# QUITE CURED.

Major Henderson was the most obstinate man imaginable. For a whole hour Lieut. Mapleson tried to convince him that it was the hand and heart of Maude Henderson for which he was pleading, her comfortable little fortune being a matter about which he was supremely indifferent. At the expiration of the hour Major Henderson's decision remained unchanged.

"Save a thousand pounds as a proof of your attachment to my niece, and I will give my consent to your marriage with her. Under no other circumstances will I do so." This was the extent to which the Major would commit himself.

Save a thousand pounds, indeed! Why a million would be equally possible to a man of refined tastes with but a paltry two hundred a year or so beside his pay.

Maude waylaid her lover outside the library door. Very pretty she looked as she listened to dear Jack's angry protestations, her cheeks flushed and her brown eyes filling with tears.

"You will be true to me, my darling?" pleaded the impecunious Lieutenant, as his arm stole around her waist and his tawny mustache pressed her rosy lips.

True to him? Indeed and indeed she would be.

"You know, dearest, you will be twenty-one in a fortnight's time and your own mistress. My sweet one will fly with her poor, loving Jack then—won't she?"

"Yes"—rather dubiously. It was hard to put aside the prospect of being followed to the altar by a bevy of daintily-arrayed bridesmaids, although she was so deeply in love.

True, she would soon be of age, and consequently her own mistress; but what would that fact avail her if she were miles away from her lover? And such, indeed, seemed likely to be the case; for her uncle carried her off to a small village in North Wales the day after Lieutenant Mapleson had been told of his fate. Of course she left a note behind for "dearest Jack," telling him the name of the village to which they were going, and earnestly begging him to do "something," although she could think of nothing practical to suggest.

On the morning of her 21st birthday Maude came down to breakfast looking fresh, and even a little happy. She had honestly tried to be miserable for a whole fortnight, and had succeeded for two days. With youth and health on one's side, it is almost impossible to be thoroughly out of spirits for any length of time, however much one may be experiencing the truth of the proverb about "true love," etc.

The landlady's bright-looking daughter brought in the coffee and rolls. "Mrs. Evans, opposite, has let her front rooms, Miss," she volunteered. 'A gentleman all by himself came and took them last night."

A gentleman, and alone! Maude's spirits rose. "Did you happen to hear Mrs. Evans say what her new lodger is like? I suppose," added naughty, deceitful Maude, "he is an elderly gentleman?"

"Yes, Miss, quite. He's a bit lame, walks with a stick, and has a long, gray beard. His name's Mr. Browne."

Maude's spirits fell again. At breakfast, however, she mentioned the new arrival to her uncle.

Major Henderson was beginning to find North Wales a little dull, so he listened rather readily, thinking that there might perhaps be a prospect of having some one with whom to smoke a friendly pipe.

In the course of the morning, when the uncle and niece were sitting in one of the many beautiful glens in which the neighborhood abounds, Maud saw a bent figure approaching, walking with a stick.

"I think, uncle, that must be Mr. Browne, Mrs. Evans' new lodger," she said.

Her uncle looked up from his book. "Out of health, I should say," was Major Henderson's comment. "He doesn't look old enough to be so infirm."

When the stranger came up to them he paused and inquired the way to the Swallow Falls.

Maude started. That voice! Her uncle, however, merely make a courteous reply. Evidently his suspicions were not aroused.

"Excuse me," continued the stranger, "but have I not the pleasure of addressing one who is a neighbor for the time being? I fancied I saw you come out of Honeysuckle cottage this morning with your daughter."

"Yes, sir, you are right—at least my niece and I are staying opposite to you."

"Your niece?" and the stranger politely raised his hat as he glanced at Maude. "May I inquire if you have been making a long stay in the neighborhood? It is the first time I have visited North Wales, and I should be glad to know of the principal spots of interest in the immediate vicinity. My health is so shattered that I cannot undertake long excursions."

"This is the commencement of our third week," replied the Major. "Like yourself, we have chosen rather to enjoy the scenery within walking distance, in preference to traveling about by rail or coach. My niece has been a little upset lately, so we came here to recruit her health."

Maude flushed up indignantly. To speak of the cruel blow which had been dealt her as if it were a mere nothing!

"The young lady is looking so fresh and charming that I think she must already be on the high road to recovery." This with a stiff, old-fashioned bow to Maude. "I was about to say I trusted I might derive as much benefit from the change, only I fear that is too much to expect. Age cannot hope to compete with youth."

"With your permission," suggested Major Henderson, "my niece and I will accompany you to the Falls. They are within a quarter of an hour's walk from here; and I can give you a few hints about the neighborhood as we go along."

Mr. Browne would only be too pleased.

Maude walked on by her uncle's side experiencing a mixture of joy and alarm. She was so delighted to hear that dear voice again; so fearful lest her lover's stratagem should be discovered!

Mr. Browne noticed her agitation, and was careful to divert Major Henderson's attention from his niece, in case her confusion should betray the secret. The trio had to cross a stream by means of stepping stones. The stranger offered to assist Maude. Managing to keep his back to Major Henderson Mr. Browne, alias Lieutenant Mapleson, tenderly pressed Maude's yielding hand and with a world of expression in his blue eyes whispered: "Be careful, my darling, and all will yet be well with us."

The next morning Mr. Browne called on Major Henderson. "I have just received these, and I thought you would perhaps like to look at them," he said, producing a packet of periodicals.

Major Henderson was glad to avail himself of the offer, as current literature was rather difficult to procure in so out-of-the-way place.

After a little further conversation, Mr. Browne was asked if he would care to join the uncle and niece in their morning ramble. Again he would be only too pleased.

When the trio had gone some distance, Major Henderson, wishing to enjoy a quiet half-hour read, suggested that he should sit down and rest a little, while Maude conducted Mr. Browne to a spot close by, whence a good view of Snowdon could be obtained.

"I would fain, like you, rest a while," replied Mr. Browne; "but as the day is so unusually clear I feel I must make an effort to take advantage of it, especially as this young lady has so kindly consented to act as my guide." And so Mr. Browne hobbled off, with Maude walking patiently beside him.

As soon as the trees had hidden the lovers from view Jack drew Maude to him, while she, half laughing and half crying, stroked his long gray beard.

"Oh, Jack, whatever made you come like this? What do you intend to do?"

"This, my sweetest;" and the bold lover drew from his pocket a marriage license and a wedding-ring. Half playfully the gallant Lieutenant removed Maude's glove and slipped on the ring. "What a dear little hand it looks!" he cried, rapturously, "and how happy I shall be when I can call its dear owner my sweet little wife."

A slight sound fell on their ears, and looking up they beheld Major Henderson not a hundred yards off.

Maude would have been grateful to the earth had it opened at that moment to receive her, but as it showed no signs of accommodating her, she disengaged herself from Mr. Browne's embrace and hastily handed him back the ring.

Mr. Browne was equal to the occasion, although he had grave misgivings, as he hobbled toward Major Henderson. "Were you hastening to join us? You see we haven't got far. I am a wretched walker at the best of times; and in such scenery as this one feels forced to pause frequently to look around."

"I expected to meet you coming back," explained the Major. "But I was looking for you in that direction," indicating another path more to the right. "I was quite surprised when I saw you coming toward me."

With what feelings of relief did the lovers listen to the Major's innocent remarks!

At their early dinner the Major drew from his pocket a letter which he had received by the morning's post and had forgotten to read. With a polite "Excuse me, my dear," to his niece, he hastily glanced at the contents. "I must leave for London by the 11 o'clock train to-morrow morning," he exclaimed. "This letter is of the utmost importance. How stupid of me to have delayed reading it."

"Am I to accompany you, uncle?" asked Maude faintly.

"No, no, my dear; there's no need for you to do that. I shall be back here by the evening of the following day."

The Major was very preoccupied until dinner was over, but as Maud also had much food for reflection, silence was agreeable to both.

"I wonder if I could do anything for Mr. Browne while I am in town?" queried the Major. "My dear," turning to Maude, "just write a little note to him asking him to step over for a minute. You know we half promised to show him the way to Fairy Glen this afternoon. I don't feel inclined for any more walking myself; but there is no reason why you shouldn't accompany him, if you are not tired and he is agreeable to the arrangement."

Maude's note quickly brought Mr. Browne, and the lovers were soon on their way to Fairy Glen.

"My darling, we are in luck's way!" exclaimed Jack. "Your uncle's absence will make matters as simple as an A B C guide. I shall have to-morrow to make the necessary arrangements. We can be married the following morning, and by the time your uncle returns in the evening we shall be miles away from here."

Maude acquiesced rather reluctantly. She loved Jack dearly; but still she had some compunction about deceiving her uncle, who, with the exception of the unaccountable obstinacy he had shown toward her lover, had always been ready to humor her. Jack, however, drew such a glowing picture of the happiness in store for them, and declared with so much confidence that Major Henderson's anger would not last more than three weeks when once the irrevocable step was taken, that Maude was much comforted.

When they returned Major Henderson pressed Mr. Browne to spend the evening at Honeysuckle Cottage. Tea being over, the Major asked Maude if she would mind packing his portmanteau for him.

"I have laid out the things I wish to take, my dear. You will fit them in more neatly than I could."

Maude was delighted to have an oportunity of doing a last little kindly act.

Directly she had left the room, the Major began fidgeting about, and at length got up and paced the room. Suddenly turning to Mr. Browne he said: "Comparative stranger as you are to me, I feel as if I must tell you the nature of the business which is calling me to London so unexpectedly. The blow has fallen so suddenly that to speak of it would be an immense relief."

The stranger was all sympathetic attention in a moment.

"Mr. Browne," continued the Major, excitedly, "this time yesterday I believed that poor girl up stairs to be the mistress of a fairly large fortune. To-day—if the information I received this morning is correct—I know her to be penniless. And that is not all; the greater part, if not the whole, of my income is lost also."

So sympathetic was Mr. Browne that he begged to know all the details. These, however, the Major was unable to furnish; in fact he could explain nothing satisfactorily, so great was the state of excitement into which he had worked himself.

"Hush!" he said, as he heard Maude approaching. "Not a word to her. I wouldn't disturb her peace of mind for worlds, poor girl, until I am certain how the matter stands."

The next day, about an hour after her uncle had left for London, Maude received the following penciled note from Mr. Browne:

*My Own Darling:* I am the most unlucky dog that ever lived! I passed a wretched night, and this morning I am too ill to leave my bed. To be disabled to-day, when I was to have arranged for the event which is to make me the happiest man in England. I have sent for the village "bones," and if he can but patch me up it may not yet be too late. Send a book back by bearer, to account for having received a letter from your nearly frantic JACK.

Poor Maude! The torturing suspense of that day! In the evening she ventured to ask the landlady to inquire how Mr. Browne was. "No better," was the alarming reply.

Maude passed a sleepless night. In the morning she received a second note from her dear Jack, even more despairing in its tone than the former one. "Fate is against us," he wrote; "I feel as if I shall never be able to call you mine."

In the middle of the day she again sent to inquire after her lover; and was overjoyed when she heard he was much better, and was even thinking of getting up, his recovery bidding fair to be as sudden as his seizure.

That evening Major Henderson returned. Hardly had he knocked at the door, when Mr. Browne emerged from the opposite cottage.

"What news, sir?" asked the sympathetic Mr. Browne.

"The worst possible," replied the Major, throwing himself into an easy chair and covering his face with his hands. "That poor girl yonder is a beggar, and I have but a hundred a year left."

Maude looked from one to the other in utter bewilderment, and then crossed over to her uncle, trying to comfort him and gain some information at the same time.

"I feel this is no scene for a stranger to witness," said Mr. Brown. "Sir, you have my deepest sympathy, and I am sure that at the present moment I can show it in no better way than by withdrawing."

Maude followed her lover to the door. She was much distressed on her uncle's account, but did not fully realize her own loss of fortune.

"Are you really better, dear Jack?" she asked, anxiously.

"Yes, thank you; quite cured. Good-by," and he was gone.

That her lover's leave-taking was a little abrupt did strike Maude; she was, however, far too confused by the turn affairs had taken to attach much importance to the first circumstance.

When she returned to her uncle he seemed wonderfully better, and at supper he talked quite cheerfully of their future.

Maude passed another sleepless night. She did not so much mind the terrible loss she had sustained on her own account; but she was bitterly disappointed that she could not do all she had promised for her dear Jack. She determined, however, to be the most loving and economical wife possible. At all events her uncle would not be able to accuse Jack of being mercenary now, and there was much comfort in that reflection. Perhaps after all they would be able to have a proper wedding, only of course it would have to be a very quiet one. How much nicer that would be than running away and deceiving her uncle, who had always been so kind to her.

When she came down to breakfast the next morning she was looking pale and a little worn after her two sleepless nights. The Major, however, seemed to have succeeded in throwing off his grief in quite a wonderful manner, and was in almost his usual spirits.

"Have you heard how Mr. Browne is this morning?" Maude ventured to ask the landlady's daughter.

"Well, Miss, he paid up for the week and went off by the mail train last night, declaring he was sure the place didn't suit him."

Poor Maude! The blow did indeed fall on her with crushing force.

"Dear me, rather sudden! We shall miss the old gentleman—eh, Miss Maude?" said the Major, as soon as the uncle and niece were left together. He laid a slight stress on the adjective, and there was a suspicion of fun in his eyes. It was, however, no laughing matter to Maude; she, poor girl, unable longer to act her part, burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

"Poor child, poor child!" said the Major, compassionately; "it's a sharp lesson for you to learn. But it is better to bear a little pain now than to suffer for the remainder of your life, as would most probably have been your fate if I had not paid that scoundrel out in his own coin."

The threatened loss of fortune was all a fabrication, Major Henderson having gone no nearer to London than the top room in Honeysuckle Cottage.

The truth was, the Major had discovered what was going on when he had come upon the lovers so unexpectedly. He then devised the scheme, which he afterward carried out so successfully, in order to test the sincerity of Lieutenant Mapleson's attachment to Maude. Major Henderson had, of course, been obliged to take the landlady into his confidence, and she, fully entering into the spirit of the thing, had suggested the Major's occupying the top room in her cottage, whence he could watch Mr. Browne's movements. And so Major Henderson had merely walked to the station, portmanteau in hand, and, returning, had entered Honeysuckle Cottage by the back way.

Maude's grief and humiliation were so real when she heard these details that her uncle, thinking she would not care to remain where her story was known, wisely suggested returning home the following day.

"We can give a garden party or something of that kind in honor of your 21st birthday. It will be a few days after the event, but that won't matter. I would give a good deal to see that young fortune-hunter's face when he finds how he has been duped. There's no fear of his tittle-tattling about it, though, for his own sake, so the story won't get all over the town. I suppose, my dear," added Major Henderson, rather anxiously, "you'll never let him again find the way to your kind little heart with his honeyed words?"

Maude drew herself up to her full hight. "No, indeed, uncle, that I never will. To use his own words, I am quite cured."

Before the year was out another suitor asked for Maude's hand, and on this occasion the anxious pleader did not have any cause to complain of Major Henderson's obstinacy.—*Chamber's Journal.*

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

MACAROONS.—One pound of sweet almonds blanched and beaten to a paste; mix with them one and a quarter pounds of powdered sugar, the grated rind of two lemons and the whites of six eggs. Drop on buttered paper and bake a light brown in a moderate oven.

CELERY SAUCE FOR TURKEY.—Boil a head of celery until quite tender, then put it through a sieve; put the yolk of an egg in a bowl and beat it well with the strained juice of a lemon; add the celery and a couple of spoonfuls of the liquor in which the turkey was boiled; salt and pepper to taste.

DUTCH SWEETBREADS.—Take the strings and sinews from two pounds of lean veal, and chop it very fine, with one-quarter of a pound of veal suet; soak a roll in milk and beat it light. Mix this with the veal and suet and a grate of lemon peel, pepper, salt, a very little nutmeg and two eggs. Shape like a sweetbread, egg and bread-crumb it, fry a golden brown, and serve with thick veal gravy.

SHIRRED EGGS.—Shirred eggs, cooked and served in the little dishes with feet, are one of the approved courses at a breakfast party. A delicate slice of sausage forms the base on which the eggs rests, but they must be cooked separately, or the sausage will bob up through the egg. "Leghorn eggs" are in demand for this dish. Choice eggs come to the dealers, stamped with the name of the farm and the date of the gathering.

LAYER CAKE.—Mix one cup of sugar with a piece of butter the size of an egg, one cup of milk, one well-beaten egg and enough flour to make a rather stiff batter, sifting one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder with the flour. Bake in three pans, and for the filling mix one cup of sugar with the juice and grated rind of a lemon, three teaspoonsfuls of corn starch mixed with a little water and a cup of hot water. Boil until thick and spread on the cakes.

### Some Tall Men.

The existence of whole nations of gigantic persons may be questioned; but there can be no reasonable doubt of the reality of certain individuals whose hight has greatly exceeded that of men in general. The giant, as a curiosity, has been seen by nearly every American boy in the museum and in the circus. The stories of great giants of the past are more than interesting. The exact hight of Og, the King of Basham, has been frequently given, some supposing him to be more than twelve feet in hight, while others think his stature did not exceed eleven feet. In like manner the giant Goliah, of the Bible, is generally computed to have been nine feet nine inches high; but commentators suppose that he might have been fully eleven feet. The Emperor Maximinus was nine feet in hight, and several other Romans of equal stature are said to have lived during the reign of Augustus. Accounts are contained in the philosophical transactions of the Royal Society, of human skeletons dug up in England measuring eight and nine feet in length. These were probably the remains of Romans. Many fabulous and contradictory stories were told at one time of the Patagonians, who, acording to travelers, had been a race of giants. An English official once declared that he had measured the bones of the men in sepulchers in South America, between eleven and twelve feet high. Turner, the naturalist, declares that he once saw upon the coast of Brazil a race of gigantic savages, one of whom was twelve feet in hight. The declaration of Turner is all the more credible by the statement of M. Thevet, of France, who, in his description of America, published in Paris in 1575, asserted that he saw and measured the skeleton of a South American which was eleven feet five inches in length. To these remarkable instances may be added a well-proportioned living man, whom Diemerbrock saw at Utrecht, measuring eight feet six inches. Dr. Becamus, an ancient scholar, reports having seen a youth of nine feet, a man of ten feet, and a woman nine feet in hight. Walter Parsons, who acted as porter to King James I. of England, was seven feet six inches in stature. But the Chinese claim to have had men among them in the last century who were fifteen feet high. However, this report may have no more foundation than the chronological fables of the sons of China.


### Physicians Have Found Out

That a contaminating and foreign element in the blood, developed by indigestion, is the cause of rheumatism. This settles upon the sensitive sub-cutaneous covering of the muscles and ligaments of the joints, causing constant and shifting pain, and aggregating as a calcareous, chalky deposit which produces stiffness and distortion of the joints. No fact which experience has demonstrated in regard to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has stronger evidence to support than this, namely, that this medicine of comprehensive uses checks the formidable and atrocious disease, nor is it less positively established that it is preferrable to the poisons often used to arrest it, since the medicine contains only salutary ingredients. It is also a signal remedy for malarial fevers, constipation, dyspepsia, kidney and bladder ailments, debility and other disorders. See that you get the genuine.

### An Editor's Testimonial.

A. M. Vaughan, editor of the Greenwich *Review*, Greenwich, O., writes: "Last January I met with a very severe accident, caused by a runaway horse. I used almost every kind of salve to heal the wounds, which turned to running sores, but found nothing to do me any good till I was recommended Henry's Carbolic Salve. I bought a box, and it helped me at once, and at the end of two months I was completely well. It is the best salve in the market, and I never fail of telling my friends about it, and urge them to use it whenever in need."

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Used now over the whole civilized world. Try it, but beware of imitations. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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# LION HUNTING.

## LIVELY EXPERIENCE WITH THE KINGS OF THE FOREST.

### A Fortunate Day's Ramble and Sport in the Wilds of Central Africa.

F. C. Selous has been writing to the London *Field* some interesting experiences with lions in Central South Africa. In last week's issue he describes an exceedingly fortunate day's sport. While riding with a companion in search of game for food, his attention was attracted by the shouting of a number of Kaffirs. On galloping up to them there were cries of "A lion! a lion! There! there! close in front of you lying flat on the ground." Mr. Selous' narrative proceeds:

"I instantly saw him—a large male lion crouched perfectly flat, with his head on his outstretched paws, and certainly not more than twenty yards from me. I was too close to feel inclined to dismount, especially as I was riding a steady shooting-horse. To rein in, turning my horse at the same time, and to raise my rifle, was the work of a moment. My horse, however, would not keep perfectly still, and as I was trying to get the sight on to the lion's nose below the eyes I saw him draw in his forelegs, which had been stretched out under his chest, then his whole body quivered. I knew what these signs portended, and that he was on the point of charging. Just then I fired and made a very lucky shot, as, owing to the slight movements of the horse, I could not get a steady one. Seeing what was coming, I just touched the trigger as the sight crossed the lion's face, and, luck being on my side, the bullet struck him exactly between the eyes. It drilled a small hole through the frontal bone, where it struck and blew off a large piece at the back of the brain-pan. Death, of course, was instantaneous, and I at once set to work to skin him. He was a fair-sized male in the prime of life. As soon as we had skinned him, Laer and I again started on in front, closely followed by the Kaffirs. We had just entered the belt of forest, on the farther side of which ran the valley where my camp was situated, when Laer, who was some thirty yards in front of me, stopped, and, turning round, beckoned to me. As I came near I said: 'What is it, Laer?' 'It's another lion, sir,' he answered. 'Where?' I asked, dropping the reins and working as hard as I could to unfold the skin that was twisted round my waist, while at the same time I sought everywhere with my eyes in front of me. However, I could not make him out, but just as I got the skin loose and let it drop to the ground, up jumped a lion with a loud purr, some fifty yards in front of me, and went off through the forest as hard as he could. Luckily, between the stems of the trees there was but little underwood, and the grass was nothing like so long and thick as in the valleys, except indeed at the bases of the enormous ant-heaps with which these forests are studded, where the grass always grows longer and thicker than anywhere else. As the lion made off I dug my spurs into my horse's ribs, and after a race of 300 or 400 yards, the lion, finding that he could not get away from me, stopped suddenly at one of the large ant-heaps I have spoken of, faced around and stood with glaring eyes and open mouth, his head held low between the shoulders, looking as savage as he could, growling harshly and twitching the end of his tail from side to side. Pulling in my horse I tried to fire again from his back, but he was excited by the gallop, or perhaps the growling of the lion disconcerted him, and he would not stand still at all. My antagonist looked so nasty that I scarcely liked dismounting as I was pretty close to him; and when a lion is driven to bay it is impossible to tell at what instant he may make up his mind to charge. I dismounted, however, and, taking a quick but steady sight, planted a bullet just between his neck and shoulder, on receiving which he reared himself up with a loud roar and fell over sideways, while I inwardly said to myself, 'I've got him.' The lion was lying half in and half out the long grass; but on regaining the saddle I again looked at the same spot; the lion was gone! I felt sure I had given him a dead shot, and thought he must have just managed to wriggle himself into the long grass, and might be lying in there dead. I rode closer, then right up to the grass, which stood just in a patch round the base of the ant-heap, but was over six feet in hight and very thick. I could, however, neither see nor hear anything. The sun was now nearly if not quite down. After a little hesitation I resolved to take the bull by the horns, and so, dismounting, walked into the grass, holding my rifle cocked and ready for action. I soon found out that the lion was not there, either dead or alive, and the blood track showed me where he had gone out the other side. Here, again, the grass was short and sparse, and by the dull evening light I could see a whitish line through it that marked the lion's track, which I could not have seen by sunlight. Mounting my horse and followed by Laer, I went rapidly along this track. About 100 yards further on there was a patch of longer grass; and as soon as I neared it I walked my horse very slowly, as I fully expected to find the wounded beast lying in it. Nor was I mistaken; for on reaching I saw him lying, as I thought, dead about five yards in front of me. He was lying stretched on the ground; not flat on his side certainly, but half on his side, with his hindquarters nearest me, and certainly lying, although he was not, as I thought, dead. 'Here he is,' I called out joyfully to Laer, under this impression. Hardly were the words out of my mouth than the lion was on his feet, and round on me with marvelous quickness, growling savagely; but at the first movement I had wrenched my horse round and dug the spurs into him, and was at once in full flight closely pursued. He did not come more than twenty or thirty yards, his strength probably failing him, and I pulled up at once, as I saw that an accident had happened to Laer. He was some ten yards behind me when the lion charged out, and turned his pony and galloped off parallel with me; but about twenty yards beyond where the lion stopped I suppose the pony shied at something, for I saw his rider fall off and at once reined in. Laer, let me here say, had a strong thong fastened to his waist-belt at the one end and to a running loop on the bridle at the other, in imitation of the thin thong which I usually use, but which I always arrange in such a way that I can loosen it in an instant. He, however, had simply tied it in a knot to his waistband, and was fast bound to the horse.

"The position was now this: The lion was standing with open mouth, from which blood was flowing, growling savagely, and looking like nothing but a wounded and furious lion, while right in front of him, and within thirty yards, stood Laer's refractory pony backing toward the lion and pulling with him Laer, who, of course, was looking full into his open jaws, which he did not seem to admire. I think I shall never forget the momentary glimpse I had of his face. He was, at that time, only a lad of about 15 or 16 years of age, and there is no wonder that he was frightened; but frightened he most certainly was—his hat had fallen off, his mouth was wide open, and his eyes staring, and he was pulling desperately against the horse that was steadily dragging him nearer to the lion. The whole scene would make a splendid picture. I was a little to the right of Laer and a little further off the lion, but not much, and he looked alternately at the two of us. I am sure it was simply want of strength that prevented him from coming on and mauling either Laer or the pony, for before I could raise my rifle he sank down to the ground, but still kept his head up, and, with his mouth wide open, never ceased growling or roaring (I do not know which is the better word). Of course I fired as quickly as I could, the circumstances not admitting of any delay. I aimed right for his open mouth, and at the shot his head fell so suddenly and in such a way that I knew the bullet had reached his brain. The whole of this scene, which has taken so long to describe, was, of course, only a matter of a few seconds."


ATTEND TO THE HORSES' TEETH.—A young farmer, a neighbor of ours, has a pair of horses that always did well until last summer. After trying tonics and physics he had their mouths examined, and found their teeth were so ragged on the edges and so sharp that they did not masticate the oats and ate very little hay. When the edges had been filed off and the outer edges made smooth, the horses began to gain rapidly. Many an old horse will renew its life if its teeth are "floated," as the process is called. All horses should be examined, especially those which have been eating grain several years. There are more horses with jagged teeth than one would suppose. A float is a large rounded file, and any useful man can smooth the teeth with one. The "vets" always have one, and fix the teeth for a dollar a horse, at least that is the usual price. The old horse may be made to live a number of years more if his front teeth are filed off or shortened so that the grinders can do their natural work. There should be more dentistry with all animals, for often a bad tooth causes torture and death. I had a sheep nearly starve once because a bone she was chewing got snagged in the side of her jaw.—*Boston Pilot.*

BILIOUS DISORDERS, Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Dyspepsia, etc., are speedily removed by Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Fifty years' use has proved them superior to all other remedies for the cure of the various diseases for which they are recommended. In their action they are mild and certain, and may be taken at any time without risk from exposure.

