MILLIONAIRE AND BAREFOOT BOY.

'Tis evening, and the round red sun sinks slowly in the west,
The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly to the nest,
The crickets chirrup in the grass, the bats flit to and fro,
And tinkle-tankle up the lane the lowing cattle go;
And the rich man from his carriage looks out on them as they come—
On them and on the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home.

"I wish," the boy says to himself—"I wish that I were he.
And yet, upon maturer thought, I do not—no sir-ree!
Not for all the gold his coffers hold would I be that duffer there,
With a liver-pad and a gouty toe, and scarce a single hair;
To have a wife with a Roman nose, and fear lest a panic come—
Far better to be the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

And the rich man murmurs to himself: "Would I give all my self
To change my lot with yonder boy? Not if I know myself.
Over the grass that's full of ants and chill with dew to go,
With a stone bruise upon either heel and a splinter in my toe!
Oh, I'd rather sail my yacht a year across the ocean's foam
Than be one day the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

—G. T. L., in Harper's.

AN ALGERIAN LION STORY.

How I came to be sitting in very good company, one glorious September evening, in the little moon-lighted garden of the hotel at Algiers is neither here nor there.

My companions about the round table, which was garnished with slim bottles, glasses, and piles of cigarettes, were all Frenchmen—three old Algerian colonists, the fourth an ex-lieutenant of the navy who had exchanged a life on the ocean wave for that of a hunter in three-quarters of the globe.

Before dinner I had picked up in the saloon Du Chaillu's gorilla-book, which I had never seen before, and my saying something about this turned the conversation in the garden upon wild beasts and the hunting of them.

Some wonderful stories were told, especially by the ex-sailor, though not a bit more wonderful than many one hears from old Indian sportsmen.

For the matter of that the most extraordinary sporting story I ever heard was told by—of all men in the world—a hare hunter, who capped therewith a snake-and-elephant narrative, quite unique of its kind.

Presently, a short silence, caused by the uncorking and tasting of a new bottle of hermitage, was broken by the eldest of the party, who had not said much before. He was a good looking man of fifty, with beard grayer than his head, and a merry twinkle in his eyes. What he said I shall repeat for the sake of clearness in the first person, just as he told the story himself.

"The adventure of which I am going to tell you, gentlemen, happened to me a good many years ago. It was my first serious interview with a lion. Like most serious things it had a comic side, too.

"I was a young man then, and had been some half dozen years in Constantine farming in partnership with a friend, an old colonist, whose acquaintance I had made on board ship coming out from Marseilles.

"Our business was corn and cattle-raising, and we did very well together, until my partner died of a fever, and after that I took a dislike to the place. I thought I would shift my ground into this province, Algiers, push toward the frontier, and get a grant of government land and make a farm of it. So, getting a neighbor to give an eye to things in my absence, I started on my prospecting expedition.

"I say I, but I should say we, for there were three of us, sworn comrades as ever were.

"First, there was your humble servant; secondly, there was my horse 'Marengo,' a better never looked through a bridle. He was bred between a Barb sire and an English mare belonging to the Colonel of Chasseurs, of whom I bought him in town when his regiment was going. He stood about fifteen hands two, carried the Barb head, and the rest of the body was all bone and muscle. His temper was as good as his courage was high; me, he would follow about like a dog, but he had one failing, and that was an insuperable objection to the close proximity of anything, except one thing, that stood on four legs. We all have our peculiarities, and this was his. Bipeds were all very well, but multiply the legs by two, and he let fly immediately and never missed his aim.

"Such was 'Marengo.'

"Thirdly, there was 'Cognac,' the faithfulest, the most honest, the oddest, and the wickedest little dog the world ever saw. He was more like a terrier than anything else, with a short, yellow coat, a fox's head, very long ears, and a very short tail. The shrillness of his bark pierced your ears like a knife, but the awfulness of his howl—he always howled if left alone—baffles description. During the fourteen years I had him, he seldom left me day or night. On a journey he would run beside me, and when tired get up and sit in my wallet. The great pleasure of his life was to steal behind people and secretly bite their legs.

"By some mysterious affinity, he and 'Marengo' were friends from the first. They now sleep under the same tree.

"Well, we started, and after going over a good deal of ground, I thought I had decided on a location, and turned my face homeward. My direction was by Alma, to strike the great road that runs under the Atlas into Constantine.

"It was about eight o'clock one morning, when I had been some two hours in the saddle, that I emerged from a narrow valley, or ravine, through which the road ran, on to a sandy plain, dotted with bushes and scrub.

"I had just laid the reins on 'Marengo's neck, when suddenly he gave a tremendous shy that pitched me clean off.

"The next minute, with a horrible roar, a lion sprang right at his head.

"I made sure he was on the top of him, and so he would have been, but, as Marengo wheeled short round like lightning on his hind legs, the streaming reins caught the brute's forepaw, and, as it were, tripped him, so that he fell sideways on the road.

"The heavy jerk nearly brought the horse down, but the throat-lash broke, the bridle was pulled over his ears, and, recovering himself, he darted away among a grove of trees that stood by the wayside.

