Killed Me," Says Ray Beach, Who Comes Out of Fight Torn and Battered—Most Desperate Eagle Believed To Have Been 50 Years Old.



The 50-year-old eagle that put up biggest fight and snapshot of Trapper Ray Beach.

[Staff Special, by W. H. Alburn.]

Caputa, S. D., April 11.—Here in the Bald Hills, a wild region between the famous Black Hills and the equally noted Bad Lands, trappers and miners are repeating the story of how Ray Beach killed four big golden eagles with a pocket knife.

The oldest trapper in the hills remembers no such feat as this, and Beach is a hero. But he is modest, as befits a silent trapper, to whom peril is commonplace.

"I had to do it, or they'd have killed me," he explained apologetically, when he showed the dead eagles here the other day, before going back to his traps.

His face and hands proved it. His cheeks were torn and his fingers scarred by their beaks and talons, and his jacket slit as by sharp knives.

Beach was visiting his line of traps set along Rapid Creek, when he caught sight of two eagles perched on a gnarled pine tree far up the cliff. He brought them both in rifle range, fired and hit both with one shot. One tumbled to the base of the cliff. He rolled over and dispatched it with his knife. The other, only slightly wounded, fluttered about on a ledge just below the pine tree.

Beach waited the second eagle. For the golden eagle the war bird of the Sioux and Cheyennes is precious. He

know that for its smallest tail feather an Indian would give half a dollar, and the full price of a dead eagle on the reservation is a live horse.

To reach that ledge, the trapper, leaving gun, game and trap, made a detour of several miles, climbed the windy, snow-derived mountain side and crept down the face of the cliff, till he reached the wounded eagle. It gave him a hard fight, but he finished it with a knife-thrust in the breast. He tied it to his hunting belt and began his ascent to the base of the cliff. He ran up and down the cliff, his wings fanning, with a sheer thousand feet of air below, suddenly he felt fanning pinions brush his back, and broad wings shadowing him. He turned, his head and saw two big eagles. They had come to avenge their dead brethren.

The eagles rushed toward Beach, screaming and thrusting out their talons. In his dangerous plight he could not lose his hold to draw his knife, so he fell back on the rock ledge. Then began a battle that lasted for more than an hour. Before the fallen trapper could rise to his feet, the "war birds," through fear of which Indians still shun the Black Hills, were upon him with ripping beaks and claws, thrashing him with their mighty wings. He rolled over on his face, and opening his knife, thrust out blindly again and again, while the birds screamed and tore at his head, arms and back. At last one, then another, fluttered down the cliff and lay where it fell, and then Beach crawled to the top, and, weary and weak from loss of blood, made his way back.

The accompanying photograph shows one of the eagles with its wings spread, measuring 6 feet 10 inches. H. E. Lee, of the Northwest Taxidermy at Rapid City, a skilled naturalist, says it is at least 50 years old.

"It has the toughest head and beak I have ever seen," he says. "Its skull is half an inch thick." This is the one that made the hardest fight.

Another, 7 feet 2 inches from tip to tip, is being mounted for the museum of the state capital at Pierre. It is the biggest specimen known hereabouts—only one year old, its feathers not yet turned brown. And it will take its place beside "Old Lonesome," who died in the Black Hills at the estimated age of 120 years.

crowded, and excited atmosphere which you associate with Epsom Downs on a Derby day.

It is, of course, always and before all things a city of pleasure, of luxury, and of wealth. As I sat one night at dinner with some friends in the restaurant of the Hotel de Paris, I thought I had rarely seen a more brilliant sight, with prominent personalities from every part of the world; with a display of diamonds that would have done credit to a gala night at the opera; with beautiful women, beautifully dressed, and with the symbol of the luxury of life. It is the same almost everywhere; and it is scarcely necessary to add that the prices are in accordance with the atmosphere. Monte Carlo is one of the dearest places in the world—not even excepting New York. It is possessed and dominated by the gaming tables, and the spirit which gambling everywhere creates. When for a few francs you may suddenly become the owner of many thousands; or with many thousands, may be reduced to a few francs, it is impossible to take an average view of anything in life. And accordingly money is spent like water—without thought or care; these incurable visionaries who frequent the tables never bother about the morrow. They would not be there if they did.

I. It is the same with the Riviera. It is a world's vacation place rather than a French town. When I went into one of the chief restaurants in Monte Carlo, I met a score of English members of Parliament, a dozen great English financiers and their wives; several Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses from Russia; but few French people. Do not suppose then I blame anybody for paying a visit to Monte Carlo; I have been there many times myself, and always enjoy a visit to its fascinating and, at the same time, repulsive atmosphere. I merely note the fact that we must not think that because places of rather rapid amusement abound in France that this implies that the French are the main supporters of such places.

