IN A LION'S JAW; SAVED BY FRIEND

ENGLISHMAN RELATES THRILLING EXPERIENCE WITH JUNGLE BEAST IN AFRICA.

ANIMAL SUCKS HIS BLOOD

Carried Thirty Yards by Growling, Snarling Lion, When Companion Fires, Killing the Fierce Monster at Side of His Victim.

London.—St. Michael Podmore, F. Z. S., sitting before a cheerful grate fire in the Loungers' club, recently related some of his experiences in the wild places of the earth, most realistic of which was an attack by a lion in Africa.

"I was engaged on the transcontinental Cape-to-Cairo line, and our gang consisted of two white men and 50 blacks," said Mr. Podmore. "We each occupied a separate hut.

"One dark night I was aroused from sleep by hearing something moving backward and forward beneath my bed. Becoming alarmed, I listened breathlessly to a loud, long, indescribable sniff-sniff which broke the stillness of the night. My experience of Africa was not extensive, but I instantly realized that some wild animal was under my bed. Every one of my faculties became immediately paralyzed with horror. I was unable to utter a sound.

"After a moment or two I became aware that a man-eating lion was sniffing his way along the edge of the bed, perhaps a little puzzled at the mosquito curtains. I then felt I must do something, and instinctively, yet noiselessly, I huddled all the pillows and bedclothes over my head. No sooner had I done this than the lion, with a horrible pur-pur grabbed me by the right shoulder and dragged me out onto the floor, and immediately began to suck the blood which streamed down my neck and chest; and every time I moved he bit me more savagely.

"As I raised my knees to get into a crouching, protective position, he gave me a little pat with his paw which nearly broke my leg and inflicted a dreadful wound. Then suddenly the monster dropped me out of his mouth, placed one massive paw on my chest, and then, throwing back his noble head, he gave four terrible roars of triumph and defiance.

"My chum walked round the hut, and then saw with horror the hole made by the lion, who had torn out the mat walls and crawled under my bed. Then it dawned upon him what had happened, so he ran round to the other side and kicked the door down. As he did so, the lion drove his terrible fangs into my right groin, and leaped out of the hut into the darkness. As he ran with me he seemed to be twisting and jerking me round sideways, as though striving to get me on his back.

"The lion ran across the clearing with me for about thirty yards, and

Gave Four Terrible Roars of Triumph.

put me down under a big boabab tree. I lay on my back with the lion on top of me, occasionally gazing with his great luminous, greenish-yellow eyes, which filled me with unutterable loathing, so expressionless and cold were they, yet so diabolical in their ruthless cruelty.

"At last two niggers were induced to make a couple of torches of dry grass and by the lurid and uncertain light of these the lion was seen standing over my prostrate body. He was an enormous brute, over ten feet in length, and with a luxuriant, tawny mane that imparted to him a most majestic appearance. My friend told me afterward that as he approached with his gun I was moaning and crooning softly to myself. For some time he was afraid to shoot, lest he should kill me instead of the lion.

"As he crept nearer the lion took his fangs out of my groin and faced about, growling and snarling horribly. The rifle was leveled, there was a sharp report and the first shot hit the lion in the eye. The ball, as it came out, shattered his lower jaw. Two more shots were fired, and the fierce monster fell dead by my side."

DOG AND A HUGE EAGLE IN A BATTLE TO DEATH

CANINE KILLED BY GREAT BIRD, WHICH IS BADLY WOUNDED IN THE FIGHT.

Furstenwald, Prussia.—One afternoon some time ago the following episode, in which a great eagle figured, occurred in Brandenburg, Prussia: A field laborer heard a dog howling in most dismal manner at no great distance from the spot at which he was working. Running in the direction from which the sounds came, he saw a large bird and the watchdog of a neighboring farm struggling and fighting, partly in the air and partly on the ground.

At last they passed into an adjoining copse, when the laborer ran and called the bailiff of the place where he was employed. Both proceeded to the copse, to find the bird moving with the greatest difficulty and scarcely able to hop a few paces; it

The Two Were Struggling and Fighting.

tried to fly, but was evidently disabled and a well-directed shot killed it.

They found the poor dog dead; all the flesh had been literally torn from its bones by its enemy. The eagle measured seven feet between the tips of its wings and was almost black, with snow white shoulders, indicating great age. It had evidently had a history, for on its left foot just above the claw was a strong gold ring on which were engraved some letters the meaning of which could not be deciphered, the word "Eperjes" and date "10, 9, 1827." Eperjes is a town in Hungary not far from the northern Carpathians. The bird had probably once been in captivity.

The eagle in its native haunts is a solitary bird, its mate alone excepted; no other of its kind is likely to be found living within a considerable distance of it.

A blow from its wing alone is said to have killed a kid. There are many instances of babes and young children having been carried off by eagles.

It is even stated that in the canton of Geneva a boy of 10 years of age who was attempting to rob an eagle's nest was seized by one of the birds and carried a distance of 600 yards. He was, however, rescued by his companions without having suffered any very serious injury, though its talons had inflicted some severe wounds.

The eagle builds its eyrie in the cliffs of inaccessible rocks or on the edges of precipices, the nest being little more than a flooring of sticks and branches lined with leaves. Here it brings and stores up a considerable amount of food, often consisting of young lambs and game.

Praise of the Country Town.

