

A woman has at last choked to death from putting hairpins in her mouth, but probably all the other women will go right ahead with the same mad recklessness.

A revolution has just taken place in Bolivia, by which the Liberal party, which stands for internal improvements and modern institutions, has come into power, and great strides toward better things are now looked for in that country.

The Rev. Dr. Combs, of Kansas City, Mo., in the course of a sermon recently, protested against the giving of "foreign" names to our parks, ponds, buildings and so on. "We are altogether too willow in our attitudes, national and civil," the Doctor protests, "and the sooner we get over it the better."

The experimental and the practical go hand in hand in farming. Every true farmer must be looking for suggestions constantly, and also with a like persistence he should be making trials. Indeed, if his mind is active, he must do these things. Thus he strengthens his foundation and makes it solid for every superstructure in practice.

One means of gaining happiness, contends a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal, is the art of laying aside in the evening all the work and duties of the day. Every person ought to have some simple evening diversion as a relaxation, even if it is only the pleasure of having a good magazine to read aloud, or some topic of interest to discuss, or some simple pleasure to share with others.

There is a bright Chicago woman who says that "the Brooklyn School of Literature is devoted exclusively to the care of children, and domestic hygiene." That was intended to be cutting, but it is a compliment. The Chicago School of Literature is chiefly devoted to the psychology of what are known in the South as "Sundown Wives." Surely bread without alum and children who get daily baths are the more agreeable, and probably the more useful topic of the two.

A shepherd of the people, who is called the Pie King of New England, has founded a sanitary pie, "made under sanitary conditions" and warranted to be "perfectly digestible." Such a pie may win the favor of weaklings and valetudinarians, but the born eater of pie, the allotted bondman of pie, will scarcely condescend to the level of perfectly digestible pie. The little touch of doubt and danger is the romantic charm of pie. The timid soul may weigh out his diet and feel his pulse when he consumes a cracker. The nature worthy of great pie is above such scruples. A pie of genius is worth a twinge or two. From the pie founder the brave expect not safety but skill.

It is true we are an inventive people, and much of our success is due to this fact; though it is open to question whether we have not profited equally by our quickness to adopt the best inventions of others wherever they may originate, and carry them with a rush to their full development, observes the Scientific American. The locomotive, the possibilities of the steam railroad, the bicycle, the Bessemer process and all the heavy trades that have sprung from it, received their full exploitation in this country. We rarely undertake the manufacture of an article without making it first cheaper and then better than our competitors; and unlike them we enlarge our facilities so as to keep well ahead of the demands of trade, being ready to sell from stock a locomotive or even a bridge, if the necessities of the case demand it.

The ancient and picturesque town of Mayence, or Mainz, on the Rhine, will be made exceptionally picturesque within a few months, because of the gayeties and spectacles attendant on an exhibition designed to celebrate the 500th birthday of Gutenberg, a native of that place, and the inventor of printing in Europe. Printing, like powder, had been invented in China long before, but the relations between Europe and the Flowery Kingdom in those days were too slight even to be strained, and Gutenberg, Faust and their contemporaries are to be credited with the creation of an art. At all events, books were not made for the general reader in civilized countries until they had set the example. So in June there will be illuminations, processions, decorations and a Gutenberg museum will be founded. The exhibition will comprise a historical section, a section devoted to graphic arts, and a machine section, to which all the world has been invited to contribute.

GIVE ME MY DREAMS.

By A. J. Waterhouse.

Give me my dreams. All else is naught;
At price of pain success is bought;
We struggle upward but to fall;
The prize we grasp but holds us thrall;
The lips that cheer us through the years
Some day smile not for all our tears;
We build a while we know not what,
And then the toiler is forgot—
Give me my dreams.

Give me my dreams. A child am I
Who stand in darkness but to sigh
Until a hand doth backward roll
The gray, damp mists about my soul;
And then—oh, dream of dreams that cheer!
They come, the loved of other years,
And voices whisper soft and low
The loving words of long ago—
Give me my dreams.

Give me my dreams. Oh, little maid,
With whom of old I laughed and played,
They say the ivy loves to creep
Above the grave where now you sleep;
They say the robin's song no more
Can wake you as it did of yore,
What matter? Still in dreams you creep
Unto my side a tryst to keep—
Give me my dreams.

