The Columbian.

J. E. ELWELL, J. K. SITTENRENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1888.

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COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL LI, NO 45

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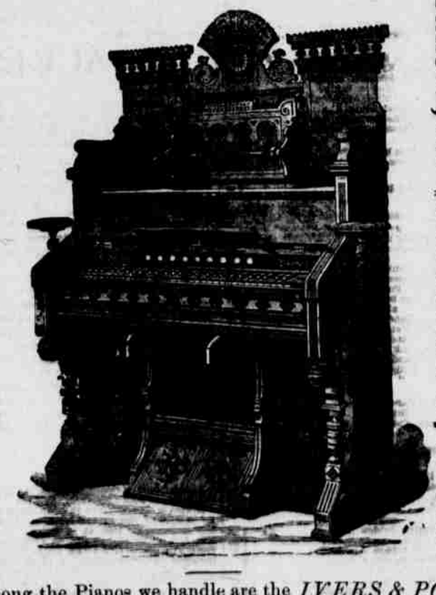

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E. S. BALLOU, *Syracuse, Neb.*

A TALE OF THREE LIONS.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"The night was almost entirely dark now for the moon had quite set and the clouds had covered up the stars, so that the only light that we had came from the fire, which by this time was burning up brightly again. But, as you know, firelight is absolutely useless to shoot by, it is so uncertain, and besides it penetrates but a very little way into the darkness, although if one is in the dark outside one can see it from so far away

"Presently the oxen, after standing still for a moment, suddenly winded the lion and did what I feared they would—began to 'skrek,' that is, to try and break loose from the trektow to which they were tied, and rush off madly into the wilderness. Lions know of this habit on the part of oxen, which are, I do believe, the most foolish animals under the sun, a sheep being a very Solomon compared to them, and it is by no means uncommon for a lion to get in such a position that a herd or span of oxen may wind him, skrek, break their reins and rush off into the bush. Of course, once they are there they are helpless in the dark; and then the lion chooses the one that he loves best and eats him at his leisure.

"Well, round and round went our six poor oxen, nearly trampling us to death in their mad rush; indeed, had we not hastily tumbled out of the way we should have been trampled to death, or at the least seriously injured. As it was, Harry was run over, and poor Jim-Jim being caught by the trektow somewhere beneath the arm, was hurled right across the skerm, landing by my side only some paces off.

"Snap went the disselboom of the cart beneath the transverse strain put upon it. Had it not broken the cart would have overset; as it was, in another minute, oxen, cart, trektow, reims, broken disselboom, and everything were soon tied in one vast heaving, plunging, bellowing and seemingly inextricable knot.

"For a moment or two this state of affairs took my attention off from the lion that had caused it, but while I was wondering what on earth was to be done next, and what we should do if the cattle broke loose into the bush and were lost, for cattle frightened in this manner will go right away like mad things, it was suddenly recalled in a very painful fashion.

"For at that moment I perceived by the light of the fire a kind of gleam of yellow traveling through the air toward us.

"'The lion! the lion!' hollaed Pharaoh, and as he did so he, or she, for it was a great, gaunt lioness, half wild, no doubt, with hunger, lit right in the middle of the skerm, and stood there in the smoky gloom and lashed her tail and roared. I seized my rifle and fired it at her, but what between the confusion and my agitation and the uncertain light, I missed her and nearly shot Pharaoh. The flash of the rifle, however, threw the whole scene into strong relief, and a wild one it was, I can tell you—with the seething mass of oxen twisted all around the cart in such a fashion that their heads looked as though they were growing out of their rumps and their horns seemed to protrude from their backs; the smoking fire, with just a blaze in the heart of the smoke; Jim-Jim in the foreground, where the oxen had thrown him in their wild rush, stretched out there in terror; and then, as a center to the picture, the great, gaunt lioness glaring round with hungry, yellow eyes, roaring and whining as she made up her mind what to do.

"It did not take her long, however—just as long as it takes a flash to die into darkness—for before I could fire again or do anything, with a most fiendish snort she sprang upon poor Jim-Jim.

"I heard the unfortunate lad shriek, and then almost instantly I saw his legs thrown into the air. The lioness had seized him by the neck, and with a sudden jerk thrown his body over her back so that his legs hung down at the further side.

