

THE KING HAS PETS.

THIS REFERS TO THE LION AND LITTLE ANIMALS HE LOVES.

A Professional Trainer of Wild Animals Tells Some Interesting Incidents—The Fearlessness of Pigeons Among the Kings of Beasts.

The way lions treat the tiny creatures of animal life is a study. It may be that there is some animal language, and that the legend of the little mouse which saved the lion's life by gnawing the net has become known to the denizens of the jungle and handed down as animal folklore, or it may be that the king of beasts has a positive contempt for anything extremely small, but it is nevertheless a fact that lions will not attack tiny animals when they are put together. Professor Edward Darwin, from whom there is no more profound student of a lion's life and character in the country, has made many curious experiments with his five big beasts.

"I never saw a lion kill a rat or a mouse," said Professor Darwin, "and I have had many of them put in the cage with my five lions. My attention was first drawn to this when I was on my way from London to Batavia, in Java, on the ship Rotundo. I had my five lions with me, and in the quarter of the ship in which they were housed were many rats. One day I saw Leo, my favorite lion, lying down and holding between his paws very loosely a monster ship rat. I thought perhaps that the cat instinct in the lion had made him catch it and that he would probably play with it awhile, then eat it, and so I watched. Imagine, however, my surprise when I saw him loosen the rat, and the rat made no attempt to get away, but ran up and over his gigantic paws and played with him.

"We were a long time making a trip, and every day this ship's rat went into Leo's cage, and the two played together as gently as two little children. I made several attempts to capture the rat, hoping that perhaps I might take it ashore with me, but I could not succeed, and I all my attempts to interfere with his pet. When we got to Java, we had to take the lion out, and Leo had to lose his rat a thousand times, but he never did it.

"There was another instance subsequent to this where Leo had a pet rat, which makes me believe that the lion has a real fondness for the rodent. It was in 1881 in Calcutta. We were playing at the Maidan, one of those gigantic places in far India, and when I went in to see my pets one morning I saw that Leo had found another rat for a pet. My five lions were all together, but this rat would play only with Leo. There were many other rats in the place, but the other lions would not look at them. It seems to me to be a fact that the lions consider these little animals too small to be touched. I have known of rats being found dead in a lion's cage, but I believe that they were simply killed by the lion rolling on them or stepping on them through carelessness, but lions never eat them.

"In Hamburg once I knew a case of a sick tiger to whom it was deemed necessary to give some fresh, warm blood to tone up his system, and to further this end a live rabbit was put in the cage with the tiger. One would naturally suppose that the tiger would have killed it instantly, but such, however, was not the case. The tiger played with the rabbit for days before he would touch it. He finally killed and ate it.

"Now, my theory is this: A lion, or a tiger, or in fact any wild animal kept alone, grows very lonesome. In their natural state wild beasts always run in pairs. They love companionship, and when put alone they become so lonesome that they whip another animal, even though it is a rabbit, is put in the same cage with them, they refrain from killing it so as to have its companionship. We have heard of many instances of men being alone—shipwrecked, if you like—making strange friends. Why not a lion? It always made me feel rather bad to think of this tiger in Hamburg killing his little friend. Still even men at times turn on their friends.

"Now, there is another peculiar thing about lions," added Professor Darwin, "and that is that they will not eat the flesh of a fowl. You might tempt them with a cannyback duck or the daintiest quab, but they would refuse it. This is a scientific fact. I have tried it many times. I remember once having a swan which had broken its wing. We killed it, dressed it carefully and threw it into the cage of the lions, but they would not touch it, and it finally had to be taken out and thrown away. I have repeatedly put pigeons alive into the cage, just to see what they would do. I have thrown grain down among the lions, and the pigeons have actually got down and hopped around the big brutes, even hopping on their backs, the lions making no attempt to disturb them, even seeming to enjoy their companionship.

"Now, there is something strange about this which is rather difficult to explain. To my mind it argues that a lion is not brutal in his instincts. Savage he undoubtedly is. Fierce at all times, but fierce with justice. I believe every one of my lions has a conscience. I know every one of them knows the difference between right and wrong. They know their wondrous power and are charitable. They would never attempt to injure something which in no way could do them harm. The study of a lion—his habits, character and capabilities—is one of the most interesting I know. It offers a field as yet comparatively unknown, but the more one goes into it the more time one takes to find out just what a lion is and the more he is convinced that he has rightly been named the king of beasts."—New York Tribune.

