



THE LION SLAYER

HE is a young doctor and a surgeon on board one of the small gunboats placed on a great African lake. Fresh-colored still, though slightly tanned by exposure to the lake winds, with merry, Irish eyes of blue gray, a square-cut jaw and obstinate chin, a long upper lip, a little whisker at the temples and short wavy black hair. Like many men of his class, he is a potential Darwin, and, having no means to travel and study natural history, has entered the navy as a surgeon. He has landed on the shores of the lake for a day's shooting, hoping to get an elephant at least, but meantime content to study sunbirds. Let us in imagination enter his mind, see through his eyes what he saw and lay bare his thoughts.



"SOME GREAT YELLOW OBJECT IN THE AIR ABOVE HIM."

mentary halt) and asks inquiringly: "Elephants?" "No," says the negro in a piping whisper, "Lion! There, there; no, not there. You see that ant hill? Well, climb on to its side and you will see the lion lying in a clear space just beyond. A male lion, truly; its body is nearly white and its mane is black."

With Express rifle at full cock, the doctor advances gingerly through the interlaced grass, bent nearly double, keeping the muzzle of the gun directed straight before him and shields its sensitive trigger from the intrusive grass stems. The ant hill is reached; he clambors up its sloping side. "Good God, the boy's right. What a beauty! And, as they say, 'too'!" But something in the doctor's coming has aroused the lion, not ten yards away; aroused him partially, for there is a sudden movement. He raised the great head set in a collar of yellow, brown, black mane; slowly the dim, glinting membranes pass over the yellow eyes, but as they are focusing to meet his own gaze the doctor fires, fires precipitately this position on the sloping ant hill is insecure, wounds the lion somewhere, somehow, but does not kill him. The beast gives a sharp explosive roar, seems to jump into the air with all four feet and then in three bounds has crashed off into the grass jungle. Silence. "Well, I'm a muff!" thinks the doctor. "He wasn't too far away and I didn't kill him dead! I don't know quite where I hit him; in the chest, I think. But he can't be far away and I must finish him off." He descends from the ant hill into the clear trampled space where the lion had been lying. At the spot where the lion had made its first bound into the dense grass hedge there is a great squirt of blood over the tangled greenery—the dark crimson liquid still drips from leaf blade to leaf blade. "All! thought so; he must be pretty badly hit."

Two black faces, with starting eyes and anxious grins, now cautiously peer around the ant hill. The doctor, seeing his head, recognizes his boys and beckons them down. The three converge in whispers. The situation is explained—how the lion was wounded, the direction in which he bounded away. The boys urge caution. "Lion plenty fierce. Mkango nkali nditu, Master must take care; better climb tree and look all around—not go into grass." But there is no tree anywhere near. A boy holds himself to the slender summit of the ant hill and reports that he sees the grass moving in the direction whither the lion had withdrawn—moving as though a stationary animal were shaking it with convulsive throes (all of which is explained more by gestures than by words). The doctor, clambering up beside the boy, thinks he can descry (as the grass stems bow and droop before some writhing object) the lion's waving tail and a yellow-gray haunch. He fires, descends from the ant hill to reload. "A rush comes through the grass, a deafening roar, some great yellow object in the air above him. . . . momentarily . . . dark against the sky . . . yellow eyes . . . (dusensillity). . . . "Click click, click click, click click!" . . . wonder what that funny sound is . . . am I in a train? No, it is the engines of the steamer—or is it the pulse beating in my temples? They have been asleep, and in broad daylight, with the blue sky above me and in the broiling sun! How foolish! But no—it must be something more. I know there has something happened—let me think . . . the lion, of course . . . a lion jumped at me. Then I must be wounded? Let's see" (raises himself painfully on his right arm) . . . "My God! a pool of my own blood . . . my left arm has no feeling . . . cleaved by the lion, hand almost detached, rest of arm a mass of blood, muscle, bone and khaki . . . Oh, God! I'm going to die—can't live—has torn open my stomach . . . that must be the pancreas, I'm like a butcher's shop," (Whimpers. A blubbling sound attracts his attention.) "Hullo! you here, Juma? Plucky chap; thought you'd have cut and run. Where's Salidi? Eh? Speak louder. I'm deaf . . . Oh, gone to gunboat; quite right . . . What's the lion?" (turns his head slightly) "there, still living; looks pretty sick too." (The lion is lying four yards away, partly on his side, one crippled forepaw turned back, the other outstretched and the great head resting on it, eyeing the men with solemn yellow eyes no longer fierce, the pupil shrunk to a pin-point. With each convulsive shudder of the lion's body the blood pool round him widens slightly.) "By heavens, if I've got to die, I'll die like a man, and he shall go first. Who can tell? He might recover and hurt the