Give me my dreams. All else is dross,
But still I count it little loss,
For yet in dreams the bright stars burn
As in the years to which I turn;
White hands reach to me through the mist;
By lips I loved my lips are kissed,
And all life's fields are love-aglow,
As they were once, oh, long ago—
Give me my dreams.

A Thrilling Adventure With South African Lions.

It was during the early winter of 1890—that I had my first experience in hunting large game in Africa. Although I had been a resident of South Africa for several years, my duties as a mining engineer in the employ of the DeBeers Mining Company had taken up all my time, with the exception of a few "off" days spent in the wild country of the Transvaal hunting African gazelle and their much larger cousins, kudu. While I had managed on one occasion to bring down two of the former diminutive creatures (but little larger than an American jack-rabbit), I was never able to get within rifle shot of the wary kudu.

For a number of years a feeling of discontent had been manifest among the foreign or "Uitlander" population of the Dutch republic, caused by the passage of obnoxious alien laws by the Boers. This feeling finally resulted in a half-hearted insurrection, during which Dr. Jameson, of the British army, made his since famous raid into the Transvaal, which resulted in the death of some fifty Boers and twice that number of English soldiers. Although I had always had much sympathy for the original settlers of the Transvaal, my surroundings at the time were such that I was forced to take part in the uprising, and as a result was incarcerated in the grim, one-story prison at Johannesburg for several days. When, through the influence of friends, I was liberated, I at first thought of returning to the United States, but as mining engineers were then scarce in South Africa, the company at last induced me to remain, agreeing to send me out of the Transvaal at once upon a prospecting tour into the wilds of Central Africa.

Making up a caravan of "kafila," as it is called there, for the purpose of penetrating the wilderness, is by no means a small undertaking. First and foremost in importance is the selection of competent and faithful guides and attendants. I managed to get together a party of twenty, composed of two white men (myself and an Englishman by the name of Wilson, who was to take direct charge of the kafila), twelve Matabele, five Kafirs, and an old Zulu, by name Gan Liba (which I soon shortened into Gan), who was said to be remarkably expert in hunting large game. He was a striking fellow, several inches above six feet in height, straight as an arrow, his chest, back and limbs covered with bunches of muscles as hard as bone. He was a leopard-hunter by "profession," and for many years had made a business of ridding the country of these troublesome pests.

We left Johannesburg in the latter part of April, with instruction to proceed by rail to Port Lorenzo, where a small coasting steamer had been chartered to take us to the mouth of the Zambezi River, Mozambique. We were to follow this stream inland for about three hundred miles, then move north to Lake Bangwulu, latitude ten degrees ten minutes south, thence along the eastern border of the Congo Free State ten degrees, and then east to the coast, striking some of the many small trading-posts between Cape Delgado and Zanzibar, whence we could embark for home. In addition to our arms, we had six camels, twenty donkeys, and twenty-six ponies, also one thousand five hundred pounds of "gee," one thousand five hundred pounds of rice, a large assortment of cooking-pots, water-casks, and condensors, and several hundred small trinkets for presents. In due time we were aboard the steamer, and after a very rough journey of nearly a week's duration, were landed "bag and baggage" upon the barren shores of Mozambique, a mile north of the Zambezi.

This is indeed a most desolate country; the Zambezi and its flats—a broad ribbon of silver and green, bordered here and there by black cliffs—split the desert from east to west. To the north and east as far as the eye can reach stretches a waste of mesquite, sand, cactus, sand, black rock, and more sand—sand that dazzles the eye like snow, with here and there a cluster of palms and jungle grass, which indicate where periodical springs rise out of the blistering earth to greet Mother Zambesi. To the east is the ceaseless wash of the quiet sea, with its short reefs of gray coral, shining white in the eternal sunshine, and over all a dreary, deathlike stillness, broken only when the deadly simoon sweeps the sand in whirling clouds from the north, burying all in a waste of desert, one could hardly believe that but a few hundred

away was a land second to none in point of fertility.

