

AFTER A GORILLA.

THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

BRAVE NATIVES CAPTURE AN INFANT GORILLA.

After Shooting Its Mother—It Made a Desperate Struggle to Escape and Falling in the Purpose Ended Its Life with Suicide.

R. DU CHAILLÉ, the African explorer, now in France, tells me a thrilling story of a venture while in the heart of the dark continent, which will so be published in book form.

Not the least interesting of these is one given to the International Press, which relates the incidents of a gorilla hunt.

I had one of the greatest pleasures of my whole life on the day when some hunters who had been out on my account brought in a young gorilla alive.

I cannot describe the emotions with which I saw the struggling little brute dragged into the village; all the hardships I endured in Africa were rewarded in that moment.

I had one of the greatest pleasures of my whole life on the day when some hunters who had been out on my account brought in a young gorilla alive.

I cannot describe the emotions with which I saw the struggling little brute dragged into the village; all the hardships I endured in Africa were rewarded in that moment.

I had one of the greatest pleasures of my whole life on the day when some hunters who had been out on my account brought in a young gorilla alive.

I cannot describe the emotions with which I saw the struggling little brute dragged into the village; all the hardships I endured in Africa were rewarded in that moment.

I had one of the greatest pleasures of my whole life on the day when some hunters who had been out on my account brought in a young gorilla alive.

I cannot describe the emotions with which I saw the struggling little brute dragged into the village; all the hardships I endured in Africa were rewarded in that moment.

I had one of the greatest pleasures of my whole life on the day when some hunters who had been out on my account brought in a young gorilla alive.

I cannot describe the emotions with which I saw the struggling little brute dragged into the village; all the hardships I endured in Africa were rewarded in that moment.

manage in some way or other to get at us he would take his revenge. I saw that the stick hurt his neck, and I immediately set about having a cage made for him.

It was a young male gorilla, about three years old, fully able to walk alone, and possessed for its age of most extraordinary strength and muscular development.

Its greatest length proved to be two feet six inches. Its face and hands were very black; eyes not so much sunken as in the adults.

The hair of the strange creature began at the eyebrows and rose to the crown, where it was a reddish brown. It came down the sides of the face in lines to the lower jaw, much as our beard grows.

The gorilla at once began to brood over the imprisonment. It grew vicious and ferocious when a body went near its cage. Finally it became sullen and refused to take the us at meals; all manner of means was tried to make it eat, but it finally died, a suicide from starvation.

HELD THEM AT BAY. A Woman and Revolver Scatter a Crew of Sailors.

Pretty Mrs. May, wife of Captain May, of the barge senator Blood a lumber barge plying between Chicago and Lake ports, proved more than a match for a gang of Union sailors at Chicago the other day.

The Blood lay at an elevator, when James Burns and James Jones, walking delegates of the Seaman's union, came on board with the intention of taking off the crew and compelling them to join the union.

"If you go ashore I'll shoot you," Mrs. May exclaimed to the mate, as he started to go over the schooner's side. She stopped him, but one of the sailors, who had become badly scared at the sight of the gun in Mrs. May's hands, jumped overboard and swam to the other side of the river.

IN COLD BLOOD. Killing of R. I. Calvin, by John G. Howell, Politician.

A sensational tragedy was enacted at Oakland, Cal., the other day. John G. Howell, the well-known politician shot and killed R. I. Calvin, a young man of good reputation who in vain sought the hand of the former's daughter in marriage.

She Died From Exposure. Cold blooded murder is mild in comparison to the manner in which John Eckart, of Clarence, Erie county, N. Y., put his wife to death.

A Strange Bird in Ohio. A strange bird which has attracted the attention of hundreds of people, is on exhibition on the farm of John Rodebaugh, a farmer living six miles east of St. Mary's, Ohio.

Telegraph Cable Pierced by Grass. At a meeting of the Asiatic society of Bengal, at Calcutta, a piece of cable was exhibited, showing that the India rubber covering had been pierced by a blade of grass.

A New Felony. St. Agedoro—The man who takes time is a felon. Do Maseus—Hardly that. He may be a procrastinator.

THEOSOPHY'S PRIESTESS

THE COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS DOES STRANGE THINGS.

IMPERSONATING THE LAMENTED MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Sketch of the Woman Who Will Hereafter Lead the Hosts Against the Social Customs of the Present Day.

IT HAS BEEN definitely settled that Marie-Cathness, is to succeed Mme. Blavatsky as the high priestess of theosophy.

She discovered in all these "inner" or "occult" readings which proclaim that they were, all in their true meaning, theosophy.

At through her book there are copious foot-prints signed "M. C.," the well-known initials of Mabel Collins, the clever and accomplished daughter of the late Mortimer Collins, editor of the Dublin University Magazine.

In nearly every way this new Castillo-Cuban high priestess presents a striking contrast to her Cossack predecessor. Of slim figure, elegant manners, refined tastes, always magnificently dressed, there is nothing in her outward semblance to suggest the fat, frowsy, untidy, cigarette-smoking Russian, Blavatsky.

Blavatsky and her chief apostles have for years preached that celibacy was an essential of spiritual development and that all sexual love was sinful and demonic.

At through her book there are copious foot-prints signed "M. C.," the well-known initials of Mabel Collins, the clever and accomplished daughter of the late Mortimer Collins, editor of the Dublin University Magazine.

