A HIPPO ADVENTURE.

TRUE STORY OF A HUNTER'S THRILLING ESCAPE.

Huge Beast Drops Dead From Effect of First Bullet Just as It Is About to Crush the Helpless Hunter

We sat another Cookery and I having our evening pipe.

"That is a curious thing you are wearing," I said to the well-known leader, trader, and slave ownership adventurer and hunter.

"Yes, it is," he replied, taking it off his finger and handing it to me. "When in doubt, it was a talisman of venture that induced my wife to have it made for me. I wear it on my chain."

I looked at it closely. It was a massive gold ring, and as well as I could make out by the feeble light, the shield bore the engraving of a lion's head, with the butt end of a rifle sticking out of the beast's mouth.

"One Sunday morn, quite somewhere to the south of the Transvaal border," said Cornelius, "I received a visit from a Mr. Bellamie, who lived a few miles off. It was very seldom I ever saw a white face and both my wife and I were glad to see anyone with the same colored skin as myself. What was better still, the missionary's wife had come with him. After dinner, the two ladies went for a walk. They took the direction of a large lagoon about half-a-mile from where I had built my hut. Mr. McRonald and I followed slowly after them. Suddenly I saw my Kaffir boy running towards us. 'Baas! Baas!' he yelled, 'there is a hippo in the lagoon!'

"Run quick and bring me my rifle," I said to the excited nigger.

"He soon returned, and as he handed me my powder-flask (for it was in the days before breech-loaders were invented), I put in an extra charge, rammed it home, and flying to cap I ran towards the bank of the lagoon, where my wife and her companion had already arrived.

"I soon spotted my his friend, who every now and then would show me a full view of his ugly head. I waited for him. Up he popped. I took deliberate aim and fired.

"The report had not died away before he disappeared, but a streak of blood on the top of the water told me that my bullet had gone home.

"I ran round the top of the lagoon, soon reached the spot, and started walking in the shallow water near the edge. I had gone about 50 yards when I fell plump into a hole, the water rising above my waist.

"[illegible] from my uncomfortable position, a huge head appeared within five yards of me, an enormous mouth opened, and with a rush the savage beast made straight for me. Quick as lightning my rifle was at my shoulder. I pulled the trigger—there was no report—it had missed fire!

"With a yell I drove the barrel down the gaping red cavity before me, the great teeth closed upon it. The next moment I expected would be my last, when the mighty beast

"A huge head appeared within five yards of me."

swayed, stumbled, then fell dead, its snout within a foot of me.

"My first bullet had done its deadly work.

"My wife and her friends had witnessed the whole incident from the opposite bank, and that is why I am wearing this ring."

OLD MISSION HOUSE.

HISTORIC STRUCTURE IN HONOLULU TO BE PRESERVED.

Was the First Wooden House in Hawaiian Islands and Better Than King's Palace—To Become Missionary Museum.

Outgrown, but not forgotten or abandoned, the old mission house at Honolulu, the oldest building of any kind in Hawaii, is to be restored and converted into a museum of missionary relics and mementos of early life.

The mission house, sawed and turned and ready to be put together, was brought from Boston in the brig Thaddeus, which took the first band of missionaries to the islands. The Thaddeus left Boston in 1819, and arrived in 1820, but it was not until three years later that the Hawaiian chiefs allowed the missionaries to put together the material they had brought with them and erect this house of old New England design in this faraway tropical country.

When the missionaries arrived Honolulu had but been made the capital of Liliho's kingdom. It was a village of grass huts along Nuuanu river, straggling over an arid plain. It was defended by an adobe fort at the harbor's edge. The king's adobe and grass palace was not far away. The frame house which the mission also owned was far superior to any other building in Honolulu, even the king's palace.

The chiefs were suspicious of allowing the missionaries to erect any permanent buildings, especially one that so surpassed even the king's residence. There were not wanting white men in the islands who did not hesitate to fan the native suspicion in the minds of the chiefs. But eventually permission was given. And in 1821 the house was erected. The outskirts of the village surrounded the house then, but now it is only a few hundred yards from the capitol and judiciary buildings. Here it has remained ever since.

For 40 years it was the center of the work of the American board in the islands. For many more years than that it was the center of missionary activity in Hawaii. The needs of the mission resulted in the erection of other buildings near by. But this remained the missionary house.

It was occupied as a residence by one or another of the missionary families until about a dozen years ago. Since then it has fallen upon evil times. It has recently been occupied by Chinese, who piled their laundry within its walls, smoked opium during their hours of ease and retaliation little joss shrines with burning punk sticks before them in some of the rooms. Frame buildings, occupied as Chinese and Japanese stores, were built between the house and the street. The place and its surroundings have been growing shabbier and shabbier for several years.

The Hawaiian Mission Children's society, an organization to which all of the descendants of the missionaries who are eligible has joined the property, and proposes to restore it as nearly as possible to its original appearance. This might not be difficult, as it has been "dressed" very little since it was originally erected. The Chinese stores indeed, if have been torn down, and the place will be maintained as a monument to the fathers and mothers in Israel who lived and labored under the roof in the early days of Hawaii.

Analogy.

"Why is poker such a popular game?"

"I suppose because it offers things up."—Baltimore American.

POOR JOHN.

"John," said Mrs. Bizzle, as she dropped the paper, "I read a case between two yachts must be grand, the sports one."

"Well," replied Mr. Bizzle, with a yawn, "if the crew is in bed, who—"

"Legs!"

"Of course, my dear, I—"

"But, Bizzle, haven't legs, you know! Honey, have legs. You are thinking about a horse race and—"

"I don't think you understand—"

"No, I don't think I do, John Bizzle! The next time I need any information I shall go to some one who is married. Twelve with legs! The idea!"—Chicago Daily News.

Exact Analysis.

Artist—Why do you consider that coal an impressive looking subject?

Newly—Because it has such a striking forehead.—Chicago Record.

Big Offering for Missions.

Rev. Dr. James I. Vance, pastor of the North Reformed church, Newark, N. J., would not let the fifteen anniversary of that congregation, which is the largest of the denomination in the country, go by without making it a blessing, not only to the members and to the Reformed church at large and the Christian world in general. He accomplished this by calling for a collection towards the $200,000 asked for this year by the board of foreign missions of the Reformed church. The result was that on the Golden Jubilee Sunday, December 16, $4,500 was placed in the collection.

WAIT FOR THIS.

Only $30 round trip to California via Salt Lake Route. Write for full information to J. H. Burrows, Salt Lake City.

Thought Ride Sufficient Reward.

An official of the Brooklyn street car lines tells the following story: "There was a new conductor on a certain line Monday morning, which being informed fully as to duties on Saturday afternoon as he was doing in the barn, a fellow conductor said to him, 'Why don't you go in to the office and get your pay?' The new man looked up in surprise. 'What do they pay you extra for?' he asks."

$30 California & Ret. Salt Lake Route.

Went Long Without Food.

How long can an animal live without eating? Last year a dog was imprisoned for 28 days in a rubber suit in at Guildford, England, yet was dug out alive. During the siege of Metz, in the Franco-Prussian war, a dog was confined without food or water for 38 days, while Dover records have the story of a pig which, buried alive at a fall of cliff, came out all right at the end of 160 days.

$30 California & Ret. Salt Lake Route.

New Homes in Washington.

Only a few days ago the announcement was made of the half million dollar home to be built at Washington by August Belmont. To-day it is general gossip that options have been secured by Mrs. Marshall Field, of Chicago, and George W. Vanderbilt, of New York and Biltmore, on residence property in the northwest. The property on which the homes for these millionaires is to be erected is the west end of the square fronting on a small park formed by the intersection of New Hampshire avenue and Sonneworth street. The property has a frontage of nearly 200 feet.

$30 California & Ret. Salt Lake Route.

Appropriate, but Cutting.

"Miss Ethel Barrymore," said a comedian at the Players' club, "is continually besieged by painters. Her beauty makes her a desirable subject; her fame, too, makes her desirable. Altogether there is no one more sought after for sittings than Miss Barrymore. And she is so gracious that sometimes she sits to indifferent artists. This happened to Philadelphia last year. A young Philadelphia impressionist made a rather ghastly yellow and green portrait of Miss Barrymore. When it was done he asked her to sign it and write something or other—some little sentiment—above her signature. Miss Barrymore smiled as she looked at the wretched portrait and she wrote:

"'Be not afraid, it is I. Ethel Barrymore.'"

$30—CALIFORNIA—$30

Round trip via Salt Lake Route. Sale begins April 26th. Write today. J. H. Burrows, Salt Lake City.

Sausage Machine Drama.

There is a department of modern "drama" which resembles nothing so much as a sausage machine; the good meat of literature goes in, is minced up, seasoned, and presented to our degenerate digestion.—Life.

$30 California & Ret. Salt Lake Route.

High Game and Fools.

"If we can't eat game," said an inquiry, "we can at least talk about it."

Hitting his head and cuts, the dewy old man, with a longing look at a bunch of venison, resumed:

"Never eat game high. People will tell you that high game is tender. What rot! Of course it is tender; but would you want your steak or roast chop spoiled in order that it might be a little softer to the teeth?

"No, Sir-ee! Highness is none in an anachronism, a relic of the days of stage coaches.

"In those days it was impossible to deliver game to the office fresh—game it was for dine. All game was killed, and then as it sight became offensive they ended up in a pie.

"Hence, to eat game high nowadays, when there is no necessity for it, is to be a fool."—Detroit Journal.

$30 California & Ret. Salt Lake Route.

He's Entitled to It.

The dog that lays at the door gets the same kind of satisfaction that is experienced by a man who was wrote at the week's end.—Ex.

Words of Cheer.

Mr. Wilmot Cribben, who he was last in prison in Ireland, spoke the most in close study of the Bible. The copy he read had been read by the former owners of his cell. At the end of Jeremiah this prisoner had scrawled: "Cheer up, old boy! Cheer up!"

Starting at the Foot.

Hereditary Prince Vizom von Wimmelgrunt of Germany has entered on the Dresden bank as a temporary clerk for the purpose of familiarizing himself with financial affairs.

How Woman Has Elevated the Stage

By Julia Marlowe.

Actresses in Shakespeare's Time Regarded with Distaste—Struggles of Famous Actresses to Win Recognition—Mrs. Drew's Triumph as a Manager—Women Inherently Suited for Dramatic Achievement—The Actress Has Advanced the Cause of Women.

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[illegible]

I think few people can realize how hard has been the strife in regard to women on the stage and how difficult it has been for them to convince the world at large of the importance of their hard-won position and their kindred influence upon dramatic art. I am speaking now of the past. Happily at the present stage of dramatic development woman's standard is as high and her position as assured as man's.

It was not always so. Looking back to the age of oppression and intolerance when in 1660 woman first appeared in dramatic representations we find her entrance marked as an era in dramatic advancement. The first record of woman's appearance upon the stage is December 8, 1660. The play was Shakespeare's "Othello," and the Desdemona was played by a woman. There has been considerable doubt as to whom this honor belongs. Some have given it to Anne Marshall. The more general supposition is that Margaret Hughes deserves this right to immortality. We have Pepys' authority for it that women appeared in Killigrew's company in London on January 3, 1661, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Beggar's Bush."

Their early appearances were received with great disfavor. Dr. Doran tells us that the writers of the time denounced the first actresses as "unwomanly and graceless"—not meaning that they were ungainly and unfeminine, but that play-acting in itself was below their dignity. "Glad I am to say," remarked Thomas Brand, speaking of these actresses, "that they were hissed, hooted and pippin-pelted from the stage, so that I do not think they will soon be ready to try the same again." He adds that well-disposed people were righteously indignant at these women, whom Prynne, a rigorous puritan of the time, called "monsters."

Notwithstanding the marked disfavor with which they were first received, reasonable and serious-minded persons could not fail to see the propriety of Julies and Desdemonas being acted by girls rather than boys. It would appear that immediately upon this important progressive step the artistic need for woman's appearance must have been generally felt.

We read that soon afterward actresses were in great demand. It was found that they not only increased the popularity of the theaters in which they performed, but that their cooperation was indispensable to the proper presentation of any play. They made possible a fullness and a beauty of interpretation which had not been dreamed of before.

Take for a single example the women of Shakespeare. They stand as vivid types of truth and beauty. They are as alive with the warmth of femininity that their expression by other than women is in itself a monstrous sacrilege. A play performed by men can hardly be tolerated to-day and the wonder is that such an absurdity ever existed.

