

## HABIT.

The river curves a channel to the sea. The channel holds the river in its way. So Habit curves the course of Destiny. We are tomorrow what we will today!—Harper's Bazaar.

## LIONS AND AN AUTOMOBILE.

A South African Sketch.

BY B. C. BRIGHAM.

It is greatly in favor of the automobile in South Africa that it is not subject to the fatal "horse sickness," or to the ravages of the tsetse fly. As yet, however, horseless carriages are not very numerous there. One of the first was brought into the country by a young English ranchman, named Albert Hill.

In addition to its tank a twenty-gallon can of gasoline or oil was transported, which for a time added materially to the weight of the outfit. Hill himself, however, weighed not more than 116 pounds; and his entire outfit, excluding fuel, was kept down to less than 50 pounds. The young ranchman possessed the nimbleness which is one of the advantages of light weight, and this agility stood him in good stead, as will be seen.

There were rivers and creeks to be crossed where there were no bridges. Hill's method in these exigencies was to wade across in advance, and pull the automobile over with a line.

A little after sunset one evening, while he was passing beneath some maboio trees, a leopard attempted to drop upon him, but miscalculated his speed and landed in the road behind. The animal was as much disgusted, either with its ill success, or with the gaseous odor of the machine, that it sneaked away without further effort to molest the ranchman.

At another time, while he was passing a swamp which the road skirted, a buffalo charged out after him. For fifty yards it was nearly a drawn race, when the motor carriage showed the better speed and pulled away.

These, however, were but unimportant incidents, soon over; the real adventure of the trip befell Hill after entering Mashonaland. He was now in a tract of country which was remote from settlers' ranches. At a little past noon one day he was crossing a kind of grassy marsh. In the wet season such depressions are shallow lakes, the shores of which are marked by an irregular fringe of m'pame trees. The road was here merely a trail over the beaten-down grass, but there were neither stones nor logs to obstruct the traveler; and the Little Ajax, as Hill called his small motor carriage, was puffing forward at a fair rate of speed and approaching the fringe of wood.

Suddenly the underbrush immediately ahead teemed with antlered heads, and the next moment the solitary scout found himself in the midst of a herd of duiker-bok, not fleeing from him, but rushing upon him, running madly out into the open marsh. As many as 200 of the animals dashed by him as he was passing through the thin fringe of trees.

In his astonishment at this unexpected stampede, Hill did not, for the moment, reflect that the cause of it must be near at hand; but the cause disclosed itself promptly. Not forty yards away stood a number of large lions that had evidently been stalking the duiker-bok. He had hardly taken in this startling sight, when he heard a tremendous roar a little way to the left, and saw another lion, even bigger than the others that had just killed a buck, and was standing over its prey.

There was no time to unstrap his carbine, no time for anything. The instinct which prompts the locomotive driver, when he sees a head-on collision coming, to shut off and jump, led Hill to give one convulsive shove at the steering lever and leap clear of the vehicle. His idea was to get into the fringe of timber and climb a tree; but he had already passed most of the trees. The nearest was a large old trunk that had fallen partly over and lay at an angle of 45 degrees or less, its top lodged in another smaller tree which had arrested its fall, and acted as a prop to hold it up. He made a dash for this inclined tree, and ran up 15 or 20 feet to where a large branch rose vertically. Twisting his body nimbly around this branch, Hill glanced back to see what the lions were doing.

Luckily for him, they were being entertained by the motor carriage. The machine was still going, and seemed fully to occupy their attention as a new and very dubious sort of game. The movements of the little automobile were somewhat laughable. The hard shove to left which Hill had given the steering handle caused the machine to describe a vagrant circuit out on the veld beyond the trees. There were thorn bushes, thin, dry grass and numbers of stones in the open; but the Little Ajax was accustomed to such obstructions, and waddled its way merrily over them, describing a circle and coming round again, as if looking for its master and loath to leave him behind.

The lions were clearly mystified, alike from what they saw, heard and smelled. They backed off and came round in the rear of the machine, eyeing it with doubt and disfavor. When it turned they doubled to the rear of it again; and the big lion with the buck, when he saw it coming in his direction, seized his prey in his mouth, and with an angry growl bounded out of the track of the queer monstrosity. Then he stood up and roared again.

Two of the other lions were not fully grown. Apparently they did not quite

dare to spring upon the lifelike yet malodorous creature, but kept following it, charging close up behind it at one moment, then falling back.

The other larger lions or lionesses squatted at a distance in the grass; and watched it.

Stones and bushes were constantly deflecting the direction of the motor carriage; and before long it ran into another larger bush, or clump of bushes, that brought it to a standstill, although it continued puffing and pushing at the obstruction.

For some time the lions watched it, but grew listless or indifferent to the performance, and went out toward the black-maned lion with the buck.

He was not disposed to divide with them, and greeted their approach with menacing growls. All four then squatted down to watch him with snarls and envious looks, and Hill now made the mistake of thinking that he might get down and possess himself of his carbine—as he would have to go no more than 150 feet, and the lions were now three times that distance away.

He fancied that the gyrations of the automobile had caused them to forget him, if, indeed, they had ever really noticed his escape.

But descending the inclined tree-trunk slowly proved a more difficult feat than running up rapidly; when part way down he slipped and slid to the ground, making some noise. Regaining his feet as nimbly as possible, he glanced hastily toward the lions—only to see, to his dismay, that one of the two young ones had heard or seen him and was bounding toward him; also that the other three had started up and were about to follow.

Nothing remained for it but to make a dash back up the slanting tree-trunk. When about half-way up he nearly lost his foothold, and barely saved himself from tumbling back.

The lion was close upon him. With an ugly growl it attempted to ascend the tree-trunk, and thrust up a paw with extended nails; but it lost its footing and fell into the dry grass below. A moment later it dashed up the trunk again, but was not agile enough to pass the obstructing upright branch, behind which Hill was sheltering himself.

The lion clung, however, growling and snarling, with one paw clasped around the branch. Hill could have retreated further into the top of the tree, but he feared that the lion might work its body around the branch and effect a lodgment in the top itself. He had a strong pocket knife, and cutting a smaller limb for a club, struck the lion so stiff a blow with it that the animal, uttering a roar, fell to the ground.

Inflamed by the blow, the beast instantly charged up a third time; but Hill had now secured a good hold with his left hand, and dealt such blows with his club at the brute's head and paws that again it leaped to the ground, roaring and snarling from baffled rage. Its outcries incited the others to make an attack; and amidst a horrible chorus of roars and growls first one, then another, and soon two or three at a time came charging up the tree-trunk. Only one, however, could approach the difficult point or passage around the upright branch; and whenever a paw was thrust about the branch, Hill hammered it with the club so vigorously as nearly to crush it.

Two of the lions were already bleeding at the nose, and all four appeared to have had enough of the effort to scale the tree-trunk; but they had become wrought up to such a state of fury that Hill had little hope that they would leave the place that night.

A fresh expedient presently suggested itself, however; Hill had matches in his pocket, and gathering wads of dry bark or moss from the tree-trunk, he ignited them and then dropped them into the dry grass under the tree. Soon a ring of fire and smoke began to spread. The four lions finally made off through the fringe of trees, and soon Hill saw the one that had killed the duiker-bok bounding away with the carcass in its mouth.

Although far from certain that the lions would not return and attack him, Hill was forced to descend and run to the automobile before the fire reached it, lest there might be an explosion of his fuel tank and cartridges.

The Little Ajax was still puffing away at the obstructing bush, all ready to go on when released. Hill's first thought was of his carbine; but the fire was close upon the machine, and after a single glance about him through the smoke, he backed out of the bush and went on at speed. The lions did not pursue him.—Youth's Companion.

## Instruction.

This premonition of evil I strove to throw off with an affectation of gaiety. I feigned astonishment that anybody should charge the cooking schools with never having really taught us anything.

"Why," protested I, "there is now none, I daresay, who does not know he has a stomach."