A DOG ACTOR.—One of the performers in a drama recently produced in Cincinnati was a bulldog that, at a critical point in the play, came bounding out, and seizing the villain by the throat hung on like grim death. The other night he grabbed his man as usual, but something gave way. The dog fell near the footlights and stood there, calmly eating a piece of liver which had been fastened under the villain's throat.—*Exchange.*

AS A TOILET article, Ayer's Hair Vigor stands unrivaled. It cleanses the scalp and removes dandruff, cures itching humors, restores the original color to faded and gray hair, and promotes its growth.


## GENERAL NOTICES.


**In Georgian Vales**

The sweetest roses grow. Keep your breath fragrant as the perfumed gales of this enchanting land, and your teeth fair and lustrous as the pearls of the Orient by using SOZODONT, that most charming and wonderful dentrifice, which no lady's toilet should be without. jy2-1yTuThS

**Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's** SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. mr15-1yMWS

**Cure for the Deaf.**

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials free. F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. s25 6mS

**If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac** THOMPSON'S EYE WATER. Druggists sell it at 25 cents. o17-1yS

**Drowsy feelings foretell approaching** sickness. Prevent both by using PARKER'S TONIC.

HINDERCORNS, the best cure for corns, 15 cts. s11-1tS

**Catarrh in the Head.—Ely's Cream** Balm has done me more good than anything I ever tried. I had the catarrh very bad in my head. It had become chronic, and falling into my throat left bad taste in my mouth. Since I have used two bottles it has stopped all of that. Am ever ready to recommend it very highly.—Wyatt Hoffman, Sergeant Co. G, 25th Inf'ty, Fort Sisseton, D. T. fe9-1y

**If you want a first-class Buggy, Cart,** Phaeton or anything in the carriage line, go to HARRY BERNARD'S, Sixth and L streets. tf

**The Glory of Man Is His Strength, and** for the many ailments arising from nervous prostration and physical weakness, such as loss of vital energy, nervous debility, seminal weakness, impotency and the various ills caused by Indiscretion, Excess and Abuse there is no more effectual remedy than **Dr. LaMar's Seminal Pills.** They build up the entire system, renew the wasted energies, giving strength, vigor and vitality to all the organs. The feeble and infirm find in them a veritable fountain of youth. Price, $2 50. Sent C. O. D., by express, or by mail, on receipt of price. Address all orders to A. McBOYLE & CO., Druggists, P. O. Box 1952, San Francisco. jaS-6m

**S. S. & E. L. Southworth, Dentists, Sac.**

# Tutt's Pills

**The Dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether from excess of work of mind or body drink or exposure in**

## Malarial Regions,

**Will find Tutt's Pills the most genial restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.**

## Try Them Fairly.

**A vigorous body, pure blood, strong nerves and a cheerful mind will result.**

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

fel-1dyTuThS&wly

1p

# GRAEFENBERG CATHOLICON

**Cures Female Complaints. A Great Kidney Remedy. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.**

# The Babies Cry For It!

AND THE OLD FOLKS LAUGH WHEN they find that the pleasant California Liquid Fruit Remedy,

# SYRUP OF FIGS,

Is more easily taken and more beneficial in its action than bitter, nauseous medicines. It strengthens the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels, while it arouses them to a healthy activity. For sale by all leading druggists. jy13-1yTuThS

**HALL'S**

# SARSAPARILLA!

**THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER AND TONIC ALTERATIVE IN USE.**

**It cures disease originating from a disordered state of the Blood or Liver. It invigorates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, relieving Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Constipation; restores the Appetite and increases and hardens the Flesh. It stimulates the Liver and Kidneys to healthy action, Purifies the Blood and Beautifies the Complexion.**

**Sold by all Druggists.**

**J. R. GATES & CO.**

**417 Sansome Street, S. F.**

fel0-1m1p&2p8


## AUCTIONS.


**AUCTION SALE**

—OF THE—

# Japanese Bazar.

COMMENCING FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1887, at 2 o clock P. M., at 317 J STREET, on account of departure for New York, BELL & CO., Auctioneers, will sell the entire stock of Wonderful Arts and Manufactures of Japanese Empire, Hand-painted Fine Porcelain and Silk-embroidered Screens. The stock is selected by an experienced Japanese merchant, and direct from Yokohama. Goods must be seen to be appreciated. All ladies and gentlemen are most respectfully invited to inspect the genuine Mikado's productions. No. 317 J STREET, between Third and Fourth. The sale will continue Saturday Afternoon and Evening, until the entire stock is sold. No Sale Friday Evening.

tf BELL & CO., Auctioneers.