What is one to say about Monte Carlo—especially from the standpoint of one who never gambles, like myself? The place has been so often described that it would be waste of space to add another description. Suffice it to say that from the point of view of beauty, it is almost unsurpassed by any place in the world. Behind are the great mountains; in front the lovely Mediterranean Sea; and all around palaces, and the faring red and white of the Meridional house; to me even a cabin in such brilliant coloring seems beautiful, especially when the hot southern sun is glaring down upon it.

II. The atmosphere physically is also delightful; from the hygienic point of view, I should put Monte Carlo as the healthiest town on the Riviera. The air is crisp, invigorating, and at the same time soft. Everything physical is calculated to raise your drooping spirits and to soothe your wearied nerves. But it is not otherwise a soothing place. The moment you put your foot inside of it, you have the sensation of being at some big fair or popular racecourse. There is tumult everywhere; and the tumult, instead of decreasing, augments as the night approaches; until when midnight is approaching, it all looks and sounds like a gigantic Piccadilly circus. Raucous noises everywhere fill the air; the motor-cars rush by every second; the bawling voice of some manager invites you to his hotel; the clear air carries the voice of soft-tongued women; in short, there is the curious sense of an electric

all the homilies of a man of common-sense, for both these natural blemishes are supposed to bring luck.

IV. Of course, some people win sometimes; and if they have the sense to stop when they have made their pile, they may be all right. I myself saw a Venetian banker make \$28,000 in what appeared to me about a quarter of an hour. It is one of the ironies of these gambling tables that the people who usually win are people of wealth to whom the gains are nothing. But if the banker only remained long enough in Monte Carlo, not only would his eight thousand pounds disappear, but a good deal more. And it is the instinct of the real gambler to remain. I heard a story of a Polish landowner who came there one season and lost several hundreds of thousands of pounds. He returned the next year with a little borrowed money; and he won all back, and a good deal more; bought back his estates, which he had been obliged to sell, and was able to start his life happily again. But he returned a third time; lost all his money; and then committed suicide.

V. Enough of Monte Carlo; it is fortunately only one of many resorts on the Riviera. I prefer Nice to any of the towns. It is larger, brighter, beautifully situated; and ordinarily has a beautiful climate; with, of course, caprices of great cold and of bitter and perilous wind. And if you want golf, you find it as a little town called Cannes, which is about nine miles from Nice, and about the same distance from Cannes. It is a delightful course. Running by the sea, with good sunshine as a rule, with excellent green and easy distances, it is ideal, especially for those who come from London, after months of hard work. It was one of the pleasant things on the Riviera to find the course, and the same match, such strong political opponents as Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Max Aitken, Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs. The French people were enormously interested, and a good deal surprised to see such personally friendly terms between men of such opposed views. Political lines, fortunately for us, are not drawn on the right lines of social and religious, as well as political differences as they are in France; and long may it be so! I look with horror on a people divided into two nations, with a gulf of hatred and misunderstanding between them.

Nice has an excellent casino; with a restaurant unequalled anywhere; a good theatre; and the whole place has all the light and life, without the tumult or the heat of Monte Carlo. The casino is an inn of strange meetings; you will find every nationality represented there: Russians, Americans, as well as English. The hotels are superb; but, of course, as everywhere on the Riviera, for the most part, very dear.

VI. I saw little of Cannes. It is the most English of all the Riviera towns; and

Stories of Lord Wolseley

His Many Perils on Land and Sea—Denunciation of War.

Lord Wolseley's name has to be added to the list of great fighting men who have denounced war. In an article in the North American Review, twenty-three years ago he wrote: "Without any doubt, the statesman or the soldier who would not devote all his energies to save his country from what all must regard as the appalling calamity of civil war, or indeed from any war, would be an unprincipled villain."

Like the Apostle Paul, Lord Wolseley had been "in perils in the sea." On his first journey to the east his boat, the *Truncheon*, was wrecked in the Malay Straits, and the whole of his kit went to the bottom. A second kit, secured in Calcutta, was lost at Cawnpore, and his cutia, was lost at Cawnpore, and his Legion of Honour, and his Crimean medal disappeared. To be recovered later from the corpse of a mutineer. A Casimere shawl, given him by a brother officer, was stolen, and so were two silver bowls, a present from his household. At the same time his household pantries in London, warehouses in Pantonville, were burned in the fire that reduced that building to ashes. When, in 1857, he went out to China, he was wrecked off Singapore, and when he was ordered out to Canada in 1861, it took his ship a month to cross the Atlantic.

