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HIS FIRST LION.

Hunter Stands Still and Simply Stares at the Beast.

In "Lion Hunting in Somaliland," Capt. Mellis tells how he met his first lion—or, rather, two. He had been out on a hunt, finding nothing better than gazelles and antelopes, and at nightfall, after supper, lit his pipe and strolled to the river bank. After a few minutes spent in meditation he started to return and saw a lion and a lioness, not more than 20 yards distant, eyeing him attentively. Capt. Mellis had not even a knife with him, and felt certain that if he called for help the beasts would pounce on him. So he did the only thing possible—he stood stock still, hoping they might take him for an inanimate object. They growled once or twice, as if they suspected something, but finally drank and went away quietly. After that he never stirred without a weapon of some kind.

A RUSSIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

Bought the Freedom of the Serfs of His Native Village.

There died recently in Moscow a man who in the last 20 years gave $5,000,000 to charity. He was State Councillor Jermakoff, who came from a poor family. His first public act which excited general attention was the purchase of the freedom of all the serfs living in his native village. This cost him $120,000. He came to the rescue of the poor people time and time again when the harvests failed. His funeral was one of the largest ever seen in the old burial place of the Russian czars, thousands of the poor of the capital following the philanthropist's body to the grave

Stupid Litigation.

A stupidly obstinate piece of litigation has just been settled by the house of lords. Two Aberdeenshire land owners quarreled over the right to fish in the River Dee, which borders their estates for 150 yards. Both admitted that the fishing was of no value, but they had spent $15,000 to have their rights decided.

The Sea Cucumber.

The sea cucumber, one of the curious jelly bodies that inhabit the ocean, can practically efface himself while in danger by squeezing the water out of his body and forcing himself into a narrow crack, so narrow as not to be visible to the naked eye. He can throw out nearly the whole of his inside, and yet live and grow it again.

Listen for Angel Music.

The children at Bethlehem are told by their mothers that on Christmas eve a choir of angels sings above the place where Christ was born. Travelers say that on this evening scores, and sometimes hundreds, of children may be seen in the open air, looking up into the sky, waiting to hear the angels sing.

Ancient Makers of Shoes.

Shoemakers were at first called sandal-makers, and there is little doubt that sandals and rough buskins, or socks (covering the legs like gaiters), were the first specimen of shoes.

AN ELABORATE MOSAIC.

Executed for a Beautiful Palace in Vienna.

The British vice-consul in Venice in his last report says that mosaics still continue in great demand there, says the London Times. A well-known company executed last year a splendid mosaic for a palace now in course of construction in Vienna It measures 1,000 square feet and is copied from cartoons by the painter, Edward Weith. It represents the five parts of the world. Europe stands in the center of the frieze, represented by the symbolic figures of its various nations, having on one side the emblems of industry and trade and at the top the emblem of the flying genius of light. On the right are the figures of Asia, India, China and Japan, with their rajahs, mandarins and the allegorical chrysanthemum. Next follows Africa, with camel-drivers, palm trees and other African symbols; on the left, America and Australia, with natives on horseback and on foot, foliage and other emblems.

All this variety of types, from the fair Circassian down to the negro, and the display of costumes, from the most decorative to the simplest, have enabled the painter to arrange 24 figures with great delicacy of color and in an artistic manner. Over these figures, which rest on an ornamental base, a blue sky reflects all around its light so as to unite all the tints of the mosaic and to give the whole a harmony of effect which is said to be most delightful to the eye. The same company is executing another important mosaic for the apse of the Guards' chapel at the Wellington barracks in London from cartoons.

Imprudent, But Gushing.

Young women who take books at the circulating library are imprudent to use their pages as blotters. They are doing wrong also, for it is against the rules. A copy of "Lord Ormond and His Aminta," which has been in use in a Philadelphia library, held in front of a mirror revealed the inscription: "I send you my heart with a kiss." All women finish their letters with that phrase, which cannot therefore betray anybody, but in this case the signature was there.

Shoes of the Gauls.