One evening in the latter part of May we encamped upon the outskirts of a wadi of unusual size, pitching our tents near a large spring, the water of which was as clear as crystal and very cool. As it was already dark when we had finished supper, I omitted my usual evening stroll and prepared to retire at once, informing the men that we would remain over here for at least a day, the animals needing rest badly after their long pull through the sand. The camels had been driven in and made to lie down in a circle, when they were secured by the tying up of a foreleg. Around the fire my native men, their number increased by two we had picked up belonging to a neighboring village, sat cheerfully eating their dates and rice. The starlight shone dimly on the long necks and misshapen backs of the camels, and showed faintly the solitary, white-clad figure of the sentry, as he stood at the outskirts of the camp, crooning to himself a mournful Matabele song. Soon the men had finished eating and were stretched at full length about the fire, while the silence of the jungle crept over all—a silence broken frequently by the cry of a jackal or the weird howl of a hyena. As I lay in my tent I could look through the opening and imagine that at times I saw the dusky outlines of huge forms in the jungle, while frequent growls and muffled snorts and roars told me that it was not all imagination.

I was rapidly passing into dreamland when, following a period of intense silence, came a far away, deep, moaning sound. While it was by no means loud or startling, it brought me wide awake and sitting upright in an instant, my nerves tingling with excitement. Although I had never heard the sound before, instinct, or a kindred sense, told me that it was the roar of a lion. A sound of excited voices from the camp showed that my men also had heard it, and were wide awake in consequence. In a moment I could hear them piling dry brushwood on the slumbering coals.

The deep, rumbling roar was repeated at intervals, apparently growing nearer, and dying away in the same moaning note. Then an apparently interminable time elapsed—a creepy silence, in which the men huddled around the blazing campfire. Suddenly there was a sound of a brute's heavy gallop over the sand between the jungle and our camp, then a mighty roar, followed by a thud, as a donkey was felled, while his bray rang out piteously on the night air. A slight noise of struggle, a few more stifled brays and then silence, broken a moment later by the sound of a heavy body being dragged across the sand.

After the first shock of excitement I grasped my rifle and ran towards the men. When the lion began to drag the carcass of the donkey into the brush I moved instinctively towards the sound, at which the Zulu cried quickly: "Khabard! sahib! bara khabi jawar" (have care, sir, a very dangerous animal). When I turned to upbraid them all for their cowardice they explained that the natives who had recently joined us had told them that this wadi was inhabited by a pair of dreaded man-eating lions, which had killed some fifty natives in the past. As there is nothing in the world that a native dreads so much as a man-eating lion, or leopard (the latter are scarce, but really do exist), I curbed my anger, and, resolving to square accounts with the marauder on the morrow, if he could be found, returned to my tent, where I soon fell asleep again.

Our cook awakened me at daylight the following morning, and after rubbing my eyes sleepily, I found the darkness and the lion had faded away together, while the wadi was alive with the notes of bird and wild fowl. After a hasty breakfast I at once filled my jacket pockets with cartridges and accompanied by Gan, the Zulu, started out upon the spoor of the lion. When we had proceeded about a mile we came upon the half-eaten carcass of the donkey, lying in a small thicket. After some careful reconnoitering we ascertained that the lion was not there, and so continued on his spoor over the thin growth of grass. As it had rained lightly during the early morning, this was very difficult, and after following for a half mile we lost it altogether. There was nothing to do but return to camp, which we did reluctantly, trusting that fate would throw the game in our way before we left the wadi.

With the cool of the evening came from the north, a feeling of restlessness, and Gan, who was sitting apart from the rest, closing his eyes, bore down upon me, took up the spoor of the lion,

following it leisurely until we reached the carcass of the donkey. When we reached the spot we were delighted to discover that the lion had been there shortly before our arrival, his great tracks showing plainly in the tall-tale sand. We followed these in hot haste, and soon an excited exclamation from the Zulu told me that the game was close at hand. The spoor now led towards a dense thicket of wait-a-bit thorns, about two hundred yards in diameter, which we approached with extreme caution.