As became a soldier, Lord Wolseley knew how to stand still when a question required, and was not impatient with anyone less proficient than himself in the art of impassivity. Once, when Lord Wolseley and an interviewer were being photographed together, the interviewer took up an unfortunate position in front of a lighted asbestos stove. A smell of burning cloth began to pervade the room, and somewhat excitedly, the interviewer shouted to the operator to put the camera down. "Dear me," said Lord Wolseley severely, "can't you stand still for half a minute?" "No," said the interviewer, pointing to the stove; "I get uneasy under fire."

In an parliamentary handbook, he is described as a Conservative, but that was a time when he was an admirer of Mr. Gladstone and a follower of the Liberal leader. He might be called a Liberal by descent. One of Cromwell's thirteen lords was a Wolseley, and another fought under William III, at the Battle of the Boyne. Yet another suffered imprisonment at Birmmham for his Chartist sympathies. On one subject Lord Wolseley's views did not change. He was in favor of women having the vote, and even of sitting in the House of Commons.

HEADACHE MEDICINES. The headache medicine habit is a bad one. The powders, tablets and capsules are frequently taken to cure a severe headache often lead to the drug habit. He who takes them regularly becomes a drug fiend, perhaps quite innocently, but just as surely. The main argument against using headache medicines is that they harm the blood cells in such a way that they cannot properly carry oxygen to the cells of the body nor can they carry

BABY'S OWN TABLETS. Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine a mother can give her little one. They act as a gentle laxative, sweeten the stomach, break up colds and make teething easy. Concerning them Mrs. Alphonsa Landry, Upper Caraque, N. B., says: "Baby's Own Tablets were of great benefit to my little boy and I would advise all mothers with sickly children to give them a trial." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

this year, it was more English than ever. The hotels were crowded and for the most part with English people. Few prominent names in English life were absent. Cannes is a great favorite with Mr. Balfour, who plays golf and lawn tennis—and, occasionally, plays for small stakes, I believe, at the Casino. He is there, as everywhere, one of the most popular of men; and judging from what I hear of his appearances, is happier and healthier than he has been for years. There are amusing stories current in Cannes of the exchange of views as to their comparative positions between him and Mr. Bonar Law; between the man who has escaped and the one who has taken up the wearisome burden of political leadership.

VII. There is no place in the world in which the motor-car has made such a revolution as on the Riviera. In the ante-motor days, if you settled down in one of these towns you remained there during your entire visit. You might choose Cannes or Nice or Monte Carlo; but whichever it was, there you stayed. Nowadays, it doesn't really much matter where you live. A motor-car will bring you over to Cannes or Monte Carlo in half an hour or so; and if often happens that people breakfast, lunch, and dine at a different one of the three in the course of the same day. I wonder if this would have made any change in the rigid resolution of Mr. Gladstone whenever he went to the Riviera. I paid him a visit once just as I was about to start for the Riviera; and when he asked me where I was going, I blurted out Monte Carlo. His face fell, and I knew what he felt, and I was too stupidly shy to inform him of the truth—namely, that I was going to Monte Carlo not to gamble, but because I had heard its air was so good, and because, as a journalist, I thought it would often like to pay a visit; for its contrast of brilliant sunshine and the gloom of London is a welcome and a healthy contrast. My friends and I motored back to Lyons and there took the train to Paris; and there I began to realize, even more fully than I did already, that new spirit in France, of which the papers have been full for some time. As to which theme, I reserve my observations till next week.

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"Tay Pay" at Monte Carlo Where All Races Gather For Play and Pleasure

City Is Dominated By the Gambling Spirit—Where Famous Englishmen Are To Be Met—The Enchantment of the Riviera—A Story of Gladstone.

[By T. P. O'Connor, M. P.]

It used to be a commonplace of English criticism of French life, and especially of life in Paris, that it presented the world with an awful example of the depravity of human nature. I remember an eloquent pastoral by a bishop, written at the moment when the people of Paris were undergoing the supreme agony of the siege; and the prelate referred to these sufferings—including hunger and the shot and shell of a terrific bombardment—as palpable signs of the wrath of heaven with the immorality of Paris, and the just and inevitable punishment which such offences in the end drew down from celestial powers. I have thought of this characteristic specimen of ecclesiastical eloquence several times since when visiting the restaurants and the shows which every British visitor sees some-

time or other, and I asked my companions how many Frenchmen there were to be seen; and generally found that every visitor to these places was, so far as their knowledge went, a foreigner; the French were conspicuous only by their absence.

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