Before the Gauls were conquered by the Romans they had boots or shoes with soles in which were silver-headed nails. Some of these have been discovered in late years. The latter kind of boots and shoes—the long pointed ones—so familiar in pictures of the 14th century, and others, are more generally known.

Sabbath in Scotland.

Scotland's Sabbath is losing its sanctity. Driving, cycling and golf on Sunday have now been followed by a vote of the Glasgow corporation throwing open the public bath-houses for four hours on Sunday morning.

Cincinnati.

Cincinnati is worth $188,751,350, and has a debt of $26,240,197.

A LITTLE HEATHEN.

BY MONTGOMERY M. FOLSOM.

Jack was a heathen. Oh, the little imp, how tough he was! I was a model boy. I was, for a fact, you may believe it or not; I used to hold down my head when grace was being said; I knew the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer by heart, and I was a child of many virtues.

Jack was as mean as the old scratch. He would cut his eye around at me and try to make me laugh while the blessing was being asked; he would stick pins in the little boys as they knelt at prayers; he would roo birds' nests, and when remonstrated with would say:

"Why, my gracious, let the old fool bird go lay some more aiggs, she's got the whole summer and 'tain't much trouble to lay a few little old aiggs like them."

We used to read tales in our reading books about how bad boys came to bad ends, and Jack would laugh at them.

"Shucks!" he would say, "them old book men can't fool me. What makes gran'ma kill chickens on Sunday, if it's a sin to go in washin'? I notice one thing: ol' brother Kicklighter al'us eats mighty hearty, and if it wus a sin to kill 'em it'd be a sin to eat 'em. They can't scare nobody."

Ah, the dear little old freckled face! Worlds would I give to have it come between me and the sun again ere I reach the vale of shadows.

He would whip the stuffing out of a boy for my sake. I remember once a fellow called me "wormy." We were coming home from Sunday-school, and I had resolved not to resent any insult—a very convenient way of resolving, by the way—and the big boy would have gone unpunished but for Jack.

What did he do? He lit onto that fellow, and he pelted him in the burr of the ear and got him down and such a thrashing that boy never toted before. That was Jack's style. No foolishness about him. He was of that particular type of ugliness that denotes cussedness and original sin.

I used to pray for Jack when the preacher would tell us to pray for all those whom we thought needed our prayers. Jack was cutting a jagged "J" on the back of the seat while I was praying for his conversion.

Ah, the days, the golden days, when the summers seemed so long. I wonder if the summers of paradise will not possess that same sweet, delicious lingering when the pathos and the passion of mortal life are past?

Sometimes I dream of Jack, now. The other night, I don't know what got into me, but I dreamed that we were rambling along the banks of one of those winding southern rivers, whose languid waters were murmuring, whispering, lisping among the reeds and rushes.

There was a flash of shining sand around the bend, and we came to a place where there was a thicket of cypress saplings. I saw one that would make the finest sort of a fishing pole, and Jack went to cut it for me. It grew right on the bank of a slough of black water, on whose sheeny bosom the tupelo gum berries were afloat.

I was timid—good boys are not always brave boys—and Jack went to cut the pole for me. I saw him open the little old rusty barlow knife, and he reached far over the treacherous bank.

He had cut it most in two, when there was a crash.

"Splash!"

The spray flew upward in a shower and blinded my eyes, and when I opened them—Jack was gone!

I was sitting up in bed gasping, struggling, choking, in my efforts to call help. Such dreams are our lives made up. Sometimes as I sit gazing up at the summer heavens I am startled by the illusion that I see that boy's face through a rift in the clouds.

Jack was a bad boy. Popper Joe used to shake his head and mutter:

'I tell you, dat boy's sho' ter come ter some bad end."

Then he would point to me and remark:

"But dar's a chile w'at'll be somebody. Dat's er good chile, de Lawd knows he is, an' folk'll make much er him w'en he gits ter be a growed up man."

I was so pitifully pious in those days. The fact is, I think I was not well. The chariot wheels of time rolled noiselessly on, and poor old blind Fate sat in the doorway of the future, with her palsied fingers untangling the skein of destiny, her withered lips all the while crooning those weird ditties whose echoes now and then thrill our souls with the warning of prophecy.

Jack was as tough as a lightwood knot, and nobody ever thought about him getting sick. He was too full of devilment to stay in bed, but they were very careful about me.

One winter we had an awful spell of weather and the stock suffered severely, for we had no shelter for them in the country in the days when I was a boy.

Jack had a favorite cow that had a little calf, and one cold drizzly afternoon the cow and calf failed to come home. Jack went in search of them, and it was late when he came back. He had brought the little calf in his arms a good portion of the way, and he drove the cow into the lot and gave her a big basket of shucks and nubbins, and put the little, weakly calf in a warm place.

It was dark when he came in, cold and tired, but he was as joyous and light-hearted as ever. He went over the rigmarole about—

"Amo daree my, romp stomp dominicker, shuck back, penniwinkle, instep nipcat, sing song kitty kin you kimee, O," and he cut a shuffle and turned a handspring as he came through the passage.

Before we went to bed we sat down before the fire and took the wet rags off his toes and tied them up with some dry ones, jokingly calling his big toe "big Ike," and the little toe "little Ike" as he fixed them.

During the night he woke me up telling me he was so hot and that he ached all over. I told him to go to sleep and not turn over and kick so much. Next morning he said he felt too bad to get up, and asked me to see about his cow and especially the calf.

I grumbled a good deal, and went and told grandma that Jack was too lazy to get up. She went to see about him and she said he had a fever. I went out and attended to the cow, expecting to find him up when I returned, but he was still tossing about in bed, and he began to talk foolish.

I scolded him about it and told grandma. She looked very grave when she went in and felt of his face, and she went and told one of the boys to go after the doctor.

Then I began to get uneasy. The place seemed so lonely and I never missed anyone so much in my life.

The cat dozed on the hearth in peace and the house was so quiet and still. The old doctor drove up to the gate in his sulky and took out his little leather saddle-bags and walked into the room where Jack was.

I watched him anxiously and when he took grandma aside and talked low to her I just caught the word "pneumonia." It was unfamiliar to me, and I felt a premonition of coming sorrow.

All day long I hung about the door and late in the evening they told me that I would have to sleep in another room. I went in to see Jack, and he was tossing about, muttering something about his cow.

"I fed her, Jack, and I threw down some straw for her to sleep on," I said.

He looked at me, but he did not seem to understand. His eyes were so bright and his cheeks were so red that I didn't know what to make of it. That night I could not go to sleep and kept staring at the ceiling, thinking, thinking, thinking.

At last I got up softly and stole into his room. The candle was burning low and grandma and grandpa were sitting by the fire. Jack was lying still, with his eyes half open and he was breathing hard.

"Is he any better?" I asked, with a great lump in my throat

"No, my son, he is mighty sick. Go back to bed now."

I went back to my room and I got down on my knees. I never will forget that night. I prayed; prayed as I never prayed before, as I have never prayed since. The words were broken with sobs.

Oh, the anguish of those dark hours! I would pray awhile and then I would stop and wonder if the good Lord heard me. Perhaps He was too busy at the time, and I would ask Him again in my childish simplicity, hoping that I might attract His attention.

A way long towards day I fell asleep and the sun was shining when I awoke, shining in the cloudless heavens, and the day was real mild.

I went into the room where the sick boy lay, and I saw that there was a change. His face was pale and his eyes sunken, and his breath came in gasps. I gulped down a sob as I looked at that shaggy head, and thought how often I had seen it bobbing about the house Such a day as this we would be out about the lot, and you could hear his whistle as merry as a mocking bird in May.

And now—

The candlestick with the half-burned candle, three medicine bottles on the mantel; the cup and the spoon and all the sad reminders of sickness and suffering. Aunt Ailsie walking softly about the room, keeping watch while the old folks got a little sleep.