In nearly every way this new Castillo-Cuban high priestess presents a striking contrast to her Cossack predecessor. Of slim figure, elegant manners, refined tastes, always magnificently dressed, there is nothing in her outward semblance to suggest the fat, frowsy, untidy, cigarette-smoking Russian, Blavatsky.

Blavatsky and her chief apostles have for years preached that celibacy was an essential of spiritual development and that all sexual love was sinful and demonic.

At through her book there are copious foot-prints signed "M. C.," the well-known initials of Mabel Collins, the clever and accomplished daughter of the late Mortimer Collins, editor of the Dublin University Magazine.

In nearly every way this new Castillo-Cuban high priestess presents a striking contrast to her Cossack predecessor. Of slim figure, elegant manners, refined tastes, always magnificently dressed, there is nothing in her outward semblance to suggest the fat, frowsy, untidy, cigarette-smoking Russian, Blavatsky.

Blavatsky and her chief apostles have for years preached that celibacy was an essential of spiritual development and that all sexual love was sinful and demonic.

At through her book there are copious foot-prints signed "M. C.," the well-known initials of Mabel Collins, the clever and accomplished daughter of the late Mortimer Collins, editor of the Dublin University Magazine.

In nearly every way this new Castillo-Cuban high priestess presents a striking contrast to her Cossack predecessor. Of slim figure, elegant manners, refined tastes, always magnificently dressed, there is nothing in her outward semblance to suggest the fat, frowsy, untidy, cigarette-smoking Russian, Blavatsky.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Pathetic Scene in a Metropolitan Restaurant That Recalls War Days.

I saw a curious bit in the drama of life the other day, and it seemed to stand out the more effectively for having, small as it was, a certain historical background.

I was taking a moderate chop in a Sixth avenue restaurant. The waiters were negroes, and from the time I went in I had looked at the head waiter with interest.

When I was half through my meal two young women with the air of ladies entered and sat down near me. I could not help overhearing their talk, quiet as it was, and it soon appeared that they belonged to the ever increasing army of girl bachelors that have taken the town.

The old head waiter stood near by; then he came and changed the glass of celery for a fresher one. Then one of the young women asked him to have a certain window lowered at the top.

"Me!" said the girl pleasantly. "I come from Tennessee. I suppose you know I was north by the way I talk?"

"Why, that was my mother!" "She was my young mistress," said the old man.

"Please tell—please tell her that Ike, Yellow Ike alluz!" The girl was looking at him steadfastly through a mist of tears.

"I'll wait on these ladies," he said, and then gave some direction about another part of the room. He caught the proprietor's eye fixed rebukingly upon him, but he stuck to that table; he was going to wait on those ladies if it cost him his place.

Things went on silently for some moments and then he said, as he brought a dish that had not been ordered, sotto voce, "There's nothing here fit for you, miss—is ye named for your ma?" The girl nodded.

"I thought I knowed you by the favor," he added, trying to smile his doglike affection upon her, and then he took himself off to a little distance and stood waiting upon their call.

I was putting on my coat when I heard the southern girl, who had been very silent, say to her friend, "I suppose he would rather never have seen me at all, really, than to see me head like this." And then I left, but I think the girl was wrong.—New York Herald.

In a Theater Lobby. A woman had bothered the box office keeper a good deal in buying two seats, but had finally procured them at a great expense of brain power to the man who sold them to her.

Telegraph Cable Pierced by Grass. At a meeting of the Asiatic society of Bengal, at Calcutta, a piece of cable was exhibited, showing that the India rubber covering had been pierced by a blade of grass.

A New Felony. St. Agedoro—The man who takes time is a felon. Do Maseus—Hardly that. He may be a procrastinator.

Our Latest and Greatest Premium Offer: THE MAMMOTH CYCLOPEDIA, IN FOUR VOLUMES.



A Great and Wonderful Work, CONTAINING 2,176 Pages AND 620 Beautiful Illustrations! THE MAMMOTH CYCLOPEDIA has been published to meet the wants of the masses for a useful, scientific and general reference work.

Grand Premium Offer to Subscribers to the Scout. By special arrangement with the publisher of the MAMMOTH CYCLOPEDIA we are enabled to make our subscribers and readers the following extraordinary offer.

The Oregon Scout, Union, Or. GRAND PREMIUM OFFER! A SET OF THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS, In Twelve Large Volumes,

Which we Offer with a Year's Subscription to this Paper for a Trifle More than Our Regular Subscription Price.

Wishing to largely increase the circulation of this paper during the next six months, we have made arrangements with a New York publishing house who are enabled to offer as a premium to our subscribers a Set of the Works of Charles Dickens.

DAVID COPPERFIELD, MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, DOMBEY AND SON, BLEAK HOUSE, LITTLE DORRIT, OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, PICKWICK PAPERS.

Our Great Offer to Subscribers to the SCOUT. We will send the ENTIRE SET OF DICKENS' WORKS, IN TWELVE VOLUMES, as above described, all postage prepaid by ourselves, also THE OREGON SCOUT for ONE YEAR.

Our Great Offer to Subscribers to the SCOUT. We will send the ENTIRE SET OF DICKENS' WORKS, IN TWELVE VOLUMES, as above described, all postage prepaid by ourselves, also THE OREGON SCOUT for ONE YEAR.

THE OREGON SCOUT, Union, Or.