



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 wiry black-brown 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.

Grass! a forest of grass, with stout, knotted stems six or eight feet high, and abundant leaves starting from every joint. Each stem ends in a drooping plume of ripened seed. As the doctor forces his way through the tangled herbage and cane-like stalks the seeds shower down upon him, each one steadied in its descent by its long feathery stipule. The seeds are sharp pointed and barbed at the ends, so they pierce their way through his khaki clothing easily and scratch the perspiring flesh beneath. This raises to exasperation the discomfort already felt to be well-nigh unbearable, for the doctor's face is now the color of raw beef from the stifling heat and the frightful exertion of forcing his way through such a thicket of grass, and his hands are scratched and cut by contact with the razor-edged leaves. His tattered hat is constantly being dragged off his head and it is all he can do to carry his gun and elbow his way through the obstructing herbage, protecting his face as well as possible with the left hand. So he is in an ill temper and cannot stop to notice the weaver birds of flame color and black, the extraordinary stick insects (exactly simulating stalks of grass) and the green, leaf-like mantises which through the dense brake on either side. He is after bigger game. The most experienced of his boys pioneers him through the stifling grass jungle, another boy with a second rifle follows behind. The idea is "elephants," elephants having been reported hereabout the previous day, when suddenly (they have reached a space where the grass is a little drier, a little less dense) the pioneer "boy" comes doubling back on his master with every gesture expressive of "Hush!" The doctor stops, mops his boiling face (thankful for the momentary halt) and asks inquiringly: "Elephants?" "No," says the negro in a panting 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 clambers to its sloping side. "Good God, the boy's right. What a beauty! And asleep, 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 nictitating membrane passes over the yellow eyes, but as they are focusing to meet his own gaze the doctor fires, fires precipitately (his 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 nuff!" thinks the doctor. "He wasn't ten yards 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 beast 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. "Ah! 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, raising his head, recognizes his boys and beckons them down. The three con-

verse 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 mkall 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 hoists 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 desecrate (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 . . . (insensibility).

"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 . . . chewed 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—he has torn open my stomach . . . that must be the pancreas. I'm like a butcher's shop." (Whimpers. A blubbery sound attracts his attention.) "Hullo! you here, Juma? Plucky chap; thought you'd have cut and run. Where's Saldi? Eh? Speak louder. I'm deaf . . . Oh, gone to gumboat; quite right . . ."



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

What? 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, eying 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 boy. See here, Juma" (to Juma, who is supporting his back, "be very gentle, take a cartridge out of my belt, put it in the rifle . . . so; now . . . mind my arm . . . now, give me the rifle in my right hand and come between my legs . . . so—stoop very low down, like that. Now I'm going to rest the rifle on your shoulder and take aim. Keep very still. I won't hurt you . . . keep still . . . I'll aim just below the brute's eyes." (A minute pause. Bang! Doctor falls back fainting. Lion stretches out his head three times with spasmodic upward movement, the tail and the limbs—all but the crippled one—stiffen, the claws stand out from their sheaths and beast dies.)

"Juma, is that you? Water, how delicious! more—and on my forehead . . . so . . . what a brick you are! Upon my word, I'd like to leave

you something, Juma. You must tell them that I said so, you know, for sticking by me. God bless you! Is the lion dead?" (The sobbing boy nods "Yes.") "Well, then, I must die too. I'm enough of a doctor to know that. Don't cry. Tell them I bore it like a man. But it's beastly hard! Who'd have thought my day's shooting would have ended like this?" (Whimpers.) "Beastly hard. I'm so young, and I've done so well up to now . . . and there's mother. Who will break it to her? She'll never get over it . . . and Lily . . . and, damn it all, I can't even send them messages! How can one tell such things to a black boy? Suppose I'm dying primarily from the shock . . . know I'm dying somehow—can't raise my head to look . . . Mother! Mother! . . . What rot to go on like that, as if it could do any good! . . . Now, listen. Ine ndirini amal, ndi mlongo, lwe— Oh, God! How can I tell him? It's all slipping away from me. . . . For the blood is the life. Where have I heard that? That blood is the life . . . slipping away—slipping away . . . I must be in a boat, it is so soothing; up and down, up and down; so restful." (Sighs gently. Dies.)—Sir H. H. Johnston, in the Saturday Review.

A Devoted Royal Couple.

The devotion of the venerable king and queen of Denmark is described as positively touching. During the time of the Queen's illness, which lasted something like three months, no one about the court was allowed to see her save her husband, a lady in waiting and the physician in ordinary. The King was ceaseless in his devotion. He rarely went out, save when duty compelled him, abandoned his customary exercise, and passed hours every day reading to his wife or playing cards and chess with her, and telling her what was going on in the world outside. The long abstention from his walks and rides, his constant attendance upon the invalid—who, happily, recovered in spring—told rather heavily on the King, and in turn affected his health.

The Queen seldom appears in public. Ceremonies to her, as to the Princess of Wales, have always been ceremonies from which she preferred to escape unless duty absolutely called her. Of a bright and most youthful disposition, she likes to have gay and happy folk about her.

"I can't bear to see long faces near me," she will declare. Of their numerous grandchildren both King and Queen are immensely fond, and are seen walking about with them hand in hand at Copenhagen.

Detection by Finger Prints.

