A LION STORY.

Tragic Experience With One of the African Man Eaters.

"Many years ago," says a writer, "before the arrival of the railway and the sportsman in east Africa, the natives were decimated by lions. It was impossible in some districts to procure mail carriers. Appalling stories are still related of the fearless ferocity of these beasts. The railway was building at Kiu. Several coolies had been carried off by an old lion, and one night Ryall, an English engineer who had seen much service in India, decided to sit up in a railway carriage on the chance of getting a shot. With him were Mr. Huebner, the German consul, and an Italian, Parenti. The night was dark, with but little moon, and after midnight Ryall commented upon the brightness of the fireflies near the carriage and also remarked that he had seen a rat repeatedly cross and recross a spot where the steel rail glinted in the moonlight.

"But the supposed fireflies were the luminous eyes of the lion they waited for, and the rat was the slow movement of his tail. If Ryall had recognized this, his life would have been saved. Tired of their vigil toward the morning, the three watchers went to sleep, Huebner on the upper berth, the two others below. The carriage was the ordinary sleeping carriage familiar to Indian travelers, with a lavatory beyond the couches. An hour had passed, the party was asleep, when the lion jumped into the carriage and seized Ryall, while in a moment Parenti had slipped into the lavatory and closed the door.

"The movements of the lion, or more probably, his weight thrown on one side, caused the door by which he had entered the car to close. Thus Huebner's experience was most terrible. The rifles were below, and on the upper berth he remained while the lion killed Mr. Ryall within three feet of him. After a few awful minutes the great beast jumped out through the window with Ryall's body in its mouth."—Chicago News.

Troubles of a Club.

"Our guide in Jerusalem, Uriel," says the author of "A Levantine Log Book," "belonged to a club, and with great pride he took us to the clubroom and showed us about. 'We are all very proud of our club,' he explained, 'but it has many difficulties.'

"'What are they?'

"'The principal difficulty,' said Uriel severely, 'is that much of the members refuse to fill the offices at the club, and when they do fill them they refuse to perform their performances.'

"'I don't understand,' said the traveler. 'To perform'—

"'To transact their acts,' explained Uriel. 'To make their duties.'

"'Ah, yes!' interrupted the traveler. 'You mean to do their doings.'

"'Exactly,' agreed Uriel, with gratitude. 'They refuse to do their doings.'"

His Name and His Legs.

Professor Lyon Playfair once visited a phosphate mine whose managor, a Scotchman, desired him to leave at once and drop his specimens. Professor Playfair addressed him in good Scotch and asked him if he thought him a mining adventurer. "Ay, that's just what ye are!" "No," replied Mr. Playfair, "I am a Scotch professor." "Then, if ye are, ye'll be havin' a name." "My name is Playfair," he responded. "Man," said the Scotchman, "are ye Lyon Playfair?" Then, looking from his six feet two inches with compassion on the five feet four of the professor, he continued: "Hoot, mon, yer name's traveled further than yer wee legs will ever carry ye!"—Christian Register.

Revenge.

Miss Angelina (to Lucy, the parlor maid)—Lucy, if any one calls to see me this afternoon, don't forget that I am only at home to Mr. Fitznoodle.

Lucy—Yes, miss.

Interval of an hour, and Lucy reappears, looking rather flushed.

"Well, Lucy?"

"Please, miss, there's been five gentlemen call, and when I told them you were out to everybody but Mr. Fitznoodle, they all seemed very surprised and annoyed, while the last one said: 'I am sorry for Mr. Fitznoodle.'"—London Answers.

In a Bad Way.

This old lady was a hypochondriac. Her various diseases interested her, and she talked of nothing else. One day a visitor found her eating heartily and inquired as to her health. The invalid sighed and answered, "I feel very well, ma'am, but I always feel bad when I feel well, because I know I am going to feel worse afterward."

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A GREAT MAN'S SILENCE.

Calmly Dignified Under the Most Trying Circumstances.

A great man whose wife was devoted to him, but was subject to insane attacks of jealousy and resentment, was once visited at his country house by two old time friends. He welcomed them with marked cordiality, and, seating himself between them on the piazza, was soon deep in confidential conversation. While he was listening to what they had to say and occasionally replying to an argument which seemed to him more plausible than logical the door behind him was suddenly opened, and from it emerged his wife, with an angry face and a pail of water.

Without a word she deliberately upset the pail and drenched him from head to foot. The two friends sprang to their feet in astonishment and caught sight of the resentful woman retreating into the house with a triumphant air.

The man who had been subjected to this shower bath arose without a word, went into the house and in ten minutes returned to the piazza, having made a complete change of dress.

His friends were still in the yard and were wishing that they could be transported by balloon or magic carpet to their own homes, where they would not be witnesses of strange and embarrassing domestic scenes.