"Is he any better?"

"No chile, he ain't no better, honey. De doctah say ef dey ain' some change po' little Jack won't be heah long."

I couldn't bear it. The good old mammy came and put her withered arms around me and kissed me and told me not to cry. I went out to the lot and Popper Joe was giving the cow some nubbins, and the calf was skipping clumsily around. The sight of them set me to crying again, and I turned away. Ah, the dismal day! Better the clouds and the dreary rain with Jack well, than floods of sunshine and he so sick. Late in the afternoon grandma called me.

"Come in here, son, Jack wants to see you."

I went into the room. The lingering rays of the wintry sun struggled in through the windows and fell on the snowy counterpane.

His face was ashen pale, and his eyes were no longer restless. He looked at me and a faint smile played about the pinched features. It was like the dying light of the wintry day.

He motioned me to come closer, and I found that his voice was so weak that he could but speak in whispers. The old doctor sat with his hand on the little wrist, and the family were gathered around the bed.

Then the fountains of my heart were broken up and I gave way to my grief.

"I want you to have all my things. Good-by," he whispered, and then they took me away.

As I lay sobbing and moaning in my room, I heard a cry from Aunt Ailsie:

"Oh, God bless my po' chile. Dey's one mo' angel done gone to glory!"

Now, I have told you the story. I cannot, even unto this day, dwell further on the sad theme. But it is a mystery to me why people should keep on harping about good boys and bad boys when I know just as well as I am sitting here that my boy comrade has gone to a better world than this!

And look at me. I was a model boy, and have lived to make more mistakes, suffer for more sins, and weep over more wrecked hopes than I can ever tell.

Dear old playmate, here is a tear to your memory, to the memory of a bad boy whose wantonness was mistaken for wickedness. Had you lived who knows but that your strength might have walled in my weakness, and kept these erring feet from straying.—Southern Farmer.

A Double-Action Joke.

Dumas fils tells of a double-acting joke which he played on Meissonier, who was a botanist in his hours of leisure. The famous dramatist sent him a paper containing the dried roe of a herring, telling him that it was the seed of a very rare plant. "How are the seeds coming on?" he asked the great painter the next time he saw him. "Oh, beautifully; I have planted them in a circle." And he took the astonished joker to a corner of the garden where the heads of young herrings were just peeping out.

Titled Thieves.

A princess, a countess, a duchess and the daughter of a reigning prince were among the 4,000 thieves, professional and unprofessional, arrested in Paris during the first six months of last year.

ADVANTAGES OF LIBERIA.

Prof. O. F. Cook Speaks of the African Republic.

Prof. O. F. Cook, of Huntington, L. I., who has spent the winter in Liberia, Africa, studying the plant and animal life of that region, has returned to his home. He says, according to the Republic, that the advantages of Africa as a place of residence, even for the white race, are but imperfectly understood. Liberia is naturally no more unhealthful than other tropical countries, in which civilization has taken root, such as India and South America, and, as in these cases, the healthfulness increases as the forests are cleared away and better conditions of life rendered possible through improvements in transportation. Mr. Cook has spent several seasons in Africa in pursuing his investigation in the interest of the American and the New York State Colonization societies, with a view to ascertaining the possibility of resuming, under new plans, the colonization of Liberia with negroes from the United States. He says former movements in that direction have failed through want of proper management rather than on account of any insurmountable difficulties inherent in the idea of colonization or in the nature of the country where settlements of American negroes were attempted. That something is possible, he says, is demonstrated by the fact that many colonists who left America 15 or 20 years ago with nothing have now coffee farms, yielding incomes greater than their owners can spend, while others have achieved independence in much less time.

MADE THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

President McCosh's Novel Method of Complying with a Request.