"Truly!" cried the woman, my wife her eyes aglow with earnestness. "And of course it was not until they had the people thus well grounded in the rudiments that the cooking schools could proceed to teach what was at all transcendental!"—Detroit Journal

## Wealth and Bachelorhood.

The better off the men are the more unwilling they are to marry. The principal men before the public now are Cecil Rhodes, Lord Kitchener and Mr. Arthur Balfour—all mature bachelors of large means. The inelasticity of the marriage laws makes educated men calculate the odds against a reasonably comfortable life in the married state. They have only to study their married neighbors to see the odds are greatly against it.—London Chronicle



## The Butterfly's Toilet.

O butterfly, how do you pray,  
Your wings so prettily array?  
Where do you find the paints from which  
To mix your colors warm and rich?

The butterfly in answer said:  
"The roses lend me pink and red,  
The violets their deepest blue,  
And every flower its chosen hue."

"My palette is a rose-leaf fair,  
My brush is formed of maidenhair,  
And dewdrops shining in the grass,  
Serve nicely for my looking-glass."  
—Christian Register.

## The Little Great Man.

During the American revolution the captain of a little band of soldiers was giving orders to those under him about a heavy beam that they were endeavoring to raise to the top of some military works which they were repairing. The weight was almost beyond their power to raise, and the voice of the superintendent was often heard: "Heave away! There it goes! Heave ho!"

An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked of the superintendent why he did not give a helping hand. The latter, astonished, turned around with all the pomp of an emperor, and said: "Sir, I am a corporal!"

"I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," the man replied, and taking off his hat, he bowed, saying, "I was not aware of the fact."

Upon this he dismounted and pulled till the perspiration stood in drops on his forehead, and when the beam was raised, turning to the little great man, he said: "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your commander-in-chief, and I shall gladly come and help you a second time."

The corporal was thunderstruck. It was Washington. This goes to illustrate that a man, though great, may always find one who is greater.

## My Dog Josh.

We had had a houseful of company all last summer. One night our guests had all left us for a few days. My sister and myself were alone in our old house, with the servants quite remote from us in the L of the house. Our room was on the ground floor, and very easy of access from the piazza and road, but we felt quite protected, having with us two small dogs, an electric bell connecting with the man's room in the stable, and a good six-shooter. We were thankful to our sharp-voiced terrier before that night was over, as my tale will tell.

It was a foggy, grim night out: you who know what seashore fogs are can picture to yourselves the night! And just after I had retired, my Josh, the hero of this story, started up from his snug quarters and barked furiously and continuously. I remonstrated, but he had no idea of being pacified, and barked with such evident purpose that he completely aroused both my sister and myself. So we consulted as to what had best be done, feeling sure some mischief was brewing. We listened but could hear no sound, still Josh kept on with his voice of warning, and at last I touched my electric bell to call over the man.

In the stillness of the night the clear ring of the bell could be distinctly heard, and as it was sounding I heard some one run, and concluded it was our man; but soon after he came walking quietly over. I let him in, and sent him over the house; everything seemed as quiet as a well-regulated family should be, and so I sent him back, and we again settled for a tranquil night.

No sooner, however, had the man gone into the stable than we were startled by hearing three men jump from off the roof of the piazza over our heads! They saw that the alarm had been given, that we were aroused, and that their little game for that night was frustrated, so the fog shielding them, they laid quite still on the roof of the piazza till their danger was past, and then descended in haste. Their plans were well laid, and would have been successful but for our vigilant little watchman, from whose collar now hangs a gold medal in token of our gratitude.—Our Dumb Animals.

## Strange Playthings of Camp Children.

I wonder if the boys and girls who have traveled to the Pacific coast remember the wide, desert-like plain over which the train seems to travel so slowly. Perhaps they remember better the grand old mountains that tower far up into the clouds. One often hears the remark, "A fine piece of engineering!" and people exclaim over the wisdom and ingenuity of the brain that made it possible to cross those terrible mountains by bridges, tunnels and switchbacks. But you don't hear much about the workmen who dug it out, mile after mile, along the weary stretches.

These men are called contractors, sub-contractors, and men, and they live a life quite different from the rest of the world, particularly the sub-contractors and the men. The work takes them from one part of the country to another, wherever there is "railroad-ing" to be done, and many of them take their families with them. They do not sleep in a house year in and year out, but camp near a town between "jobs." When moving camp or going on a new piece of work, the boys and girls mount their ponies and ride along beside the wagons, which carry the scrapers, plows, cooking utensils,

and bedding. Often the children of the camps do not see a town or other children for months, or sometimes years at a time. They grow up very hardy and strong from the outdoor life, but as wild as deer.