By a combination of the Bertillon method of measurement with the finger print system any prisoner can be identified with almost absolute certainty and in a very short space of time. It has been calculated that the chance of

two finger prints being identical is less than one in sixty-four billion, and when we consider the relatively small numbers of the criminal population, and that other personal evidence would be available in any doubtful case, mistaken identity ought now to be a thing of the past. The method of obtaining the prints is to press the thumb or finger upon a plate of copper which has previously been coated with a very thin film of printer's ink. The inked fingers are then pressed or rolled upon the card which is kept as a record. Although finger prints have been used as a sign manual from the earliest times, yet it is only recently that they have been studied from a scientific point of view, and the evidence accumulated is as yet insufficient to enable us to realize their value to the anthropologist. Now that a good system of classification has been worked out, it is to be hoped that observers will multiply rapidly, and that the bulk of the material at our disposal will soon be considerable.

A Wrong Supposition.

"The people moved out of that house this morning and that is the landlord just going in." "He appears to have a great many prospective tenants." "Prospective tenants, indeed! They are only neighbors going to see in what condition the people left the house."—London Fun.

A TWENTY-THREE MILLION DOLLAR CAPITOL BUILDING.



NEW YORK'S State capitol building has cost more money than any other structure in America, and it is by no means finished yet. The people of the State have thus far been taxed the stupendous sum of \$22,250,000 for the mere building. Its maintenance is quite another item, costing upward of \$100,000 a year. This building, with its porticos, occupies an area of three acres. The national capitol building at Washington covers an area of four acres and cost only \$13,000,000. Seldom does the Legislature of New York adjourn without appropriating a sum of money, ranging from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000, for the carrying forward of the work. Into this insatiable vortex of jobbery enough money has thus far disappeared to have built ten state houses of magnificent design and material.

The match for this capitol project cannot be found among the historic churches and palaces of Europe, and it is doubtful whether the tombs of the Ramesses dynasty, constructed to preserve the memory of Egypt's kings, cost as much as it has cost the people of the Empire State to have a headquarters for their business. The state house was begun in 1867. Since that time nine Governors have sat in the chair of New York. Nine Governors have attempted to do something with the incubus, and nine Governors have failed. The size and cost of the capitol are not its sole claims to notoriety. No public institution in the country has been so prolific of scandals. Occasionally the Legislature ordered an investigation into the way in which the work was being pushed ahead, and then another scandal was almost sure to be added to the list of those with which the history of the building is checkered. Inasmuch as some half a dozen architects have had to do with the construction of the capitol down to the present time, it is not at all surprising that the result has been a mixture of ideas that makes it difficult to determine just what particular style of architecture is most in evidence.

HINDOO CYNIC HERE.

Declares that the Women of the West Are Savages.

"The women of the West are savages. Will you tell me what is the difference between an Indian who puts war feathers in his hair and a woman who puts feathers and flowers in her hat?"

These words fell like a bombshell on the recent woman's congress at San Francisco, says the Examiner, where their author had been coddled and lionized with the admiring deference which impressionable women are prone to pay to handsome young men who wear a strange garb and an air of romance and mystery.

To say that the women were startled when Bramacharin Bobhabhiskshu, the Hindoo hero, opened his vials of wrath upon them is putting it mildly. He said the congress was a humbug and the women were insincere. "You build fine churches," he said, "but merely through vanity. You go to church to display your clothes. The religious motive is lacking. You put fine organs in the churches, and the aim is to have the best and biggest organ, in order to draw the biggest crowd. These things are not so in India. Whatever is done by the Hindus is done in the

gambling laws of New Jersey. By changing the word "prohibited" to "provided" she altered the intent of the whole law, and the mistake was



MISS MARGARET WILLIAMS.

not noticed until after the amendment had been passed upon by the Senate and become a law, and an extra session of the Legislature must be called to rectify the mistake. It is only fair to Miss Williams to explain how easily an error like this may occur in stenographic work, the characters for the words being so similar that the mistake might have happened to the most expert stenographer, only with results less serious.

A BRAVE GENERAL PROMOTED.

John R. Brooke, Who Won His Spurs in the Civil War.

The promotion of Gen. John R. Brooke to a major generalship, placing him third in rank in the army of the United States, was a deserved recognition of valor and faithfulness. Gen. Brooke is one of the ablest and most popular commanders in the army. He entered the military service as a volunteer in 1861, when he was 23 years old, and was with Hancock's gallant corps through all the hard fights of the Army of the Potomac from Bull Run to Cold Harbor, where he was wounded. His rank on entering the army was that of captain of volunteers, and when he retired it was brigadier general. His brave service through the civil war won for him the appointment of lieutenant colonel in the regular army and he was sent West to guard the frontier. His promotions came regularly until in 1888 he was appointed brigadier general, commanding the department of the



BRAMACHARIN BOBHABHISKSHU.

spirit of religion and without the desire to show off."

It is safe to say that it will be a long time before the women of the congress again take up a wandering Oriental, however picturesque his garb may be.

MISTAKE OF A TYPEWRITER.

She Nullified a New Jersey Law by an Error in Transcribing.

The "typewriter girl" has been held responsible so long for all kinds of errors, either grave or ludicrous, that the imputation is no longer meant as a reflection upon the ability, but only a little pleasantry at her expense. But Miss Margaret Williams, of Trenton, N. J., recently made an error in transcribing which is both grave and ludicrous, and is by no means a pleasantry to those concerned. She has the unique distinction of being the first "typewriter" who, by the mistake of a single word, could bring about the nullification of a law or the recalling of a session of the Legislature. Miss Williams was called upon recently to write the draft of a proposed constitutional amendment to the lottery and



GEN. JOHN R. BROOKE.

Platte. He took an active part in the Sioux campaign of 1890-91, at Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota.