

Of Chrysalis-Time
Now is the Year's best afternoon
And now a dimness veils the world,
Whose light might be of sun, or moon,
So well in misty swallows furled.

And lo! beneath you slanting ray,
A creeping life its path pursues;
To fold in self-spun aureole,
Its form in changeful sleep to lose!

Ev' so, the Day—the Year, perchance,
Is clothed, and shrouded in its trance,
With wretches withdrawn from mystic loom.

In chrysalis, or in cocoon—
Such as the Soul herself might spin,
Were it not well a while to swoon,
Some wretch, waiting life to win?

—From The Contributors' Club of the Atlantic.

IN THE PATH OF THE BASHIKOUAY

BY ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

I was standing in the monkey-house at the zoo. A white-haired, elderly man was making the circuit of the cages with a paper bag of mixed nuts. By the time he came to where I stood, in front of a little white cage his stock was almost gone. He fished out an English walnut. The monkey, hanging from his perch by his tail, swung across the cage, and put out his paw for the proffered dainty.

"I never met one of 'em," said the man with the bag, "for if I did, he'd feel bad all day. Intelligent? Why, sir, those apes know more than a good many men. I can understand their talk. That mace in the corner's thirty. That bagging for walnuts is about a quarter. Just listen to that poor little scamp Sookooing. Somebody's hurt his feelings. Here, boy!"

He held up his last almond. A tiny brown paw clutched it, and the monkey changed to a look of satisfaction. The man continued, "I understand monkeys pretty well! I ought to. Twenty-years I collected 'em for circuses and museums. I've been to Central and South America and Africa so many times I've lost count, as well as to the States once or twice. Strange experiences. Yes, plenty. Narrow escapes? Some. Was no fun to meet a gorilla with only one bird-shot cartridge. A river full of crocodiles isn't the pleasantest place to be split on."

"But the things that are responsible for more of these white hairs than any other didn't have anything to do with gorillas or crocodiles. Ever hear of the bashikouay? No? Sit down on that bench, if you've a few minutes to waste, and let me tell you about the worst scamp I ever set into."

"In July, 1881, I was camped with a party of hunters on a prairie near the thick forest north of the Gogwe, a big West African river emptying not far from Cape Lopez. This forest, which lies almost on the equator, contains more different species of monkeys than any other spot on the globe. The gorilla also lives in its gloomy depths; and I was particularly anxious on that trip to secure two or three living specimens of this giant ape."

"For about two weeks everything went well. My camp began to look like a menagerie, as the caca were set up and filled with nabonga, bonwa, akongas and koo-koo-nam-ba, as my men termed the various apes."

"One evening I was sitting alone in my tent, when I heard wild yells outside. Over and over again was repeated the word: 'Nogoi! Nogoi!'"

"Suspecting what the trouble was, I grabbed my rifle and jumped out. Three or four of my men had just run in from the drinking-pool. They told me that Mpongwé, one of my best hunters, had been carried off by a leopard."

"We formed a party at once, and camped the bloody trail. A mile from camp it entered a small glade and then plunged into the thick jungle. It was useless to pursue farther, and we turned back to our camp, and we should only expose ourselves to a similar fate. There was little sleep in the camp that night."

"For the next three days my work was at a standstill. When a leopard has once fasted three days, it comes a confirmed man-eater. My hunters knew this, and were panic-stricken. They refused to enter the forest. By night they kept bright fires burning, and danced and beat drums to frighten the animal away. I saw that nothing further could be accomplished until he was killed."

"It was perfectly plain, too, that I must do the job myself. My men were so badly frightened that I could count on little help from them. How could I get the man-eater without giving him a chance to get me? I puzzled over it for some time. Then I remembered a tiger-hunting trick that an Englishman had told me about once in India. The winter before."

"I had two especially large cages, intended for gorillas, if I were fortunate enough to capture any. One was a camp-stool, and my heavy double-barreled hunting rifle carrying a steel-pointed ball of two and half ounces. My men hurried away and left me alone."

"Six hours I sat on that backless stool, with my rifle on my knees, looking and listening. I had packed my face and hands with charcoal, for a leopard's eye is sharp, and I was afraid he would see my white skin through the darkness."

straight as I could at the blazing eyes, and pulled the trigger. I was shaking and nervous, so I missed.

"There came a horrible, unearthly scream. The eyes rose suddenly, and shot toward me through the blackness. A tremendous shock on the side of the cage set the steel rods rattling and threw me backward off my stool. A paw shot between the bars and grazed my shoulder; a hot breath burned my cheek."

"Bracing myself on my knees, I pushed my gun forward till its muzzle almost touched the glaring balls, and fired again."

"A frightful roar broke suddenly into a coughing and choking. There was a death-scream, succeeded by a long-drawn moan; then stillness. Mpongwé had been revenged."

"I rested the cage. Before long my quarry only by the gun-barrel, but I felt sure it was the animal I was after. Poking my rifle muzzle into the blackness, I touched a soft, limp body. The leopard was unquestionably dead."

"Not knowing what other slights prowlers might be abroad, I dared not leave the cage until morning. Though my men had probably heard my gun, I knew they would not come to look me up until after daybreak. So I made myself as comfortable as I could and waited for the light to come."

"Hours passed. Gradually the sky brightened over the eastern forest, and soon I could dimly discern the shoulders of the big beast, not four feet from the cage. Before long it was light enough for me to see that my second bullet had taken him right between the eyes. I gazed on him with relief and exultation."

"The tropical day came quickly. There was no reason for further delay. I began to fish for it with my gun-muzzle, but my efforts only produced it deeper into the earth. I had to confess at last that I was as securely caged as any of my monkeys. It was annoying and ridiculous, too."

"A twig cracked. I seized my gun. Out bounded fully armed, as if he were the one I had killed. With not even a look at me, he leaped away down the glade before I could insert a fresh cartridge. A trumpeting, and the thud of heavy feet, an elephant burst into the clearing. Then a chattering troop of monkeys gathered themselves along from branch to branch. All appeared to be feeling from some unseen foe."

"Suddenly came a soft rustling, like the distant hiss of a snake. I cocked my rifle and fired. Before long I was what was left of the bashikouay. What was this mysterious thing that had caused such a panic among the jungle-dwellers?"

"Something stirred on the ground not ten feet away, and a line of small black objects crept rapidly into the glade. For a few seconds I looked curiously; then a thought made me tremble with horror. Here was something against which my powerful rifle was useless as a spear of grass."

"It was a column of bashikouay, or great bull ants, the most dreaded scourge of the tropical forest. I now understood the hurried retreat of all the beasts. No living thing can resist the attack of these terrible insects. I fled to the only safety from them. And I could not see, for I was locked into the cage."

"I must recover that key at any cost. If I didn't get it, and the ants discovered me, they would eat me up piecemeal. And when my men came to my rescue, they would find only a skeleton."

"The cage door was on the opposite side from the marching army. The key lay on the ground over a yard off. It was so light that I could pick it up as easily as a quail, and I quickly as possible began to try to book it toward me with my gun-muzzle. Little by little I drew it nearer. As I worked, I looked over my shoulder at the numberless thousands pouring rapidly from the jungle and passing not two yards from the cage. What if the skirlers should discover me?"

"A small rock embedded in the soil checked the progress of the key. I was obliged to engineer the little piece of iron to where it lay. That took time. I looked back and a shiver of horror ran over me."

"The dead leopard was bristling with crawling masses. From the beast's head to the cage it was hardly more than a yard. I was terrified. I saw that nothing further could be accomplished until he was killed."

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"There were plenty of noises round me. Now and then elephants trumpeted in the distance. Not far away I could hear a drove of wild pigs grunting and squealing. The jungle was full of life. My rifle was in my hand, but not monotonous for every minute I was expecting the man-eater."

"Shortly after midnight I drowsed a little. Then a sense of danger brought me wide awake. A breathless dread had settled over the jungle. I strained my ears and eyes. A low, rumbling purr broke the stillness, and, close to the ground, not twenty feet off, glared two fiery eyes, like brightly burning pieces of charcoal. It was the man-eater; I felt sure of that. I lifted my rifle, pointed it

noon the rear of the destroying column had passed, and I went back with my hunters after the cage and gun. We found the skeleton of the leopard, picked white. I could not help shuddering. What if I had not helped the key?"

"Two months later I brought my filled cages, gorillas and all, successfully back to the coast. I have been to Africa twice since and have had many adventures, but never one in which I came so close to death as on that summer morning in the path of the bashikouay."—Youth's Companion.

GALAX IS SOUTHERN.

Plant Will Only Grow in Certain Section of Dixie.

Many persons whose interest is attracted daily by the reports of dark green or bronze foliage labeled "galax leaves" at the doors of the florists' shops probably do not know that the plant from which these leaves are picked is one of the most local and truly American to be found. In fact, the galax root refuses to grow in any other soil than that of the United States.

Not only is the galax American, but it is born and bred Southern. It will no more flourish outside of Dixie than an alien soil. Few plants are so restricted in growth to so narrow an area. In a small section of rugged country in the Appalachian Mountain range, where the corners of Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee run up together, the galax clusters grow in profusion. They are indigenous to this region, elevated many thousands of feet above sea level, and although many attempts have been made to introduce the plants in other parts of the United States and in foreign lands as well, the experiments have always proved futile. Neither will the galax thrive in the hothouse—only the rare air and mountain loam of its native soil seem adapted to its growth.

Accordingly, since the discovery of the value of galax leaves for decorative purposes, some fifteen years ago, hundreds of tons of them have been sent to the Northern markets from their native corner in the mountains, where, during certain seasons, whole families devote themselves to gathering and packing them for shipment. There are many points in favor of the use of the galax in decorative schemes. A dark green during the summer months and a rich bronze after being touched by the frost, the leaves retain their hues for weeks, and they are gathered in the mountains and the canals and most expertly packed and shipped in the United States. They retain their freshness and the color for a long time without being kept in water.

Possessing these qualities it was only natural that the galax should have come at once into favor for the brightening of rooms and the decoration of tables. Carloads of the leaves are shipped into the North not only for sale in New York, Philadelphia and other centers, but also to be transferred to steamships and carried abroad.—New York Sun.

SACRED DOCUMENT FOUND.

Marriage Contract of Chinese Emperor, Found in Germany.

What is considered to be one of the most sacred documents of China is said to have been discovered recently in the possession of a German family related to one of the soldiers who took part in the expedition of the European contingents against the Boxer insurgents in 1900, and returned by them to the imperial archives at Peking. This paper is the marriage contract of the present Emperor. Enormous quantities of loot were taken from the Celestial Empire on that occasion, some of which has since been returned to China. Among the objects missed was the imperial marriage contract, signed February, 1889.

Searches were made by the Chinese diplomatic representatives in all countries of the world for this document, but they were fruitless until it turned up in Germany. It had been given by the German soldier to a man, and quickly as possible began to try to book it toward me with my gun-muzzle. Little by little I drew it nearer. As I worked, I looked over my shoulder at the numberless thousands pouring rapidly from the jungle and passing not two yards from the cage. What if the skirlers should discover me?"

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ASPHALT WORK IN VENEZUELA IS A BONE OF CONTENTION.



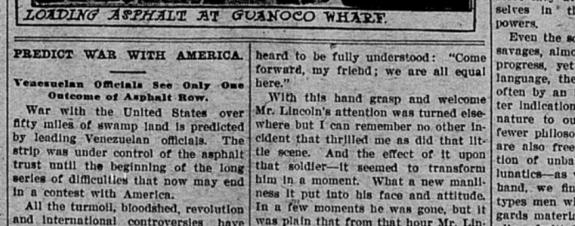
DERMOZEL PITCH LAKE, VENEZUELA.



HOW THE PITCH IS TAKEN FROM THE LAKE.



CORPORATION OF THE NEW YORK AND BERMUDEZ CO.



LOADING ASPHALT AT GUANOCO WHARF.

PREDICT WAR WITH AMERICA.

Venezuelan Officials See Only One Outcome of United States Policy.

With the United States over fifty miles of swamp land predicted by leading Venezuelan officials. The strip was under control of the asphalt trust until the beginning of the long series of difficulties that now may end in a contest with America.

All the turmoil, bloodshed, revolution and internal strife that have marked the origin of this strip of territory. Upon its proper development depends the wealth of the nation; for it is the natural outlet for all the resources of a country so rich in the earth's treasures that the dream of a Pizarro might be realized. It was granted to the asphalt trust with the agreement that it would be developed. Canals were to be dug so that the boats could sail up the river to the gold mines, the silver mines, the oil wells and the rich coffee plantations. Railroads were to have been built. One of the Venezuelan government's principal complaints against the American asphalt trust is that it never fulfilled any of these promises. All the trust did was to push its own boats into the pitch lakes, load them and take away the valuable natural product.

The district has remained unimproved because undeveloped. Its 3,000,000 people were poor because they could not get their wealth sold. The railroads and the canals and most expertly packed and shipped in the United States. They retain their freshness and the color for a long time without being kept in water.

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For boys and girls

DOTTY DOLLY'S RIDDLE.

"Guess my riddle, Mr. Man,"
Said little Dotty Dolly Drake;
"If Brother Jack a flower was,
Tell what one he best would make."

"A round and pink carnation,
Because his cheeks are pink?
A pretty poppy, 'cause they're red?
I'm sure I cannot think."

"Or is he like a tulip,
Because two lips has he?
It isn't lady slipper,
For a lady he can't be."

"Perhaps it's a sunflower,
'S he rises with the sun
So he can play foot ball enough
Before the day is done."

But little Dotty Dolly Drake
Just shook her curly head,
"Oh, can't you guess, you stupid man?"
And then she, laughing, said:

"I'll have to tell you, it's so hard,
My own con-nun-drum.
Why, with his yellow foot ball hair,
He'd be chrysanthemum!"

—M. Deiling, in the Washington Star.

THE GAMBERY.

"Come along, Uncle Tom, right up to the Gambery!"

"The Gambery? What under the sun is that?" cried Uncle Tom, as he found himself being fairly dragged attired by his nephews and nieces. "I expect it's a place where they make game of you. Is the other name for the Practical Joker? If it is, I'm not going one step further."

The children laughed. "Good idea, uncle," said Theo patronizingly. "We'll start a Practical Joker very next rainy day."

Soon they were all at the attic door and Uncle Tom paused at the threshold to read the sign on the door. It was a highly decorated sign, but the lettering was clear and black. THE GAMBERY; ALLEN BROS. & CO., PROPRIETORS. ALL KINDS OF GAMES MADE TO ORDER.

"We're the 'C' and 'O' girls," said Josephine, "and we do the most of the work."

"Hear! Hear!" said Allen. "They do most of the thing, too." "Well, do let Uncle Tom into the Gambery," said peaceful Ruth. "You children are all blocking up the door."

With great ceremony Uncle Tom was ushered into the warm, wide attic to read the sign on the door. It was a highly decorated sign, but the lettering was clear and black. THE GAMBERY; ALLEN BROS. & CO., PROPRIETORS. ALL KINDS OF GAMES MADE TO ORDER.

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Theo, his face flushing with delight. "See our croquet board, and also penny morris and checkerboards, and here on this old state is an old-fashioned tee tax board and—" But at this point the dinner bell rang.

"We make duplicate games for presents and for the hospital children," said Ruth. "The only trouble with our Gambery is that it takes so long to make the games nice that we never get time to play them ourselves; there ain't enough stormy days."—Washington Star.