# W. H. Sherburn,

GENERAL

# AUCTIONEER,

AND DEALER IN

## New and Second-hand

# FURNITURE

CARPETS,

# STOVES,

CROCKERY,

**Glassware, Platedware, Cutlery, Etc.**

**For Sale, Cheap,**

THIRTY-ONE SAMPLES OF

# CLOCKS!

From ANSONIA CLOCK CO., New York,

**In Fine Walnut, Ebony and Oak Cases,**

**CHEAP!**

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

**No. 323 K STREET, SACRAMENTO.**


## WANTED—LOST—FOUND.


INFORMATION WANTED.—JAMES LETHROW, of Washington Territory, wants information concerning his sister, MARGARITE LETHROW, who lived in this city in 1860. He understands she was married here. He will be obliged by informing reporter of this paper. She was a native of Westport, County Mayo, Ireland. Address JAMES LETHROW, Brooklyn Hotel, Sacramento. fe16-1w*

A PRACTICAL SHORTHAND WRITER (Canadian) desires an engagement as Corresponding Clerk, etc.; references, etc. ALEX. CAVEN, Concord, Contra Costa County. fe14-1w*

WANTED—MEN COOKS, ALSO WAITERS; 5 men to chop wood, $1 75 per cord; milkers, $30. Also, men for ranch work, $20 to $25. Female—A housekeeper for a country hotel that can wait, $25 (fare paid); also, 6 girls for housework. Apply to EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, Fourth and K streets, Sacramento. tf

# W. D. Comstock,

COR. FIFTH AND K STREETS,

CALLS ATTENTION TO HIS FULL STOCK OF

# FURNITURE

**Bedding, Etc.**

☞ The reputation of this house for LOW PRICES and GOOD ARTICLES is maintained

# GOGINGS'

VEGETABLE

# Liver Pills

**Best in the World, and especially for the Pacific Coast.**

**No. 904 J street.....Sacramento.**

4p

**WATERHOUSE & LESTER,**

—IMPORTERS OF—

**WAGON LUMBER**

**AND CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS,**

**709, 711, 713 and 715 J street, Sacramento.**

Nos. 16 to 22 Beale street.....San Francisco

No. 159 Front street.....[tf].....New York

## GRAND RAFFLE

OF THE CELEBRATED PAINTING, BY W. F. JACKSON,

**"The Suite of the Army!"**

☞ Tickets now on sale at the PEERLESS SALOON, Clunie Opera House, where raffle will take place. 4p

**H. ECKHARDT,**

**523 K street, between Fifth and Sixth.**

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER in

**GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS.**

Guns choke bored, stocks bent and repairing on guns and rifles a specialty-tf4p

**SHERMAN & PARKER,**

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

**Fire Assets Represented, $38,000,000**

**Life & Accident Assets, do., $109,171,982**

LIBERAL AND PROMPT ADJUSTMENTS.

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**JOSEPH HAHN & CO.,**

**Cor. Fifth and J sts., Sacramento,**

**Wholesale Druggists.**

DEALERS IN CAUSTIC SODA, POTASH, Whale Oil Soap and Sulphur, in quantities to suit, and at San Francisco prices. No charge for cartage. 1p

**$49**

**Buys a Good Steel Axle, Steel Tire Buggy.**

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**Second street, bet. I and J, Sacramento.**

☞ See our BEBEE CART. 1p-1m

**EAGLE WINERY!**

SACRAMENTO,

**M. S. NEVIS.....Proprietor.**

All the Best Brands of

**California Wines**

on stock. Orders from abroad solicited. 1p

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**LUMBER**

**COMPANY.**

Main Yard and Office: No. 1310 Second street, Branch Yard: Corner Twelfth and J streets. 4p

**JAMES WOODBURN**

(Successor to WOODBURN & BARNES),

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Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

**FINE WINES, BRANDIES AND LIQUORS.**

Having purchased the interest of my late partner, W. R. BARNES, will continue the business as heretofore, and hope to receive, as formerly, a liberal patronage. 1m

# Anglo-Nevada

**ASSURANCE CORPORATION,**

THE LARGEST CALIFORNIA FIRE Insurance Company.

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