"So intent was the lion on the horse, that he paid no attention to me, lying defenseless before him.

"Crawling swiftly along the ground, he pursued Marengo, whom I gave up for lost—for his chance against the lithe brute among the trees seemed hopeless.

"However, as luck would have it, there was an open space about a dozen yards across. In the center of this Marengo took his stand, with his tail toward the lion and his head turned sharply back over his shoulders, watching him.

"He stood quite still, except for the slight shifting of his hind feet and lifting of his quarters, which I knew meant mischief.

"The lion probably thought so, too, for he kept dodging to try and take his opponent by a flank movement. But the old horse knew his game, and pivoting on his forelegs still brought his stern guns to bear on the enemy.

"Soon, with a roar the lion made his spring, but Marengo lashed out both heels together with such excellent judgment of time and distance, that, catching him full in the chest, he knocked him all of a heap to the ground, where he lay motionless. Then with a neigh of triumph and a flourish of his heels, away he galloped through the grove, out on to the plain and was safe.

"The lion lay so still that I thought he was dead, or at any rate quite 'hors du combat,' and was just running to pick up the bridle and follow 'Marengo' when he sat up on his haunches. This made me stop.

"As he sat there with his head loosely wagging from side to side, and mouth half open, he looked quite vacant and idiotic.

"Suddenly his head stopped wagging, he pricked his ears, and by the flash of his eye and changed expression, I knew he had seen me.

"Only one thing was to be done, and I did it. The outermost tree was large and low-branched. To it I ran, and up it I scrambled, and just perched in a fork about fifteen feet from terra firma as the lion arrived at the bottom.

"Looking up at me with two red-hot coals for eyes, his long nervous tail lashing his sides, every hair on his body turned to wire, and his great claws protruded, he chattered at me as a cat chatters at a bird out of reach. His jaws snapped like a steel trap, and his look was perfectly diabolical. When he was tired of chattering, he stood and growled.

"Catching sight of the bridle, he walked to it, smelled it, patted it, and then came back and lay down and glared at me.

"My carbine—confound it!—was slung at my saddle. My only weapon, besides my hanger, was a pocket-pistol, double-barrelled, and what in those days we called a breech-loader—that is, the barrel unscrewed to load, and then screwed on again.

"It would have been a handy weapon against a man at close quarters, for it threw a good ball; but for a lion! Besides, the beast was too far off.

"Then the thought flashed into my mind, where was 'Cognac?'

"I supposed he had run away and hidden somewhere. If the lion got sight of him, it would, I knew, be soon over with the poor little fellow.

"All at once there arose, close at hand, an awful and familiar yell. It had a strange, muffled tone, but there was no mistaking 'Cognac's' voice.

"Again it came, resonant, long-drawn, and sepulchral. It seemed to come from inside the tree. Where the deuce was he?

"The lion appeared utterly astonished and turned his ears so far back to listen that they were almost inside out, when from some hole among the roots of the tree there popped a small yellow head with long ears.

"Down, down, 'Cognac!' I cried in my agony; 'go back, sir.'

"A cry of wild delight, cut short by a piteous whine, was his reply, as he spied me, and then dashing fully a yard toward the lion, he barked diffiantly.

"With a low growl and ruffling mane, the beast charged furiously at the little dog.

"Back went 'Cognac' into his cave as quick as a rabbit, and stormed at him from inside.

"Thrusting his great paw right down the hole, the lion tried to claw him out. Oh, how I trembled for 'Cognac.'

"But he kept up such a ceaseless fire of snapping and snarling that it was either well round a corner, or that the hole was deep enough to ensure his safety.

"All the same, to see the great cowardly beast digging away at my poor little dog like that, was more than I could bear. Cocking my pistol, I shouted, and as he looked up I fired at his bloot shot eye. He shook his head, and I gave him the other barrel.

"With a scream of rage he bounded back.

"'Cognac' immediately shot forth his head and insulted the beast with jeering barks.

"But he was not to be drawn again, and after a bit lay down further off and pretended to be asleep. 'Cognac' barked at him until he was tired, and then retired into his castle.

"Reloading, I found I had only three bullets left, and concluded to reserve them for a crisis.

"It was now past noon. To beguile the time, I smoked a pipe or two, sang a song, cut my name, 'Cognac's' and 'Marengo's' on the trees, leaving a space for the lion's which I determined should be 'Wellington.' I wished he would go away. Having some milk in my bottle, I took a drink, and should have liked to give some to 'Cognac.' The lion began to pant, and his red, thorny tongue hanging a foot out of his mouth. He was a mangy and disreputable looking brute as ever I saw. By and by he got up and snuffed the air all around him, and then, without as much delight as much as looking as me, walked off and went deliberately down the road.

"Slipping to the ground, I caught up 'Cognac,' who had crept out directly, and, after looking carefully round for the lion, was smothering me with caresses. The lion was turning toward a bushy clump in a hollow about two hundred yards off. That light green foliage—willows, water! Had the cunning brute sniffed it out.