OSTRICH FARMS.

After Twelve Years of Costly Experiments They Now Pay Dividends. It is estimated that seven ostrich farms in Southern California have sold over \$100,000 worth of feathers during the last year, and that now, after more than twelve years of costly and discouraging experiments, a majority of the ostrich farms in this region pay dividends. Several of the enterprises are pronounced successes, and have paid good interest on the capital in them for several years. The greater part of the money invested in the production of ostrich feathers and in the big birds in California has come from England and New York. The industry is a popular one for young Englishmen fresh from college or the academies and possessed of ample means and a spirit for novelty of business pursuits. There are over fifty bright young men from England now engaged in managing ostrich farms in this part of California, and there are others recently from London who are in search of suitable localities among the valleys and foothills in this region for new ostrich farms. It takes a capital of \$15,000, to establish any sort of an ostrich farm, and \$25,000 to \$30,000 is required for a first-class, well-stocked and scientifically arranged farm.

The men who have been in the ostrich plume industry in Southern California since 1884 say that there has never been such a demand for ostrich plumes as this season. Dame Fashion has made their business suddenly become most profitable, and every man engaged in ostrich farming is hoping that the present fashion for wearing ostrich plumes in profusion will continue for several years. Last month the heaviest consignment of ostrich plumes ever made from Southern California went to Paris from Los Angeles.

Ostrich farming was first made an experiment as Los Angeles and Fallbrook in 1883 by a company of Frenchmen. The profits from the several ostrich farms in this section have grown each year, as the habits of the birds have been learned and the ostriches have become acclimated. There are now successful ostrich farms at South Pasadena, Anaheim, Fallbrook, Santa Monica, Covadana, and Pomona.

There are about 400 ostriches in Southern California, and they have become so common that none but the tourists who come to spend the winter seasons here take any curious interest in the birds. The capital invested in ostrich farming in this region is roughly estimated at \$200,000, and there will probably be \$50,000 to \$70,000 more invested in the industry before the year is over.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In Silver Paper. I wonder if the men who pop the momentaneous question only to receive a negative, feel particularly awkward when they meet the woman who declined the honor. The proper observation, I understand, for the lady to make after the painful and delicate duty has been performed is, "But I trust we shall remain friends." The man may shake his head and mutter, "Friends be damned!" but there is no help for it. As they move in the same set they cannot avoid meeting each other, and of course in a friendly way. It is only in a very much lower rank in society that the rejected one swears that no other man shall have his beloved object, and buys a second-hand revolver to prevent it. Just at first it must be very embarrassing, and there is probably always a certain queer feeling between them as of a semi-attached couple who might have been one for life but for that monosyllabic and scarcely articulable "No." As a matter of fact, she never does say "No," but wraps up the negative, as it were, in silver paper, "I respect and honor you, Mr. Jones" (who hoped to be called "Edwin") "beyond everything, but what you ask can never be."

Out It Flew. Lady Ellenborough, a renowned beauty, on one occasion, accompanied the Judge on circuit, on the distinct understanding that she should not encumber the carriage with handboxes—his abhorrence. During the first day's journey Lord Ellenborough, stretching his legs, chanced to strike his foot against something under the seat. It was a handbox. Down went the window, and out it flew. The coachman, thinking the box had fallen out, at once drew up; but his master furiously roared out the order to "drive on."