I went into the tent of one of these contractors a few years ago, and in the farther corner I noticed two little girls chuckling over the antics of some pet. I wondered what it was, but was afraid to speak to them for fear they would run, as they had on a previous occasion, so I went on talking with their mother. Presently a piercing scream and a low sob were blended as they came from the corner.

"What is it?" I cried, running over to them.

"Maggie dropped it, and it is dead," wailed one little girl. There in a nest were three baby mice, while one lay limp in the heartbroken little girl's palm.

"Maybe it isn't," their mother said, comfortingly. "Drop a little water on its head and see."

The little girl who had dropped it pushed to the pall and got the water; then she dropped it ever so carefully on the tiny head of the mouse. Presently it squirmed, and I jumped back, fearing it might scurble out of Maggie's hand, but the little girls uttered exclamations of delight. That night the mother mouse came and carried her babies away. All next day the children ran from one bush to another, hunting their pets, and at last they found them. They only played with them this time, and then went away and left them with their mother, after carefully marking the bush so they could find it again.—Anne Shannon Moore in Chicago Record-Herald.

## Baby Clarke's "Chupper."

"No," said Baby Clarke, "I can't do to bed 'till after chupper."

"But we had supper, baby," said mamma. "Don't you remember? We ate supper on the 'choo-choo cars' before we got to grandma's house."

He shook his yellow head with sorrowful emphasis. "Vat wasn't chupper?"

"Bless his dear heart!" cried grandma. "He's forgotten. Boys do get hungry so often. Let me get him some bread and milk, Gertrude. That won't hurt him; and then he'll go to bed like a lamb."

Grandma suited the action to the word, and in a trice Clarke found himself seated before a little round table in the high chair that had been brought down from the attic the minute that grandma and grandma had received the letter telling them that their little grandson was coming to make them a visit. The bread and milk disappeared slowly, seriously, silently.

"What a quiet child!" quoth grandma. "Is he always so still, daughter Gertrude?"

Clarke's mamma looked puzzled. "No, indeed," she responded, "if his appetite were not so good, I should certainly be quite alarmed. I suppose he is tired from his first journey on the steam cars."

"I hope it's nothing worse," sighed grandma, setting her spectacles so as to see him better, and beginning to look worried.

Presently Clarke laid his spoon down, and wiped his rosy lips meditatively. Then mamma took him in her lap and began to unbutton his tired little shoes. But the astonished and reproachful expression in his wide eyes made her pause, with the chubby foot in her hand.

"Oh, mudder, I don't want to go to bed before chupper! I hesn't been naughty!"

Grandma dropped her spectacles and forgot to pick them up.

Grandpa threw back his head, and laughed and laughed!

"Well, well, well!" he said at last. "The boy's hearty, and no mistake. Glad to see it! Glad to see it!"

"He certainly is the bestestmost," said grandma, smilingly donning the "specs" which grandpa had picked up between laughs. "But do—don't scrimp him on victuals. I'll get him some more bread and milk."

"He doesn't need it," said his mamma, half laughing and wholly puzzled. "I can't imagine what makes him act so."

Clarke watched and listened, his eyes exceedingly bright and his lips beginning to quiver. And when he was placed in the high chair again before a second bowl of bread and milk, he could bear it no longer, but burst forth in broken English, punctuated with heartrending sobs.

"Oh, no, no!" he wailed. "No, no, no! Vat ain't chupper. Vat table an' me ain't chupper. Chupper," and he raised his wee-begone face and extended his short arm impressively, "chupper is a long table—an' lots of folks round it—an—fun!"

Down went the yellow head with a pathetic thump. "Dear heart!" said grandma. "He misses the rest of them so!" And she picked him out of the high chair and cuddled him close, smiling through moist "specs."

"The little chap has the rights of it," said grandma, heartily. "Eating alone ain't a genuine meal, and that's a fact. He's hit the idea precisely. Mother, spozen you set out some things—I know we don't need a thing, and you're plumb tired,—but spozen you do just set out some things on the dining room table, and we all draw up?"