"Then, without the slightest hesitation, and apparently without any difficulty, she cleared the skerm fence at a single bound, and, bearing poor Jim-Jim with her, vanished into the darkness beyond in the direction of the bathing place that I have already described. We jumped up, perfectly mad with horror and fear, and rushed after her, firing shots at haphazard, on the chance that she would be frightened by them into dropping her prey, but nothing could we see and nothing could we hear. The lioness had vanished into the darkness, taking Jim-Jim with her, and to attempt to follow her till daylight was madness. We should only expose ourselves to the risk of a like fate.

"So with scared and heavy hearts we crept back to the skerm and sat down to wait for daylight, which now could not be much more than an hour off. It was absolutely useless to try even to disentangle the oxen till then, so all that was left for us to do was to sit and wonder how it came to pass that one should be taken and the other left, and to hope against hope that our poor servant might have been mercifully delivered from the lion's jaws. At length the faint light came stealing like a ghost up the long slope of bush and glinted on the tangled oxen's horns, and with frightened faces we got up and set to the task of disentangling the oxen till such time as there should be light enough to enable us to follow the trail of the lioness which had gone off with Jim-Jim. And here a fresh trouble awaited us, for when at last, with infinite difficulty, we had got the great helpless brutes loose, it was only to find that one of them was very sick. There was no mistake about the way he stood with his legs slightly apart and his head hanging down. He had got the redwater; I was sure of it. Of all the difficulties connected with life and traveling in South Africa those connected with oxen are perhaps the worst. The ox is the most exasperating animal in the world, a negro excepted. He has absolutely no constitution, and never neglects an opportunity of falling sick of some mysterious disease. He will get thin upon the slightest provocation, and from mere malicious die of 'poverty,' whereas it is his chief delight to turn round and refuse to pull whenever he finds himself well in the center of a river, or the wagon wheel nicely fast in a mud hole. Drive him a few miles over rough roads and you will find that he is footsore; turn him loose to feed and you will discover that he has run away, or if he has not run away he has of malice aforethought eaten 'tulip' and poisoned himself. There is always something wrong with him. The ox is a brute. It was of a piece with his accustomed behavior for the one in question to break out—on purpose, probably—with redwater just when a lion had walked off with his herder. It was exactly what I should have expected, and I was therefore neither disappointed nor surprised.

"Well, it was no use crying, as I should almost have liked to do, because if this ox had redwater it was probable that the rest of them had it too, although they had been sold to me as 'salted,' that is, proof against such diseases as redwater and lung sick. One gets hardened to this sort of thing in South Africa in course of time, for I suppose in no other country in the world is the waste of animal life so great.

"So, taking my rifle and telling Harry to follow me (for we had to leave Pharaoh to look after the oxen—Pharaoh's lean kine I called them), I started to see if anything could be found of or appertaining to the unfortunate Jim-Jim. The ground round our little camp was hard and rocky, and we could not hit off any spoor of the lioness, though just outside the skerm we saw a drop or two of blood. About 300 yards from the camp, and a little to the right, was a patch of sugar bush, mixed with the usual mimosa, and for this I made, thinking that the lioness would have been sure to take her prey there to devour it. On we pushed through the long grass, that was bent down beneath the weight of the soaking dew. In two minutes we were wet through up to our thighs, as wet as though we had waded through water. In due course, however, we reached the patch of bush, and in the gray light of the morning cautiously and slowly pushed our way into it. It was very dark under the trees, for the sun was not yet up, so we walked with the most extreme care, half expecting every minute to come across the lioness licking the bones of poor Jim-Jim. But no lioness could we see, and as for Jim-Jim, there was not even a finger joint of him to be found. Evidently they had not come here.

"So pushing through the bush we proceeded to hunt every other likely spot about, with the same result.

"'I suppose she must have taken him right away,' I said at last, sadly enough. 'At any rate, he will be dead by now, so God have mercy on him, we can't help him. What's to be done now?'

"'I suppose that we had better wash ourselves in the pool and then go back and get something to eat. I am filthy,' said Harry.