What is believed to be the largest salmon ever captured in the Columbia River was delivered at S. Elmore's packing house in Astoria, Ore., recently. The monster was one of the truest and most perfect specimens of royal Chinook salmon ever seen in Astoria. His actual measurement from tip to tip was 4 feet 5 1/2 inches, and his largest circumference 3 feet, the girth close to the tail being fully 1 foot. The spread of the tail was 1 foot 4 inches, and the exact weight 81 1/2 pounds. The head, when severed from the body, weighed 8 1/2 pounds. On being cooked and packed the fish filled 5 1/2 dozen one-pound cans.—Morning Oregonian.

Profit in Drunks. French army pensioners living in the Hotel des Invalides, who have all received medals for bravery on the field, occasionally drink more than is good for them. To prevent such veterans making exhibitions of themselves in public a reward of 15 cents is paid to any one who returns an inebriated invalid to the barracks. Recently an invalid who had been drinking heavily had increased greatly. It was discovered that a trade in rescuing had arisen, a knockout drink costing five cents and warranted to act at once having been devised, which left a clean profit of 10 cents per drink.

HELPLESS IN A STAMPEDE.

An Adventure in the Days When Buffalo Were Plenty. "It was a ride I never meant to take, you may be sure, and one I should never care to take again," said Hank Marston, a gentleman from Montana. "For two days and nights I was among the buffalo, as helpless to get away as a chip might be aflant in Niagara. It was in 1885, when the Western plains were still thick with the brutes. Three of us had strayed from our camp in search of buffalo and coming upon a herd, my companions each captured a cow. But the one I selected—it was a fat young cow—was so far in the herd and ran so well that by the time I was alongside her the buffalo were all around me, every one running head down and tail in the air, not caring for what stood in the way. There was only one thing to do, and that was to go with them, so I sent a shot in behind the cow's shoulder that dropped her, and then let my horse take his head. He was carried away, as a horse is apt to be, by the excitement of the stampede, and tried to run away. This took us further into the herd, until the buffalo got so thick about us that he could not force his way among them. After that for hours and hours there was nothing but dust and noise, with buffalo on every side as far as I could see through the smother-crowding, jostling, pushing, everyone trying to get ahead of the others. My horse was jammed and tossed about by the buffalo, but he kept his footing and went along with the rest. The dust filled my eyes and nostrils, and the sound of the hoof beats was something frightful.

"Darkness came, and still the stampede went on through the night. It was not until morning that the buffalo slowed up and began to scatter and feed. I tried then to work my way out from among them, but before I had got half way out my motion alarmed them and they stampeded again. There was no stopping the thing; so long as they saw me among them they were bound to stampede, and there was no getting away from them. They carried me along with them that day, and, although now their pace had slowed to a walk, they did not stop until darkness had fallen again. Sometimes we would come to a gulch and I could hear the thumping sound as the buffalo off to left or right went heels over head down to the bottom over the edge. But by good luck the part of the herd where I was struck a place every time where we could get across. About 10 o'clock in the night the buffalo halted once more and began to scatter and feed. A good many of them lay down, as if they were tired out traveling and wanted no more of it. I started again to get clear of them, and this time, by working carefully along, letting my horse feed as he went and avoiding every motion that might alarm them, I got to the edge of the herd just as the sky was growing light in the east. Two days later, after a hard ride, I reached our camp."

Gypsies the World Over. Nearly every civilized country in the world has bands of gypsies wandering about within its boundaries, and their faculty and apparent lack of any definite origin in life, so characteristic of this picturesque nomadic race, gives peculiar interest to statistics concerning them. From Hungary, the center and starting point of the race, we learn from a census that their total number in that country alone amounts to two hundred and seventy-four thousand, nine hundred and forty. About half of them were settled in towns and villages, while the other half led a constantly wandering life. Altogether there were one hundred forty thousand, seven hundred and fifty gypsies who professed Hungarian as their mother tongue, sixty-seven thousand thirty-six Roumanian, nine thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven the Slovak language, five thousand eight hundred sixty-one the Servian, two thousand three hundred ninety-six the German, and two thousand eight the Ruthenian language. The number speaking only the Czeany or Romany tongue—that is the gypsies who did not amalgamate with other nationalities—was eighty-two thousand and forty-five, or about 30 per cent. of the whole.