The realization of the necessity of woman's cooperation with man in dramatic achievement grew rapidly, for men's minds were at this time too highly susceptible to advancement to remain in ignorance of this need. So it was not long before actresses were recognized and highly honored. This was so true in the case of Mrs. Betterton that when in 1674 "Calista" was performed at court the actress was chosen as instructress to the princesses Mary and Anne, and much of the subsequent graceful elevation and dignity of bearing of these ladies was accredited to Mrs. Betterton. Perhaps no finer compliment was ever paid to a woman in any walk of life than she received, for we read of her that in company with her distinguished husband she made her home the distinguished place of "charity, hospitality and dignity."

What a vast work has been accomplished by women in the drama since then, and what a lasting monument of art she has reared for herself in the annals of the stage! To those whose souls are filled with sacred reverence for creative genius what wealth of delight in looking back upon the dazzling record of the theater when the allurements of Mrs. Betterton, Nell Gwynne, Margaret Wofington, Nance Oldfield, Sarah Siddons, and more lately, Rachel, Helen Faucit, Charlotte Cushman, Helen Faucit, Adelaide Neilson and a host of others stand forth as irrefutable proofs of the dignity and importance of woman's work along the lines of truly artistic achievement.

As an evidence of her serious devotion to this art in particular and as proof that it has absorbed her, very many as no other calling ever has done, one has but to offer the annals of the stage. With woman the stage has not been a fancy, nor in its blatant malice took a jestingly for the mere gratification of her vanity. It has been and is a life devotion, an art to which she has given her best intellectual and emotional self.

Courage and perseverance have been prominent traits by which the year each. What stirring instances of these qualities is to be found in all history, think the trials and experience of the great Rachel, who when a wretched little creature in poverty, squalor and rags from the small European town to display a copy of Racine's plays was jeered, through trudging through mud and rain to keep her umbrella for the petty sum of 20 sous.

The history of Charlotte Cushman is the well woman to make a review of her unending perseverance necessary. The heart-rending episodes of her life when past the supporting of others, lacking beauty and charm, she strove to influence managers to give her the opportunity of expounding the genius she felt burning within her, form one of the most stirring chapters in the history of womanhood. Consider, too, the life of Mrs. Lanier, who besides her valuable services in the dramatic field, took upon herself the entire charge of the hospital department of Port Royal, S. C. She lives in memory to us as the blessed name of Florence Nightingale does in the English.

It is unnecessary to go back in the history of the stage for such examples. We have them near at hand. The struggles of Mme. Modjeska and of Miss Clara Morris and their final and lasting artistic victories are well known to all who have watched with interest and sympathy the lives of actors on the stage.

It is often stated that woman is lacking in the faculty of creative genius, and, indeed, that in this particular, by contrast with man, she is decidedly inferior. This is perhaps a reasonable conclusion in view of her history. But it is not so emphatically true when we consider her dramatic work.

It is by no means a new thought that man is by nature more intellectual and woman by nature more emotional. Of course, it is not meant by this that man is never emotional, nor woman never intellectual. Yet it is surely fair to assume that to man belongs the power of intellectuality, and to woman the emotional quality. Does it not seem, therefore, that the very possession by nature of this latter quality, which certainly is an absolute necessity in dramatic art, has made her inherently suited for dramatic achievement?

Mr. Ruskin, in speaking of the necessary qualities that go to form great artists, says: "First, sensibility and tenderness; second, imagination, and third, industry." Woman's nature is peculiarly alive to all of these conditions. It is then no wonder that women on the stage have accomplished great things and will accomplish greater things in the future, when such women as Modjeska, Terry, Duse and the matchless Bernhardt continue through inspiration to show their genius to the world.

Woman's work in literature with few exceptions has been denied any claim to greatness. In music and in other arts she is admitted to have shown no particular creative power. But her place upon the stage is as absolutely unquestioned as man's. In having thus secured for herself an eminent position in the drama the actress has advanced the whole cause of woman, since every individual triumph raises the estimation in which the intellectual achievements of a whole class are held. Woman is better understood because she has been faithfully portrayed. She is more highly regarded because of her ability to make that portrayal. And that portrayal has, I feel, a powerful moral influence in an educational sense.