"Of course I will, father," responded grandma. And she really would have done it, but just then Mamma (Gertrude said, "Sh-h-h!") Baby Clarke was fast asleep.

"Dear heart!" said grandma again. "We'll hav' things right in the morning."

"That we will," said grandpa. Grandparents are so indulgent!—Christian Register.

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.—Rousseau.

For some not to be martyred is a martyrdom.—Donne.

Who fears to offend takes the first step to please.—Cibber.

Originality is simply a pair of fresh eyes.—T. W. Higginson.

Learning passes for wisdom among those who want both.—Sir W. Temple.

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.—Voltaire.

Any man may make a mistake, but none but a fool will continue in it.—Cicero.

Pleasure is the flower that fades; remembrance is the lasting perfume.—Boufflers.

Absence of occupation is a mind rested; a mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.—Cowper.

The prudence of the best heads is often defeated by the tenderness of the best of hearts.—Fielding.

To owe an obligation to a worthy friend is a happiness and can be no disparagement.—J. Chamon.

Put this restriction on your pleasures: Be cautious that they injure no being that lives.—Zimmerman.

Our incomes are like our shoes; if too small they gall and pinch us, but if too large they cause us to stumble and trip.—Colton.

## VALUE OF EXERCISE.

Development the Result of Heredity, Environment and Activity.

Physical exercise, like all other things, has had its ups and downs. When Greece and Rome had the upper hand, the physical was most cultivated. In the 17th century things physical had a downfall. The reaction toward physical inactivity was as great as was formerly its strivings after an ideal. It was early in the 18th century when more interest was taken in these things; this interest increased until now physical education is recognized as an essential part in the education and all-around development of the youth.

Since it is through the physical that we come in contact with an influence our fellow-beings, and as so much depends upon physical conditions, it is not entirely out of place to discuss such a subject before a body of this kind.

Development and an approach toward perfection are results of exercise. If a growing nerve cell never sends an impulse over its axon it cannot become an efficient nerve cell. A growing muscle fibre which never contracts fails to develop into a healthy adult fibre. A growing gland which never secretes its fluid does not become a perfect gland. Without exercise there is no true growth, and when exercise ceases degeneration sets in. Activity is the law of growth.

Development is the result of three factors—heredity, environment and activity. These terms hardly need defining here, yet for our purpose we will say a word concerning each. Heredity is the expression of the structure and character of the fertilized ovum from which all the cells of the body are derived. It gives us the living material upon which to work, and at once determines the possibilities, the limitations and to a certain extent the course of training.

Environment, both of the body as a whole and of each of its units, the living cells. This includes the external conditions of life as well as the chemical and physical character of the blood. Under it are included the food supply, surrounding temperature, clothing, the care of the young by parents, hygienic condition of the dwelling, etc.

Activity of the individual cell of the body as a whole. By activity is meant not simply muscular activity that is merely activity of one kind of cell—the muscular fibre. A nervous impulse from a nerve cell is another case of activity. A gland cell performing its function normally is still another case.—Honolulu Commercial-Advertiser.

## Thomas Jefferson's Note.

Carrington C. Bacon of Imboden, Lawrence county, Ark., is the possessor of a promissory note for \$370, which was given by Thomas Jefferson, April 7, 1813, to Edmund Bacon, great-grandfather of the present holder of the paper. The note has long since been paid, but on account of the customs and institutions of the period when it was executed, remained in the possession of the drawee and descended through three generations to the present owner. At the time the note was drawn Edmund Bacon owned a farm adjoining Mr. Jefferson's Monticello place in Virginia. Before the note was paid Mr. Bacon moved west and made his home in Kentucky. With him he brought the note, which was duly paid. The mails at the time were slow and uncertain, and for this reason the note was not returned to Mr. Jefferson. This odd bit of yellow, mildewed paper is prized by its owner as much for its connection with the history of his family as for being an autograph of a famous man and written by the same hand that executed the Declaration of Independence.—Little Rock Democrat.

## A Trio in Evidence.

"Authors are frightfully conceited."