Humor in Literature. Humor is one of those pervasive qualities that take possession of your senses like the smell of the woods in summer after a rain. You are trudging along through a book, interested, perhaps, in the course of the story, and impatient for the end of it all. It is an ordinary book, you think, like a hundred others, but a turn of the page and you are in another atmosphere. There is a growing warmth about your heart and a lift to the corners of your mouth. You do not break into a laugh, but you chuckle to yourself and forget about the end of the tale. You want to linger over the pages and turn back and go over the trail again. In a twinkling the "characters" of the story have become human beings like yourself.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Watch the Smoke. How often we hear the remark, "We shall have rain, the atmosphere is so heavy." The reverse is true. When one sees smoke coming from a chimney, with a tendency to sink to the ground, it indicates that the atmosphere is light—in fact, too light to float the smoke. When the smoke rises from the chimney, it indicates a heavy atmosphere. A column of smoke is not a bad barometer, for a barometer simply records the pressure of the atmosphere. When the atmosphere is light and the smoke settles, the pressure on the mercury is light and the column falls, indicating storm. When the atmosphere is heavy and the smoke rises, the pressure is greater and the column rises, indicating fair weather.

Reversing the Ordinary Course. Curious facts have lately come to light concerning the island of Sakhalin, which lies off the eastern coast of Siberia. Cold winds and sea currents circulate around it, and produce on the island a reversal of the ordinary course of nature respecting the arrangement of temperature. Usually the air is warmest near sea level and coldest on highlands and mountains, but in Sakhalin the coldest air is found near the sea, while in the lofty interior of the island the climate is mild, and even sub-tropical plants flourish on the heights.

Remarks of the Invidious. "You say that Bronson's overworked and is going away for a rest. Why, he hasn't been in his office twice during the last six months." "Yes, but he's just succeeded in marrying off the last of his five homely daughters."—Cleveland Leader.

Cannibalistic Tendencies. "Who is that young fellow?" "That's Jim Dowling, better known as 'Cannibal'." "Why cannibal?" "His father is a retired missionary and Jim lives on him."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

HOW FEAR WAS BANISHED.

George Kennan's Method for Overcoming His Natural Timidity. "When I was 17 or 18 years of age," said Mr. Kennan, "I went as a telegraph operator to Cincinnati. I had become so morbid and miserable by that time that I said to myself one day, 'I'm going to put an end to this state of affairs here and now. If I'm afraid of anything I'll conquer my fear of it or die.' If I'm a coward I might as well be dead, because I can never feel any self-respect or have any happiness in life, and I'd rather get killed trying to do something than I'm afraid to do that to live in this way." I was at that time working at night, and had to go home from the office between midnight and 4 o'clock in the morning. It was during the civil war, and Cincinnati was a more lawless city than it has ever been since. Street robberies and murders were of daily occurrence, and all of the 'night men' in our office carried weapons as a matter of course. I bought a revolver, and commenced a course of experiments upon myself. When I finished my night work at the office, instead of going directly home through well-lighted and patrolled streets, I directed my steps to the slums and explored the worst haunts of vice and crime in the city. If there was a dark, narrow, cutthroat alley down by the river that I felt afraid to go through at that hour of the night I clenched my teeth, cocked my revolver and went through it—sometimes twice in succession. If I read in the morning papers that a man had been robbed or murdered on a certain street I went to that street the next night. I explored the dark river banks, hung around low drinking dives and the resorts of thieves and other criminals, and made it an invariable rule to do at all hazards the thing that I thought I might be afraid to do. Of course I had all sorts of experiences and adventures. One night I saw a man attacked by a highwayman and knocked down with a slungshot, just across the street. I ran to his assistance, frightened away the robbers, and picked him up from the gutter in a state of unconsciousness. Another night, after 2 o'clock, I saw a man's throat cut, down by the river—and a ghastly sight it was, but although somewhat shaken I did not become faint nor sick. Every time I went through a street that I believed to be dangerous, or had any startling experience, I felt an accession of self-respect.

"In less than three months I had satisfied myself that while I did feel fear I was not so much daunted by any undertaking but I could do it if I willed to do it, and then I began to feel better. "Soon after this time I went on my first expedition to Siberia, and there, in almost daily struggles with difficulties, dangers and sufferings of all sorts, I finally lost the fear of being afraid which had poisoned the happiness of my boyhood."—Atlantic Monthly.

Finnigan to Finnigan. Superintendant was Finnigan. As was the action was Finnigan; Whichever the kyars got off the thrack An' muddled up things 't' th' devil an' back. Finnigan writ it to Finnigan. After the wick wuz all on again; That is, this Finnigan Reported to Finnigan.

Whin Finnigan first writ to Finnigan. He writed in pages—did Finnigan. An' he told 'em how the smash occurred; Full minny a t'jus, blunderin' wurred Did Finnigan writ to Finnigan. After the cars had gone on again. That wuz how Finnigan Reported to Finnigan.

Now Finnigan knowed more than Finnigan. He'd more d'jection—had Finnigan; An' it wuzn't clane an' completely out To tell what Finnigan writ about In his writin' to Muster Finnigan. So he writed back to Finnigan; "Don't do sich a sin agin; Make 'em brief, Finnigan!"

Whin Finnigan got this from Finnigan He blinced round 'em—did Finnigan; An' he said: "T' th' ganble a whole month's pay-ay That it will be minny an' minny a day Before Sup'rintindit, that's Finnigan, Gits a whack at this very same sin agin. From Finnigan to Finnigan. Reports won't be long agin."

Wasn't agin on the s'ction as Finnigan. On the road sup'rintindit by Finnigan. A rail give way on a bit as a curve An' some kyars went off as they made the swerve. "There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigan; "But reports must be made to Finnigan." An' he winked at McGorriggan, As married a Finnigan.

He wuz shant'ny thin, wuz Finnigan. As minny a railroader's been agin; An' 'th' shanky of lamp wuz burnin' bright In Finnigan's shanty all that night—Bilin' down his report, wuz Finnigan; An' he writed this here: "Muster Finnigan: "Off agin, on agin. Gone agin.—Finnigan."—S. W. Gillilan, in Atlanta Constitution.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

Humorous Paragraphs from the Comic Papers. Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Peter's Wife. Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater, Had a wife and couldn't keep her; He had her kiss more, like and bell, And then he kept her very well. —Collier's Weekly.

His Size Protected Him. Little Dude—Say, do you think I can cross that field without attracting the attention of those animals? Big Countryman—Of course. Them beasts ain't got magnifying glasses on.—New York Tribune.

A Consolation Gone. "How's yer wife?" inquired one of the farmers who were coming into market. "She's perfectly well, seems like." "You don't seem pertickler pleased about it?" "Well, I like 'er to 'nfy' hers'. An' she do seem ter git a lot o' comfort out o' 'ukin' medicine."—Washington Star.

A Man of Full Habit. Millie—Dicky Dolittle seems such an empty fellow. Willie—You wouldn't have thought so if you had seen him last night.—Pick-Me-Up.

To the Shopper's Ear. Mr. Shoppi—Which train would you prefer to go on tomorrow, my dear, the 1:30 or the 1:40. Mrs. Shoppi—Oh, the 1:40, of course. It sounds so much nicer.—New York Tribune.

Proof. Jinks—That was a strange opinion of Capt. Synmes that the world is hollow. Blinks—I am inclined to believe his theory was right. Jinks—Why so? Blinks—Because so many people have gone under lately.—Washington Times.

Figurs of the Times. "By Gum! of the women in ther city ain't so bold an' brazen ther or modest one hex ter hang out er sign tellin' erbout it."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Ignorance. "He may be all very well at story writing, but he doesn't know much about the turf." "How do you know?" "Why, he made the favorite win."—Pick-Me-Up.

He Was a Stayer. He—I'm going to kiss you when I go. She—Do it now while I'm still young. —Town Topics.

The Womanly. Women would not throw mud, oh, no, In politics, as heretofore The men have done; they'd rather go And track it on each other's floor. —Detroit Journal.