President McCosh, of Princeton, is the subject of this story, says the New York Call, which is vouched for by old Princeton men: "The venerable doctor was accustomed to lead the morning exercises in the chapel every day, and during the exercises in the chapel gave out the notices to the students. The closing exercise was a fervent prayer by the doctor. One morning, after he had read the notices as usual, a student came up with another notice that Prof. Karge's French class would be at nine o'clock that day, instead of 9:30, as usual. Dr. McCosh said it was too late, but the student insisted that Prof. Karge would be much disappointed if the notice was not read. The exercises went on, and the doctor forgot all about the notice. He started to make the final prayer. He prayed for the president of the United States, the members of the cabinet, the senators and representatives, the governor of New Jersey, the mayor and other officials of Princeton, and then came to the professors and instructors in the college. In the meantime Prof. Krage's notice came into his mind and the assembled students were astonished to hear the venerable president say: 'And, O Lord, bless Prof. Karge, whose French class will be held this morning at nine o'clock, instead of at 9:30, as usual.'"

WHALE ON A CABLE.

The Insulation Damaged by the Floundering of the Big Fish.

Submarine cables are usually imbedded in the slimy bottom of the ocean, but at certain points they hang like wire bridges over deep submarine valleys, so that whales and other large inhabitants of the deep may become dangerous to the cable. Once in awhile it is the cable that becomes dangerous to the whales, as recently shown in an accident to the western Brazilian cable. There was some trouble with the wire, and after many futile efforts the seat of the trouble was discovered 76 miles north of Santa Catharina. The repair ship Viking was sent to repair the damage, and began to take up the cable near where the seat of trouble had been located. After the cable proper had been grappled and was taken up on the large drums provided for the purpose it was found that it floated very much easier and was more buoyant than was ordinarily the case. The reason was discovered when in a loop of the cable the carcass of a whale of more than 60 feet in length came up with it. It appears that the whale had become caught under the cable, and, not being able to lift it nor to go forward or back, it suffocated, since it could no more rise to the surface. By its last spasms or attempts to free itself the whale had damaged the cable so that the insulation was rubbed off and the wire became useless. This is the third case of the kind, since a similar case once happened in the Persian gulf and another on the Peruvian coast.

PEACEFUL BY NATURE.

The Egyptian Abhors Warfare, as Did His Fathers Before Him.

The ordinary Egyptian is by instinct utterly opposed to military life. The last thing he wants to do in the world is to fight. He hates the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, and nothing in his nature is appealed to by the idea of strife and combat.

He is a good-tempered, pleasure-loving man, and for 5,000 years his ancestors before him have loathed the clash of steel. Go back as far as you like in Egyptian history and you will never find a trace of the Viking spirit in the inhabitants of the Nile valley. The successful wars of the Pharaohs were waged by mercenaries, and the papyri show that the military calling was always described as pure evil. The records show little delights in battle, but plenty of picturesque contrasts between the horrible miseries endured by the soldier in the field and the pleasant, snug life of the civilian tribe.

The spirit of the old Dane who when he felt death approaching put on his armor, because he would not die like a cow in his house, has no echo in the past or in the present of the true Egyptian.

The Real Thing.

"Yes," said the meek-looking man, "I've no doubt you've had some great hunting experience in your travels abroad."

"I have, indeed."

"Buffalo hunting?"

"Yes."

"And bear hunting?"

"Of course."

"Well, just come round and let my wife take you house hunting and bargain hunting with her. Then you'll begin to know what real excitement is." Washington Times.

TWO SKELETONS.

One Is Over Four Times as Large as the Other.

The largest and smallest skeletons of humanity ever preserved are kept in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. One is eight feet four inches in height. The other is less than two feet.

Charles Byrne, the famous Irish giant, who was more generally known as O'Brien, died in 1783, when he was 22 years old. His capacity for liquor was in keeping with his high physical proportions. So keen was his anguish over losing all his property—to wit, a £300 note, that he drank a cask of ale in one day. The day following he was dead.

Byrne had a great dread of becoming a dissecting-room subject. He made a bargain with a fisherman before he died to take his body out into the channel and throw it overboard.

Hunter, the English surgeon, learned of this arrangement, and by paying the fisherman $300 he prevailed upon them to carry out their bargain to the letter, but to attach a rope to the body and drag it up again after it had been immersed. The fishermen served two masters and Hunter got the body.