"This was a practical, if a somewhat unfeeling, suggestion. At least it struck me as unfeeling to talk of washing when poor Jim-Jim had been so recently eaten. However, I did not let my sentiment carry me away, so we went down to the beautiful spot that I have described, to wash. I was the first to reach it, which I did by scrambling down the ferny bank. Then I turned round and started back with a yell, as well I might, for from almost beneath my feet there came a most awful snarl.

"I had lit down almost upon the back of the lioness, who had been sleeping on the slab where we stood to dry ourselves after bathing. With a snarl and a growl, before I could do anything, before I could even cock my rifle, she had bounded right across the crystal pool and vanished over the opposite bank. It was all done in an instant, as quick as thought.

"She had been sleeping on the slab, and oh, horror! what was that sleeping beside her? It was the red remains of poor Jim-Jim, lying on a patch of blood stained rock.

"'Oh! father, father!' shrieked Harry, 'look in the water.'

"I looked. There, floating in the center of the lovely, tranquil pool, was Jim-Jim's head. The lioness had bitten it right off, and it had rolled down the sloping rock into the water.

CHAPTER III.

"Poor Jim-Jim! We buried what was left of him, which was not very much, in an old bread bag, and though whilst he lived his virtues were not great, now that he was gone we could have wept over him. Indeed, Harry did weep outright; while I registered a quiet little vow on my own account that I would let daylight into that lioness before I was 48 hours older, if by any means it could be done.

"We buried him and there he lies where the lions will not trouble him any more. So there is an end of the book of Jim-Jim.

"The question that now remained was how to circumvent his murderess. I knew that she would be sure to return as soon as she would be hungry again, but I did not know when she would be hungry. She had left so little of Jim-Jim behind her that I should scarcely expect to see her the next night, unless indeed she had cubs. Still, I felt that it would not be wise to miss the chance of her coming, so we set about making preparations for her reception. The first thing that we did was to strengthen the bush wall of the skerm by dragging a large quantity of the tops of thorn trees together and laying them one on the other in such a fashion that the thorns pointed upwards. This, after our experience of the fate of Jim-Jim, seemed a very necessary precaution, since if where one sheep can jump another can follow, as the Kafirs say, how much more is this the case where an animal so active and so vigorous as the lion is concerned! And now came the further question, how were we to beguile the lioness to return? Lions are animals that have a strange knack of appearing when they are not wanted, and keeping studiously out of the way when their presence is required.

"Harry, who, as I have said, was an eminently practical boy, suggested to Pharaoh that he should go and sit outside the skerm in the moonlight as a sort of bait, assuring him that he would have nothing to fear, as we would certainly kill the lioness before she killed him. Pharaoh, however, strangely enough, did not seem to take to this suggestion. Indeed, he walked away, much put out with Harry for having made it.

"It gave me an idea, however.

"'Well,' I said, 'there is that ox. He must die sooner or later, so we may as well utilize him.'

"Now, about thirty yards to the left of our skerm, if one stood facing down the hill toward the river, was the stump of a tree that had been destroyed by lightning many years before, standing equidistantly between, but a little in front of, two clumps of bush, which were severally some fifteen paces from it.

"Here was the very place to tie the ox; and accordingly a little before sunset the poor animal was led forth by Pharaoh and made fast there, little knowing, poor brute, for what purpose; and we commenced our long vigil, this time without a fire, for our object was to attract the lioness and not to scare her.

"For hour after hour we waited, keeping ourselves awake by pinching each other—it is, by the way, remarkable what a difference in the force of pinches requisite to the occasion exists in the mind of pincher and pinchee—but no lioness came. The moon waxed and the moon waned, and then at last the moon went down, and darkness swallowed up the world, but no lion came to swallow us up. We waited till dawn, because we did not dare to go to sleep, and then at last we took such rest as we could get.