GAME OF BUBBLE BOWLING.

Bubble blowing is certainly lots of fun, but bubble bowling is much more exciting, writes one who has played the game, and then tells how it is done.

The game may be played on any long, narrow table, which must be covered with an old woolen cloth or shawl, and must surely be something that nobody minds having got wet, because wet it will surely become.

Goals must be marked in chalk at each end of the table. Each goal consists of two marks, eight inches apart.

Any number can play this game, in fact, the more the merrier, but there must be an equal number of players on each side. A captain must be chosen for each team, and the names must all be written on a slip of paper. Every player is provided with a clay pipe, and there is one bowl of soap suds used in common by all.

The teams gather at opposite ends of the table, and the person next to his captain blows a bubble not too large, which he tosses upon the table. The captain, as first blower, stands ready to blow the bubble on its course down through the opposite goal, when the captain has had three trials, the captain on the other side becomes the blower, and the one standing next to him blows bubbles for him. When this captain retires the member of the opposite party, and the captain, takes the bowler's place, and is assisted by the one whose name is next on the list; after him the player next to the captain on the other side; and so on until the last on the list has his turn, when the captain then becomes assistant, and blow the bubble. Every player has three trials; the bubble which breaks before the blower has started them are not counted. Every time a player sends a bubble through his opponent's goal a point is won and a mark is written opposite his name; every time he fails a cross is recorded. The game is twenty points.—Detroit News-Tribune.

THE KIND OF BOY THAT WINS.

He was an odd-looking little figure as he came merrily whistling down the street the morning after the big snow. His nose was red, his hands were bare, his feet were in shoes several times too large and his hat was held in place by a roll of paper unrolled under the steam whistle and carried the big snow shovel much as a marching soldier carries his rifle.

"How much?" came from an imposing looking man, who was asked if he wanted his walks cleaned.

"Ten cents."

"It would be if I could do no better; but I've got to do the best I can and business is rushing. Good morning." And the merry whistle filled the air as the boy started away.

"Just see that little rascal make the snow fly!" he laughed to his wife, who stood at the window with him, who, he's a regular snow-plow, and he does it well, too."

"What a little mite and how comical! I wonder if he's hungry?" She called him in as soon as he had finished, but he would not take time for more than a cup of coffee.

"Too busy," he said.

"What are you going to do with the money?" asked the man as he insisted on settling for twenty-five cents.

"I'm going to get mother a shawl. She's wearing one you can see through, and it ain't right."

On he went with glowing cheeks and his cheery whistle. But they had his name and address. It was the wife who took a shawl to the mother, and he was the husband who installed a sturdy little snow shoveler as office boy in a bright uniform and with permission to whistle when he felt like it.—Evangelical Messenger.

SOME WITTY TITLES.

The pupils of one of the schools of Philadelphia received great interest in a recent competition for a prize to be awarded the pupil who should submit the wittiest list of titles for twelve shawm books on a dummy shelf. The following are some of the titles received: "A Blinding Snow," by Scott; "Bully Brought Up," by the author of "Molly Bawn"; "A New England Puss," by M. E. W.; "Thoughts on My Bed," Stead; "On Different Tacks," by Van Hammer; "Lizzie Wouldn't," by John Wood; "The Fatal Blow," by Knox; Porter's "Tales of Lost Baggage," "Lost in the Wash," by the author of "The Bachelor's Buttons"; "Grinding the Floor," by Mill; "Owe No Man," by O. W. Holmes; "Against Stillnessness," by Thoreau; "A Treatise on Abbreviations," by the author of "Ben Hur"; "Poet's 'For Effect'"; "Harvard Freshmen," by the author of "Innocent Abroad"; "What Next?" by the author of "After the Ball," by the author of "Our National Game"; "Morse on 'Our Old Houses,' by Burroughs; "Woodchucks and Rabbits," by Burroughs; "E. E.," by the author of "My Double"; "Home Herald."

Butter From Petroleum.