The tiny skeleton is that of Caroline Crachami, the Sicilian dwarf, who was exhibited in Europe in the early part of the century. The child did not grow after birth, and before she reached her teens she died.

Her body, it is said, was sold to a British surgeon by her parents.

Beside the giant's frame stands one of the boots he wore when he died. The skeleton of the dwarf can be slipped into it as easily as a pipe stem.

A MASCULINE WEAKNESS.

Every Man Carries His Favorite Remedy Always with Him.

It is customary for men to sneer good-naturedly at the physical weakness of the opposite sex, but women would doubtless be surprised could they know how generally the medicinal remedy habit permeates the ranks of their masculine friends. Think over your list of male acquaintances and pick out the few who have no ailments and carry no bottles, powders or preparations. They will be very few indeed, unless your list includes but very few young men, says the New York Herald.

It has been said that every woman knows the best face wash on earth and is willing to part with her secret only on compulsion, but will try anything else suggested by a friend. But men are the most obstinate believers in sovereign remedies. Every man carries at least one remedy in his inside pocket and is willing to unload it on anybody who will listen or dare to test its infallibility. I have known four or five healthy-looking men in a group, not one of whom would be suspected of ever being ill, draw concealed vials or pellets and little unsuspected boxes of pills and astonishingly worded prescriptions from their confidential hiding places, and discourse most learnedly upon their miraculous power.

In every case of this kind there has been at some time, more or less remote, an apparent justification of merit claimed, from which time and henceforth forever that particular individual goes contentedly and even boastingly bound to that medicinal chariot wheel.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

The Kind Most Common Now Was Unknown Last Century.

Much rye bread was eaten in this country in the beginning of the century, and much rye and Indian—a healthful compound that disappeared when stoves superseded the huge brick oven in which the maize ingredient was rendered digestible by being cooked all night. The snowy wheaten loaf, as the staple bread of the land, dates only back to the cultivation of the wheat fields of New York in the early part of this century; and simultaneously there seems to arise a "fashion" of white bread. The using of bread made from anything less than "the best Genesee flour" was thought a mark of poverty. About 1830 there appeared about an even distribution of dyspepsia throughout the northern and eastern states, more especially among those well-to-do people who used only the "best Genesee." One investigator announced that the root of the mischief lay in robbing the wheat of its best elements in the process of milling, and taking away its outer coating. This man was Sylvester Graham—a monomaniac on his own hobby, but he rendered an important service to the science of alimentation, though the epithet "bran bread" was derisively applied to the sort that still bears his name.

TEN AT A BIRTH.

Recorded Cases Which Beat That of the Indiana Farmer's Wife.

One of the best-known physicians in the city, apropos of the case reported in Indiana of the German farmer's wife who presented him with six children of practically the same age, said:

"Even triplets are quit rare, and such cases as this are still more rare; yet instances are recorded in medical annals of the birth of six, seven, eight, nine, and even ten children at one time. It is very rare, however, that any of the children live where there are more than two at a birth, although a case is recorded by Chanison of quintuplets, all of whom survived their baptism for a short period. I heard not long ago of a Texas woman who gave birth to six children, and there is a case in Chicago where four fully-developed children were born, who lived for some time. According to statistics kept by Dr. Churchill, of England, twins occur once in 80 births, but of 37,441 births five cases only were those of triplets.

It Might Have Been Red Ink.

A certain actor who wished to introduce innovations into "Hamlet" proposed to play the part of the Danish prince in a red cloak, which intention he communicated to Sir Henry Irving, who said: "Very well; I do not see anything shocking in that." "But is it right?" inquired the interlocutor. "I dare say it is," replied Irving. "Red was the color of mourning of the royal house of Denmark." "But how do you get over this?" persisted the other, quoting the words: "'Tis not alone my inky coat, good mother." "Well," replied the Shakespearean, calmly, "I suppose there is such a thing as red ink, is there not?"