"Lion there, sure, sahib," whispered Gan in Zulu, adding that I should approach from the front, while he went around to the rear, to intercept him in case he tried to pass through. As I approached the thicket, with the hammer of my gun drawn, I could at first see nothing. I was about to call to Gan when I suddenly made out the backs of two large, yellow animals in the grass, and a moment later discovered that there were two cubs with them. They were evidently disturbed, but were gazing in the direction taken by Gan, apparently not having noticed me. A moment later a fine lion sprang out into the open, and seeing me less than fifty paces away, gave a low growl and disappeared into the thick brush. The other, a lioness, stood looking about, evidently reluctant to leave her cubs. She was eying me closely, and it required a great deal of effort to enable me to scrape up enough courage to approach nearer. As I did so, she turned and ran about ten feet to a thick clump of grass, in which she crouched so low I could only see her head.

A lion's yellow eyes are singularly impressive, especially if you happen to be watching them some thirty yards distant, with nothing but the open, level ground between. They incline one to a great deal of discretion, and it was with extreme caution that I slowly approached her, her eyes following my every movement and watching intently on my part for the first sign of a coming charge. When I had reached a point about fifteen yards from her I concluded that I had better open hostilities, and taking a very careful aim at her head, between the eye and the ear, I pressed the trigger. With a furious roar she sprang into the air and seemed to fly back through her hair. I quickly threw in another cartridge and fired just as she disappeared into the bushes, and an instant later I heard the roar of Gan's elephant gun, followed by the snarling of a lion. I quickly ran around the thicket, and arrived in sight of him just as he was in the act of discharging his second barrel into the very mouth of the lion, which was charging straight for him. As he fired he quickly jumped to one side, while the lion turned a complete somersault, but regained his feet in an instant and stood wavering, evidently too sick to attempt another charge, but growling horribly. I was about to fire at him when he fell over on his side, and as we approached nearer we could see that he was in his last gasps, and beyond the possibility of doing harm. A few convulsive struggles, a last attempt to gain his feet, and he was dead.

After making sure that the lion was done for, we retraced our steps to the other side of the thicket, cautiously approaching the place where I had seen the lioness disappear. We had not proceeded far when we came upon her, stretched under a thicket and breathing her life out, so nearly done for that she was unable to rise at our approach. I gave her a shot in the head, and she settled back with a shiver and lay still. For a moment I stood, lost in admiration of her graceful proportions, with the mighty muscles beneath her glossy skin, when my attention was attracted to Gan, who was trying to capture the cubs. Although they were very young, not much larger than kittens in fact, there was much infantine growling and biting and scratching before he was able to make them prisoners. When he had finally bundled one under each arm we started for camp, as it was fast getting dark. We met several of my men on the road back, whom I sent on to skin the lions, and arriving at camp we fastened the lion whelps to the centre-pole of my tent, intending to keep them as souvenirs of my trip; and very interesting they proved during the remainder of our long journey.—Field and Stream.

To Avoid Errors.

When Mr. Johnson came into the dining-room ahead of his wife and pulled the chair out for her, Mrs. Green turned to her husband and remarked in a funny tone of voice: "Thomas, did you see that? How attentive Mr. Johnson is. So thoughtful. Always takes out the chair for his wife, and sees that she is comfortable."

But Green wasn't cut up a bit by the suggestion of sarcasm, the why-don't-you-do-the-same-note in his wife's tones. All he said was: "It's a habit with Johnson. He can't help it." "Why can't he?" asked Mrs. Green. "He used to be a head waiter."—Detroit Free Press.

The Centre of Population.

"Census experts estimate," says the Chicago Post, "that the centre of population will be found next year to be in Indiana, close to the Illinois line, at a point not far removed from the town of Vincennes. The last census showed the population centre to be between Columbus, Ind., and Cincinnati. The increase in the population in Georgia, Texas, the Indian Territory, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona during the last ten years has been sufficient, it is thought, to offset any increase in the Northwest and to possibly pull the centre somewhat to the south of the 1890 parallel. The wealth centre is thought to be in the neighborhood of Sandusky, Ohio."

THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

An Apocryphal Episode of the Boer-British Struggle Reported by Puck.