Wanted a Place.
Wife—We must have a piano.
Husband—We are neither of us musical.
Wife—I know, but what is home without a piano lamp?—New York Weekly.

HOPE YOUR OWN ROW.

It is a Profitless Proceeding to Carry Coals to Newcastle.

There are more ways than one, my son, of carrying coals to Newcastle, and in almost every case it is a profitless proceeding on the part of the person engaged in it.

Therefore, my son, have nothing to do with that kind of traffic—that is to say, do not encroach upon another's preserves except to admire. Do not attempt to stock them with your own game.

When a man is a salesman in a dry goods store, do not attempt to instruct him by the ventilation of ideas of your own. If he be an actor, do not intrude upon him any of your amateur notions.

If a clergyman, refrain from Scriptural citations and expounds when in his company. If a professional humorist, resist, as it were the evil one, all temptation to facetiousness and paronomasia. If a merchant, do not presume to give him points in his calling.

But, on the other hand, my son, do not attempt to interfere with his speaking or his calling, profession or specialty. So long as you listen you make no mistake, and the wing of friendship molts no feather.

Give ear to the story of his experiences at the counter, but interject none of your own; listen to and applaud his sayings, but do not yourself, repeat with a holy writ, but meddle not yourself with that which the lay mind is not supposed to be able to cope with; listen and laugh at his wit and whimsies, but hazard no joke of your own; attend while he relates his mechanical achievements, but vaunt not yourself in the same line.

It is a common mistake, my son, to suppose that because a man delights in talking about a certain something in which he is proficient, he loves to hear every babble that falls in his way directed upon the same subject; that because he pleases him to exalt himself in a given direction he likes to hear others in the same direction exalt themselves.

When a man knows a thing thoroughly—or thinks he does, which amounts to the same so far as he is concerned—he is quite ready and willing to instruct others, but he brooks no incursions by others into his peculiar domain. When he has finished the exposition of his wares, it is time for you to show up yours, provided of course they are of an entirely different line.

There must be reciprocity in the commerce of conversation, an exchange of complimentary commodities. Each must give what the other lacks and receive in return that in which he is wanting, else there can be no trade, no harmony.

You would not ship oranges to Florida, ice to Nova Zembla or hot air furnaces to Sahara. Then why carry coals to Newcastle?

Therefore, my son, let each man paddle his own canoe as it best pleases him. Admire, applaud, if you will—and it is your best hold—but don't put in your oar, though he be swamping.—Boston Transcript.

An Affeting Tale.
Barber—Poor Jim has been sent to an insane asylum.
Victim (in chair)—Who's Jim?
"Jim is my twin brother, sir. Jim has long been brooding over the hair, and I suppose he finally got crazy."

"Hum! Not unlikely."
"Yes, he and me has worked side by side for years, and we were so alike we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a good deal too. No money in this business any more."

"Prices too low. Unless a customer takes a shampoo or something, it doesn't pay to shave or hair cut. Poor Jim! I caught him trying to cut a customer's throat because he refused a shampoo, and so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me very melancholy. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash all he wanted to. It might have saved his reason. Shampoo, sir?"

"Y-e-s, sir."—New York Weekly.

African Aste.
Dr. Sharp gives the following extract from Dr. Livingstone's "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi":
"We tried to sleep one rainy night in a native hut, but could not because of attacks by the fighting battalions of a very small species of formica not more than one-sixteenth of an inch in length. It soon became obvious that they were under regular discipline and even attempting to carry out the skillful plans and stratagem of some eminent leader. Our hands and necks were the first objects of attack. Large bodies of these little pests were massed in silence round the point to be assaulted. We could hear the sharp, shrill word of command two or three times repeated, though until then we had not believed in the vocal power of an ant. The instant after we felt the stinging hosts over head and neck."—New York Ledger.

Count Primoli's Casanova.
Count Primoli is a familiar figure in Parisian society, spending a portion of the season each year at the hospitable house of his aunt, Princess Matilde, in whose salons he formed the acquaintance and acquired the warm friendship of the popular novelist, Paul Bourget. He is noted as being, with the possible exception of the Duc de Morny, the most successful amateur photographer in Europe, and has spent enormous sums on various perfected apparatus connected with this particular fad.—New York Herald.

She Ought to Know.
Miss Imogen Gurney, who entered political life to the extent of seeking the postmistress-ship of her town, says that no woman can earn a livelihood at poetry—the statements of Ella Wheeler Wilcox notwithstanding.

A Compromise.
"Your account has been standing a long time, Mr. Dubey."
"Then give it a rest, my dear Shears."
"Very glad to, sir; shall we make it a receipt?"—London Judy.

THE QUESTION.

I asked her today,
Should I take him or leave him?
At my feet he is cast.
He has spoken at last.
For whose I should blast,
Would it really grieve him?
I asked her today,
Should I take him or leave him?

SEE MAMMA.
Is he rich, as they say?
Or a penniless man?
I must find out today.
If he's rich, as they say,
I'll take him today.
And again he may ask her.
Is he rich, as they say?
Or a penniless man?
—Yankee Blade.

At the Nice Race Meeting.
A race meeting is much the same all the world over, and the Nice gathering can hardly be called the exception.

There is the same noisy crowd and crush at the railway station—the races are held at Le Var, some few miles out of Nice proper—and the familiar line of beggars, blind, halt, lame and more so, as ready with curses as blessings—all the way from the station to the course. The three card trickster, the fortune teller and the whole brotherhood of the ring, each with bag and board, the latter bearing an English name, as a rule, are to be seen, each in his appropriate place. The regularity and brilliancy of the landeapue with its slim rows of eucalyptus trees look more delicate and fragile than we are accustomed to, but otherwise all has the appearance of the "correct card."

It is a charming little course at Le Var, and in fine weather it would be difficult to find anywhere a more representative gathering of beauty and fashion than may be seen in the paddock on a big day.—Pall Mall Budget.

Missionaries.
Archdeacon Farrar sets forth forcibly the large debt of science to missions in these words: "Is it nothing that through their labor in the translation of the Bible the German philologist in his study may have before him the grammar and vocabulary of 250 languages? Who credit the missionaries. Who discovered the most important science of comparative religion? The missionaries. Who discovered the great chain of lakes in central Africa, on which will turn its future destiny? The missionaries. Who have been the chief explorers of Oceania, America and Asia? The missionaries. Who discovered the famous Neotorian monument in Singar? A missionary. Who discovered the still more famous Moabite stone? A missionary. Who discovered the Hittite inscriptions? A missionary."—Exchange.

A Possible Derivation of "News."
The word is not, as many imagine, derived from the adjective new. In former years—between the years 1595 and 1720—it was a prevalent practice to put over the periodical publications of the day the initials letters of the cardinal points of the compass, thus:

W
N
E
S

Importing that those papers contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe, and from the practice is derived the term newspaper.—New York Mail and Express.

Mahone's Flesh Wound.
General Mahone was wounded at second Manassas, and some one, to comfort Mrs. Mahone, said: "Oh, don't be uneasy. It is only a flesh wound." Mrs. Mahone, through her tears, cried out: "Oh that is impossible! There is not a drop of blood on him for this." Those who have seen General Mahone can appreciate the remark.—Buffalo News.

Wife—What effect will these powders have?
Doctor—He will seem rather dull and stupid, but don't feel alarmed.

Wife—Oh, no. He's that way when he's perfectly well, you know.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

To Test Steel.
The simplest way to tell iron from steel is to pour on the metal a drop of nitric acid and allow it to set for one minute. On rinsing with water a grayish white stain will be seen if the metal is iron; a black one if it is steel.—Toronto Mail.

Under Officer (to new cavalry recruit)
—Never approach the horses from behind without speaking. If you do, they'll kick you on that thick head of yours, and the end of it will be we'll have nothing but lame horses in the squadron.

An old lady who claims "to know all about it" says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the engineers "bibe their water on shore." In her opinion "all the bustin is done by cooking the steam on board the boat."

There are just three women physicians in the state of Delaware, and not one of these is native born. There are no women lawyers, women journalists or women ministers in the state.

Sire was originally used to designate the proprietor of a farm. Rising in dignity it was afterward applied to a nobleman, then used in addressing a monarch.

Love with a young man is never so serious as with a young girl, because he has his mistake to distract his attention.

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