"Oh, not all of them."

"Well, the three authors I wrote for their autographs all sent me their photographs."—Chicago Record-Herald.

New Orleans has 300 policemen to patrol 700 miles of streets.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Smallpox, which has been unusually prevalent in the United States and Canada this summer, need hold no terrors for the individual devoted to buttermilk. Unlimited indulgence in that wholesome beverage is said to be a cure for dread disease.

During the recent Ashantee campaign the megaphone was tried by the British officers for giving orders, since the columns traversing through the African bush were so long that it was impossible to convey orders in the usual way. The experiment was unjungle and the winding paths prevented the sound from traveling.

An instrument called the gradometer has been designed to enable the occupants of any vehicle to determine at a glance every inequality of the ground over which they are traveling. The new instrument may be attached to the side of the seat of any vehicle, or to the top tube of a bicycle, and the grade the vehicle is ascending or descending can be seen in an instant. The instrument consists of a nickel-plated casing six inches long containing a curved glass tube filled with spirits, leaving a small bubble, which acts the same as a spirit level.

The farmers in South Lincolnshire, England, have been suffering from a plague of insects called the mustard bug, which devours the white mustard crops. Several farmers have had acres of valuable crops destroyed by this pest, and have been unable to discover an efficacious remedy. They have now resolved upon a curious expedient. Flocks of chic knesnaerfwy pedent. Flocks of chickens are turned into the white mustard fields, and since the bug is somewhat of a delicacy to the fowl, it is anticipated that the pest will be overcome and that the crops so far untouched will be saved.

The glucoside of the beech tree has recently been studied by M. Talleur, whose experiments can be summarized as follows: The shoot of the beech tree contains a glucoside and a diastase which, under the action of water, give rise to the methylsalicylic ether and to the glucose assimilated by the plant. This reaction is localized in the hypocotyl axis a little above the summit of the root, and does not take place in the seed or in the mature shoot. The formation of this methylsalicylic ether is thus characteristic of the germinative period of the beech tree.

Mr. Stanley B. Hutt, a volunteer with the British army in the Boer war, states that the Orange River colony and the Transvaal abound in prehistoric remains, which are probably of paleolithic origin. The heavy rains and nature of the country make it very favorable for archaeological research, and he believes that a systematic examination would lead to very important finds. During his marches he managed to make quite a collection, but was forced to part with most of it, because of the army regulations regarding weight of kit. The "worked" stones are of various sizes, although apparently, more or less uniform in each locality, and occur in many places scattered about the surface. They are especially numerous in certain of the dried river beds.

## A Problem in Physics.

R. C. Mack, who has been a puzzle to the scientific and sporting worlds for a number of years, is in the city and will mystify any man of muscle who believes himself capable of lifting a few pounds. A few pounds is the real weight of the mystery, and yet all the champion strong men of vaudeville and arena fame have tried in vain to lift him from the floor.

There is something about Mack which cannot be explained by ordinary rules of gravitation or muscular force. Stood upon a pair of scales he barely registers 125, but at his will he can become so attached to the platform of the scales that five men cannot budge him. He has traveled all over the country and experts in lifting, from a man who successfully lifted a Kansas mortgage to Sandow, attempted in vain to lift him.

Different scientists advance their theories for the strange power which he has possessed from childhood, and which is of as much mystery to him as it is to all others. Virchow, the celebrated Berlin savant, says that it is nerve force while Charcot, the French hypnotist, says that it is a control of the ocular forces. Be it what may, he has it, and goes about causing strong men to marvel and lightweights to envy.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## To Save the California Redwoods.

Principally through the efforts of a society organized for the purpose, the state of California has appropriated \$250,000 for the preservation of the great Redwood forests, near Santa Cruz. The area purchased is not very large, and the best Redwoods are found further north; it is designed to acquire these later. This comprises a strip of several thousand acres in the neighborhood of Humboldt bay, running from the ocean back to the summit of the coast range. Two or three million will be sufficient to make the entire purchase, and it is generally regarded as money well spent.

The word antelope as used in the languages of Europe cannot be traced back further than the fourth century of our era, and is probably derived from Antelops, the late Greek name of the fabled unicorn.