"Halt!" said Colonel Sir Grahame Cholmondeley-Carew, of the Bombay Fusiliers, in a commanding tone. There was no need to speak so imperiously. The troops were tired toiling up the side of the mountain, and they would have been glad to halt at any time within the past two hours. But Colonel Sir Grahame Cholmondeley-Carew was accustomed to command, and he had acquired the habit of talking like that.

"I think," he said to Major Sir Angus MacLaren Murgatroyd-MacLeod, "it will be wise to send forward a reconnoitering party. The Boers may have taken up a position at the base of the mountain and I should prefer to have them try their infernal marksmanship on a reconnoitering party."

"Just so," said the Major; "it is well, in this blasted country, dim as ye ken, to find out what ye're up against. Ye'll pardon the expression, Colonel—I picked it up from the correspondent of the New York Daily Hustler."

"I have heard of the—aw—gentleman," said the Colonel, "but I haven't met him."

But just then a wild-eyed man clambered rapidly up the side of the mountain.

"What the mischief does this mean?" he said to the Colonel. "Why stand paltering here when the foe is before us?"

The Colonel regarded him with a hunter that is seldom found outside of novels designed for boarding school consumption.

"Who in thunder are you?" he inquired.

The wild-eyed man returned the hunter on the spot, with sixty per cent. interest.

"I'm the correspondent of the New York Hustler," said he.

The Colonel, being an old Indian campaigner, didn't lose his nerve, though it was plainly not in the same class with that of the correspondent.

"I must humor this maniac," he said to himself.

Then, speaking to the correspondent, he said: "My friend, am I to understand that you are running this campaign?"

"Sure!" said the correspondent. "That's what the editor sent me here for. The situation is just this. I cabled my people, yesterday, that we were on the eve of a big battle. I've got New York excited. The people are standing this minute in crowds, in front of the bulletin boards, waiting for news. I feel it in my bones that Extra No. 11 is going to press. And you halt your regiment and dare to disappoint the readers of the Daily Hustler!"

"But," remonstrated the Colonel, "you don't want me to lead my men to possible slaughter. I want to reconnoiter before we attack. I take it you are not anxious to be shot."

"That's where you're wrong," said the wild-eyed man. "I nearly lost my job for going through the Spanish war without getting shot. You ought to hear the roasting I got. I tried to explain to the editor that it was the fault of the Spaniards, but he wouldn't listen to me. 'A war correspondent,' said he, 'should be ubiquitous, and if he were really ubiquitous even the Spaniards ought to be able to hit him. Didn't the Daily Shouter man get shot? When bullets are flying the Hustler expects its share. We don't insist on a serious wound—a flesh wound will do—but remember that we pay you to be ubiquitous.'"

"Well," said the Colonel, "suppose you go with the reconnoitering party."

"Reconnoitering party, be blowed!" said the correspondent. "What I want is a battle."

"In due time," said the Colonel, soothingly, "but not until after we reconnoiter."

"You persist in this infernal obstinacy? You decline to advance without further delay?"

"I do," said the Colonel.

"Then listen, Sir Grahame Cholmondeley-Carew! I shall denounce you to the American public as an incompetent aristocratic British ass!"

The Colonel shuddered, but, by a great effort, he regained his composure, and adjusted his monocle.

"Remove this person," he said to Tommy Atkins. And Tommy Atkins advanced—his not to reason why, his not to make reply—and bore the struggling correspondent to the rear, and deposited him on a rock among the ammunition wagons, and stood guard over him to see that he didn't blow up anything.—Puck.

Humors of the Transvaal.

From South Africa comes this story of a classic bon mot on the part of a British gunner, apparently marked for doom. It happened during General White's luckless sortie from Ladysmith, when the British battery mules on the left flank were snarped.

The captain of one of the batteries, seeing his first sergeant flying, y y with the first gun, shouted angrily: "Hi, sir! where are you going?"

To which the gunner curtly replied: "Hanged if I know! Ask the mules."—Collier's Weekly.

Grasshoppers Kill Many Birds.

