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C. W. BAKER.

WHIPPED THE LION

A Contest Between Human and Brute Strength.

SANDOW WAS THE VICTOR.

Stripped to the Waist, the Strong Man Wrestled With the Enraged Animal, Who Was Mittened and Muzzled, and Thoroughly Subdued Him.

The story that Richard, later termed "Coeur de Lion," derived his name from the feat of tearing a live lion's heart out of its body is usually regarded today as apocryphal. At this distance of time it is impossible to tell what was the truth. But if Richard had the strength of Sandow and strove with the lion under conditions similar to those under which Sandow wrestled with a menagerie lion in San Francisco some years ago there may be a basis of fact for the legend. In the Strand Magazine Mr. Sandow told of the event:

It was to be a struggle between brute strength and human strength. Merely in order to prevent the lion from tearing me to pieces with his claws, mittens were to be placed on his feet and a muzzle over his head. This lion, I must tell you, was a particularly fierce animal and only a week before had enjoyed a dish that was not on the menu—his keeper.

Well, the engagement was accordingly made and "A Lion Fight with Sandow" widely advertised. The announcement, I am told, sent a thrill through the cities for a hundred miles round, and in order to be equipped for a performance which would be found to attract hundreds of thousands of people I decided to rehearse my fight with the lion beforehand.

I had it in my mind that the effect of mittening and muzzling the beast might be to put him off the fight by frightening him, and, realizing how foolish I should appear facing a lion that would not fight, I was desirous of making certain that this should not be the case.

Accordingly the lion was mittened and muzzled, but only with the aid of six strong men, and I entered the cage unarmed and stripped to the waist. What happened was in direct opposition to my expectations; bagging his paws and incasing his head in a wire cage only served to enrage the brute, and no sooner had I stepped inside than he crouched preparatory to springing upon me.

His eyes ablaze with fury, he hurled himself through the air, but missed, for I had stepped aside, and before he had time to recover I caught him with my left arm round the throat and round the middle with my right, and, although his weight was 530 pounds, I lifted him as high as my shoulder, gave him a huge hug to instill into his mind that he must respect me and tossed him to the floor.

Roaring with rage, the beast rushed fiercely toward me and raised his huge paw to strike a heavy blow at my head. As his paw cut through space I felt the air fairly whistle and realized not only my lucky escape, but the lion's weak point and my strong one.

If only he struck me once I knew it would be my coup de grace, and I took particular care that he never should.

As I ducked my head to avoid the blow I succeeded in getting a good grip round the lion's body, with my chest touching his and his feet over my shoulders and hugged him with all my strength. The more he scratched

and tore the harder I hugged him, and, although his feet were protected by mittens, his claws tore through my tights and part of my skin. But I had him as in a vise; his mighty efforts to get away proved of no avail.

Before leaving the cage, however, I was determined to try just one other feat. Moving away from the lion, I stood with my back toward him, thus openly inviting him to jump on me. At once he sprang right on my back.

Throwing up my arms, I gripped his head, then caught him firmly by the neck and in one moment shot him clean over my head, assisted by the animal's own impetus, and launched him before me like a sack of sawdust, the action causing him to turn a complete somersault.

While he lay there, dazed, the door was unlocked, and I went out, my legs and neck bleeding and with scratches all over my body. But for these trifles I cared nothing. I felt that I had conquered that lion and that I should have little difficulty in mastering it on the next occasion in public.

So thoroughly was he tamed, however, that the great fight lasted but two minutes. When he would fight no more I lifted him up and walked round the arena with him on my shoulders, he remaining as firm as a rock and as quiet as an old sheep.

Different Style.

Edward, aged six, was sent to a barber shop to get his hair cut. The barber who was assigned to the job had red hair.

"Would you like to have your hair cut like mine?" asked the barber.

"No, sir," answered Edward. "Cut it some other color, please."—Chicago News.

A SAMOAN FISHING BEE.

Trapping the Game With a Leaf Chain Hair a Mile Long.

A Samoan fishing bee is a unique sight to witness. Coconut leaves are gathered in abundance and secured, doubled and tripled, end to end, to form a long prickly chain, round in appearance and about three feet in diameter. These leaf chains are often woven to a length of half a mile. When the chain is completed all the men of that particular village turn out en masse with their "paopaos," or Samoan canoes.

When the tide is high the chain is stretched across some convenient place, supported by natives in their paopaos or simply wading where the shallowness will permit. The coconut seine is then submerged and slowly forced shoreward, the prickly points driving the fish before them. When the point is reached where the chain can rest upon the bottom and still protrude slightly from the water the natives after securing the ends to the beach retire and wait for the tide to recede, leaving the fish high and dry.

It is often found that large fish are driven and caught in this manner, but since they are capable of jumping the barrier they are dispatched with spears at once. The catches of fish thus made are sometimes enormous and often number thousands.—Los Angeles Times.

The Flag of Denmark.

In the year 1219 King Waldemar of Denmark, when leading his troops to battle against the Livonians, saw, or thought he saw, a bright light in the form of a cross in the sky. He held this appearance to be a promise of divine aid and pressed forward to victory. From this time he had the cross placed on the flag of his country and called it the Dannebrog—that is, the strength of Denmark. Aside from legend there is no doubt that this flag with the cross was adopted by Denmark in the thirteenth century and that at about the same date an order, known as the order of Dannebrog, was instituted, to which only soldiers and sailors who were distinguished for courage were allowed to belong. The flag of Denmark, a plain red banner bearing on it a white cross, is the oldest flag now in existence. For 300 years both Norway and Sweden were united with Denmark under this flag.—Housekeeper.

Handel as a Child.

George Frederick Handel, the son of a Saxon barber and valet, was only five years old when his "fingers wood divine melodies" from the spinet, which a good natured aunt had smuggled for him into an attic, so that no sound of it might reach the ears of his father. At eight his playing so astonished the elector of Saxony that his father was compelled to withdraw his opposition and allow the genius of the boy to have fair play. And before he had reached his twelfth birthday young Handel was known throughout Germany as a brilliant composer and virtuoso at the court of the emperor.

Poor Service.

As the fire truck came clanging along the street car tracks Uncle Ben stood at the corner and waved his hat. "Ding it!" he exclaimed when the truck had passed. "That wouldn't stop nather."—Buffalo Express.

Happiness is a bird we pursue our life long without catching it.—Virey.

THE ANDORRANS.

All the inhabitants of the Little Republic Are Related.

The inhabitants of Andorra, the little republic which is wedged in between France and Spain and which has existed since the year 782, are very proud of their blue blood and ancient lineage. In their eyes a gavage (foreigner) of any description or nationality is merely an inferior being, a sort of wash-room upstairs in comparison with them selves. During 1,500 years they have continually married and intermarried to such an extent that at present all the inhabitants are practically cousins, yet, strange to say, neither their physical, mental nor moral qualities seem to have suffered. Both sexes are strong limbed, broad shouldered, bright eyed, hardy and long lived, retaining their hair and their teeth to a green old age. They are also keen witted and intelligent, alert and happy hearted, sober, industrious, hospitable and devout. The feminine Andorran has not a vestige of coquetry about her. She is just the female pure and simple. She is a thrifty housewife, a helpmate to her husband in the most literal sense of the term—ready and able to trudge off across mountain and valley beside him with a pack of smuggled goods on her back in case of need.—Wide World Magazine.

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