"Anyhow, it was a relief to stretch one's legs after sitting six mortal hours on a branch. The lion disappear around the bushes. I strained my eyes over the plain, but could see nothing moving. Then I gave 'Cognac' a drink of milk and a few bits of bread-cake, for which he was very grateful. Of course, it was no use beginning a race against a lion with only 200 yards start in any number of miles. The tree was better than that.

"All the same he was a long time; perhaps, he was really gone for good. Bah! there came his ugly head around the corner again, making straight for us.

"When he was pretty near I kissed 'Cognac' and threw a bit of cake into the hole. Then I climbed again to my perch. 'Cognac' retired growling into his fortress, and the beast of a lion mounted guard over us as before."

"He looked quite cool and comfortable and had evidently had a good drink.

"Another hour and he was still there.

"While I was wandering how long he really meant to stay and if I was destined to spend all night on a bough like a monkey, and on very short commons, he got up, and walking quietly to the foot of the tree, without uttering a sound, sprang up at me with all his might.

"He was quite a yard short, but I was so startled that I nearly lost my balance.

"His coup having failed, he lay down right under the branch I was on, couching his head on his paws as if to hide his mortification.

Suddenly the thought came into my mind; Why not make a devil and drop it on his back? I dismissed it as ridiculous, but it came again. As we have all, including our English friend here, been boys, you know what I mean—not a fallen angel, but the gun-powder devil.

"Good! Well, it seemed feasible—I would try it.

"I had plenty of powder in my little flask, so pouring some into my hand I moistened it well with spittle and kneaded away until it came out a tiny Vesuvius of black paste. Then I formed the little crater, which filled with a few grains of dry powder, and set it carefully on the branch.

"My hands shook so with excitement I could hardly hold the flint and steel; but I struck and struck—the tinder ignited—now, Vesuvius!"

"Whiff, whiz! The lion looked up directly, but I dropped it plump on the back of his neck. For an instant he did not seem to know what had happened; then with an angry growl up he jumped and tore savagely at the big fiery flea on back, which sent a shower sparks into his mouth and nose."

"Again and again he tried, and then raved wildly about, using horrible leonine language, and no wonder, for the devil had worked well down among his greasy hair, and must have stung him like a hundred hornets. His back hair and mane burst into a flame, and he shrieked with rage and terror."

"Then he went stark, staring mad, clapping his tail between his legs, laid back his ears, and went out of the grove at twenty miles an hour, and disappeared up the ravine."

"Almost as mad as the lion with joy, and feeling sure he was gone for good, I tumbled down the tree and ran off along the road as hard as I could, with 'Cognac' barking at my heels. By and by I had to pull up, for the sun was still very hot; but I walked as fast as I could, looking out all the time for 'Marengo' who would not, I knew, go very far from his master. Presently I spied him in a hollow. A whistle, and whinnying with delight, he trotted up and laid his head on my shoulder."

"In my hurry I had forgotten the bridle, but with my belt and handkerchief I extemporized a halter, tied one end around his nose, and catching up 'Cognac,' mounted, and galloped off, defying all the lions in Africa to catch me."

"There were still two hours before sunset to reach the next village, and by hard riding I did it. That we all three of us enjoyed our suppers goes without saying. And that gentlemen, is my story."

We agreed it was wonderful.—All the Year Round.

Examples of Gallantry.

Such examples of gallantry as Sir Walter Raleigh, who spread his rich cloak in the mud that Elizabeth might walk across the street dry-shod, Ser Federigo, who killed his pet falcon in order to prepare a fitting repast for the young widow of his love, and the others of which history or romance speaks, must take a back seat in the temple of fame as soon as some poet shall embalm in verse the deeds of a well to-do citizen in Boston. He has not the figure or appearance commonly attributed to gallants, being, if the truth be told, somewhat obese and so destitute of hair that his noble brow extends very nearly to the nape of his neck. But he has shown himself capable of rare devotion to the fair sex, as witnesses of the following occurrence will testify. He went to dine at a restaurant, and opposite him at the table sat a lovely young woman. The flies, as often happens at this time of year, were annoying, and, with the malevolent ingenuity of their kind, seemed to find the bald head of our friend a desirable roosting place. Accordingly, he would wildly wave his napkin about his cranium and drive them away for a time. But presently he noticed that the flies, driven from his side of the table, betook themselves to his vis-a-vis, and caused her excessive annoyance. Upon this discovery he made no more assaults upon his tormentors, but during the rest of his meal remained serenely smiling, with the insects conducting exploration parties to all quarters of his scull, and consoling himself for his discomfort by perceiving that they had entirely abandoned the society of his companion.—Boston Journal.

"Is this train to stop at Neponset?" a passenger asked a conductor of the Old Colony road the other forenoon. "No, sir," was the reply, "no stops between South Braintree and Boston." "Why, how's that?" said the surprised inquirer; "you used to stop there; you did the last time I came up." The conductor was puzzled. "Guess you are wrong," he said, "but when was that time?" "Well," replied the passenger, "I can't say exactly. And after a moment's thought he continued, "It was when I built my barn sometime during the war."

A little girl being asked where cotton grew, replied, with the greatest simplicity, "In old gentlemen's ears."