I thoroughly believe that it is the duty of mothers to foster in the hearts of their children while at a tender age a serious consideration for the better forms of dramatic literature and of dramatic representation. Let them teach their children to avoid the unhappy tendency of the present age which regards acting merely as a form of amusement rather than an amusement combining a means for intellectual control and artistic suggestion presented in an attractive and inviting manner.

That woman is capable of arduous effort and untiring devotion has been fully demonstrated by her work on the stage. She has helped to elevate the drama to its rightful place among the educational forces of life. She has done to make true what Morley says: "At the playhouse door, then, we may say to the doubting cater boldly, for here, too, are the gods."

Got Information Wanted.

"Is it a fact," asked an English judge—Justice Darling—the other day of counsel in a case that was before him, "that insurance companies insure against a successful appeal by the other side?" "Yes," answered the learned gentleman. "I have been told so. And they have different rates for different judges."

Pe-ru-na Relieves Spring Catarrh.

MISS DORA HAYDEN.

"*Words fail to express to you my gratitude for the great relief I have found in your valuable medicine, Peruna, and will call the attention of all my friends suffering with catarrh to that fact. For while I constantly recommend it to all suffering with catarrh in any form.*"—*Miss Dora Hayden, Reg. Tel. Sec., S. H., Washington, D. C.*

A Case of Spring Catarrh.

Mrs. N. P. Lanier, [illegible] N. Broadway, Pittsburg, Kan., writes: "Last spring I caught a severe cold, which developed into a serious case of catarrh. I felt weak and sick, and could neither eat nor sleep well.

"A member of one club who had been cured of catarrh through the use of Peruna advised me to try it, and I did so at once. I expected help, but nothing like the wonderful change for the better I observed almost as soon as I started taking it. In three days I felt much better, and within two weeks I was in fine health. Peruna is a wonderful medicine."

ROARED HIS GENTLE REBUKE.

Mate's Wrath Found Vent in Peculiar Form of Reproach.

Rear Admiral Stead, who has just been retired, was talking one night at a dinner in Portsmouth about the power of discipline.

"In my youth," he said, "I knew a first mate in the merchant service who, though an excellent officer, was dreadfully profane. When anything went wrong he would volley forth oaths and curses in a shocking way. Once, though, he shipped with a very strict, religious captain, and the first time this captain chanced to witness one of the mate's swearing bouts he gave the young man a good dressing down. 'You are a first rate officer,' he ended, 'but remember, no more swearing. Not another oath aboard my ship.'

"Well, the mate knew the captain's warning in mind. Then one afternoon it happened that the boatswain made an inexcusable error in carrying out an order. When the boatswain confessed the fault he had committed the mate turned red with rage. He opened his mouth. Everybody looked at him expectantly, waiting to hear some remarkable oaths, but just then the captain hove in sight. The mate, seeing the captain, remembered his orders about profanity. But his rage had to have a vent of some sort and, striding up close to the culprit, he roared in the man's face, 'You naughty, naughty boatswain!'"

STUDENT MADE HIS POINT.

No Doubt the Policeman Understood What He Meant.

W. H. Mallock, the well-known English writer and political economist, said at a dinner in New York, apropos of a new definition of socialism: "I find that definition rather confusing. It reminds me of the young Oxford student's badinage with the policeman. Officer,' said the youth late one night, 'I'd like to ask you a question.'

"'Very well, sir.'

"'Does the law permit me to call you an ass?'

"'You mere so,' the officer growled.

"'Just stop a bit,' continued the youth. 'Does the law permit me to call an ass a policeman?'

"'The law doesn't say nothing about that,' was the gruff reply.

"'Then,' said the youth, 'good night, Mr. Policeman.'"

Fighting with Ants.

The Indians of the Mauritius dispose of termites, or white ants, in this manner: When they see their covered way approaching a building they drop a train of syrup from this way to the nearest nest of black ants. The first ones that see the syrup follow it up till they reach the termite passage. They return to their nest, and in a few hours a black army starts out for the white ant stronghold. With great fury they rush into the galleries, and in a short time entirely destroy the enemy, and such one, in its way home, carries a dead termite, probably to eat.

Between strollops and submarine boats, the coming generation won't be on the level.

It is when woman can't get a divorce that she is apt to regard marriage as a failure.