Thomas Warren who lives near Wilmington, N. C., the other day saw a small bird, known as the topknot, fighting a grasshopper. The insect was picked up and the bird was about to fly away with its prey when the grasshopper, by a quick movement of its legs, so choked the bird that it fell to the ground. The bird had been killed when Warren took it from the clutches of the insect. While standing there a number of birds encountered a swarm of grasshoppers, and in the fight which followed thirteen birds were choked to death.

JUDAS THE BETRAYER.

The Decoy Steer of the Chicago Stock Yards and His Work.

One of the sights of the great cattle yards of Chicago is an old white ox named Judas. An ox may rise to eminence by his cunning and wisdom as well as a man, and Judas has risen. He came to the yards a good many years ago, while he was yet a frisky steer and he was immediately purchased by one of the great packing houses and driven from his Iowa home to a distant yard.

The life of most animals at the cattle yards is very short—a week at the very most. A few days after the arrival of Judas the herd of cattle which occupied the pen with him was selected for killing. The way to the packing house led down a long alleyway with high fences on each side, then up a narrow chute and into the building. For some reason the cattle seem to know what is coming, for they always object to being driven up the chute. Judas was no exception. He plunged madly about among the herd and the cattlemen had more trouble with him than with any other



JUDAS IN ACTION.

animal. At last, however, he seemed to realize that sooner or later he must go, and he made a virtue of a necessity, trotted quietly up the chute and the other cattle followed rapidly after him. Thus he ran until he had just reached the door of the packing house. Then, quick as a wink, he turned and galloped down a side passage and escaped, while the other cattle went onward into the building.

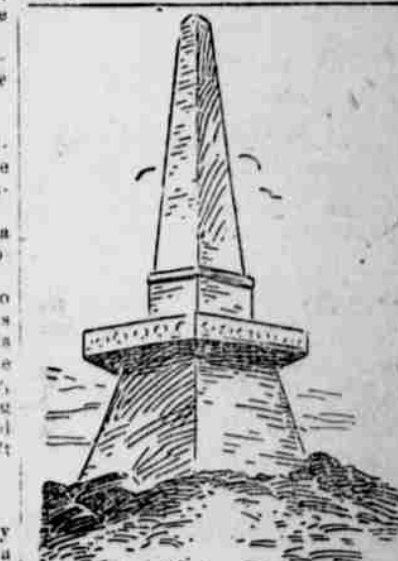
Judas had been so very clever that the good-natured cattlemen let him go for that day, for genius is to be appreciated in a steer as well as in a man. The next day, however, they drove him up again with another herd. This time he made not the slightest objection, but trotted forward quietly, and the other steers, having a confident leader, behaved admirably. But just as Judas reached the door of the building he dodged again, so suddenly that the men couldn't turn him, and escaped, as he had done before, while the herd behind him went careering into the killing room.

Since then Judas has been a regular employe of the cattle yards. Every day he leads up a herd of cattle and every day he dodges just at the door of the building. He has saved the cattlemen no end of trouble and delay with riotous herds since he began his service. He has grown fat and sleek on the good living of the yards, and so highly are his services regarded that the cattlemen provide him with a white blanket on cold days to keep him comfortable.

And thus he is living to a green old age, but he bears the disrespectful name of Judas—the betrayer.

Boers' Monument of Independence.

The sturdy Dutchmen of the Transvaal have erected in the environs of Johannesburg this pillar of stone and dedicated it as the fetish of their free life. If the British army succeeds in reaching Johannesburg the first thing they will do will be to demolish this monument, for the effect on the superstitious Boers will be as bad as the loss of an important battle in the open field.



PILLAR OF FREEDOM AT JOHANNESBURG.

In the Transvaal a superstition exists that the liberties of the people are assured as long as this pillar of stone endures. It may be that the British will regard it as a wise act to commit an act of vandalism, just as they were forced to become barbarous in India and blow Sepoys from the guns to destroy their caste.

Paris Preparing for the Intex.

The omnibus company of Paris, on the occasion of the Exposition, will have ninety-two lines and 1500 vehicles, performing 25,000 journeys a day, and capable of transporting 1,082,000 passengers.

Overworked There.

The only place where a tramp was ever known to be overworked is in the funny papers.—St. Louis Republic.

There are 4200 species of plants used for commercial purposes. Of these, 430 are used for perfume.