No Reason for Existence. "I must say," said the young woman, "that billiards is a very silly game." "But you never tried it," expostulated the young man. "I'm sure I don't intend to try it. What excuse is there for it?" "Why, there's ever so much science

"Oh, I've heard all about that. But there isn't any costume that goes with it."—Washington Star.

"Wrapped Up in Music." Her Life's Occupation. "I never saw a woman on the streets as much as Mrs. Doater. What in the world keeps her running so?" "Getting her new baby photographed."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Breaking It Gently. "And how is your husband to-day, Mrs. Mangel?" "Well, mum, the doctor says if he 'olds out for another two days, he'll 'ave 'opes of 'im; but if he doesn't we must prepare for the wust."—Pick-Me-Up.

What They Need. A health journal is telling people "how to lie when asleep." If it could persuade them to tell the truth when awake it would be doing a real service. —Trifles.

A Boon. Bols—What a boon it is to have a friend you can trust! Nobs—Yes; or one that will trust you. —Tid-Bits.

The Inference. Wheeler—Miss Chilli gave me a cyclometer for my birthday. Sprockett—Not very encouraging, is she? "I don't see why not." "Why, my boy, the inference is that she wants you to keep your distance." —Youkers Statesman.

She Was Pondering. Mrs. Wilson—What are you thinking so intently about, Mary? Mrs. Gilson (slowly)—I was just trying to decide whether Mr. Gilson was more eloquent in declaring his undying passion for me before we were married or in making excuses for his shortcomings afterward.—Detroit Free Press.

The Difference. Cholly (who has tried on the professor's hat)—Aw, professor, my head is larger than yours. Professor—Yes, on the outside.

Preparations Complete. "Have all the preparations been made for the reception of the poet?" "Oh, yes; I have just cut the leaves of his collected works and put them on the table."—Flagende-Blaetter.

Not Much Improvement. "I suppose you've got rid of the girl in the next room who played the piano?" "Yes, but there's a woman in there now who keeps her husband awake half the night coaxing him for a new bicycle." "Do you know the woman?" "Yes, she's my wife."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

An Infallible Sign. Customer—That razor of yours must be fully three years old. Barber—What makes you think so? Customer—It has so many teeth.—Cleveland Leader.

Too Literal. "Freddie, why did you drop the baby on the floor?" "Well, I heard everybody say it was a bounding baby and I wanted to see it bounce."—Punch.

Not to Be Wondered At. Farmer (watching colored boy fishing in his private pond)—Did you ever get any fish here? Colored Boy—Yes, sah; once, when I fell in the water, wuz come in my mouth.—New York Tribune.

Queen Victoria's Big Family. Queen Victoria has had over seventy descendants, over sixty of whom are living. She has had nine children, several of whom are living, and innumerable grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Her sons and daughters who are living are: The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Edinburgh, the ex-Empress Frederick, of Germany, the Princess Christian, the Marchioness of Lorne, and the Princess Beatrice. Among her descendants are princes, princesses, dukes, duchesses, one emperor, two empresses, one marchioness and a lady.—Ladies' Home Journal.

There are some girls who should not be blamed if their stockings wrinkle; all stockings are made to fit a fat leg.



—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



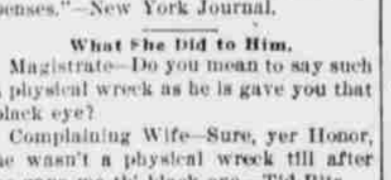
—Chicago Inter Ocean.



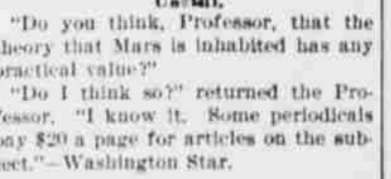
—Cleveland Plaindealer.



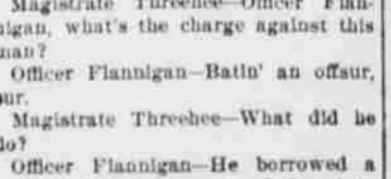
—New York Journal.



—Tid-Bits.



—Washington Star.



—Cleveland Plaindealer.



—St. Paul Dispatch.