"That morning we went out shooting, not because we wanted to, for we were too depressed and tired, but because we had no more meat. For three hours or more we wandered about in a broiling sun looking for something to kill, but absolutely with no results. For some unknown reason the game had grown very scarce about the spot, though when I was there two years before every sort of large game except rhinoceros and elephant was particularly abundant. The lions, of whom there were many, alone remained, and I fancy it was the fact of the game they live on having temporarily migrated that made them so daring and ferocious. As a general rule a lion is an amiable animal enough if he is let alone, but a hungry lion is almost as dangerous as a hungry man. One hears a great many different opinions expressed as to whether or no the lion is remarkable for his courage, but the result of my experience is that very much depends upon the state of his stomach. A hungry lion will not stick at a trifle, whereas a full one will flee at a very small rebuke.

"Well, we hunted all about and nothing could we see, not even a duck or a bush buck, and at last, thoroughly tired and out of temper, we started on our way back to camp, passing over the brow of a steepish hill to do so. Just as we got over the ridge I froze up like a pointer dog, for there, about 600 yards to my left, his beautiful curved horns outlined against the soft blue of the sky, I saw a noble koodoo bull (strepsiceros kudu). Even at that distance—for, as you know, my eyes are very keen—I could distinctly see the white stripes upon its side when the light fell upon it and its large and pointed ears twitch as the flies worried it.

"So far so good; but how were we to get at it? It was ridiculous to risk a shot at that great distance, and yet both the ground and the wind lay very ill for stalking. It seemed to me that the only chance would be to make a detour of at least a mile or more and come up on the other side of the koodoo. I called Harry to my side and explained to him what I thought would be our best course, when suddenly, without any delay, the koodoo saved us any further trouble by suddenly starting off down the hill like a leaping rocket. I don't know what had frightened it; certainly we had not. Perhaps a hyena or a leopard—a tiger as we call it there—had suddenly appeared; at any rate off it went, running slightly toward us, and I never saw a buck go faster. As for Harry, he stood watching the beautiful animal's course. Presently it vanished behind a patch of bush, to emerge a few seconds later about 500 paces from us, on a stretch of comparatively level ground that was strewn with bowlders. On it went, taking the bowlders in its path in a succession of great bounds that were beautiful to behold. As it did so I happened to look round at Harry, and perceived to my astonishment that he had got his rifle to his shoulder.

"'You foolish boy!' I ejaculated, 'surely you are not going to'—and just at that moment the rifle went off.

"And then I think I saw what was, in its way, one of the most wonderful things I ever remember in my hunting experience. The koodoo was at the moment in the air, clearing a pile of stones with its fore legs tucked up underneath it. All in an instant the legs stretched themselves out in a spasmodic fashion, and it hit on them and they doubled up beneath it. Down went the noble buck, down on to its head. For a moment it seemed to be standing on its horns, its hind legs high in the air, and then over it went and lay still.

"'Great heavens!' I said, 'why, you've hit him! He's dead.'

"As for Harry, he said nothing, but merely looked scared, as well he might. A man, let alone a boy might have fired a thousand such shots without ever touching the object, which, mind you, was springing and bounding over rocks quite 500 yards away, and here this lad, taking a snap shot and merely allowing for elevation by instinct, for he did not put up his sights, had knocked the bull over as dead as a door nail. Well, I made no further remark—the occasion was too solemn for talking—but merely led the way to where the koodoo lay. There he was, beautiful and quite still, and there, high up, about half way down his neck, was a neat, round hole. The bullet had severed the spinal marrow, passing right through the vertebræ and away on the other side.

"It was already evening when, having cut as much of the best meat as we could carry from the bull, and tied a red handkerchief and some tufts of grass to his spiral horns, which, by the way, must have been nearly five feet in length, in the hope of keeping jackals and aasvogels (vultures) from him, we finally got back to camp to find Pharaoh, who was getting rather anxious at our absence, ready to greet us with the pleasing intelligence that another ox was sick. But even this dreadful bit of intelligence could not dash Harry's spirits, the fact of the matter being that, incredible as it may appear, I do verily believe that in his heart of hearts he set down the death of that koodoo to the credit of his own skill. Now, though the lad was a tidy shot enough, this of course was ridiculous, and I told him so very plainly.