Their host called to them and placed the chairs on the piazza. When they were all seated he resumed the conversation with the simple remark, "As I was saying, my friends," and then went on with the discussion, picking up the thread where it had been dropped and making no reference to what had happened.

He was quiet and dignified and did not betray in his manner a trace of the mortification and annoyance which his wife's exasperating attack must have caused.

A weaker man would either have appealed to his friends for sympathy or striven to apologize for the strange and irrational conduct of the woman. He had neither accusations to make nor excuses to offer. He strove to put his friends at ease by diverting their attention from the painful exhibition of his wife's infirmity by engaging them in animated conversation.

So successful was he that the three were soon laughing, chatting and arguing together as though nothing unpleasant had happened.

When the time came for the two visitors to drive to the station to take a train their host said goodby to them at the gate with the remark that they had had a delightful afternoon together.

The great man loved his wife and knew that she was not responsible at all times for her caprices and resentments. Unwilling to talk about her infirmities, even with old and trusted friends, he acted with rare self possession and good taste in maintaining rigid silence and leaving them to infer for themselves the reasons for his reserve.—Glasgow Times.

A Ride For His Temper.

A certain farmer living near the town of Derby having got himself disliked on account of his quarrelsome habits, the other farmers decided one night to cool him down a bit. At midnight the farmer was disturbed by a voice shouting, "Your horse is stolen!"

The irate farmer hurried on his clothes and, hastening to the door, asked, "Which way has he gone?"

"Toward H.," replied one of the farmers.

Another offered the loan of a horse he bestrode, which offer the sleepy farmer accepted. After riding all night he found himself at daylight next morning riding his own horse.—London Tit-Bits.

An Impossible Photograph.

Business was not booming at the little studio.

"Only one order yesterday," said the photographer, "and that was an impossible one. A lady came in with her little daughter. She had seen, she said, my famous photograph of a little girl kissing herself on the mouth in a mirror, and she wanted her child taken likewise, only she had scruples against kissing on the mouth on account of germs, and so she wanted me to photograph the youngster kissing itself in the mirror on the forehead."

Points on a Point.

A student undergoing examination in the principles of mechanics was asked, "Why will not a pin stand on its point?" He returned the following answer: "In the first place, a point is defined by Euclid as that which has no parts and no magnitude, and how can a pin stand on that which has no parts and no magnitude? In the second place, a pin will not stand on its head; much less, therefore, will it stand on its point. Thirdly and lastly, it will if you stick it in hard enough."

A POLICE CHIEF'S STORY.

The Way the Notorious Jack Graeme Was Arrested.

"A man and a woman," said the police chief, "occupied a compartment of a Pullman. In a desolate place, the train speeding like lightning along, the man said to the woman:

"'Madam, I will ask you to look out of the window a few minutes. I am going to make some changes in my apparel.'

"'Certainly, sir,' said the woman politely.

"Two or three minutes, filled with odd, rustling noises, passed. Then the man said:

"'Now, madam, I am finished.'

"She looked at him, and, behold, he had transformed himself into a dashing girl, heavily veiled, fashionably dressed and with rich and beautiful blond hair.

"Some moments later in her turn the lady said:

"'Now, sir, or madam, whichever you are, I'll ask you also to look out of the window. I have some changes to make in my own dress.'

"The other complied, and when he was permitted to withdraw his gaze from the passing landscape, what was his surprise to find the lady changed into a man. He gave a loud laugh.

"'It seems,' he said, 'that we are both fugitives; hence we should be pals. I am a bank robber. What are you?'

"'I,' said the other, 'am Detective Hawke of San Francisco, and for three days in female attire I have been shadowing you. Wrists together, please, so that I may now slip the nippers on.'

"Thus," concluded the police chief, "did Detective Hawke arrest the notorious Jack Graeme in 1879. It was the neatest arrest, from the melodramatic standpoint, of the year."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How to See the Wind.

Take a polished metal surface of two feet or more and with a straight edge. A large handsaw will answer the purpose. Take a windy day on which to make the experiment, paying no attention to atmospheric conditions, for such an experiment can be as successfully made on a clear day as it can on a cloudy one, and the results will be equally good in summer and winter. The only thing you need to look out for is that you do not attempt to "see the wind" on a rainy or murky day, as conditions are then very unfavorable. When everything is in readiness, hold the metallic surface at right angles to the direction of the wind—i. e., if the wind is in the north hold the metal east and west, but instead of holding it vertical incline it about 42 degrees to the horizon. When this has been done sight carefully along the edge of a sharply defined object for some moments and you will see the wind pouring over in graceful curves almost like water.

The Juvenile Way.