He who has never called a country town his home has missed much. He who had his first look upon the world from some little village which at the dawn of consciousness spelled all the world to him and held in its bounds all the people, will always lack something in his sense of his proper adjustment to creation. It is in them that the truest friendships are formed, the closest studies of human nature provided, the most lasting hold given on the eternal truths. Only as a little child can the kingdom be entered, and that is as true of the kingdom of earth as of that one of which it was first said. Go closer into the records of these boys off the farms and you will find that it was from the country towns, rather than from the farms, they came; that it was some country village that inspired the dreams, fired the hopes and prepared for that flight to broader fields. And they go back laden with gifts, not to the farms, but to the country towns to which they feel they owe so much.—Denver Republican.

Still at it.

"Brown is on the water wagon now."

"He has been ever since I have known him."

"Why, you know he has been a heavy drinker?"

"I know that, but he has driven a milk route ever since I have known him."

OLD LADY'S SAGE ADVICE

Knoxville Lady Tells How She Tried Advice of Her Neighbor and Experienced Great Improvement.

Knoxville, Tenn.—"If you had seen me, before I began to take Cardui, you would not think I was the same person," writes Mrs. Mamie Towe, of 102 W. Main St., this city.

"Six doctors failed to do me good, and my friends thought I would die. I could hardly get out of bed or walk a step.

"At last an old lady advised me to take Cardui, and now I can go most anywhere."

The secret of lasting health is: regularity.

If a clock does not tick regularly and evenly, it is out of order and soon wears out, or runs down. If all your functions are not regular and natural, you will soon wear out, and get old and run down.

All ailing women need Cardui, as a gentle, refreshing tonic, and beneficial, curative medicine, especially adapted to their peculiar ailments.

It is a reliable, vegetable remedy, for most all womanly ills.

This is the secret of the wonderful success of Cardui during the past 50 years, in the relief and cure of ailments peculiar to women.

It removes the cause and builds up the strength.

Try Cardui.

N. B.—Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

THE REAL WRENCH.

Smith—It's mighty hard to get a wife.

Hardup—It's no trouble to get one, but it's hard to keep her.

BABY'S SCALP CRUSTED

"Our little daughter, when three months old, began to break out on the head and we had the best doctors to treat her, but they did not do her any good. They said she had eczema. Her scalp was a solid scale all over. The burning and itching was so severe that she could not rest, day or night. We had about given up all hopes when we read of the Cuticura Remedies. We at once got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and one bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and followed directions carefully. After the first dose of the Cuticura Resolvent, we used the Cuticura Soap freely and applied the Cuticura Ointment. Then she began to improve rapidly and in two weeks the scale came off her head and new hair began to grow. In a very short time she was well. She is now sixteen years of age and a picture of health. We used the Cuticura Remedies about five weeks, regularly, and then we could not tell she had been affected by the disease. We used no other treatments after we found out what the Cuticura Remedies would do for her. J. Fish and Ella M. Fish, Mt. Vernon, Ky., Oct. 12, 1909."

When Her Faith in the Lord Failed.

During the progress of a big "protracted meeting," for which the south is famous, an ardent sister of the church, who usually came in an old-fashioned buckboard drawn by the family horse, was late for a particularly important service and was being severely censured by the pastor.

Explaining the reason for being late the good sister said that the horse had taken fright at a passing train and bolted and that the wreck of the rig had prevented her from being on time.

"My dear sister, such little things should not make you late for divine services. You should trust in the Lord."

"Well, brother," she replied, and there was a look of calm peacefulness on her face. "I did trust in the Lord till the bellyband busted and then I had to jump."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

No man can love evil for evil's sake, as he can love good for goodness' sake.—Schiller.

Those who are untrue to themselves are false to others.

SURELY NO PLACE FOR HER

In the Presence of Such Magic There Seemed But One Thing for Maid to Do.

Prof. Percival Lowell, the eminent Martian astronomer, said in a recent interview in New York:

"The Martian canals are not Panama canals. The word 'canals,' you know, really means 'lines.' It shouldn't be taken literally, as the servant girl in Boston took the parlor magic.

"An amateur magician in a Beacon street house was going through his tricks while a maid passed in and out with refreshments.

"The magician was reading letters placed under a rug as the maid brought in a tray of lemon ices.

"'What is this?' a spectator asked.

"'That is B,' the magician answered; and, sure enough, his answer was correct.

"The maid looked with astonishment at the letter which had been hidden under the thick rug. She turned her gaze on the handsome young magician who had read it. Then, setting down her tray of ices, she hid her rosy face in her hands and ran out of the room.

"'What's the good o' me clothes?' she cried."

An Unusual Attribute.

Little Johnnie, who cannot pronounce S, has been frightened into keeping out of the attic by tales told by his nurse of a dreadful ghost that lives in the dim recesses under the eaves. The other day he was overheard to say confidentially to a small friend:

"We've got an old gho't up in our attic!"

To which his friend, much interested, responded: "Do he butt?"

Not Exactly What She Meant.

She—We've bin very busy at the mothers' meetin' gettin' ready for the sale of work.

He—Oh! I 'opes it will be a success.

She—Yes, I think so; yer see the vicar is goin' to take most of our clothes off of us.—Tatler.

Strictly Accurate.

Lawyer—So you say the defendant pushed you against your will?

Witness—No, sir; I said he pushed me against the door.

W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 23-1910.

The man who bets on the wrong horse is apt to have a race prejudice.

Toil, says the proverb, is the sire of fame.—Euripides.