

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 thrilling stories 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.

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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 usal meals.

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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.

Al through her book there are copious foot-notes 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.

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.

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 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.

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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.

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.

He sent some one to do it, and then said to one of the girls, rearranging the table a little nervously, in his soft, old voice, "Excuse me, but I've been hoping you'd excuse me since the first night you came in, if I asked you what part of the south do you come from?"

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

"Yes, m'; yes, 'm," the old man said hastily, taking the plates from the waiter in charge and speaking with an odd effect of flurry.

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

The girl held out her hand to him. "Why, my mother always loved her old people so much," she said, the tears springing to her eyes.

"I'll wait on these ladies," he said, and then gave some direction about another part of the room.

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 y' named for your ma?"

"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.

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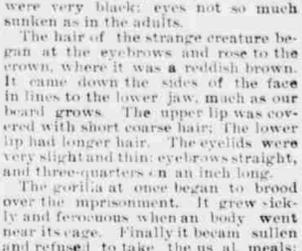
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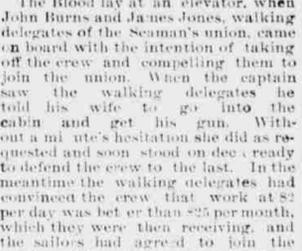
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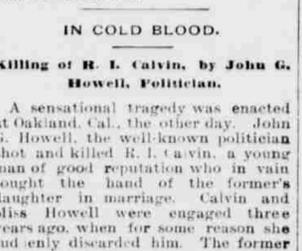
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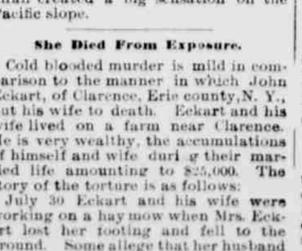
Delegate Burns & the picky Mrs. Captain.



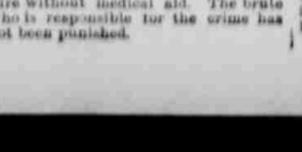
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