"By the time that we had finished our supper of koodoo steaks (which would have been better if the koodoo had been a little younger) it was time to get ready for Jim-Jim's murderess again. All the afternoon Pharaoh told us the unfortunate ox had been walking round and round in a circle as cattle in the last stages of redwater generally do. Now it had come to a standstill, and was swaying to and fro with its head hanging down. So we tied him up to the stump of the tree as on the previous night, knowing that if the lioness did not kill him he would be dead by morning. Indeed, I was afraid that he would be of little use as a bait, for a lion is a sportsmanlike animal, and, unless he is very hungry, generally prefers to kill his own dinner, though when once killed he will come back to it again and again.

"Then we repeated our experience of the previous night, sitting there hour after hour, till at last Harry went fast asleep, and even I, though I am accustomed to this sort of thing, could scarcely keep my eyes open. Indeed, I was just dropping off, when Pharaoh gave me a shove.

"'Listen!' he whispered.

"I was all awake in a second, and listening with all my ears. From the clump of bush to the right of the lightning shattered stump to which the ox was tied came a faint crackling noise. Presently it was repeated. Something was moving there, faintly and quietly enough, but still moving perceptibly, for in the intense stillness of the night any sound seemed loud.

"I woke up Harry, who instantly said: 'Where is she? Where is she?' and began to point his rifle about in a fashion that was more dangerous to us and the oxen than to any possible lioness.

"'Hush up!' I whispered savagely; and as I did so with a low and hideous growl a flash of yellow light sped out of the clump of bush, past the ox, and into the corresponding clump upon the other side. The poor sick brute gave a sort of groan, and staggered round and then began to tremble. I could see it do so clearly in the moonlight, which was now very bright, and I felt a brute for having exposed the unfortunate animal to such terror as he must undoubtedly be undergoing. The lioness, for it was she, passed so quickly that we could not even distinguish her movements, much less shoot. Indeed at night it is absolutely useless to attempt to shoot unless the object is very close and standing perfectly still, and then the light is so deceptive and it is so difficult to see the foresight that the best shot will miss more often than he hits.

"'She will be back again presently,' I said; 'look out, but for heaven's sake don't fire unless I tell you to.'

"Hardly were the words out of my mouth when back she came and again passed the ox without striking him.

"'What on earth is she doing?' whispered Harry.

"'Playing with it as a cat does a mouse, I suppose. She will kill it presently.'

"As I spoke the lioness once more flashed out of the bush, and this time sprang right over the doomed ox. It was an exciting sight to see her clear him in the bright moonlight, as though it were a trick that she had been taught.

"'I believe that she escaped from a circus, whispered Harry; 'it's jolly to see her jump.'

"I said nothing, but I thought to myself that if it was Master Harry did not quite appreciate the performance, and small blame to him. At any rate, his teeth were chattering a bit.

"Then came a longish pause, and I began to think that she must have gone away, when suddenly she appeared again, and with one mighty bound landed right on to the ox and struck it a frightful blow with her paw.

"Down it went, and lay on the ground. She put down her wicked looking head with a fierce growl of contentment. When she lifted her muzzle again and stood facing us obliquely, I whispered, 'Now's our time, fire when I do.'

"I got on to her as well as I could, but Harry, instead of waiting for me as I told him, fired before I did, and that of course burried me. When the smoke cleared, however, I was delighted to see that the lioness was rolling about on the ground behind the body of the ox, which covered her in such a fashion, however, that we could not shoot again to make an end of her.

"'She's done for! she's dead!' yelled Pharaoh in exultation; and at that very moment the lioness, with a sort of convulsive rush, half rolled, half sprang into the patch of thick bush to the right. I fired after her as she went, but so far as I could see without result. Indeed, the probability is that I missed her clean. At any rate, she got to the bush in safety, and once there, began to make such a diabolical noise as I never heard before. She would whine and shriek, then burst out into perfect volleys of roaring, that shook the whole place.

"'Well,' I said, 'we must just let her roar; to go into that bush after her at night would be madness.'

"At that moment, to my astonishment and alarm, there came an answering roar from the direction of the river and then another from behind the swell of bush. Evidently there were more lions about. The wounded lioness redoubled her efforts, with the object, I suppose, of summoning the others to her assistance. At any rate they came, and quickly, too, for within five minutes, peeping through the bushes of our skerm fence, we saw a magnificent lion bounding along toward us through the tall tamboulin grass that in the moonlight looked for all the world like ripening corn. On he came in great leaps, and a glorious sight it was to see him. When within fifty yards or so he stood still in an open space and roared, and the lioness roared too, and then there came a third roar, and another great black maned lion stalked majestically up and joined No. 2, and really I began to realize what Jim-Jim must have undergone.