Children are the real humorists. They never rack their brains to say something funny. Here is a small boy's ingenuous "composition" on politeness:

"Never eat quickly, or you might get bones in your throat. My father knows of a boy who got killed over his Sunday dinner. The greedy boy was picking a rabbit's head in a hurry and swallowed one jaw of it, and my father says he was choked to death there and then. Be very polite over your meals, then, especially when it's rabbits. Since my father told me that I have always felt rather queer over a rabbit dinner. I don't talk much and don't ask for any more."

A definition that won a little girl praise despite its strangeness was "Turf, sir, is grass and clean dirt stuck together by God."

The Retort Caustic.

An American in Devonshire, according to the London Tribune, had been told he must not miss seeing a certain peculiar rock formation known locally as "Satan's Stool." While leisurely examining the curiosity he was accosted by an irate military looking man, who demanded in unprintable language what he meant by trespassing on private property. "Waal," said the Yankee, "I was told I should make a point of seeing 'Satan's Stool,' but I never guessed I should have the pleasure of meeting the owner."

He Was Real Industrious.

Two Washington negroes, meeting in the street, fell into a discussion of the peculiarities of a mutual friend. Said one: "What kind o' a pusson is dat man anyhow? Seems to me he never do no work."

"Oh, he is industrious, all right," promptly responded the second negro, "even if he don't do nothin' hisself. Why, only las' week dat man spent two whole days tryin' to git his wife a job!"—Success Magazine.

DOES THE DOG REASON?

Authentic Instances That Seem to Warrant That Conclusion.

A dog I owned suffered a great deal with indigestion. The least indiscreet diet would bring on these attacks, and as they occurred very frequently I had a large bottle of medicine always on hand and kept it on a shelf in his kennel. The dog seemed to have acquired a thorough comprehension as to the relief bringing quality of that bottle. Whenever he was ill and food was placed before him he would scent it, walk away without touching it, then turn to the shelf and, gazing steadily at the bottle, indicate plainly his wants. He took the medicine without the slightest balking, which is rather exceptional, as any one who ever tried to dose a dog will agree.

This dog when let out would never disturb anything in the poultry yard, but the moment a stray chick lost her way into his yard the savage got the better of him. He would catch the unfortunate straggler, kill and devour it, leaving only a few feathers as evidence of the "murder." Punishment always followed. The remnants of feathers were shown to the dog so as to impress on him his wrong doings and make the cause of the punishment clear to him. From time to time young chickens would be missing, and all efforts to locate the guilty one were vain. The dog's yard was always scrutinized, but nothing found.

My best broilers were disappearing at a rapid rate, and I decided to have the dog watched. Soon he was caught in the act and the mystery solved. The moment the dog had finished his meal he scratched the feathers in a heap and carried them with his teeth to a corner of his yard, where he buried them. The dog had the most embarrassed and helpless expression at the time he was caught that I ever noticed on a dog. An extra severe punishment was dealt out, and I do not know if the mortification of being trapped or the punishment did the work, but the dog was cured from that moment on.

The related observations show reasoning in order to accomplish something for a set purpose. I believe most animals possess the quality in some degree, more or less, according to their mental development.

In the last case described the dog's instinct led him to catch and kill the chicken, but memory told him that punishment would follow if found out. He reasoned that by hiding the evidence of his guilt he would escape punishment for his actions, which he understood to be wrong. The very fact of being able to discriminate between right and wrong and trying to check the consequences of the latter shows the necessity of thinking and therefore of reasoning power.—S. L. De Fabry in Outing.

The Steamboat and an "If."

If Robert Fulton had succeeded in proving to Napoleon that his steamboat was a revolutionary invention the history of the whole world might have been changed. A critic reasons as follows: "Fulton laid before the French emperor his plan for steam navigation. It might have appealed to Napoleon had he personally investigated it, but he preferred to leave the decision to a commission of wiseacres, who reported that navigation by the aid of steam was an obvious absurdity. That was two years before the battle of Trafalgar was fought. Had he accepted the advice of Fulton and gone at once to building, the great army massed at Boulogne might after all have landed in England and wrought its military miracles upon British soil instead of at Austerlitz, to which Trafalgar turned it."

He Relied on the Doctor.

While I was a student in the medical college I had a patient, an Irishman, with a broken leg. When the plaster bandage was removed and a lighter one put on in its place I noticed that one of the pins went in with great difficulty, and I could not understand it. A week afterward what was my astonishment to find that the pin had been run through the skin twice instead of through the cloth.

"Why, Pat," said I, "didn't you know the pin was sticking in you?"

"To be sure I did," replied Pat, "but I thought you knew your business, so I hilt me tongue."

The Difficulty.

Two Irishmen driving through the country noticed that many of the barns had weathervanes in the shape of huge roosters.

"Pat," said one man to the other, "can you tell me why they always have a rooster and niver a hen on the top iv thim barns?"

"Sure," replied Pat, "an' it must be because av the difficulty they'd have in collecting the eggs."—Chicago News.

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