"'Now, Harry,' I whispered, 'whatever you do, don't fire—it's too risky. If they let us be, let them be.'

"Well, the pair of them marched off to the bush, where the wounded lioness was now roaring double tides, and the whole three of them began to snarl and grumble away together there. Presently, however, the lioness ceased roaring and the two lions came out again, the black maned one first—to prospect, I suppose—and walked to where the carcass of the ox lay and sniffed at it.

"'Oh, what a shot!' whispered Harry, who was trembling with excitement.

"'Yes,' I said, 'but don't fire; they might all of them come for us.'

"Harry said nothing, but whether it was from the natural willfulness of youth, or because he was thrown off his balance by excitement, or from sheer recklessness, I am sure I cannot tell you, never having been able to get a satisfactory explanation from him; but at any rate the fact remains, he, without a word of warning, entirely disregarding my exhortations, lifted up his Westley Richards and fired at the black maned lion; and, what is more, hit it slightly on the flank.

"Next second there was a most awful roar from the injured brute. He glared around him and roared with pain, for he was sadly stung; and then, before I could make up my mind what to do, the great black maned brute, evidently ignorant of the cause of his pain, sprang right at the throat of his companion, to whom he evidently attributed his misfortune. It was a curious sight to see the evident astonishment of the other lion at this most unprovoked assault. Over he rolled with an angry roar, and on to him sprang the black maned demon, and commenced to worry him. This finally awoke the yellow maned lion to a sense of the situation, and I am bound to say that he rose to the occasion in a most effective manner. Somehow or other he got to his feet, and roaring and smarting frightfully closed with his mighty foe. And then ensued a scene that absolutely baffles description. You know what a shocking thing it is to see two large dogs fighting with abandonment. Well, a whole hundred of dogs could not have looked half so terrible as those two great brutes as they rolled and roared and rent in their rage. It was an awful and a wonderful thing to see the great cats tearing at each other with all the fierce energy of their savage strength, and making the night hideous with their heartshaking noise. And the fight was a grand one, too. For some minutes it was impossible to say which was getting the best of it, but at last I saw that the black maned lion, though he was slightly the bigger, was failing. I am inclined to think that the wound in his flank crippled him. Anyway, he began to get the worst of it, which served him right, as he was the aggressor. Still I could not help feeling sorry for him, for he had fought a gallant fight, when his antagonist finally got him by the throat, and, struggle and strike out as he would, began to shake the life out of him. Over and over they rolled together, an awe inspiring spectacle, but the yellow boy would not loose his hold, and at length poor black mane grew faint, his breath came in great snores and seemed to rattle in his nostrils, then he opened his huge mouth, gave the ghost of a roar, quivered and was dead.

"When he was quite sure that the victory was his own, the yellow maned lion loosed his grip and sniffed at his fallen foe. Then he licked the dead lion's eye, and next, with his fore feet resting on the carcass, sent up his own chant of victory, that went rolling and pealing down the dark ways of the night in all the gathered majesty of sound. And at this point I interfered. Taking a careful sight at the center of his body, in order to give the largest possible margin for error, I fired, and sent a .570 express bullet right through him, and down he dropped dead upon his mighty foe.

"At that, fairly satisfied with our performances, we slept peaceably till dawn, leaving Pharaoh to keep watch in case any more lions should take it into their heads to come our way.

"When the sun was fairly up we arose, and very cautiously proceeded—at least Pharaoh and I did, for I would not allow Harry to come—to see if we could see anything of the wounded lioness. She had ceased roaring immediately on the arrival of the two lions, and had not made a sound since; from which we concluded that she was probably dead. I was armed with my express, and Pharaoh, in whose hands a rifle was indeed a dangerous weapon—to his companions—had an ax. On our way we stopped to look at the two dead lions. They were magnificent animals, both of them, but their pelts were entirely spoiled by the terrible mauling they had given to each other, which was a sad pity.

"In another minute we were following the blood spoor of the wounded lioness into the bush, where she had taken refuge. This, I need hardly say, we did with the utmost caution; indeed, I for one, did not at all like the job, and was only consoled by the reflection that it was necessary, and that the bush was not thick. Well, we stood there, keeping as far from the trees as possible, and poking and peering about, but no lioness could we see.

"'She must have gone away somewhere to die, Pharaoh,' I said in Zulu.

"'Yes, Inkoos' (chief), he answered, 'she has certainly gone away.'

"Hardly were the words out of his mouth when I heard a most awful roar, and looking round saw the lioness emerge from the very center of a bush just behind Pharaoh, in which she had been curled up. Up she went on her hind legs, and as she did so I saw that one of her fore paws was broken. Up she went, towering right over Pharaoh's head, as she did so lifting her uninjured paw to strike him down. And then, before I could get my rifle round to do anything to avert the coming catastrophe, the Zulu did a very brave and clever thing. Realizing his own imminent danger, he bounded to one side, and then, swinging the heavy ax round his head, brought it right down on her back, severing the vertebræ and killing her instantaneously. It was wonderful to see her collapse all in a heap like an empty sack.

"'My word, Pharaoh,' I said, 'that was well done, and none too soon.'

"'Yes,' he answered, 'it was a good stroke, Inkoos. Jim-Jim will sleep better now.'

"Then, calling Harry to us, we examined the lioness. She was old, if one might judge from her worn teeth, and not very large, but thickly made, and must have possessed extraordinary vitality to have lived so long, shot as she was; for, in addition to her broken shoulder, my express bullet had blown a great hole in her that one might have put one's fist into.

"Well, that is the story of the death of poor Jim-Jim and how we avenged it, and it is rather interesting in its way, because of the fight between the two lions, of which I never saw the like in all my experience, and I know something of lions and their ways."

"And how did you get back to Pilgrims' Rest?" I asked Hunter Quatermain when he had finished his yarn.

"Ah, we had a nice job with that," he answered. "The second ox died and so did another, and we had to get on as best we could with the three remaining ones harnessed unicorn fashion, while we pushed behind. We did about four miles a day, and it took us nearly a month, during the last week of which we pretty well starved."

"I notice," I said, "that most of your trips ended in disaster of some sort or another, and yet you went on making them, which strikes one as a little queer."

"Yes, I dare say; but, then, remember I got my living for many years out of hunting. Besides, half the charm of the thing lay in the dangers and disasters, though they were terrible enough at the time. Another thing is, they were not at all disastrous. Some time, if you like, I will tell you a story of one which was very much the reverse, for I made £4,000 out of it, and saw one of the most extraordinary sights a hunter ever clapped his eyes on; but it's too late now, and, besides, I'm tired of talking about myself. Good night."

Not Afraid of Girard.

A man who had just set up in the hardware business and who had been a clerk where the eccentric millionaire, Stephen Girard, had been in the habit of trading, applied to him for a share of his patronage. Girard bought of him, but when the bill was sent in he found fault and marked down the prices.

"Cask of nails," he growled, "which I was offered for so and so. You have charged so and so, and you must take it off."

"I cannot do it," said the young merchant.

"But you must do it," roared Girard.

"I cannot and will not," was the final reply.

Girard bolted out, apparently in a rage, but soon after sent a check for the whole bill. The young man began to relent and say to himself: "Perhaps he was offered them at that price, but it is all over now. I am sorry I did not reduce the bill and get it out of him on something else. His trade would have been worth a good deal to me."

By and by, Girard came again and gave him another order. The young man was very courteous and said he was almost sorry he did not reduce the former bill.

"Reduce a bill!" exclaimed Girard; "had you done it I would never trade with you again. I merely meant to see if you had cheated me."—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Gladstone is very methodical. Not only are his books arranged in the most orderly and convenient way, but he has one desk for his private correspondence, another for public affairs, and another at which he renounces his historical and Homeric researches.—Chicago Tribune.

DISCONTENT.

Ye who long for work of nobler mold,
Oh, learn how common things may aid,
Who ever digs for diamonds or gold
Must needs use flint an iron spade.
—From the German by F. R